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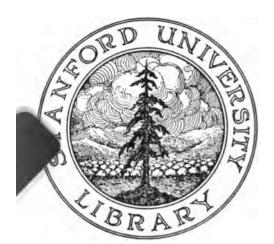
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HOWITT'S JOURNAL

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HOWITT'S, JOURNAL.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT-JULY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

July is the manhood of the year. It stands strong, full-grown, glowing and beautiful, between the seasons of growth and decline. It is now perfect summer. The trees are in full foliage, and their tender leaves have darkened into a rich sobriety. Flowers of the most brilliant kind are scattered over mead and mountain, over heath and glen. All is bright and hot; thunder occasionally announces the season of sultriness; insects hum around, and the heart of man reposes on the genial scene, neither looking backward nor forward. Avaunt, Winter! let us not dream that mou cause over hide thee, beloved Spring! awake no tender remembrances! Let us go forth into field and forest—God, and Winter! let us not dream that thou canst ever return; Nature, and Poetry, and our fellow men call us. songs of birds grow faint; the nightingale is hushed; the cuckoo has departed; the blackbird and the thrush now rarely bid us a musical and heartsome welcome to their haunts; the rose fades on the wayside bough; the corn already grows pale for harvest; but then, what thousands of happy and beautiful things surround us! Is not the crimson foxglove again gay by the woodside, and glorious in the forest? Are not the elder-flower, and and glorious in the lorest. Are not the citer-nower, and the corn poppy, and the viper's-bugloss of richest azure delightful in the hedge, and on the sandy heath? Are not men and women, and troops of glad children roaming full of delight on the margin of delicious seas, through the glens of beautiful hills, over the fairest spots of foreign lands? Is it not the holiday of nature, enjoyed by myriads of holiday hearts, which have torn themselves for a season from the couch of that worst slavery-life without a task, and without an aim; from shops and factories, and the twelvemonth hardness of counting-house stools? Ah! what a luxury is a bank, what a cushion is a bed of moss or heather on a moor-

land, what a delicium is a plunge into sea or river after the dryness of the stool and the desk through a long monotonous year! Enjoy it, good souls, enjoy it. Lay in sunshine for a long future amid dusky alleys; lay in flowers for remembrance, where not even a weed will grow amid stony pavements and stony hearts; lay in breezes and waves that may fan your parched souls in the sandy desert of merchantdom. Lie on banks, and think no more of bankers; lean on hedges, and not on ledgers; open daisies instead of day-books; have no care about stocks, but such as you can stick in your button-hole; or of prices current, but such as you can learn of the fruit-woman. Leave scrip, and take only a railway trip; leave steam factories, and get upon steam-boats. Nature is now above par, but the exchange is only all the more in your favour; be for one heaven of a month men, and not merchants; be grand capitalists in the wealth of a whole universe.

Don't you scent the hay? Don't you hear the scythes ringing? Don't you hear laughter? Don't you see shapes insunny fields fit for painters, it for poets, fit for any man, with a pair of eyes and a heart, to delight in? They are the Arcadians of England—hay-makers, who, with such a sky over their heads, and not a workhouse roof—with such beauty and warmth around them, forget that they are poor, and some weeks ago were miserable, and are once more happy English peasants, earning their twelve and fifteen shillings a-week! God bless them! and he does bless them. What a heaven expands over them; what a paradise lies around them; what a goodness there is in once more meeting in the ancient fields with their friends in comfort, and with work and wages!

Ye thousands, and ye tens of thousands, that still are

imprisoned in large towns; that know no summer except by its heat, and the dust which it whirls into your faces, and your houses, and your food; in the flies and wasps that beset the poor fragment of your loaf, and the bit of augar in the bottom of your basin; in withered cabbages on hucksters' stalls, and in swarms of dirty children enabled to dispense pretty well with clothes, and to make dust mills under old-iron shopwindows,—ye poor pariahs of what is called civilized life. but which is most uncivil to you-how much better were it for you now to be gipsies, instead of city cockroaches. swarming and sweltering in your dingy dens and cellars! Poor souls! God bless you, too, and grant that the modern mania of crowding into heaps of dirty humanity may give way to a thirst for being amid green fields and quiet villages. That the land coral insects may grow weary of covering the earth in certain enchanted spots with such immense incrustations of baked clay; and may turn into cottagers, hamleteers, and field roamers. That an equal distribution of labour and profits may distribute you over the surface of the country in such proportions, and at such distances, that you may know what a blade of grass is, or see a tree in its real freshness, and not a ramification of soot.

The spirit is awaking, and these times will come. The Health of Towns Association will discover that the most health is to be found in the country after all. Manufacture will find that mills can work quite as well on country rivers as on town sinks; and workmen, that they may spend their evenings in gardens, and in glades, far more delightfully than in gin-shops and beer-shops.
What is that we already hear of? An association for building subarban villages for workmen, who are to have cheap trains to and fro to their town labour. Farewell then, Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, and Whitechapel! Greener greens, and sweeter fields, and whiter chapels shining out on the tops of pleasant hills, throw you into the shade! Ah! then, what glorious Julys will there be! Morning and evening, and on long Sundays and holidays, the workmen will see the face of Nature, which is but the living masque of God, through which he gazes on us with benignant eyes; and all day long will their wives and children bask "in the great eye of

heaven."

But stop,—let us see, not what is to come, but what is come. What a flower-blaze burns in our gardens! Jasmines, speedwells, irises, campanulas, lychnises, pinks, carnations, lilies, heaths, rose-campions, evening primroses, hydrangeas, musk-roses, larkspurs, clematis, escholtzias, sweet-peas, lupines, vetches, hawkweeds, amaranths, globe-thistles, coreopses, lavateras, trumpet and monkey flowers—the catalogue is endless—the brilliancy of their various hues is delectable. And over every field and heath it is the same. The heather bursts into its crimson beauty on the moorland hills; the anglers by solitary rivers gaze on flowers of wondrous beauty, that, like themselves, dip their lines and floats into the dreamy waters.

Climbing plants featoon every hedge: the wild hop, the briony, the traveller's-joy, the large white convolvulus, whose bold, yet delicate flowers will display themselves to a very late period of the year,—vetches, and white and yellow ladies' bedstraw, invest every bush with their varied beauty, and breathe on the passers-by their faint summer sweetness. The campanula rotundifolia, the harebell of poets, and the bluebell of botanists, arrests the eye on every dry bank, and rock, and wayside, with its airy stems, and beautiful cerulean bells. There, too, we behold wild scabiouses, mallows, the woody night-convolvulus also throws its flowers under your feet; corn-fields glow with whole armies of scarlet poppies, and cockle, known to Job of old. Even thistles, the curse of Adam, diffuse a glow of beauty over waste and barren places.

But whoever would taste all the sweetness of July, let him go in pleasant company, if possible, into heaths and woods; it is there, in her uncultured haunts, that Summer now holds her court. The stern castle or the lowly convent may have vanished there many ages; yet nature still casts round the forest lodge, the gnarled oak, and lonely mere, the same charms as ever. The most hot and sandy tracks, which we might naturally imagine would now be parched up, are in full glory. The dry, elastic turf glows not only with the crimson heathbells, but with the flowers of the wild thyme, the clear blue milkwort, the yellow asphodel, and that curious plant, the sundew, with its drops of inexhaustible liquor, sparkling in the fiercest sun like diamonds. There wave the cotton-rush, the tall foxglove, and the saller golden mullein; there grows the classical grass of Parnassus, the elegant favourite of every poet; there creep various species of heath-berries, crowberries, bilberries, etc., furnishing the poer with a source of profit, and the rich of simple luxury.

What a pleasure it is to throw ourselves down beneath the verdant screen of the beautiful fern, or in the shade of a venerable oak, in such a scene, and listen to the summer sound of bees, grasshoppers, and ten thousand other insects, mingled with the remote cry of the pewet and the curlew.

But to the man who has passed through the heats and the thunder-atorms of life, such spots are dangerous, they are apt to inspire lays like the following:—

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

It is the summer of the fleeting year— On the brown sward the flowers are faint and few; All songs are hushed, and but the clear halloo And 'larum of the bird-boy reach the car; Through the warm air floats far the lime's perfume, And wayside boughs have lost the rose's bloom.

The corn is golden on a thousand alopes, All crisply rustling to the living breeze; And 'mid the billowy sound of summer trees I wander, pondering on departed hopes; Nor hopes alone, but pleasant lives departed,— I walk alone—for I am lonely hearted.

What of those blest affections have I found,
Which life should ripen like its summer corn?
Which hath not from my feeble grasp been torn,
Of all the love with which young life was crowned?
Hearts which if I could seek I know not where
To find their graves—yet have they long been there.

These fell away like leaves when life was now, Smitten with that blight which to the fairest clings; And, though I have lived on through many aprings, No greenness follows where those first buds grew: Still glows the heart, but glows without the power To give or gain the freshness of that hour.

Yet why should I be sad?—for Nature spreads Her wealth before me daily; from her heart Doth joys, proud thoughts, sweet sympathies impart, Which I drink in as one who nothing dreads, Fearless that hers, like man's weak faith, should fall— Her face should darken, or her pleasures pall.

Yet why should I be sad?—for I have found One true companion,—one dear soul is mine, Whose converse still doth soothe, amuse, refine; And on my hearth there is a cheerful sound of lightsome feet, and tones that in my ears Ring like the hopes and joys of other years.

Then, though the false depart, the weak descend, Though lights which seemed immortal cease to burn, Though it be mine with bitter tears to mourn Life's sorest sight—life's work without its end,—Firm is my faith in truth and virtue's lot, Though thousands feign, and myriads feel them not.

FOUR DAYS IN DERBYSHIRE.

BY JOHN FOWLER.

[IT may be well to preface our friend John Fowler's "Four Days," by the observation that few people are perhaps aware of what a lovely district lies within seven hours of the metropolis. The North Midland Counties Railway now conveys every one who wishes it in about that time into the very heart of the Peak of Derbyshire. And who would not like to spend a week or more in that delicious little region, if they knew what it really is? For those who pine for sweet and cliff-guarded valleys, where the most crystalline of waters hurry along—for the softest green of meadow grass—the most beautiful of overhanging foliage—for airy hills, and sight of new flowers, and new forms of nature—for all for the softest green of meadow grass—the most the wonders of subterranean caves, and rivers, and mines—for simple manners, and old Saxon language, and quaint halls full of the fashions, furniture, and histories of the olden times - where is there such a district as the Peak of Derbyshire? Dovedale, with all its unrivalled scenery, rises before us as we write. What a contrast to large towns, and the throngs of business mortals, do its murmuring river, its pinnacles and towers of natures piling, its caverns, and its solitary anglers, present! Matlock, Haddon, Chatsworth, the castle and wondrous caves of Peveril, the dells of Eyam, the wide-stretched dales of Hope and Darley—the heathery expanses of Hathersage and Buxton, and the blue summits of Finn, of Axe-edge and Kinderscout—why, it would be a refreshment beyond all wear and tear of the roughest parts of life, to wander in such scenes for a week, to breathe the mountain air, to feel their soft repose, and find, at every step, flowers, and natural forms of beauty, such as no other spot possesses. The Peak of Derbyshire has a character of its own,—and let the public only once reflect how accessible it is, and it will not fail to be visited and enjoyed by thousands that now waste their few leisure days in far inferior places.]

Now that long days and bright sunshine make those who are dwellers in manufacturing towns and populous cities wish for a sight of the country, the following notes of a pleasant excursion in August last may be neither uninteresting nor useless to many readers of Howitt's Journal. The beauties of nature are accessible to the people to a much greater extent than is taken advantage of; and descriptions of outdoor enjoyments are calculated to stimulate desire for participation in similar recreations.

The town of Sheffield is situated in one of the most picturesque districts in the kingdom; and within a range of twenty miles may be found landscape of singular beauty, luxuriance, and magnificence. A party of five of us, resident in that town,—who had been friendly travellers over many a long and happy journey,—agreed to spend a few days amongst the neigh-bouring hills of Derbyshire; knowing that we should then be able to compass much worthy of observation and remembrance.

The details of our little tour are set down in a style designed to show in what a brief time and without serious expense much may be seen and done. Many authors and artists have represented in words,

and on the canvas, the country through which we passed.

Assembled together on a fine morning, we seated ourselves in a spring cart, and drove along the Abbey Dale road. A ride of a mile and a half brought us in view of a series of lovely scenes. The well-wooded hills,

sloping gently down to the banks of the river Sheaf, show how pleasant was the site of the ancient Abbey of Beauchief. When seen from the turnpike road near Norton, the appearance of Abbey Dale is extremely imposing. In the days of stage coaches, the traveller from the south had there a grand foretaste of the bolder character of the scenery of the north. Leaving this delightful dale, entering Derbyshire, and passing Totley, our road lay over a number of wild and barren hills until we got near to Baslow. We had then high rocks and blooming heather. Shortly after, Chatsworth Park and the river Derwent came in view, and we were approaching a part of Derbyshire that is well

known, and much frequented.

Proceeding through Baslow, we diverged from the Bakewell road, and turned towards Edensor. Before we reached the latter place, a violent storm of rain came on suddenly, and in a few minutes our prospects, as regards the weather, were changed from gladness to sorrow. Selecting, in haste, the best tree we could find for shelter, we pulled the horse to the road side and sat as patiently as circumstances would allow. We had left home resolved to make the best of everything, and we had now occasion to exercise our philosophy. It was indeed a fearful shower, and it gave threatening tokens of long continuance. The clouds were gathered together, and blackness was on every side. In a short time, however, we espied a glimpse of light breaking through the dense, hazy atmosphere. The rain fell less heavily, the clouds were lifted up, and the singing of birds was heard in the trees and hedges. By timely and careful use of umbrellas, and by keeping quiet in the cart, we escaped without experiencing much personal inconvenience from the rain. So that sur's rays gave cheerfulness to the landscape, we were sonal inconvenience from the rain. So that when the soon on our way in excellent spirits. We passed through Chatsworth Park, and close to the village of Edensor. The houses in Edensor are all built in tasteful style, and are by many regarded as models of cottage architecture. Peculiar attention has been paid to the erection of these houses by the Duke of Devonshire, and the structures do credit to his grace's judgment. From an elevation in the park we obtained a fine sight of the far-famed Chatsworth House, "the Palace of the Peak." The splendid building, thrown into bold relief by the darkly wooded hills in the background; the elegance of the gardens, the graceful undulations of the park, the gentle flowing of the river Derwent, and the peaceful grazing of the deer, formed a picture of surpassing beauty and magnificence. Here, for some time, we remained, and then went by Beeley to Rowsley. The latter place stands near the junction of the rivers Wye and Derwent, and is on that account esteemed by anglers as one of the best fishing stations in the neighbourhood. From Rowsley we proceeded to Darley Dale, and then a very pleasant drive of a few miles brought us (the village of Matlock being on our left) to Matlock Bridge, and shortly after to Matlock Bath, where we arrived early in the alternoon. A long rest (which was needed, for we had all walked occasionally to get to the best places for seeing the most beautiful views), and an "excellent cup of tea," made us fit to take, with pleasure, a ramble to some of the noted sights about Matlock Bath. Slowly we walked to inspect the shops and hotels, then we turned often to look at the "verdant slopes and perpendicular cliffs," which adorn Matlock Dale. Leaving the houses, on the road leading towards Cromford, we again saw the Derwent, which was here serenely gliding to the grounds of Willersley Castle, the chief seat of the now very wealthy family of Arkwright, whose fortunes rose here. Turning from the turnpike to the left, the path at the foot of Scarth-ing rock, near the banks of the river, leads through a charming scene. Benches are placed at convenient distances, where persons may sit and enjoy themselves

at leisure. Willersley Castle (in the front of which we passed) is a most delightful object in the landscape, and is seen to great advantage from many places in the surrounding district. Cromford Chapel, built by the Arkwright family, is near the end of this pleasant road, and on looking inside we much admired the neat and comfortable style of the place. Going beyond the chapel, we ascended the hill to Starkholmes, and from thence up to the top of High Tor. There we wandered for some time, pausing where any new and striking view presented itself; and then, on the side facing the river, we descended the rocks, by steep and winding pathways, and got to the Lovers Walk. The sight from the extreme verge of High Tor, looking down on the Derwent and on Matlock Bath, is of wonderful interest and beauty. After waiting a while in the Lovers' Walk, we were ferried over the river. Then, those who were tired went to their lodgings for a rest. Two of us, however, determined to attempt the ascent of "the Heights of Abraham" and Masson; and, leaving three of the gentler sex behind, at once proceeded to our task. Gradually we mounted the hill for a considerable distance, and then were asked to pay for entrance into the "Heights." Higher we went, and higher. The Heights of Abraham being passed, we beran to climb to the summit of Masson. Our ascent had hitherto been made without extraordinary efforts. but every step now required much exertion. By perseverance, we at length reached the highest point of the hill, and were abundantly gratified for our trouble. We had before us a splendid panorama of the country, and were enabled to point out, as on a map, the relative positions of many localities before partially known to us. Evening beginning to set in, we retraced our steps, and, joining our friends, we had the pleasure of talking over the events of the day at the supper table. Having previously visited Matlock Bath, and having climbed Hag-Tor, Wild-Cat-Tor, and Stonnis, we had associations of the past to mingle with the happiness of the present. At the end of our first day's journey, we had to congratulate ourselves on the enjoyment of even a more delightful time than we had anticipated. Except the heavy shower of rain named before, the weather was propitious throughout the whole day.

Next morning we met at breakfast, under favour of cheering sunshine. We were eager to be on the road again, and were not long before we were all seated in our cart. Driving slowly out of Matlock Bath, we went through Cromford to Bonsal Dale, and turned into Via Gellia, so called from having been cut through the property of the Gells, one of the oldest families of Derbyshire. A more beautiful walk or drive can scarcely be imagined. A series of ever-changing pictures are presented as the traveller pursues his way. We were not merely content to use our eyes as we journeyed on, but we frequently stopped to look back. Here in May and June the copses on the wayside are fragrant with myriads of lilies of the valley. Here the wild thyme was now blooming in abundance, and sweetly scented the air. We gathered sprigs of it to carry with us. Leaving Via Gellia, and passing into Griffe Dale to Grange Mill, the road, though pleasing, is scarcely so picturesque. At Grange Mill we went through the toll-gate to the left, and on towards Brassington Moor. The Cromford and High Peak Railway has here a station, which we entered. A train had just arrived. It consisted of three or four luggage trucks and one passenger carriage, in which was one passenger, whose destination was Buxton. This railway is a very primitive affair. On the "levels" the trains are drawn by horses, and on the "inclines" they

are raised or lowered by stationary steam-engines. We saw a female, making the second passenger, take her

About half way up the dale we were asked, in strong gesticulation, for gifts by a deaf and dumb man; and a little higher up we were importuned in like manner by another man, deaf and dumb. They are said to be brothers. These men place themselves in narrow pathways, where tourists must pass, and on whose approach

seat by the side of the man who drove the horses. The train got away at a moderate "shog-trot." Being on our way again, we were favoured with more beautiful scenery. The hills in that particular district are covered with numberless fragments of rocks, and present a very curious appearance. Before reaching Bradburn Mill, we crossed a small stream of water on the right, and then ascended a rugged hill which led to the road to Tissington, one of the most pleasant places in England. Tis-sington is celebrated for its annual "well-dressing." This well-dressing, or well-flowering, is celebrated on Ascension-day. It is a custom which has descended from the Roman days, when Flora was a goddess; and now that Nature is all the more lavish as we have learned to know her God, is continued with all its beauty and festivity. The wells are five in number, and are so decorated with wreaths and garlands, and a sort of mosaic-work of newly-gathered flowers, that they seem to issue from among beds of them. It is a festival. There is service at the church, the wells are then visited in procession; the psalms of the day, the epistle and gospel are read; a hymn is sung by the church singers, attended by a band of music, and afterwards the day is spent in visiting, rural sports and pastimes. It seems to possess all the requisites for a happy village life. There are snug and pretty cottages; clean roads, bordered with sloping, grassy banks; five wells, freely sending forth streams of pure water; a school, large and convenient; and a church and churchyard, which look fitted to inspire feelings of peaceful devotion. Stopping in front of the largest well, opposite the entrance to Tissington Hall, we each, with great enjoyment, drank of the clear, cold water; and then passing near the front of the ball, and under an avenue of fine trees, we came to Spen Lane. Proceeding by this lane, we arrived at the Dog and Partridge. Here we left our horse and cart, engaged beds for the night, and then walked forward through Thorpe, and passing between the huge hills of Thorpe Cloud and Bunster, entered Dove Dale. It was now about mid-day. The weather, favourable all the morning, was at this time very charming. Gently walking to the edge of the river Dove, we were accosted by a stout, brown-faced, grizzly-haired being, wearing petti-coats, who proffered to be our "guide." Declining her services we shortly reached asmall gate, which was opened by an individual more advanced in years, perhaps mother to the first, who held out her hand for a gift. Only a few yards through the gate we encountered another guide in petticoats, whose advances we also rejected. We desired to dwell upon the natural features of the general scene, rather than to learn the local names of curiously formed rocks. The beauties of Dove Dale have been so often described in prose and verse, that to attempt their praise would be superfluous. But no language can tell all the varied loveliness and grandeur that speak to the eye of the beholder. We advanced leisurely by the river's side, resting occasionally where invited by some view of peculiar interest. Abundant delight attended our progress. About half way up the dale we were asked, in strong

⁽¹⁾ Part of the noble hill of Masson is called "the Heights of Abraham," and is laid out in walks, &c., for the convenience and pleasure of visitors. The top of Masson is very much higher than the highest point of the "Heights."

⁽¹⁾ The works on Derbyshire scenery, by the late Ebenezer Rhodes, of Sheffield, are extremely interesting. We found his "Derbyshire Tourist's Guide," published by Groombridge, London, of great service throughout the whole excursion. By consulting it we were enabled to select the best roads without much inquiry; and we found the descriptions, though, perhaps, too much elaborated, pleasing and truthful.

they suddenly start up. Their abrupt appearance is unpleasant, and several ladies have had occasion to complain of the roughness of their behaviour. calls for a remedy. On arriving at the upper extremity of the dale we rested for a considerable time, and then turned and walked down the river. A day would not be too long to spend in Dove Dale. We were there for a few happy hours, and left greatly desiring to have the opportunity of another visit. The Dove, which here divides the counties of Stafford The Dove, which here divides the counties of Stanoru and Derby, is a favourite stream for anglers. Old Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler" tells what fine sport it afforded in his days. We saw a young man with a rod and line, and a brace of trout lay glistening on the grass at his feet. Coming out of Dove Dale, we crossed to the Staffordshire side of the river, passed the road leading to the Isaac Walton Hotel, and went towards the village of Ilam. At a neat, clean cottage, near the entrance to the village, we had a cup of tea, a rest, and a wash. Afterwards we strolled out, and were much pleased with the quiet yet cheerful aspect of the place. The cottages are chiefly new and of elegant structure, with surrounding garden-plots, and are inhabited by persons employed on the estate of Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. the owner of Ilam Hall. A beautiful cross and an ever-flowing fountain, of tasteful and appropriate design, stand in an open space, and are both greatly ornamental and useful to the village. The cross (with the fountain at its base) is of stone, embellished by six well wrought female figures, and bears the following inscription :-....

"This cross and fountain, erected by her husband, perpetuate the memory of one who lives in the hearts of many in this village and neighbourhood. MARY WATTS RUSSELL, MDCCCXL.

" Free as for all these crystal waters flow, Her gentle eyes would weep for others' woe; Dried is that fount, but long may this endure, To be a well of comfort to the poor."

We now intended to visit the church, but a most sudden shower of rain compelled us to take shelter. It was shortly over, and we escaped uninjured and then proceeded. The church contains one of Sir Francis Chantrey's most beautiful monuments, erected in memory of Pike Watts, Esq., father of the Mrs. Watts Russell just mentioned. He is represented on his death bed, from which he has partly raised himself up, and is in the act of bestowing his final blessing on his daughter and her children, who kneel about him. The grouping is extremely natural, and well calculated to awaken some of the best sympathies of the heart. After examining this fine work of art, and looking at the ancient monu-ments in the church, we went through the churchyard into the gardens and grounds of Ilam Hall. The sun was now shining, and the rain drops hanging on the flowers and shrubs sparkled like gems of light. We had seen mansions of greater grandeur, and gardens of more costly culture, but nothing had we seen so perfect in graceful harmony of arrangement as the hall and grounds of Ilam. Within, the place is a paradise; and the views around are of a striking character. Report says, that, in a grotto here, Congreve wrote his comedy of the Old Bachelor. The river Manifold runs through the grounds; and a branch of that river and the river Hamps, after coursing under ground for some miles, come to light near each other, and mingling together join the Dove about a mile and a half lower down

We left Ilam with lingering footsteps, and with hopes of future visits passing through our minds, like presages of hallowed blessings still to come. Before us rose in majesty the hill of Bunster. Encouraged by our successful ascent of "proud Masson" on the previous evening, three of our number resolved to try to reach

Bunster's summit. Slowly and carefully we went to work, and made frequent halts for observation. We were soon considerably above Ham, and saw the Hall and entire village to great advantage. Higher we ascended, and the prospect became more extended. Our two friends below stood watching our progress, and cheered us on by waving of handkerchiefs, to which we responded by similar signs. When we arrived at the very top we were rewarded by the sight of a most sublime and gorgeous sunset over the far-off hills. The contemplation of this grand object afforded us great delight. We looked leisurely around us, and then descended, as we best could, and joined our friends at the bottom. The walk from the foot of Bunster, over the Dove into Derbyshire again, up the side of Thorpe Cloud, through Thorpe to the Dog and Partridge, fully occupied us till the twilight of evening was changing to the darkness of night. We had another early and merry supper. To talk of all we had seen was impossible; but we felt and said that we were laying in stores for pleasant conversation for many cheerful meetings at home.

From Matlock Bath to Dove Dale is about thirteen miles. Ilam is perhaps one mile further. The Isaac Walton is a most excellent house for tourists, and in the summer season is often overflowing with company. The Dog and Partridge, where we remained for the night, is also well known, and conveniently situated at

the junction of several roads.

The morning came again in brightness, and the fields and trees were made musical by the vocal harmony of the feathered tribe. A short walk in the gentle breeze and warm sunshine gave zest to the breakfast. That over, and often turning back to look at the singularly formed top of Thorpe Cloud, we drove off for Buxton (seventeen or eighteen miles from the Dog and Partridge), which we reached quite as soon as we wished. Buxton was full of visitors, and we had some difficulty in obtaining lodgings. After many inquiries, we got established for night quarters at the village of Fairfield, pleasantly situated about a mile from the town. Being easy on that account, we had some refreshment, and then walked out to see the most prominent of the features for which Buxton is celebrated. The baths and the wells; the crescent and the museums; the old parts of the town, and the new parts of the town, were seen by us as fully as time would allow. We were seen by us as fully as time would allow. We were much gratified by a deal that we observed. The number of persons visiting there for bathing was evidently very large. As we were none of us out of health, we were content with the taste of the mineral waters, without proceeding with them to further experiments. Soon as twilight warned us away, after making a few purchases, we went up to Fairfield. We had again in the day's doings abundant matter for conversation; and, after supper and a chat, we went, well pleased and well tired, to bed.

We slept on the verge of Fairfield Common, and rising with the sun, had presented to us a pretty and novel picture. Flocks of geese paraded on the green with patrician dignity; sheep nibbled their morning's meal in uninterrupted enjoyment; and donkeys ate thistles or grass at choice and in quiet. The common was in perfect peace. Shortly the sun would burn with greater fierceness; the traveller's vehicle would raise dust from the roads; and noisy children would dispute possession of the common with the present occupants. This was to be our last day from home, and twenty-six miles lay between us and Sheffield. Crossing what was formerly Buxton race-ground, and in front of the ruins of the race-stand, we came to a country long in cultivation and yet exhibiting few characteristics of fertility.

Reclaimed from the moors, the land is cold and barren. Stone walls, and not hedge-rows, separate the fields, and trees are rarely seen. The dwelling houses are widely

scattered, and look, most of them, as if they had grown with the hills. On leaving home we saw corn-harvest in full operation, in some places finished; and here the grass was not all ready for cutting. Mowers were at work, and the scent of the hay fields greeted us in our progress. Through Barmour Clough and Sparrow Pit we went, stopping to examine the EBBIRG AND FLOWING WELL. This curiosity is pointed out by a guide post. We drank of the water, which was remarkably cold, but while we remained the well did not either rise or fall. Going forward, the hills began to assume a bolder and wilder appearance; still proceeding, they might almost be called mountains. Desire to observe in detail left us, and we became impressed with the vastness of the scene. The wi-h for locomotion was gone, and admiration entirely possessed us. By slow degrees we were approaching the Winnats, then bearing to the left we e till we reached the road which is cut along the side of Mam-Tor, or the "shivering mountain." Then we began to descend on the opposite side. The views from this road can scarcely be surpassed for pleasurable interest. We knew the place from former excursions. and here we had previously determined to have an outdoor dinner. Accordingly we soon fixed upon a favourable spot; gave the horse some corn, brought for the purpose; and opened our baskets, well stored with provisions. No king could have a better dinner: the queen of these realms is not mistress of a more beautiful prospect than we here enjoyed. A magnificent dale was opened out before us, and lay in the warmth of a bright sun's rays; the hills, far as the eye could see, forming a boundary worthy of the area which they enclosed. Some of us climbed to the very top of Mam-Tor, and had the scene greatly extended. From the top of Mam-Tor we also looked over Edale Dale, and got a sight of the mountains of the HIGH PEAK. Old storm-tried Kinderscout showed his venerable head and received our homage. After our descent, we took a welcome rest, and then drove quietly down the hill to Castleton. From thence to Hope and Hathersage the road runs for miles down the valley which we had seen from our dining place At Hathersage we "baited' the horse and got an early tea, and then walked up the hill to Millstone Edge. Looking back, we now reversed the view of the dale, and Mam-Tor was at the extremity opposite to us. The Derwent, which runs from here to Chatsworth and Matlock, formed at this point one of the most notable features of the scene. The waters glistened in the sun like burnished silver, and contrasted strongly with the dark foliage of the trees which overhung some parts of the stream. Coming from Sheffield, the view from Millstone Edge to Mam-Tor breaks suddenly upon the sight, and is one of the most striking scenes that can be imagined. Finding we had time at our disposal, we walked on the edges of the highest rocks and amongst the heather, which we greatly admired for the beauty of its flowers. At length, seating ourselves in the cart, we drove past Fox House, to Dove Moor, where we met Lord Stanley, who, having left "protection" to protect itself, was now on his way to the Duke of Rutland's shooting box, at Longshaw. Then we entered Yorkshire again, and passing Ecclesall, arrived at home at the dusk of evening.

Our return home was as joyful as any part of our journey; and the journey itself will long be by us remembered with feelings of unmixed delight. Such a four days' excursion, for favourable weather, for varied and picturesque scenery, and for pleasant companions, is worth storing in our mental tressury, and is well calculated to make us wiser, happier, and better.

Thank God, for his glorious hills! and for his lovely

Thank God, for his glorious hills! and for his lovely valleys! For free air and gushing waters; for trees and shrubs; for herbs and flowers, thank God! For eyes to see his works, and souls to adore his goodness, thank God!

PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.—COMING ELECTIONS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

MISCOVERNMENT and a failing year have plunged us into a condition which has distressed all, and been fatal to thousands. There are those, indeed, Irishmen of intelligence, who calculate that the famine and its consequent fever will not have destroyed in that country less than half a million of the human race. These have perished, as we have again and again asserted, not the victims of a Divine visitation through the seasons, but of man's long neglect and injustice. Ireland, under a good government of long standing, would have passed through the failure of the potato crop as England in the same circumstances has passed through it. She would have been agitated, but not cast down; her poor would have been pinched, but not slain as by the

destroying angel. Providence once more smiles on us. He prepares for us the blessings of abundance. The fields are full of the richest promise. Corn, and grass, and potatoes, bid fair to yield enormous and healthy crops. We have been through some of the midland counties, and never did we see such a beautiful scene of vegetable luxuriance. And from all quarters of the globe come the same glad tidings. In America, and throughout Europe, the growing corn-crops promise, if the season continue fine, not only to put an end to the scarcity which has prevailed through almost every European country, but to pour into our ports such a quantity of grain as they never yet received. We have yet to learn what will be the effect of the abolition of the Corn Laws. The unfavourable season which has passed over us has prevented the fall of prices. That fall of prices, had the season been what it would, could not have been great, because the world was not prepared for the great act of corn-law abolition. The world had, therefore, not sown for us; but the world has sown for us now; and if the weather be propitious, autumn will show us what the corn of the world will do for us.

By the middle of July the harvest will be housed in many parts of Europe—the pressure of food-distress will be at an end — and before winter such supplies of corn will reach us from Canada, the United States, and the great corn-plains of Europe, as will overwhelm all the arts and influence of the army of speculators and regraters.

Then will the price of food fall as astoundingly as it has of late risen—then will a great cry go up from the agricultural interest. Then will farmer call to farmer, and landlord to landlord, and the word will be RUIN!!!

And ruin there will be if there be not speedy aid. But what aid? A new corn-law? a new beam thrust into our eye, because a mote will assuredly have got into the eye of both farmer and landlord ? a new obstruction to the food and the commerce of the world? No! no more beams; no more obstructions; no more corn and provision embargoes. There is a power too powerful for that—an army of starving operative manufacturers. An army in Manchester and the manufacturing districts, with generals Hunger and Neod at their head. They will have corn, and not corn-laws. They will have trade, that they may have cheap corn; and to have that, they must give goods for food. But to give goods for cheap food, they must give it cheap too, or the nations abroad will make goods for themselves, spite of sending us cheap corn; and then, where is our money belance? where are our money and manufacturing systems altogether? Russia is manufacturing, France is manufacturing, Germany is manufacturing, Belgium and Helland are manufacturing, Switzerland

is spinning, America is manufacturing. In fact, what country is not manufacturing? If, then, we are to maintain an exchange of goods for food—if we are not to have a trade all on one side, and a trade that cannot long have a side at all, because our people can only buy food by their labour—we must have cheap labour, and, therefore, extremely cheap food.

Down, therefore, will go agricultural produce beyond redemption; down must go something else to enable the farmer and the gentleman to live-and they must live as well as any of us. But how? cannot on excessively cheap corn and cheap cattle, except they too can have rents as cheap, and sugar and tea, and all articles of wearing and household use cheap too. But how are they to have these? By a cheap taxation. But how is this cheap taxation to be come at? By reduction of places, pensions, sinecures; by abolition of customs, and by the reduction of the national debt!

To that end we come always at last, and inevitably. That debt and its taxation are the millstones that are about our necks, and will pull us down unless we get rid of them. It is nonsense to talk of running a race with nations, while fat John Bull has eight hundred millions on his back. Cheap trade and free trade, mean cheap government and free and fair competition. To pull down the embankments of prohibition is therefore to let in the waters of abundance from all the world; but those waters will drown our farmers, and swamp our manufacturers, and upset all our money balances, till we upset our overgrown taxation. It must go, therefore; for the nation must have scope for its energies, and work and food for its millions. But how? By the well-deliberated acts of a wise and a really

popular government.
Our present work and great mission is to get this government. The hour approaches; the Parliament dies a natural death this session, and the opportunity is given us once more to show whether we really are a wise and a determined people. Now is the time! now, and never again for seven years! It is a season to arouse in us all our faculties, all our deepest thoughts, all our care for ourselves, all our humanity for others. Now is the time ! now, and never again for seven years !

Let us lay that fact solemnly to our hearts. reflect, as we would on death and on judgment to come, on that fact; for in it lies a responsibility towards God and man, than which none can be more awful. As we act, so shall be the fate of our country for seven long years; and who shall tell what horrors these years shall bring forth, if we allow the present evil influences to go on? God is blessing us. He is covering the earth with the robe of beauty which shall be converted in our chambers into the treasure of abundance. The great question we have to ask ourselves is, whether we will work with him and like him? whether we will take away the season of evil government, as he has taken away the season of evil growth? whether we will have freedom and plenty, or a bad representation and famine?

Let us be assured that none but a parliament really chosen by the people will have courage, and interest, and honesty, to act for the people. The old factions will produce only the old womanish government which talks and scolds, and lets the natural family starve. It will never find in its heart to do away with the dear old aristocratic abuses. We must have bold, and practical, and responsible men, if ever we are to have an active and efficient legislation. And to have these, the people must choose them.

Now is the time, therefore, for every man to secure his franchise, if he can. It is his great duty to guard his right of vote as he would his life. He should take care to pay his taxes, secure his registration, and, above all, beware of the tempter with the money-bag. Let every man remember that he who sells his vote sells the

lives and souls of his fellow men. He sells the life's blood and the happiness of his children. He dooms, as far as in him lies, the whole of his nation to continued troubles, to poverty, famine, disease, and death. If the present system of government continue, the present pressure on trade and on the working classes will continue with it, and be aggravated. If we consent to it, we consent to the wretchedness of millions, and the destruction of hundreds of thousands. We are responsible for all the crime, the woe, the domestic agony, the ignorance and irritation that will still haunt us. It is not merely a parliamentary vote, but it is the lives

and fortunes of our fellow men, that are in our hands.

Let these solemn thoughts, then, my countrymen, arouse us at this eventful crisis to the sense of our great duty. Let us pray to God to strengthen us to stand firmly, and do bravely for our fellows, for our wives, for our little ones, and for all our posterity,-for in the coming hour all their fortunes are involved. Let us send into the House of Commons none but true and good men, and then we may be sure of true and good work, and God's blessing on it. Let such men as Joseph Sturge, as W. J. Fox, Peyronnet Thompson, Henry Vincent, George Thompson, and the like, be added to the best men who have already been in the last parliament. Infuse more of the popular element. the PROPLE be represented by men of their own class; by those who know their wants, and dare tell them aloud. Above all, let the multitude be true to itself in the hour of election. Let them regard the contest not as a matter of party, but of conscience. Let them get rid of every atom of the old leaven of reverence for aristocracy, and look steadfastly at the talents and the manly principle of their men. Out of corruption nothing but corruption can spring; and if corruption elects the new parliament, corruption must and will rule it and all its acts to the day of its next doom. Every man who gives way in the exercise of his elective franchise to passion, to pique, to bribery, or to favour, is a traitor to his country, and a planter of terrible crops of misery to his fellow men; a murderer, in fact, of his kind. From his vote may spring wars, famines, and oppressions, that slay their thousands at the loom, and in the dungeons called poor men's homes. Let every man who gives a false vote, when the fortunes of his nation are again put into the popular hands, remember that he will have no right to complain whenever evil times or consequences may come; but when men are pining from want of work, or from the extravagant price of food; when evil and injustice are abroad, and men, and women, and innocent children suffer and die, then, blood is upon his head.

Through bad government, and through the corrupt votes and principles which gave existence and perma-nence to such government, half a million of human beings will have perished within a year in Ireland, and millions will have suffered inconceivable misery in both that country and this. Let us follow the example of God, who is sending plenty on the earth. Let us send abroad, through a just, a liberal, and an able government, the power to grasp and enjoy this plenty. Let every man remember the significant sentence, Now! and never again for seven years ! and in the coming contest so rouse himself to a great and patriotic action, above all petty and ignoble influences, that whatever befall in the life-time of the next parliament, he may walk on his appointed path with a clear conscience and a thankful heart, free from the blood and tears of suf-

fering humanity.

SINGULAR PROCEEDINGS OF THE SAND WASP.

From actual observation.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In all my observations on the habits of living things, I have never seen anything more curious than the doings of one species of these Ammophile—lovers of sand. I have watched them day after day, and hour after hour, in my garden, and also on the sandy banks on the wastes about Esher, in Surrey, and always with nnabated wonder. They are about an inch long, each with orange-coloured bodies, and black heads and wings. They are slender and most active. You see them on the warmest borders of your garden, or on the warm, dry banks, in summer, where the sun comes hotly. They are incessantly and most actively hunting about. They are in pursuit of a particular grey spider with a large abdomen. For these they pursue their chase with a fiery quickness and avidity. The spiders are on the watch to seize on flies; but here we have the tables turned, and these flies are on the watch to discover and kill the spiders. These singular insects seem all velo-city and fire. They come flying at a most rapid rate, light down on the dry soil, and commence an active search. The spiders lie under the leaves of plants, and in little dens under the dry little clods. Into all these places the Sand Wasp pops his head. He bustles along here and there, flirting his wings and his whole body, all life and fire. Now he moves off to a distance; hunts about there; then back to his first place; beats the whole ground carefully over, as a pointer beats a field. He searches carefully round every little knob of earth, and pops his head into every crevice. Ever and anon he crouches close amongst the little clods, as a tiger would crouch for his prey. He seems to be listening, or smelling down into the earth, as if to discover his prey by every sense which he possesses. He goes round every stalk, and descends into every crevice about them. When he finds the spider, he dispatches him in a moment; and seizing him by the centre of his chest, commences dragging him off backwards.

He conveys his prey to a place of safety. Frequently he carries it up some inches into a plant, and lodges it amongst the green leaves. Seeing him do this, I poked his spider down with a stick after he had left it; but he speedily returned, and finding it fallen down, he immediately carried it up again to the same place.

Having thus secured his spider, he selects a particular spot of earth, the most sunny and warm, and begins to dig a pit. He works with all his might, digging up the earth with his formidable mandibles, and throwing it out with his feet, as a dog throws out the earth when scratching after a rabbit. Every few seconds he ascends, tail first, out of his hole, clears away the earth about its mouth with his legs, and spreads it to a distance on the surface. When he has dug the hole, perhaps two inches deep, he comes forth eagerly, goes off to his spider, drags it down from its lodgment, and brings it to the mouth of his hole. He now lets himself down the hole, tail first, and then putting forth his head, takes the spider, and turns it to the most suitable position for dragging it in

It must be observed that this hole is made carefully of only about the width of his body, and therefore the spider cannot be got into it except lengthwise, and then by stout pulling. Well, he turns it lengthwise, and seizing it, commences dragging it in. At first you would imagine this impossible; but the Sand Wasp is strong, and the body of the spider is pliable. You out, he again sets to work, and pushes the spider with all his force to the bottom of the den.

And what is all this for? Is the spider laid up in his larder for himself? No, it is food for his children. It is their birthplace, and their supply of provision while they are in the larva state.

We have all along been calling this creature he, for it has a most masculine look; but it is in reality a she; it is the female Sand Wasp, and all this preparation is for the purpose of laying her eggs. For this she has sought and killed the spider, and buried it here. She has done it all wittingly. She has chosen one particular spider and that one present the spider and that the preparation is the spider and that the spider and that the spider and the spider and that the spider and the spider an ticular spider, and that only, for that is the one peculiarly adapted to nourish her young.

So here it is safely stored away in her den; and she now descends, tail first, and piercing the pulpy abdomen of the spider, she deposits in it an egg, or eggs.
That being done, she immediately begins filling in the hole with earth. She rakes it up with her legs and mandibles, and fills in the hole; every now and then turning round, and going backwards into the hole to stamp down the earth with her feet, and to ram it down with her body as a rammer. When the hole is filled, it is curious to observe with what care she levels the surface, and removes the surrounding lumps of earth, laying some just over the tomb of the spider, and others about, so as to make that place look as much as possible like the surface all round. And before she has done with it-and she works often for ten minutes or more at this levelling and disguising before she is perfectly satisfied—she makes the place so exactly like all the rest of the surface, that it will require good eyes and close observation to recognise it.

She has now done her part, and nature must do the rest. She has deposited her eggs in the body of the spider, and laid that body in the earth in the most sunny spot she can find. She has laid it so near the surface that the sun will act on it powerfully, yet deep enough to conceal it from view. She has, with great art and anxiety, destroyed all traces of the hole, and art and anxiety, destroyed all traces of the hole, and the effect will soon commence. The heat of the sun will hatch the egg. The larva, or young grub of the Sand Wasp, will become alive, and begin to feed on the pulpy body of the spider in which it is enveloped. This food will suffice it till it is ready to assume the chrysalis state, and that chrysalis will continue there chrysalis state, and that carysalis will continue there probably till the period when the influence of nature will call it out in the shape of its parent fly, to renew the same cares, and exhibit the same most wonderful instincts. Like the ostrich, the Sand Wasp thus leaves her egg in the sand till the sun hatches it, and having once buried it, most probably never knows herself any longer where it is deposited. It is left to nature and Providence.

SONNET.

BY GALDER CAMPBELL.

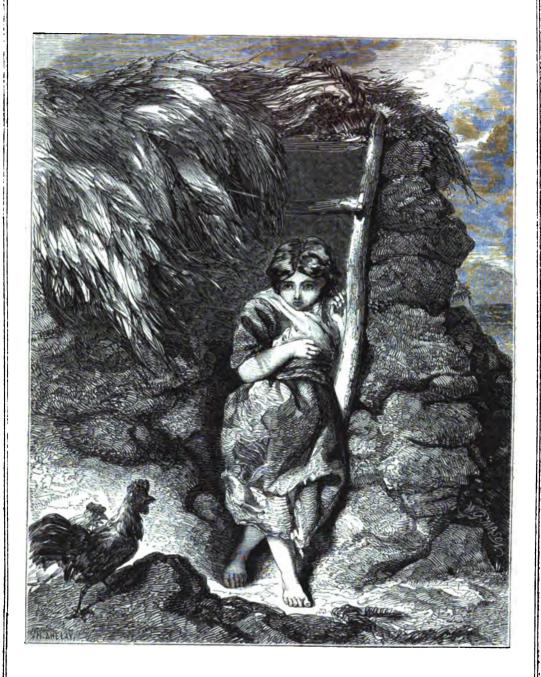
To feel the Beautiful,—to say the True,— To look with loveful Hope for what is coming,— And, as the never-idle bee with humming Of cheerful songs collects her honey dew, So the chance labours of his lot to strew With every flower of song he can,—these are A Poet's Duties; he who doth them not, Is none! The genuine poet-heart should dare Life's sternest tracks with hopefulness; no spot, However dark, but he can render fair By breathing kind, encouraging words about it; soon see it disappear. Down into the cylindrical hole it

For while men's footsteps mount a mortal stair,

goes, and anon you perceive the Sand Wasp pushing

up its black head beside it; and having made his way

He calls them ladders to Heaven, and doth not doubt it!



THE BOG-CABIN.

BY ALFRED FRIPP.

ERIN AND HER CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

IRRLAND may be justly accused of destroying her own children. She has acted like a cruel stepmother, draining the lifeblood of one portion of her population for the aggrandizement of the other. Possessed of immense national resources, she is a pumper among nations.

- A woman's passionate sob was in the air, And Erin spoke, "My soul is dark with wee; My children's misery bath brought me isw; I sit in desolation and demair!
- "I was a proud and happy mother once;
 Once unto happy children gave I birth;
 Once, and my name was landed over earth;
 Once I had comely daughters and brave soms!
- "But now—but now I hear the piteous sighs
 Of pallid lips that are too faint to speak,
 The petulant cry of hearts about to break,
 That say, 'Oh, mother Erin, wake I arise!
- "'Give us to eat from thine abundant store,
 For thou art affluent, and hast to spare;
 We are thy children; we demand thy care;
 Thou wilt not cast us off! thou art not poor!
- "'Our little ones lie dead before our faces,
 And, mother Erin—mother—they are thine!
 Why hast then not sustained with corn and kine—
 Why made our wretched homes our burial places?
- "'Here in the face of Heaven and thee we lie,
 Even at thy knees and on thy breast, our mother!
 —And then hast given our birthright to another,
 Hast left us and our immeent babes to die!
- "" We are thine offering, Erin, thine alone!

 But then hast robbed us to enrich another!

 Hast spuraed us from thy breast—unsatural mether—
 Oh! how caust thou for this great wrong atoms?"
- "These are the bitter words my children speak!
 But I am plundered; I have nothing left;
 The rich man hath been here, and hath bereft
 Me of the wealth my perishing children seek!
- "Oh, misscalle mother that I am!

 Here, like a wayside beggar, lean and pale,
 I stand, and tell my miserable tale,
 Flinging disheneur on my children's name!
- "Oh, miserable mother that I am!

 I stand abashed before the face of God—
 The timid ewe upon the mountain sod
 Will perish for the saving of her lamb!
- "But from my breast I have mine offering thrust; Have been a niggard and a spendthrift base; Deaf to their woe, and with averted face Have spurned their noble natures to the dust!
- "Oh, miserable mether that I am!

 My punishment is more than I can bear!"

 —Thus Erin spoke amid her great despair,

 And bowed her to the earth in penitent shame!

I never was more forcibly impressed with the sorrows of Ireland than by seeing the sketches and original pictures, which Mr. Alfred Fripp has painted, of Irish life. They affected me more deeply even than the harrowing descriptions of famine and misery which

have wrung, and which wring, our hearts every day. The artist has shown,—as many of the public know who have seen his pictures in the Water Colour Exhibition, where they met with such deserved admiration,—the crushed and bleeding soul of the Irish people. In his pictures, we see them deeply brooding over their woes, or patiently bearing them with a mournful endurance, which is infinitely more affecting than any passionate demonstration, because in this case we see a know and noble nature suffering hopeleasly and undeservedly with all the strength of a marryr, and we think, what might not these people have become under happier circumstances!

Alfred Fripp gives us in his sketches all that Carleton with his powerful pen, and Mrs. Hall with her woman's heart, have written of Irish life. What histories do we not read in the simplest interior of his Irish cabins, where perhaps a woman, sunk in sad thought, forgets to turn her wheel, or an old man sits brooding alone amid the circling smoke of a peat fire! His pictures are mournful poems, whether he gives us the girl at her orisons in the glorious light of a splendid sunset, with all the desolution of Ireland around her; or the mother with the infinit at the breast, and with love and sorrow as strong as death in her heart; or even, as in our illustration for the present week, only a little child, with her wild, half-savage, but melancholy countenance—all are full of tendermess, pathoa, and true poetry.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF NOAH WORCESTER,

The American Apostle of Pence.

BY MRS. LENG, OF BOSTON, ANDRONE OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING," ENG.

Noan Womenson, the subject of the following sketch, was born at Hollis, Newhampshire, on the 25th day of November, 1758. Hellis was then, like many New England towns which are now flourishing, an obscure place, and the reads which passed through it were marked by the axe of the woodman. A few years serve to clear away the transks and roots of trees in these thriving villages, and substitute in their place acat square houses, with at least one church with its spire pointing apward. Neath was lineally descended from the Rev. William Womenster, who came from Salisbury in England, and became minister of a church in Salisbury, in Massachusetts Bay, instituted in 1638, probably soon after his arrival from the mather country. Noah, with the leautiful simplicity and track that marked his character, speaks of his religious impressions as of the carliest date that he could remember anything, except, he adds, "a burn which I received in my boson when I was two years old." His opportunities of education were few and imperfect, and his services as a labourer, as he grew strong and robust, became important; a few weeks in the winter season were all that could be allowed him for school education, which was of the simplest kind, and deficient in the practical studies of grammar and geography. When he was sixteen, his school education wholly ceased.

It is not surprising that, possessed of an ardent and active mind, he should have embraced the first change that offered; and on the commencement of the American Revolution, the ensuing spring, he joined the army as a fifer, and continued eleven months in the service. He was at the battle of Bunker's Hill—memorable both for British and Americans, who may to this day view the ground, enriched by the blood of their cherished

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His recollections of this period were vivid; once he narrowly escaped being made prisoner. He was afterwards in the battle of Bennington, and expressed the acuteness of his feelings in going over the battle ground the day after the contest. When the term of his enlistment expired, he was solicited to remain, with offers of increased emolument; but he was heart-sick of the business, and persisted in quitting the camp.

This was, in truth, the school in which Providence had destined him to be educated; it was here he was to learn the means of being most useful to his fellow creatures; to learn the nature of war, its vampire horrors, fattening on the blood of fellow men, and rioting on the bed of carnage. He expressed devout gratitude to Providence, who had led him unharmed through moral dangers, but he was shocked to find how greatly the generous and tender sympathies of his nature had become weakened by the sight of human carnage. There was still, however, a living spring of sympathy in his heart; he had found a being congenial to himself, with a mind gentle and courageous as his own. A young girl, who at the age of sixteen was willing to pledge her faith to him, then eighteen, and hand in

hand meet poverty and war. Another source of education was now opened to him: he was requested to become the teacher of the village school. He felt his deficiencies for such an office, but was resolute and determined to remove them. He devoted the intervals of the school-it must be remembered that this occupied only the winter months-in acquiring such learning as was most useful and neces-sary; and finding it difficult to procure paper during the war, he selected pieces of white birch bark, and imitated the best copies of handwriting he could find. He was fortunate enough at the age of eighteen to procure a dictionary, the first he ever possessed. That he was continued in the office of a teacher nine successive winters, is a proof how faithfully he filled it. He was married with no other prospects in life but farming in the summer, and keeping school in the winter; yet peace and contentment made their home in his dwell-ing. At this time he was twenty-one years of age, and had never written any compositions on abstract sub-jects. He mentions writing letters for himself and others who had friends in the army, and also when teaching, composing copies for his scholars, and questions in arithmetic, instead of taking them from books. His habits of reflection and inquiry were formed, and led him to free discussions, and even arguments, on various subjects.

About this period a convention of delegates had formed a constitution for New Hampshire, his native state, which they caused to be printed and sent to the different towns, with a request "that such objections as should occur might be stated in writing, with reasons for their support, and forwarded to the convention at their next meeting."

It was now that the treasures of his mind, which had been gradually accumulating, burst forth into spontaneous fruit. He composed an article on the subject, perfectly satisfactory to the committee and the town, and began to feel that by practice he might write to advantage. He formed the habit of examining religious subjects, by writing short dissertations on different questions. He was prompted to these exercises by the quickness and activity of his mind, and for his own satisfaction. strength of these impulses may be better comprehended by a knowledge of his situation. He had an increasing family, and no means of subsistence but the labour of his own hands. This was incessant. When not working on the farm, he applied himself to making shoes, which became in fact his recreation. The man who was to effect a revolution in public opinion in after-life, sat at work upon his bench, apparently wholly engaged with his awl and his last; but at the end of the bench

lay his lapboard, with pen, ink, and paper upon it; and when his thoughts were ripe for expression, the shoe gave place to the lap-board, and placing it on his knees, he poured forth the eloquent thoughts that demanded utterance.

The author of this sketch has no intention of entering into the process of Mr. Worcester's theological opinions, deeply interesting as they are, and guided and developed by the faithful study of Scripture. This has been done by the ablest of pens; and though the hand that once guided it is still and motionless, and consigned to the dust, the mind that impelled it still lives, and will continue to influence thousands of human beings.¹

The power of self-education is much better understood in the present day than it was at that period of Noah Worcester's life. Those who had seen the stripling grow up to manhood amongst them, without any external advantages, yet now standing forth with a degree of moral power and dignity, were astonished; they felt that he was called to do the work of his father, and many of his clerical friends urged him to become a minister. After deep reflection, he resolved to present himself for examination, and was readily approved.

"I have never," he says, "doubted the friendship or sincerity of those ministers who advised and encouraged me to become a preacher; yet I have often doubted whether I could have given similar advice under aimilar circumstances. My want of education was great; I had a wife and three children who depended for support on the fruit of my labours; I was embarrassed by debt, by having purchased a farm at an unfavourable time during the war; I had found no leisure for regular study; and when or where I should obtain regular employment as a preacher seemed wholly uncertain. When in later years I have reflected on these several facts, it has seemed to me wonderful that wise men should have advised me to make the attempt to become a minister, and also wonderful that I was induced to comply with their advice. But, doubtless, God had some wise design in so ordering the event."

His preaching was immediately acceptable, and in a few months he was settled at Thornton; "and here," says his biographer, "he fulfilled a useful and harmonious ministry of twenty-three years' duration."

It must not be supposed that he was endowed with any rich benefice; the town was small and humble; he preached in a dwelling-house or school-house; and his salary was two hundred dollars (40%) a year. small stipend, aided by the labour of his hands, partly on the farm, and partly in making shoes, he more than supported his growing family—he found the art of being beneficent. Many of his parishioners could ill afford to pay their proportion of the small sum; and when the time for collecting it drew near, to the poorer ones he gave a receipt in full, relinquishing all claims upon them. When a hard season came, and there was no provision for a winter school, he threw open the door of his house, invited the children to his study, and gave them regular and daily instruction. With all these wearing occupations, the activity of his mind was constant; he entered with interest into the subjects which engaged public attention, studied with pen in hand, writing down his thoughts, and publishing in the public journals. His publications early attracted attention; and the obscure minister of an obscure place began to be heard of in the circles of the learned and affluent. In the midst of this scene of prosperity—for such in truth it might be termed, their few and simple wants having made their means a competency, domestic

love and harmony shedding its happy influence within their humble dwelling, and the gentle mistress of the house, like our first mother, amidst fruits and flowers making a paradise of home,—amidst all this,

there came a sad reverse.

Mr. Worcester had engaged to preach for a brother minister, and, with the primitive simplicity of the times, took his wife on a pillion behind him to go to the appointed place. The horse became unruly, and Mrs. Worcester was thrown from her seat. At the time she did not appear much injured, but her situation made the accident alarming. Just one month after, the New England thanksgiving arrived—an anniversary instituted by the founders of the colony, and scrupulously observed to this day by their descendants. As it is peculiar to New England, it may not be amiss to say a word on the subject. It was originally designed to be observed rather as a day of prayer than feasting; but, as is natural, friends collected around the board after the morning public service, and the dinner soon became an important feature in thanksgiving day. At this period of Mr. Worcester's ministry it had become one of recreation as well as public devotion; and many joyful hearts were saddened as they heard on their "way to church that the wife of their minister was ill, and not expected to live an hour. It was a blustering November day," said his daughter, "and I never hear the wind blowing and whistling without remembering it." She was only aix years old, but her recollections are vivid on the subject. "The minister," she added, "who performed the funeral services held my two elder brothers and myself up to look on our mother, and said, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' I wondered what he meant." This little unconscious child was destined in later years to be the nurse and sole companion of her father. Left with the charge of eight children, it became imperative to provide for their well-being. An excellent successor to his wife was found, who became a mother to them. It was a happy union, and her life was prolonged till within five years of his own death.

We have thus far endeavoured to follow, in a summary manner, the life of Noah Worcester, but our limits do not allow us to continue this sketch, slight as it is; we hasten to the great object of this memoir.

In 1813, he removed to Brighton, in the vicinity of Boston, at the solicitation of four clergymen of the highest respectability, to edit a periodical called The Christian Disciple. The character of this work was one of gentleness, candour, and charity. "The Disciple," (says Dr. Ware,) "as it came forth with its monthly burden to the Church, might remind one of the aged disciple, John, who is said from sabbath to sab-bath to have risen before the congregation to repeat this affectionate exhortation, 'Little children, love one another."

His mind had long been revolving the great subject of war; "at first," he says, "my views were perplexed, dark, and confused;" but the war of 1812, between Great Britain and the United States, operated with him an entire conviction. He carefully studied the matter, and observed the measures which were pursued to exasperate the minds of men and prepare them for the horrible conflict, resulting from party excitement and

vile passions.

In 1814, he wrote "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War." This, says his biographer, was the most successful and efficient pamphlet of any period. It has been translated into many languages, and circulated extensively through the world, and has been one of the chief instruments by which the opinions of society have been affected in the present century. It found a response in every heart; the world was wearied with battles; and enough were found in every country to repeat and enforce its doctrines. The Massachusetts

Peace Society was formed, and the publication of "The Friend of Peace" began in 1819, and was continued in quarterly numbers for ten years. Noah Worcester devoted his talents to this work. The revolution it created in society sufficiently proves its power and richness; it was full of variety and argument, and enlivened with a quaint shrewdness of remark, and a gentle humour, which "just opened upon the reader, like the quiet heat of a summer day's twilight, and then disappeared.'

It is on this ground, as the apostle of peace, that we consider him one of the most remarkable men of the age, and one worthy to be known to the readers of "Howitt's Journal." He carried the world perceptibly forward,—he opened a new era in its history,—he made the abolition of war practicable, by reasoning and demonstration. To circulate pacific opinions in his own country, he considered but a small part of his work. He wrote to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and in return received an answer assuring him of his "cordial approbation,"—we can only quote the concluding sentence. "Considering the object of your Society, the promotion of peace among mankind, as one so eminently congenial to the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I have judged it proper to express these my sentiments, respecting your labours, in answer to your communications to me on this subject.

"St. Petersburg, 4th July, 1807."
"To the Rev. Noah Worcester."

In answer to a letter to Prince Galitziny, we find the concluding sentence :-

"Most earnestly praying for every blessing to accompany your labour in promoting peace on earth, and good will among men, I shall esteem it a peculiar honour to be among the members of such a humane society.

"PRINCE ALEXANDER GALITZINY."

Mr. Worcester received letters from distinguished men, and from foreign societies. Among the collection of original letters before us, it may not be uninteresting to mention one from Jeane Pierre Boyer, President of the Republic of Hayti. It is dated, "Port-au-Prince, le 9 June, 1818, An' 15 de l'independance."

The letter breathes a spirit of peace. All these tokens of respect and approbation were encouraging to the Friend of Peace; and it is justly observed that, "by commencing a systematic enterprise against war, he set in motion an agency which unites itself with the other agencies now carrying forward the progress of man, and which are so knit together, and so reciprocally strengthen each other, that they make sure the final conquest of the world." That the work is still incomplete we see too many proofs; but have we not reason to believe that a wonderful change of opinion has taken place. The great principles of peace are well understood. The world can principles of peace are well understood. The world can only be changed through its opinions. Noah Worcester set in motion that direct action which goes at once to the bottom of the subject. The active combination of Peace Societies throughout the Christian world, by agents and books, bear witness to the value of his labours; it was owing to his pamphlet called "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War," which appeared without a name or any recommendation, that the "Peace Society of Massachusetts" was formed. "Ho began his efforts," said the late Dr. Channing, "in the darkest day, when the whole civilized world was shaken by conflict, and threatened by military despotism. He lived to see more than twenty years of general peace, and to see through these years a multiplication of national ties, an extension of commercial communications, an establishment of new connexions between Christians and learned men through the world, and a growing reciprocity of friendly

and beneficent influence among different states,—all giving aid to the principles of peace, and encouraging hopes which, a century ago, would have been deemed insane." Noah Worcester believed that no mightier man than William Penn ever trod the soil of America, when entering the wilderness unarmed, and stretching out to the savage a hand, which refused all earthly weapons, in token of brotherhood and peace. He believed in the power of Christian love to subdue and control the angry passions, and his whole demeanour expressed this feeling. There was an unusual gentleness in his manner, and at the same time a dignity which at once commanded respect. He was tall and athletic in his form; as he advanced in life his silver locks fell to his shoulders; though he gave the beholder an idea of meekness, it was justly said, there was a majesty in his meekness. We well remember this venerable man near the close of his life—his flowing locks, his benignant smile—his hand usually when he spoke placed upon his heart—for he was suffering from some disease in that region. We often met him in his quiet walks in a neighbouring wood, belonging to his true and constant friend the late Gorham Parsons. His mind was impressed by the beautiful objects of nature, and cultivated by poetry and music; his residence was as patriarchal as his life, and we rejoice to say that this resi-dence has passed into the hands of the daughter before alluded to. His second wife, who seems to have been

all he could wish, died five years before him, and he was left alone with his only unmarried daughter. She watched over him day and night, inheriting his own peculiar aweetness and gentleness, and soothing and comforting him under the infirmities of age. By her care and economy she made his means sufficient for all his wants, and gave an air of neatness and taste to the little tenement, which he rented from Mr. Parsons at a low rate. He spoke of his old age as the happiest part of "When I have visited him," says Dr. Channing, "in his last years, and looked on his serene countenance and heard his cheerful voice, and seen the youthful carnestness with which he was reading a variety of books, and studying the great interests of humanity, I have felt how little of this outward world is needed to our happiness; I have felt the greatness of the human spirit, which could create to itself such joy from its own resources." He closed his mortal life October 31, 1837. A monument at Mount Auburn is erected to his memory by numerous friends. On one side is this inscription :-

"Blessed are the peacemakers, For they shall be called The children of God."

He was aged 79 years.

(1) I cannot resist making an extract from a letter I have in my possession, written by this excellent daughter:—
"When my father and a dear niece, who had been as a child

to me, were removed to their better home, I found everything they had looked upon with pleasure—everything that had afforded comfort and happiness to them—possessed a value before unknown to me. Mr. Parsons chose I should remain in before unknown to me. the house free of rent."

She continued residing there till the death of Mr. P., who willed this place with the addition of several acres to a nice of his deceased wife. She considered it expedient to sell it, and offered the whole for four thousand aix hundred dollars. ossess the house and half an acre round it, was all that Miss worcester desired; but to obtain this seemed impossible; she could only command the sum left her by her father—one thousand dollars—and to secure the house the whole must be pursued by the vising price of land in Brighton, sann to grand the secure the noise the whole must be purchased. Encouraged by the rising price of land in Brighton, she finally determined to make the purchase. The bargain was made, and the one thousand dollars, her sole patrimony, paid on the reception of the deed, May 28, 1846; the remaining sum was to be paid the 15th of July following. "All my friends had discouraged my undertaking," she writes, "but something within me encouraged me to go forward. I felt that the promises of God were sure. He had been a 'Father to the fatherless,' and I felt that he would help me through, though I could not see how.'

The very next day she offered for sale all except the house and half an acre, for three thousand two hundred dollars. In one week she was offered three thousand five hundred dollars. She now determined to let the matter rest till the time drew near for payment. When that arrived, she told the last appli-cant that he might have all but the house and outbuildings, with half an acre of land, for three thousand eight hundred dollars. He paid the money, took the deed, "and thus," she writes, "I was enabled to make payment in full on the day appointed. All I can say is, the lot was cast into the lap, but the whole dis-posing thereof was of the Lord."

I have added this account because it is interesting in itself. Perhaps those who have not visited her on her landed estate can hardly sympathize with me. To do this, they must see the nest little tenement, with its green blinds, the turfed yard before it, with its gravelled path from the street to the door; its white open work fence, and simple shrubbery, wanting only the luxuriant vines and monthly roses of England to make it one of their beautiful village residences. Could strangers enter the humble dwelling, and witness its neatness, order, and comfort, and see her with her niece, a child of her adoption, they could with difficulty believe that the annual expenditure of this happy home never exceeds one hundred dollars.

Literary Notices.

Political Economy; or, the Philosophy of Government. By M. Dr Sismondi. With an Historical Notice of his Life and Writings. By M. Misker. London: John Chapman, Newgate-street.

Mr. Chapman has done a good work in presenting us with these essays of M. De Sismondi. Aristocrat as M. De Sismondi is reckoned, we yet feel universally in his writings such a spirit of truth, of justice, and of humanity, that even where we do not agree in his conclusions, we respect his reasonings; we see that they are based on much reflection and experience, and are well assured that they are the honest emanations of a very noble mind. The essays in this volume on Landed Property; on the Condition of the Work People in Manufactories; on the Influence of Colonies in Human Happiness; on Universal Suffrage; on the Executive Power in Free Countries; and on the Element of Aristocracy in such countries; are full of profound wisdom, and solemn warnings. After reading these, we fully agree with M. Mignet :-

It was Sismondi who was first indignant at the laisses faire, laisses passer, of political economy. It was only after him that his disciple Buvet repeated: "Laisses faire la misère; laisses passer la mort." Let wretchedness do its work; do not interfere with death.

It was Sismondi who was indignant at the system by hich some labour, that others may enjoy. He it was who cried which some labour, that others may enjoy. out that posterity will not deem us less barbarous for having left the labouring classes without any security, than we deem those nations who have reduced them to slavery.

It was he who saked, if it is not everywhere perceived that men are confiscated for the advantage of things? The working men are retrenched sometimes in one business, sometimes in another; and what signifies the increase of wealth if it does not serve to feed men P

It was he who demanded for all a participation in the advan-tages of life; he who refused to call that riches which one member of the community took from another; he who cried that the advantage of all ought to limit the rights of all; that property is the right to use, not to abuse.

Before O'Connell, with as much boldness, and more weight,

Sismondi exclaimed, " The social order of Ireland is essentially bad, it must be changed from top to bottom. The question is not to give the bread of charity to the famished poor; it is to secure existence, property, to every man whose hands are his

only wealth."

Who is the radical who has said with more vehement warmth than Sismondi, "There is spoliation; the rich man robs the poor, when this rich man draws from a fertile and easily cultivated soil his idle opulence; whilst he who has raised this income, who with his sweat bathes every production, dies of hunger without being able to touch it."

It was he who taught the people that the true Savings Bank was the land; governors, that to raise the moral character of the people, the future must be given to them, for all our moral ideas

are connected with foresight.

It was he who continually repeated, " that all the efforts of charity are only palliations; of what use are schools to him who has no time? instruction to him who sells the most painful bodily labour at the cheapest rate, without being able to get work? Savings Banks to him who has only potatoes?"

These are great and eternal truths, and well does M. Mignet conclude :-

The day will come when the experience which he laid up will bear fruit in the world; the day will come, when both the operative and the labourer will obtain that just share of enjoyment which he never ceased soliciting for them.

We must add, that the notices of Sismondi's life are very interesting.

Mauprat. By George SAND. Translated by MATILDA M. HAYS. London: Churton.

This work forms the fifth and sixth parts of the monthly issue of this edition. Mauprat is one of the most interesting of George Sand's productions, and Miss Hays has given to her translation all the felicitous

freedom of an original.

The story opens with an account of the family of the Mauprats, one of those races of men who in the feudal ages abounded, and what the Germans termed Raub-Ritten, or Robber Knights. In the revolting descrip-tion which George Sand has given of this family, she has by no means overstepped the simple truth. In many parts of the continent such families continued till a late period. They retained their feudal fortresses, and far away from towns continued to lord it over the surrounding country at their pleasure, plundering both strangers and neighbours with little ceremony or remorse. Their rental reduced to little or nothing, it was thus they lived, detested by all that knew them. At Neckarstinach, near Heidelberg, there is a group of old fortresses on the hills, which were occupied formerly by a family of the name of Landschaden, the Disgrace-Of the land. These people were exactly such as Madame Dunevant has described the Mauprats.

The story opens by Edmée Mauprat, the daughter

and sole heiress of a better branch of the Mauprat family, taking refuge in the castle, or rather den, of these bandit relatives—for they were no better—in a storm, as she is out with her father hunting. She is totally unaware into what place she has got, but believes it to be the eastle of Rochemaure, whose mistress, a lady of rank, was a distant relative. Her horror on discovering the real name of her retreat. Roch-Mauprat, was proportionate to its infamous character. No woman could be known to have been under its roof without total loss of reputation. She is saved, however, from her fearful situation by the youngest of the residents, Bernard Mauprat, the nephew of the execrable horde of savages who were the masters of the place and estate.

The castle was attacked by the military, and set fire to, and the wicked brothers perished, two only excepted, and these disappeared, as supposed, never to be heard of. Bernard was adopted by his relative, the

father of Edmée: and the history of his gradual civilization—for he was but a better sort of savage and of his social refinement, is a new and interesting spectacle. He has noble qualities, combined with all the impetuous passions of his race, and the impatience fostered by the wild, lawless manner in which his boyhood has been spent. The smooth conventionalities of ordinary life wear and fret such a character; but time, diligent study, and a high hope—that of the love of his beautiful and amiable cousin-carry him through the trying process, and soften his manners, though they can never subdue his independence of feeling, and his love of freedom and of active enterprise.

As he approaches the goal of his fortunes, however, and the hand of Edmée is growing every day more certain, his two detested uncles reappear on the scene, in the guise of monks, and Jean Mauprat, the most cunning, plotting, and detestable of them all, as a Trappist becomes in the eyes of the people a saint. He is a saint only to plot more securely the destruction of Bernard and Edmée, and the securing of the whole

Mauprat estate to themselves.

Bernard, young and full of courage, treated these miscreants and their plots with contempt; but the Abbé Aubert, who was attached to his uncle's family, warned him not to be too confident.

"'Jean Mauprat is a coward; I do not fear him,' exclaimed Bernard.

"'You are wrong,' replied the abbé; 'one should always fear a coward, because he may strike us behind while we are expecting him in front."

How true! In all her writings, Madame Dudevant exhibits a profound knowledge of human nature and of life. How full of that knowledge are the sentiments she makes the abbé utter on this occasion! Who has not bitterly experienced them? It was impossible for us to read the following passage without recent events and personages flashing strangely upon our minds :--

"'Though the sword of justice hangs over Jean Mauprat, he remarked, 'and you are at the height of honour and prosperity, do not despise the weakness of your enemy. Who knows what cunning and hatred may effect? They may take the place of the just, and cast them into the dust; they may charge their crimes upon another, and sully with their ignominy the robes of innocence. You have not done with the Mauprata yet.' The poor abbé did not know how truly he spoke."

No; the vile, artful, and insidious Jean Mauprat continued to bring everything into confusion, and to the brink of destruction. Edmée is fired at in the forest at a hunt; Bernard is accused of the attempt to murder her, and is actually adjudged to death. Heaven, however, brings out the truth, and the cousins marry, and enjoy the triumph of innocence and virtue.

This is but a meagre outline of the story. characters of Patience, the recluse of the tower of Gozeau, and of Marcape the mole-catcher, are well con-ceived; the trial of Bernard is finely conducted, and full of thrilling effect; Bernard also serves in America under La Fayette, and the dawn of the French Revolution is brought tangibly into the horizon. Altogether, it is a work worthy of the author's fame.

An Antidote for Infidelity. By Thomas Bullook. London: Aylott and Jones.

This is an excellent little pamphlet, designed to circulate amongst the people, and well worthy of their most attentive perusal.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work von all, and we desire to work WITH all.—Eds.

Co-operative Progress.—The many facts presented of late in our Record, connected with co-operation, are convincing proofs of the rapid progress of the principle. The Leeds Redemption Society has lately issued an admirable pamphlet on the subject, Society has lately issued an admirable pamphlet on the subject, called "Community, Practical and Practicable," which shows what has been, and may be done by co-operation. All over the country new co-operative leagues are forming. At Birmingham the one recently organised is flourishing, and amongst the honorary members elected we see the names of WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT, MARY and MARGARET GILLIES, and our friend SILVERPEN. We feel particularly gratified that this Society originated in the public reading of Howitt's "Letters on Labour." Since then they have read Mary Gillies' "Associated Homes," and Silverpen's "Co-operative Band," from Howitt's Journal; and papers from The Labourer, and other works advocating the great principle of the accumulation of capital and the acquirement of land by the people. This is a practice which might be introduced into co-operative societies practice which might be introduced into co-operative societies with great effect.

The endeavour to cheapen bread by the establishment of co-operative mills and bakeries has been very extensive; and the idea thrown out of uniting with the co-operatists of Ame the idea thrown out of uniting with the co-operatists of America to import corn from that country, has made the most lively impression. Goodwyn Barmby, who is closely connected with the most active members of these societies on both sides the water, has exerted himself to bring this important matter to bear. It opens up a new and great field of enterprise for the co-operative principle, and for the philanthropist. Goodwyn Barmby seems to be the uniting link in this scheme of co-operation between the millions of America and England, and a more honourable or useful registion it would be difficult to find ration between the millions of America and England, and a more honourable or useful position it would be difficult to find. To help to bind together two great families, by making a large exchange of their commodities, corn on the one side, manufactured goods on the other, and that without the intervention of the merchant and the speculator, is worthy of the highest

Formation of a Co-operative Society at Norwick.—To the Editor of Howit's Journal.—SIR,—I feel great pleasure in announcing to you the formation of a society recently established on the co-operative principle, and it is with feelings of deep satisfaction that we read in your Weekly Record of the progress making in the people's cause. And as we have found ourselves very much strengthened and stimulated to exertion, from reading the various reports in your excellent Journal, we think that others may feel similar pleasure, from a report of one formed in Norwich.

Christian ambition.

Sir, during the last winter two reverend gentlemen of this city, one a Unitarian and the other a Baptist, agreed to lay aside doctrinal differences, and united together to deliver a Course of Lectures, alternately, to the working classes. The Course of Lectures, alternately, to the working classes. The object of the lectures was to improve the moral, and elevate the social condition of the people. The subjects were truly excellent, and we have no doubt were the means of imparting new and sound ideas to numbers that attended them; and certain we are, that if the clergy through the length and breadth of the land would follow their example, it would do more towards establishing the universal brotherhood of the human race, than ever has been done.

At the termination of the lectures, a party of five persons

At the termination of the lectures, a party of five persons agreed to hold a meeting to decide upon what steps could be taken to carry out the principles laid down by the lecturers. The meeting took place upon the 30th of March, 1847, and, after mature consultation, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to. "That this meeting is unanimous in the consultation of the consultation of the consultation was unanimously agreed to." considering the co-operative and associative principles as the only means worthy the consideration of the working classes, for a thorough amelioration of their present condition." At the next meeting the society was organized upon the above principles, and agreed to be called the Norwich Co-operative and Redemption Society.

Its objects as stated in the Rules are:—
1. The accumulation of capital by means of pecuniary contributions, and the profit on articles sold at the commen

2. The gradual employment of its members for the benefit of themselves and the association.

 The hire or purchase of land to enable the Society to supply itself with the necessaries of life, and to become a self-supporting institution.

Knowing that union is not power unless directed by wisdom, we meet weekly for reading and mutual information, and intend, as soon as means will allow, to establish a library and reading-room; and we hope by it, and the occasional delivery of popular lectures, to diffuse sound and practical views on the all-important topic of mutual co-operation, and other useful

Subjects.

Our motto is—" All Men are Brethren;" consequently we invite men of every shade of religious and political opinion to come forward and aid us in the great and glorious work of elevating the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the

people.

Our subscriptions are three-pence per week, and we hope to augment our funds by business transactions; we already number thirty-two members of all shades of opinion, willing to lay aside all sectarian feelings, and unite together for the above glorious purpose

At the present time we are reading your truly excellent "Letters on Labour," and derive much encouragement and information from them, and it was with much pleasure we read information from them, and it was with much pressure we read of your intention to publish them in a separate form, believing them calculated to do more towards spreading sound and correct views upon the all-important subject of co-operation amongst the people than any work that has yet been published. Should the above be considered worthy a place (either whole,

or in part) in your very useful and informing Weekly Record, we shall from time to time forward you the progress of the cause in Norwich.

I am, Sir, on behalf of the Society Yours, very respectfully, Colby Place, Norwick, June 16th, 1847. R. E., Secretary.

Visit of the Members of Leeds Mechanics' Institute to Castle Howard.—Dear Sir,—On the 9th instant, the members of the Mechanics' Institute of Leeds had a trip to Castle Howard, the magnificent mansion of the Earl of Carlisle, about fifty miles from Leeds; about 1,000 members went over its rast domains, its beautiful walks, aviaries, hot-houses, and gardens, adorned with temples, statues, columns, and pillars; also, the visitors were admitted through this princely mansion with its painted dome, its exquisite marble tables, its choice and rare paintings, some that once belonged to the Palais Royal, but which were sold during the Rayaltion and the Reign of Tayror, one sense isly during the Revolution and the Reign of Terror; one especially deserves notice, "The Three Marys over the Body of Christ," by Carracci—it is said his lordship has had 90,000?. offered for this alone. The drawing-room is lung with beautiful and ancient tapestry, and contains a choice selection of books; on the table were some modern ones, such as "William Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the Poets," "Titmarsh's Trip from Cornhill to Grand Cairo." The Museum was rich in rare and antique and Haunts of the Poets," "Titmarsh's Trip from Cornhill to Grand Cairo." The Museum was rich in rare and antique specimens of art and curiosity; there we saw the castet presented to Lord Morpeth (eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle) by the electors of the West Riding of Yorkshire, containing an address with signatures extending to four miles; also a mahogany wheelbarrow and silver spade, with which Lord Morpeth turned up the first sod of the Great Western Railway. The day was fine, and the treat from smoky Leeds to Castle Howard was of no every day kind, to see such extensive grounds, such hill and dale, such ancient trees with their thick umbrageous shades sheltering the small picenic parties and groups the rich stores sheltering the small pic-nic parties and groups, the rich stores of wealth presented to their gaze in the castle, and the merry tunes of a good band of music, gave to the scene a pleasant and

lively appearance. The Countess of Carlisle and Lady Mary Howard and other distinguished guests came to the windows, while one of the Committee of the Institute returned thanks to white one or the Committee of the Institute retained to the noble owner for the pleasure received in the visit; the com-pliment was acknowledged, and the band played "God save the Queen," and the company started off to the station for Leeds, where they arrived safely about 9 o'clock.

Bromley, near Leeds,

Yours respectfully,

Bromley, near Leeds, June 18, 1847.

JOHN KRALC.

National Land Company.—SIR,—Allow me to correct an error which appeared in the Journal of Saturday last. In the notice of the demonstration of the Land Company at O'Connorville, it was stated, that the Company intended to raise money by mortgaging one estate to purchase another; such is not the law of Company.

The 3rd rule states that a Bank of Deposits shall be established in which persons may deposit their savings at an interest

blished in which persons may deposit their savings at an interest of 3½ per cent., or as the Directors have now altered it to 4 per cent., which money is applied to the purchase of more land. The land and buildings of the Company present good security.

Rule 4 states a Bank of Redemption shall be established in connexion with the above, in which members may place their savings at an interest of 4½ per cent., which will go to the redemption of his capital—his rent being reduced in proportion.

You also mention that the Company have two estates, whereas they have three, in Worcester and Gloucester, one in Herefordahire, and I hope are you received this another near Manufalls.

shire, and I hope, ere you receive this, another near Mansfield. Nottinghamshire, of 666 acres of prime land. Thus you see we have 1,033 acres already, not including that near Mansfield.

I remain, sir, yours, &c.

New Radford, Nottinghamshire, Samuel Saunders,

June 14th, 1847. Sub-Secretary of the Company. June 14th, 1847.

Collages, Land, and Congenial Society .- To the Editor of London possesses sixty-eight acres of land, situated in the county of Lincoln. I have frequently heard him say he should like to build on his estate fifteen or twenty cottages, allowing three or four acres of land to each, and go with his wife and family and live in one himself; provided he could get intelligent and suitable tenants for the other proposed tenements and pieces of land.

I believe there are many comfortable people who would like to become tenants (or, if it suited them better, freeholders) of a cottage and a little land, if they could secure congenial society,

which is sometimes a difficulty in remote parts of the country.

It struck me, I would, by your kind permission, make my friend's idea known to the public through your Journal, and I feel assured suitable tenants will gladly come forward to offer

themselves as occupiers; or occupiers and purchasers.

My friend's estate is composed of some of the richest land in Eugland—is healthy, dry, and well drained. It abuts on the sen, is eight males from the largest market town in the county, and 120 miles from London.

The owner of the land is not a speculator nor a mere adventurer; he wishes to retire from the bustle of the world and collect around him a few congenial spirits.

By means of this notice in your Journal, my friend's embryo

idea will probably become a pleasing reality to himself and others.

This notice may be the means, too, of causing some land-holders to divide and subdivide their estates, so as to furnish homely homes for intelligent and industrious small capitalists who can HANDLE A SPADE, and have learned to live comfortably on limited means.

Early Closing of Shops.—The chemists and druggists of Boston have, at the solicitation of their assistants, agreed to close their shops at nine o'clock every evening, except Saturday; and also during the time of morning and afternoon services on Sundays. The arrangement will commence on Monday next, June 21st.

The assistants and apprentices, grateful for the above relaxation, beg leave to assure their employers and the public generally, that no exertion shall be wanting on their part, to merit a continuance of the kindness already shown to them. Boston, June 14th, 1847.

The Erangelical Alliance's Notions of the Sources of Infi-delity. — To William Howitt. — Friend, — "The British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance," is holding its meet-

ings here at present. The following I cut from the Scatsman

Mempager report of its proceedings:

The Rev. E. Bickerstert gave in a report from the committee of the southern division, with reference to infidelity. suggested, as topics of investigation under that head, that an endeavour should be made to ascertain how facts in physical science may have tended to encourage infidelity; and how, also, it may have been fostered and promoted by philanthropic,

also, it may have been fostered and promoted by philanthropic, literary, scientific, and benefit institutions.

A long discussion ensued upon the phraseology originally employed in the report, pointing to lectotal societies as subjects of investigation in connexion with the opread of infidelity. It was ultimately decided that the words "philanthropic institutions" should be employed.

So philanthropy is the nurse of infidelity: they therefore virtually declare the "church" to be an anti-philanthropic institution.

The "Ragged Schools" of Edinburgh have been shut against Roman Catholics, but the latter have opened Ragged Schools for Catholics, &c., and Protestants if they choose to come; the Roman Catholics invited a Protestant clergyman to act as a director, but he refused,

Yours truly, R. P. Scott.

Edinburgh, June 12th, 1847.

Public Health.—On Tuesday evening a lecture was delivered on the causes of disease, by William Thomason, in Carr-street Chapel, Limehouse-fields; the audience consisted of an intelligent body of operatives, who seemed to appreciate the propositions advanced. Mr. W. H. White made some remarks at the close of the lecture, and an announcement that a course of addresses of the fecture, and an announcement that a course of addresses would be given on sanitary and kindred topics concluded the business of the evening. This chapel was once in the hands of a Christian body, but is now held by a Temperance Society for the joint purpose of *Christian society* and the advocacy of Temperance principles.

East London Co-operative Trading Society.—On Wednesday evening, 16th inst, a meeting of the members of this society took place for the election of its officers; the meeting was well attended, and a deep interest was manifested in its proceedings. At the conclusion an enrolment of members took place, when sixty names were placed on the books, some of whom paid up their shares. We commence our purchases in the course of

June 17th, 1847.

WILLIAM THOMASON.

Now ready, and to be had of all Booksellers.

VOLUME I.

HOWITT'S JOURNAL,

Beautifully bound in green and gold, price 4s. 6d.; with gilt edges, 50.

Contents. PAGE Prospects of the Country.—Coming Elections. By William Howitt Singular Proceedings of the Sand Wasp. From actual observation. By William Howitt Sonnet. By Calder Campbell. Erin and her Children. By Mary Howitt Brief Memoir of Noah Worcester, the American Apostle of Peace. By Mrs. Lee, of Boston, author of "Three Experiments of Living," etc. LITERARY NOTICES:— 6 10 LITERARY NOTICES :--The WEEKLY RECORD of Facts and Opinions connected with General Interests and Popular Progress. 15

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FELICITÉ LAMENNAIS.

FELICITÉ LAMENNAIS.

Among the men of Progress of the present time, Felicité Lamennais must take the highest rank. He is formed in the mould of the great martyrs of antiquity -devoted as a saint in the service of the religion which he conscientiously believes to be true, and bold as a hero in the great cause of liberty and fraternity which he advocates. In him we find combined the pious sim-plicity and purity of life of the good Fenelon, the dauntless courage of Luther, and the fiery enthusiasm of Peter the Hermit. His life has been a series of conscientious struggles, of internal revolutions, of overturned convictions; but still of never-failing hope, faith, and courage. At every step in his career, he has gathered increased strength, still pressing on towards the high mark he has set before him, and saying ever to Truth, "Go on! whithersoever thou leadest I will follow!'

Of all living writers, Lamennais is the one who has the most effectually employed the Christian Gospel as an agent for the elevation and emancipation of the universal people. He has seized upon it as the moral lever by means of which to raise the world:—an instrument heretofore neglected for this purpose, ofttimes perverted. It has been employed to raise classes and sects, to propagate creeds and formulas, to maintain priesthoods and hierarchies; but not to bring life, liberty, and civilization to mankind. What, according to Lamennais, is Christianity, but the great gospel of human brotherhood, of universal love? It does not consist in the multiplication of rites, cere-monies, and external observances, which are too often but the figments and contrivances of the self-interested, substituting a false in place of the true conscience, and holding men as under the influence of an evil spell: it is not in the mysteries of a speculative faith, or in the rags and remnants of creeds outworn: it is not in the maintenance of doctrines about which no two may be agreed-some believing this and some that thing-and because of such difference mutually condemning and hating each other. No! Christianity is not a creed. but a gospel; its great test to men is not, "Do you believe this or the other dogma?" but, "Do you love?" It is a system of universal peace—substituting for nationhood and clauship universal brotherhood. It embodies the great law and doctrine of Progress—progress in all respects, moral, social, and political, as well as religious. It contains within it a power of universal enfranchisement, to make all men equally free before each other, as they are in their Maker's sight—to confer on each the enjoyment of a part of that which He has given to all. Its end is, the universal fusion of interests, arising from a fusion of souls—to unite men to one another in uniting them to God-to bind them together in Love under the holy law of liberty, which is the principle of progress, without end, and without limit of nation or of race—to develop truth and goodness throughout the world in all their fulness—and to produce a grand confraternity of mankind, as if worshipping under one temple, and dwelling together in one great city, all alike animated by the principle of love, charity, goodness, truth, brotherly equality, and peace.

But where to look for such signs of Christian realization at this present time? Eighteen centuries have passed since that Gospel was first promulgated, and where do we find it in actual practice? Many are its hired teachers, but where are its fruits, even among nations long calling themselves Christian? Search for Christianity in the public institutions of countries-it is not there; in the laws, almost all of which are pervaded by a spirit of unjust inequality—it is not there; in the manners of the time, characterised as they are

then, is it? It is, answers Lamennais, in the Future, silently preparing itself in the great deep of Human Nature, which is in travail; it is in the mighty social movement which stirs up the people from one end of the earth to the other; it is in the aspirations of pure souls and fervent hearts everywhere; it is in the universal conscience of Man, which says, "That which is cannot last, for it is evil—the negation of charity, of justice, and of fraternity—a tradition of the race of Cain-a thing of reprobation and shame, which shall ere long be utterly dispelled before the breath of the Almighty.

Such, in a very few words, is the faith of M. Lamennais; and if this be kept in mind, we shall find in it the key to that extraordinary series of intellectual revolutions which this thoughtful and enthusiastic man has passed through, as well as to the bitter scorn and contumely which interested advocates of effete systems

have tried to heap upon his name. Felicité Lamennais was born at Saint-Malo, in Brittany, in the year 1782. He lost his mother whilst yet a child; and his father being altogether absorbed in the management of an extensive business, in which he proved extremely unfortunate, the young Lamennais grew up almost without direction or restraint. The child was taught to read, however, at an early age, by an old housekeeper, and displayed a remarkable desire to acquire information, which he tenaciously retained. At nine years old, his elder brother John gave him his first instructions in Latin; but soon growing tired of his teacher, the young scholar determined to work out the remainder of his knowledge of this language by the sole aid of his dictionary. And he made such progress, that at twelve years old he was able to read Livy and Plutarch without difficulty.

About this time he was handed over to the care of an old uncle who lived in the country, and who seems to have troubled himself but little about his nephew's education. Occasionally, to get the boy out of the way, as well as to punish him, his uncle shut him up for whole days together in a large library filled with the works which at the time issued like a torrent from the press of France. This library was divided into two compartments, in one of which were placed the safe books, and in the other the dangerous and heterodox works, such as those of Rousseau, Diderot, and Voltaire. To this latter division the uncle had given the name of a very bad place, and on first turning the lad loose into the library, he had strictly forbidden him to go into that compartment. This prohibition, however, only served to excite his curiosity; and without minding the interdict, he fell upon the heterodox division with insatiable avidity, reading everything that came in his way, devouring Rousseau when other boys would have been spinning their top, and often forgetting his dinner to feast upon Voltaire and Malebranche.

Thus cast early upon a sea of doubt, it were not matter of surprise if the young mind of the scholar should have been thrown into agonies of perplexity and unbelief as to the most vital and engrossing of all subjects. And he did pass through this probationary period of mental torture and doubt, as has often enough been the fate of even the strongest minds. As the skill of the mariner is cultivated amidst the storm and the tempest, so is it not unfrequently the lot of the great thinker to reach firm and abiding convictions hrough the shoals and quicksands of unbelief. The discipline is a dangerous one, but the strong mind grows stronger under it, and finally gets through it in safety. On a mind of common order, the impression thus early made by such ill-regulated and undigested reading would most probably have been of a permanent character. But Lamennais had within himself the power of reacting on the sceptical dogmas of the French philosophers, and, though young, of resisting their fallacies. In common with all other ardent natures, he partook in that general uneasiness and disquiet which about this period agitated almost the entire social world. But his mind had by nature a strong religious blas; mere intellectual achievement did not satisfy him; he could find repose only in the arms of faith. The beautiful idea of "The Universal Church" possessed him. He shrunk back trembling from the brink on which he had stood, and threw himself with devotion into the embrace of the Church of Rome.

His first internal revolution thus achieved, Lamennais plunged into study with renewed ardour. He secluded himself from the world, and nourished himself on the elements of faith. At the age of twenty-two, he partook of his first communion, and had by that time resolved to follow the vocation of the priesthood. His father wished to train him for commercial pursuits; but to this he entertained a decided aversion from the first, and his destiny was fixed. He entered the College of Saint-Malo as Professor of Mathematics in the year 1307. About the same time he published his first work—an eventful era in the life of a literary man. It was a translation of The Spiritual Guide—an ascetic old book of Louis de Blois. In the following year he published his first original work, entitled, Reflections on the State of the Church in France.

Under the government of Napoleon, the Church had been completely laid prostrate at the feet of the state. It was bound and manacled in every way, and was regarded at best as a mere piece of state machinery, fitted rather to control than to suppress religious feelings among the people. Lamennais, in the work alluded to, insisted on the Church being emancipated from this state of vassalage; -not that, at this time, he rom this state of vassalage;—not that, at this time, he considered the national or popular liberty in the case, but rather the supremacy of the Church, and the enlargement of the powers of the priesthood. He was for the sovereignty of belief, such sovereignty to be wielded by the Roman see. The unity of religion and the Church was his great idea. Although the work, therefore, was in the main a covert apology for spiritual despotium. despotism, the government of Napoleon spied danger in it, and the book was seized-a tribute to the enerin it, and the book was seized—a tribute to the energetic eloquence and fervent spirit which breathed throughout this first production of the author. Soon after, in the year 1811, he assumed the tonsure, and entered the little seminary of Saint-Malo, of which his elder brother John was the principal. Next year the two brothers conjointly brought out a work entitled, The Doctrine of the Church as to the Institution of Richard This work displaced with the latest Bishops. This work displayed much theological erudition, and was considered by the ultramontane Catholics as a complete refutation of the views of the Abbés Gregory, de Pradt, and Tabureau, who had contended that the pontifical sanction was not essential to render the election of bishops perfectly valid. From this it will be seen that Lamennais, at the commencement of his career, held the extreme views of the ultramontane party.

The star of Napoleon now became obscured; foreign armies entered France to reinstate legitimacy and the Bourbons; and Lamennais, who had removed to Paris, prepared to welcome them with a shout of joy. The Emperor was driven to Elba, and the author pursued him with his anathema. The Hundred Days suddenly came round, and, alarmed for his safety, Lamennais fled across the channel to London, where he remained for several months in a state of obscurity and privation, attempting to support himself by teaching. Lamennais to this day relates an anecdote of a visit which he paid when in London, to Mrs. Jerningham, the sister of Lord Stafford, to solicit a vacant place in her family as tutor. After scanning his threadbare garments, and downcast appearance, she told him point-blank

that "he would not suit her, he had too stupid a look!" Her ladyahip must have had but amall akili in physiognomy. And we can figure to ourselves what Lamennais must have looked then, from what he is now. Extremely small and meagre in person, as if his frame had been worn down by continued study-of pale but strikingly sensitive and expressive countenance, indicative of trials and resignation—a nobly formed forehead, not so very large, as so beautiful in its proportions eyes deep-set and downcast, but occasionally glancing vividly at those about him, in an almost wild manner a feeble and hesitating voice, most unlike what one would expect in the powerful agitator he has since proved - a bashful and confused manner, timid in the extreme like that of most deep students, - such was the person, whose husk only the Honourable Mrs. Jerningham saw, and found that it denoted—stupidity!
Lamennais was, however, more fortunate in his application to the Abbé Caron, from Rennes, then conducting a boarding school for young emigrants near London; and here he found an asylum for several months, filling the humble post of usher.

Napoleon was a second time expelled from France, and Lamennais returned to Paris amidst the crowd of royalist emigrants. In the year 1816, at the age of thirty-four, he was ordained a priest at Rennes; and shortly after, there appeared the first volume of his celebrated work, entitled An Essay on Religious Indifference. This was the first great event in his literary career. He became at once famous. The book excited an extraordinary sensation in all quarters; and the formerly obscure priest was at once hailed as the most powerful and brilliant writer of his day. His bold and impetuous style, his decisive reasoning, his beautiful language, reminding one of Rousseau in his happiest manner, carried all minds and hearts as if by storm. The church extolled him as its ablest champion; and congratulated itself on the advent of another Bossuet. Two other volumes followed the first, in 1820 and 1824, which still more widely extended and established his reputation. The then Pope, Leo XII., styled him "The last Father of the Church," and had his portrait hung up in his oratory, the only other there being one of the Virgin. He even offered Lamennais a Cardinal's Hat; but, foreseeing perhaps the trials of the future, he had the courage to decline it, recommending for promotion his friend Lambruschini, who afterwards proved his bitterest enemy.

A word of explanation may be offered as to the objects of the Essay on Indifference. The French Revolution entirely laid prostrate the religious system of France. From blind credulity, a large proportion of the nation had suddenly leapt into the opposite ex-treme of blind unbelief; which, by the period of the restoration, had subsided into a state of perfect indifference as to religious matters. Faith in things unseen had almost died out. To drag France from the state of spiritual death—to rescue Christianity from indifference and oblivion, and revive it in all its force in the hearts of his countrymen, such was the great aim and ambition of M. Lamennais. He broke through the arguments of unbelief, and with audacious daring laboured to do what Catholic writers had not before attempted, to reconcile the truths of philosophy and religion. He surveyed all times and systems, passed in review the history and experiences of preceding ages, and, reuniting the scattered traditions of the past, constructed therewith his great system of human tradition. We have already said that Lamennais was a Catholic—wedded to his Church—and then seeing in it the grand means of elevating and emancipating mankind. He regarded it too as the depository not only of the truths of revelation, but of the highest traditional authority of the human race. Such was Lamennais' "philosophy of common sense," as he himself styled it.

We do not say that he succeeded in the great task which he set himself to do-that he established satisfactorily his doctrine of human tradition, or reconciled either historic or philosophic truths with the truths either historic or philosophic truths with the truths held by the Roman Church. He assumed more than he demonstrated, and though he broke through the arguments of infidelity, he did not equally succeed in solving the great problem of faith. In his zeal and vehemence, he occasionally pushed his arguments to the verge of absurdity. Nor, though at all times upholding liberty of thought or worship, did he seem to perceive that the tendency of his system was towards an absolute theocracy, whose consummation would be the blind and unquestioning submission of the people to the hierarchy of a Church assuming to be the only true Church. There was, however, so much hearty enthusiasm and honest zeal, such glowing eloquence and ennobling truth, scattered throughout the work, that the writer fascinated even where he did not convince, and he compelled the assent of all men to at least this conviction—that here, notwithstanding his errors and short-comings, was a brave, an honest, and to himself a thoroughly true man.

And now he looked to the government of the Restoration for aid in the establishment of that unity of the nation and the church for which he longed. The dream he had cherished, of a government identifying itself with the cause of social and religious progress, was now, he fancied, about to be realised. Alas! how entirely was he deceived; how soon were his darling hopes blasted! The government of the Restoration, like that of the empire, used the Church as a tool, holding it as altogether subservient to state purposes. The restrictions of the empire were continued, and even increased; the law was made to regulate every, even the minutest department of Church government; the Church, in a word, was now the mere slave of the

State.

The ardent mind of Lamennais burst into revolt against this state of things; and, in the year 1825, he spoke out so strongly, in a work entitled Religion considered in its Connexions with Civil Order and Policy, that he was prosecuted by the government, and condemned to pay a fine of thirty-six francs. In 1829, nothing daunted, he published another work, equally bold, entitled Progress of Revolution and War against the Church, in which he argued the cause of religious independence; or, rather, the independence of the Roman Church in France, against the government. But the legitimists were now too much occupied to take note of this work; they were already harassed by their growing troubles; a new Revolution loomed before them, which at length burst out in 1830, and the old Bourbons were again driven from France, despised alike by church, aristocracy, and people.

Lamennais hailed the Revolution of 1830 as the day-

Lamennais haited the Revolution of 1830 as the dayspring of hope for the nation. Now was the time for the Church herself to take the lead in the great social movement of the time; the Church which had weathered the storms of ages, and identified itself with the historic progress of mankind—which cherished the great doctrine of faith, and stood before all people as the teacher and maintainer of Christian truth—the representative on earth of Him who had so loved the people, that He gave himself up and died for them. To this Church, then, Lamennais now addressed his forcible appeals; he called upon it to lead the movement of the age towards liberty, equality, and love. The progress of man, he urged, could not be stayed; it was an uncontrollable necessity, beyond the reach of all power. As the great moral instrument of the age, then, let the Church take her place at the head of this holy movement. "Abandon," said he to the clergy, "your alliance with the state; give up the paltry pittance which it easts to you for support, and this for the purpose of

trammelling your liberty; and fulfil your true mission—that of leading men onward to truth, peace, love, justice, and liberty."

To carry on this advocacy with greater effect, Lamennais established, in September, 1830, the month succeeding the Revolution, a journal called The Future (L'Avenir), in which were associated with him Count Montalembert, the Abbés Gerbit and Lacordaire, and other distinguished writers. Their avowed objects were to identify and unite Catholic interests with Liberal interests, and to awaken the Catholic Church to a knowledge of itsurgent duties. Their aim, to use their own words, was -" to batter to the earth the reign of force, and to substitute for it the reign of justice and of charity, and thus to realize among the members of the great human family, individuals and people, the unity in which each, being the life of all, participates in the common good of all, under conditions more favourable to the development of this common good: for such is the tendency of the Gospel." The writers of The Future spoke out boldly to the Papacy, neither concealing nor mitigating the truth. "Your Power is passing away, and Faith with it," they said. "Would you save the one, and also the other? Then units both with humanity, such as eighteen centuries of Christianity have made it.

Remember that nothing is stationary in this world. You have reigned over kings, and kings have served you. Separate yourself from kings, and now stretch forth your hands to the people; they will support you with their strong arms, and what is better, with their love. Abandon the worldly wrecks of your ancient ruined grandeur-spurn them with the foot as unworthy of you.

At the same time, Lamennais zealously seconded his words by deeds. He founded, in conjunction with his co-labourers, a "General Agency for the Defence of Religious Liberty," the objects of which were, to obtain redress of all grievances under which the ecclesiastical minister laboured, or which militated against his liberty,—to uphold establishments for the promotion of free education—primary, secondary, and superior—among the people, independent of the state,—and to maintain the right of all Frenchmen to combine peacefully together for the purpose of promoting religion, education, social well-being, and liberty. He proclaimed sympathy for the suffering and the oppressed in all lands. He proposed a union of the nations for the common progress of all. He preached liberty for Poland, and emancipation of the Italian States from the despotism of Austria;—he instituted a subscription for the relief of the starving Irish at the office of The Future, which soon amounted to 80,000 francs. Local associations were speedily formed throughout the country by his influence, by means of which numerous schools were founded, and journals were established, in which the same broad and truly catholic views were

earnestly advocated.

The public listened to this new teaching of Catholic democracy, with wonder and joy; but the dignitaries of the Papal Church regarded it with dismay and indignation. They loudly called for a bull of censure from the Pope—the Pope who had styled Lamennais "the last Father of the Church." Alas! the Church, like the monarchy, proved false to the hopes of the prophet. Leagued as it was with the despotisms of Europe, it could not sympathise with Lamennais' ardent aspirations for liberty. The Pope was combined with Austria against Italian patriotism—with Russia against Poland—he was on the side of legitimacy and "divine right" everywhere. The cries of the suffering people were unheeded—Rome's sympathy was for kings. Hence the abuse which was now heaped upon Lamennais and his journal; and the rumours which began to be promulgated abroad, that he was about to be put under the ban of the Pope.

Lamennais, still devoted to his Church, and believing it to be the true one, resolved to suspend his journal for a season, and go to Rome in person to see Pope Gregory, and explain to him the views which he professed. But the governments of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, had preceded him with their commands: they demanded a formal condemnation, by the head of the Church, of the daring preacher of Christianity according to St. Paul—the terrible innovator and revolutionist who had the hardihood to proclaim that "where the spirit of God is, there should be liberty also." Hence Lamennais' errand proved a total failure: there was no relenting in Rome—the preacher had but dreamt a dream, from which he was too rudely awakened. He was even prevented from speaking, at Rome, on the subject that he had gone about—he presented a long memorial, but it produced not a word of reply. At last, disappointed and east down, he turned his back on Rome, and set out for Paris. On his way home, at Munich, he was overtaken by the encyclical letter of August, 1832, in which the Pope condemned his doctrines in the most positive and emphatic manner. He characterised liberty of conscience as "an absurd maxim, mere raving;" liberty of the press a "fatal liberty, which was not to be thought of without horror;" and resistance to the prince "a crime."

On the fruitless result of his mission being thus made known, Lamennais announced that The Future was thenceforward suppressed, and the general agency dissolved. Not satisfied, however, with this concession, the Pope insisted on Lamennais subscribing his unconditional adhesion to the encyclical letter. With many qualms of conscience, and mental tortures—struggling as he was between freedom and Rome, for the ties which bound him to the Church of his fathers were not yet utterly severed,—after a long correspondence and many expostulations, in the course of which the Papal head conceded nothing and extorted everything, Lamennais, expressly "that he might have peace," as he said, signed his adhesion; and for a time retired from

the public eye, borne down with grief and humiliation.
But there was no "peace" for Lamennais. His was not a nature to be overwhelmed and altogether disabled, by temporary mortification and defeat. Truth and independence had already taken strong hold upon him-truth eliminated by intense study and profound reflection; and he felt that he must speak it out, even though it should kill him. While his enemies were congratulating themselves that Lamennais was for ever silenced, he was taking silent counsel with himself at his country retreat in Brittany. In his solitude at Chemaye, where, twenty years before—then full of zeal for the Church and its institutions—he had written his first work on the Institution of Bishops, he now held commune with his heart and conscience, and resolved on the course he should take. He had appealed to the monarchy to undertake the leadership in the cause of Christian progress and the result was miserable disappointment. next appealed to the Church, and his second disappointment was even more miserable than his first. What remained then? An Appeal to The Profile, who were above both Church and monarchy—to the great mind of man, before which all other powers succumb—to the universal human heart, which ever beats true to the great cause of progress upon earth. He therefore forthwith wrote and published his famous Words of a Believer (Paroles d'un Croyant), only some three months after he had withdrawn from the public gaze, and was supposed to have been silenced.

This manifesto of human brotherhood and democratic Christianity was at once regarded as the gage of war thrown down to the established powers upon earth—alike to king and to pope. Luther's defiance nailed to thegates of Wittemberg could scarcely have caused a more profound sensation. While the ruling class

regarded it with horror, the people hailed it with rapture, as the gospel of a new era. The extreme heauty and eloquence of the style in which it was written, its poetico-religious language, and the many touching as well as trenchant truths which it embodied—though many conceived them to be eminently dangerous in their tendency—attracted the general sympathies of the multitude, and Lamennais again found himself more admired and powerful than ever. This work was shortly followed by others—by the Matters concerning Rome, The Book of the People, Modern Slavery, The Country and the Government (which subjected him to a government prosecution and a year's imprisonment), a new translation of The Evangelists, with notes expository of the democratic truths of the text, and finally a work, entitled Sketches of a Philosophy (Esquises d'un Philosophie), which embodies all his dectrines and is a resumé of his principles

sophy (Esquisse d'un Philosophie), which embodies said his doctrines, and is a resumé of his principles.

In the former of these works, Lamennais called loudly on the people to rise out of their bondage and be free men. The powers of the earth, he urged, had hitherto been exercised only for their oppression; and the people continued to suffer, because they submitted to suffer. Eighteen centuries of Christianity had not yet produced love and happiness among men; and why? "Because men do not believe; because have not faith in their right, and in the invincible power of their right. Because everywhere the op-pressed classes groan in expectation of a relief from not, because they have not faith, in themselves, or in God, who is always ready to help them, but not without their own efforts; for it is the privilege of free creatures to be that which they would be; so that their punishment, when they bow before injustice and tyranny, is that which they have themselves chosen." "God placed not man," he elsewhere says, "upon this earth to enjoy it as his finite country, to while away his hours in indolent slumbers. Time lapses not on like the gentle zephyr, which, as it floats over his brow, caresses and zephyr, which, as it hous over his brow, caresses and refreshes it: it is as a wind which now glows and now again freezes—a tempest which hurls along the frail bark, under the gloom of a dreary sky, amid the rocks. He must arise and watch; he must put his hand to the oar, and damp his brow with the sweat of effort; he must even do violence to his nature; he must tame down his will to that immutable order of things which incessantly hurls him to and fro in woe and weal. There is a duty, an intense duty, imposed upon him even in his cradle, which grows with his growth, and is demanded from him even to his grave—a duty which he owes to his brethren as well as to himself; which he owes to his country, to humanity in general, and above all to the Church—the Church which, rightly understood, is but the seat of a universal family—the great city wherein Christ, King, and at the same time High Priest, sits Ruler over worlds, calling the free from all points of the universe, to unite themselves under the eternal laws of intelligence and love."

Such, then, is a very brief sketch of the career of this celebrated man. He is still labouring earnestly for the people through the medium of the press; being the principal writer in the Revue Independante, which he conducts in conjunction with George Sand, one of his most enthusiastic disciples. Be he right or wrong in his views, he is certainly one of the hardest workers will be variously judged; violently condemned by some, enthusiastically praised by others. On this topic we would not now enter. But this we shall say—that in Felicité Lamennais we find one of the most earnest of living men in the cause of human progress, one of the

most courageous thinkers and writers, and one of the least selfish and most self-denying spirits of the age. If he does not command the assent, he must at least

secure the respect of all men.

Throughout France, as indeed throughout Europe. his writings are everywhere read, by rich and by poor; and we cannot doubt that they have exercised, and are daily exercising, a most extensive influence. not precisely how far his writings may have contributed to the present remarkable democratic movement in the Papal Church, led by the public-spirited Pius the Ninth. It all tends towards the direction that Lamennais had so long and so eloquently been pointing out to the Church to take; and we know that he is now watching the progress of reform under the new Pope, with intense interest. It has even been asserted in the French papers, that he has solicited a reconciliation with Pius and the Church. But Lamennais' breach with Rome was too decided to allow of his return to her bosom, without long and trying experience; and he has desired the above report to be publicly contradicted. He has now taken part and lot with the people in the great struggle for Progress—he clings no longer to the past, but hastens on towards the future—His motto henceforward is "On towards the Light—on without ceasing!"

THE DEATH OF DRUSUS.

Annal, Lib. VI. CAP. XXIII. AND XXIV.

BY NICHOLAS THIRNING MOILE.

Dausus was next extinguished. Fain to live, And begging food his guards refused to give, Eight days on wretched aliments he fed, And gnawed the very flocks that stuffed his bed, And tried for drink—oh, many a worse endeavour!
Till the ninth morning quenched his thirst for ever. Against him dead his grandfather inveighed: Each vice of mind and body was displayed; His deeds from day to day, the words he said, As daily booked, were now in senate read, Than which no horror more surpassed belief. Scribes had been set to chronicle his grief! Each groan, each sigh, each change of face, for years!
And this came daily to a grandsire's ears;
Was treasured, read, and now through earth proclaimed! But freedmen's notes the very menials named, Whose whips drove Drusus back, whose threats appalled, When near the threshold where his bed was walled. E'en their own savage menaces were written. As something good; with what he said when smitten; His fainting cries; his imprecations vain, At first as mad, which terror made him feign; Till bold at last, or desperate of reverse, He poured in studied terms his earnest curse. "So let him perish, as he starved my brother Poisoned my father, and has doomed my mother ! Oh, as he made our house a house of slaughter, And grudges me, his grandson, food and water, Let him pay penance, pang for pang again To us, and ours, all Cessars, and all men!" The Conscript Fathers feigned with rage to start : But fear, but, more, amazement smote their heart; That one so cunning, so obscure of old, In covering crimes, was now at last so bold As thus unwall and lay his palace bare, To show a grandson, bruised and bloody there, Beneath a menial's lash, and keeper's cane, mploring life's last aliments in vain.

SCENES FROM THE PEASANT-LIFE OF HUNGARY.

Translated from the original of R. K. Terzky,

BY MARY HOWITT.

No. II .- THE LIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

ONE summer's evening a group of nine or ten dark, gloomy-looking figures was squatted round a flickering fire, on the edge of a forest, where they had encamped for the night. Before them lay the gentle, open, grassy ascent of a lower range of hills; and behind them, and towering above the forest, rose the icy peaks of the Carpathian mountains. These men by occupation were horse-dealers, and their horses now grazed on the grassy declivity, or among the scattered alder-bushes, some of them in couples, others with their forefeet confined, neither of which modes at all assisted them in readily

appeasing their hunger.

As the darkness of the evening came on, and the light of the fire increased, the figures of this singular and wild group came out more distinctly, and then the observer might have seen that they were busied, not only in talking over the business of the day, but in the preparation and enjoyment of the evening meal. One was slicing with a sharp knife the barley bread which had just been taken out of a dirty linen bag, whilst another was turning upon a wooden spit a piece of bacon over the coals; a third was devouring his slice of bread, which he had just been holding under the dripping bacon fat. In another part of the circle sat a broad-shouldered figure, who had placed his broad-shouldered figure.

of it as a plate for his bread and hot frizzling bacon.

While this interesting business is going forward, we will endeavour to sketch one of these figures, not only as a specimen of his class, and as the chosen captain or leader of this particular band of horse-dealers, but as being Janko, a man of considerable note among his fellows, and as the person about whom we have a good

deal to say.

Janko also had degraded his hat to the purposes of a plate: and with a self-satisfied air in his small, deep-set eyes, he looked round from time to time upon the men who had voluntarily submitted themselves to his rule. He eats. His face, which is marked with small-pox, has a sharp outline, and exhibits an age probably of thirty. His wild, matted, and abundant hair, falls

upon his shoulders.

Immediately below his chin, and in the fashion of an amulet, shone a brass buckle, which served as an agraffe to his collarless shirt. A chain of the same metal, and composed of small links, surrounded this ornament, and hung with many ends upon his bresst. At the back of his head was stuck his short pipe, in such a way as that the bole might be seen in his thick, bristly hair, while the stem itself was held fast by the neck of the shirt. This extraordinary position for his pipe was not peculiar to Janko—all his companions carried theirs in the same way. Without pockets in their garments, and liable to fall in with meddlesome hands, their forefathers had hit on this ingenious idea of putting their jewel readily away from the mouth, and depositing it at the same time in a place of safety. Janko's shirt was not only collarless, but it was of such a parsimonious length, that ever since the early days of spring, when it was new, and had been saturated with fat to fit it for summer wear, it had been impatiently waited for, half way up his back, by another very important article of costume-the leathern girdle-of which we shall have more to say; but the so-much-desired meeting never took place, and the sunburnt

stripe on Janko's back bore testimony to the fact of its future impossibility.

The above-mentioned girdle, or strap, as it is called by the Sclavonians of this country, is of from fourteen to eighteen inches wide, formed from the strongest leather, doubled so as to form a sort of bag, to one end of which are attached brass buckles, with which it is fastened round the body. This serves, as in Janko's case, a twofold—nay, a threefold purpose. For besides the extensive practical purposes to which it is applied, it is made to indicate rank and standing, as well as a means of strength to the possessor. Janko wore it with nine buckles, and of corresponding width, all of which announced him to be the Lion of the Village and Pastures. Its upper buckles were somewhat loose, and it held the implements of most immediate use to him: as, for instance, his knife, tinder-box. pack of cards, and several of those large copper coins which are in use there.

If we cast round a glance of comparison between Janko and his companions, we shall see that three buckles only were permitted to the youths who had lately been advanced to men's work, or admitted to the evening spinning-room, or to the dance on the Sunday. Four or five buckles distinguished the happy possessor of a sweetheart, or of a tolerably good domestic establishment; six or seven indicated the married man.

The Hungarian trousers of coarse white wool, tightly fitting to the leg, and striped and bordered with red, sate close up to the above-mentioned girdle, and were securely buckled round the body by a leathern strap, an inch wide, and of several feet in length. This strap, however, was universally considered as the greatest ornament of the male figure. After having thus passed once round the body to fasten the trousers, the remainder of it, and by much the greater part, ornamented with innumerable metal buttons, was so disposed over the hinder part of the body as to encompass it in two half circles, and thus exhibit in symmetrical rows all the buttons, however obtained. Hence it followed in most cases that the outward worth of a man might be reckoned by counting his buttons; and thus the eyes, both of young fellows and young girls, were as frequently turned to this feature of the body as to the countenance itself.

At the moment of our introducing Janko to the reader, his trousers seemed to have survived the earlier days of their renown, and his admiration of them. Their frail remains were now held together by the help of innumerable pieces of linen and leather. Janko, however, had a new pair, which called for his enthusiasm; he seemed now to have quite forgotten that these old ones were the very pair which, two years before, he had thought of, sleeping or waking-which, for several weeks before he possessed them, seemed the first wish of his life, and for which, when at length he had carefully saved the three schein-gulden which were required for their purchase, he went with a light and merry heart many miles to the fair, to bring them back on his own person. Yes, he seemed quite to have forgotten that these were the very trousers for which, on the first Sunday after possessing them, he rose two hours earlier than usual, and with the first sunbeam walked through the cleanly-swept streets, past the house of his sweetheart; that these were they in which he placed himself for a full hour before the closed door of the church, in order that all passers-by might admire them and their wearer; that these were they that had to bear, like him, the four-and-twenty cudgel-blows which he was forced to receive by order of his landlord, that his understanding might be enlightened on the impor-tant question of mine and thine! And now Janko is ungrateful, and thinks with enthusiasm about another pair.

The covering of Janko's feet is again peculiar, at the same time that it is marvellously simple. The sandals

of several of the monastic orders resemble, so far as form goes, the botakori of the Sclavonians; yet it is somewhat in the same way as wood resembles leather, or sandals, with naked dirty feet, resemble botskori with bundled-up dirty feet. Janko took to himself a piece of tanned ox-hide about a foot square, divided it equally, bored each side full of little holes, soaked the pieces until they were quite pliable; then wrapping up his feet in innumerable rags, placed one upon each piece of leather, and laced it with a narrow thong of black leather on to his foot, or his foot into it, which the reader pleases. This being done, Janko then went to a dance, and thus they acquired the form which they now presented to our eyes.

Perhaps there is not an article of clothing, through the whole of Europe, which presents such an exact picture of the degree of cultivation of its nation as this. The inhabitants of the Lithuanian forests, a thousand years ago, could not wear a more simple foot-covering than that now worn by the inhabitants of the greater part of the Carpathians; and Jauko certainly was no more distinguished from them in his degree of education than the raw hide from the tanned. Jauko always grew angry with every one who wore boots; he considered him either a gentleman or a spy.

If we were to see our Janko stand up and throw his hunya 1 around him, our imagination would not only be shocked by the comparison of the Janko we expected to see, and the reality, but if he were placed among English cornfields, he would serve for a scarecrow; or were he suddenly to make his appearance in a peaceful German family, about Christmas, he would be mistaken for an ambassador of St. Nicholas. As he now, however, stands before us, we discover the reason of the inner sleeves being tyed up, and maintaining an almost horizontal position, to be, that they are filled with early Below these stiffened arms, which seem as short as if the hands had been amputated in the plundered potato-field, present themselves the natural extremities, and an image of the Indian god, with four hands, stands before us. Such was Janko, the lion of the village; the elected head of his company of horsedealers.

Whitsuntide is expected with great impatience by the horse-herds of this country, and is celebrated by them in a manner peculiar to themselves. Having supplied themselves with a sufficient quantity of provisions to last them for three or four days, they now betake themselves for the first time in the season to the lower ascents of the mountains, where the vernal sun has already melted the snow, and clothed the pastures with verdure

For one whole year the same company of herds remains commonly under the same leader, and thus forms one associated band, the horses of which are not allowed to encroach upon the district of another such band. All, therefore, who are desirous of enrolling themselves as members of such a community, must bind themselves, on one of these evenings, to obey, and to perform all such business, during the whole summer, as the leader may deem requisite, for the convenience or the necessities of the whole band. In ratification of this bargain, a certain measure of brandy is drunk, and then each one receives, with a flat piece of wood formed for the purpose, a blow upon the back, and in proportion to the indifference with which the pain is borne, he is considered worthy of membership.

The self-same party, which a few pages ago we introduced to our readers, we again find assembled on Whitsun-Eve of the year 1829, around their former leader, Janko, who was now again saluted as their head for the succeeding season. Besides his former associates

⁽¹⁾ The national cloak made of coarse undyed wool. .

there had now joined them some members of other bands, together with two young novices, who received,

with beating hearts, the blow of brotherhood.

After the place of encampment for the three days had been chosen, the necessary fire wood collected, and the fire kindled, Janko stepped forward amid his com-panions, and made a sort of oration, the purport of which was, not only the introductory formula of salutation, but principally the enunciation of the customary usages and mode of conduct of the horse-herds.

We will present our readers with the following

important points therefrom:

First.—The youngest of the band must carefully obey the commands of the leader; he must also fetch water for the rest of the members of the association, and drive the horses to drink.

Second.—Whoever is caught in the act of stealing fruit or potatoes, shall not betray his accomplices.

Third.—Nothing must be stolen from the property

of the clergy, nor must the kilns be injured.

Fourth.—Whoever takes his horses into forbidden meadows, must tie up the bells and not alight.

Fifth.—Whoever gets drunk before his return home, shall be assisted by his companions.

Sixth.—If horses are attacked by wolves, or by bears, every one must hasten with a torch and axe to the

Seventh.—No brotherhood is permitted with oxenherds or with gipseys.

Eighth.—Every one, whether on watch, or awake, is bound to keep up the fire during the night.

Ninth.—In case of any fight, every one is bound to stand by his own band; and in case of a fight in the band itself, each one must espouse the part of one or other of his companions.

Several other injunctions were given by Janko to the new associates, and immediately after that, the blows of brotherhood were administered by the well accustomed arm of Janko.

The next morning, preparations for breakfast being made, there commenced that peculiar scene of Sclavonian brandy-drinking which might be given as a companion-piece to Hogarth's Punch. The manner of it was this. After each draught, the face was distorted in the most hideous manner possible; a suppressed coughing began; curses were uttered on the bad liquor and the host; and this was continued in regular succession until the cask was emptied, or till one or another fell down in the circle. This mishap befell, in the first instance, to the two young novices. After they, with the greatest self-denial, had pledged every one of their companions, they tumbled down in a state of insensibility, and were laid in the shade of the nearest hazel bushes, where they were soon joined by the rest of their companions, and where we will now leave them, wishing them a joyful waking.

Our next meeting with Janko is in the following year, on the Sunday before Lent, in the public-house of his native village. As a good dancer, and an indifferent Christian, he stood looking impatiently through the window towards the church, waiting for the end of the afternoon service. He stood there, in full dress; his new cocked hat to-day was ornamented with an immense bouquet of artificial roses, buds, leaves and tinsel, which, from its dimensions and height, reminded the spectator, at the first glance, of the token which the bricklayers and carpenters put up when erecting a house to shew triumphantly that their work draws to an end.

Behind Janko the maid servant of the house, also dressed in her best, was busily employed in beating as smooth as possible, with a flat block of wood, the unboarded and uneven floor of the house, that it might be ready for the approaching dance. A little gipsey-lad, and

virtuoso upon the triangle, tormented a shaggy dog till it was quite savage, and was now anxious to get his musical instrument from the neck of the creature, where, in playing to him, he had slipped it, and which now the dog as it sate growling under the table would not give up again, but seemed willing to receive as an Easter joke. Meantime the father of the boy sate with his coarsely glued and cobbled-together violoncello upon the table, endeavouring wearily to tune it. Provoked at length at the stiff-neckedness of one of the upper screws, he hastily took his pipe from his mouth, pushed his long, blinding hair out of his eyes, and endeavoured with his white teeth to bring the strongest of the strings into harmony. The host, in his green velvet cap, wide shirt sleeves, and blue apron, laid out the pieces of wood on which the scores of the guests were to be marked, and waited, like the others, until the dance-loving people

whited, like the others, that the dance-loving people should make their way from the church hither.

"They are just a-coming," said one of the members of the orchestra, at that moment entering, and the third and last quickly following, brought the same tidings. Janko went out to meet them; the elder gipsey began to tune his instrument, and the dog barked at the younger, and then, with the triangle on his neck,

made a spring out of the door.

In a few minutes the room was crowded. The men and the youths were crushing one on another to get tewards the window, and towards the musicians; the young girls, and in particular all the dance-loving women-folk, drew themselves into their old place, namely the corner which the railing of the stove formed with the open door. The mere street-lads mounted upon the railing round the stove, or upon the great meal-chest where the children of the host were already seated. The Lion of the Village stood immediately in front of the table on which the musicians were seated, and waited with impatience till the unexciting tuning of the instrument was ended.

"Play us a Sclavonion, old fellow!" said Janko, in overflowing anticipation of the coming pleasure, whilst he set his cocked hat still more over his right ear, and threw his left arm around his neighbour.

"Hei! shake the fiddlestick, old fellow!" added he, as he glanced behind him over the crowd of no less

impatient girls.

Scarcely had the first tone of that melancholy Sclavonian air sounded, than the dancers threw their hands above their heads, and with their eyes on the ground, sprang up, joined in with their voices, and the dance commenced.

When Janko had gone through the words of the melody he suddenly plunged among the girls, and swung his own sweetheart out from among them; and then, without a word, and without any exchange of glance, the couple turned themselves with dizzy rapidity first to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right again, and always upon the self-same spot. As a matter of course, the same also did the other young fellows, and in a few moments every one; with the exception of the children, whirled themselves in couples into the little dancing-room, and enjoyed themselves so absorbingly, with their whole souls, as to forget all that surrounded them, and even the music itself, in dizziness. Then dashed and rebounded shoulder against shoulder, hip against hip, and back against back; but this in no wise deranged the general concord, because it was reciprocal. This first dance lasted at least for half-an-hour, and then followed a pause; and to this a Hungarian dance succeeded. And in this way it went on, first dancing to this air, and then to that, and the whole company gave themselves wholly up to the pleasure of whirling round. As the brandy began to operate upon them, they mutually laid their heads on each others' shoulders, and their pleasure was one of half unconsciousness.

In this state of affairs, and when the four lights burned feebly on the walls, Janko asked for that peculiar dance called the robber-dance, he himself undertaking to enact the dead man. With outstretched hands and enact the dead man. feet, he extended himself at his full length upon the floor, in the midst of the great circle of spectators, and lay there with closed eyes like one dead. young fellows, with axes on their shoulders, walked twice around the body, accompanying with their voices the most melancholy wailing of the music, and with their eyes cast down the while upon the apparently dead man, they extolled in audible words and lamenting tones the life and deeds of their captain, whom they were supposed to recognise in the corpse. On the third time of moving round him, the first of the four raised the outstretched and stiffened right hand, and laid it upon the breast of the dead; the second placed the right foot in a direct line with the body; the third did the same to the left foot, and the fourth laid the outstretched left hand also upon the breast of the pre-tended dead. Each movement, however, was made only as a change in the music gave the required sign. It was a moment of the greatest solemnity: the silent gaping crowd, the lamenting music, the dim light, all operated upon the rude characters of the people, and held them in a state of the utmost excitement. four mourners now elevated their axes, swinging them in a threatening manner around their heads, then rapidly bending themselves towards the ground, hopped one after the other around the corpse. Again they raised themselves, began again to move round as before, each one extending out the limbs as they had been in the first instance. The music now played a second part of the song for the dead, and the first of the four mourners took a glass filled with wine, which was offered to him for that purpose, placed it on the uncovered breast of the dead, bent down to it, seized the glass between his teeth, and in that way swallowed it to the last drop. When this was done by the others also, they once more repeated all that they had done before; hopped, swung their axes, and the music then made a pause.

In the meantime, there arose among the spectators a general movement, a murmur, an agitation of the feet; the lights, which had been taken from the wall, and from their wooden sockets, were again put in their split hoop or candlestick, for each one was now about to employ his hands differently. The music began to play, and the first of the mourners placed himself by body, bowed over it, and impressed a kiss upon the lips. The second did as the first had done, so did the third and the fourth, and still the excitement of the spectators increased more and more. Again the kiss was repeated, and as the third bent down to repeat it, the body, all at once, threw his hands and feet around him, held him fast down to his breast, and amid general exultation, every spectator lifted up his hands, whilst a woollen cloth was thrown over them by Janko's best friend, Juro. In this manner the robber-dance terminated, Juro. and other dances commenced.

"Be merry while you can, Janko!" said an elderly peasant who leaned against the window to the advancing leader, taking from him a glass of brandy, and pledging him in it.

"Drink again to your own health," returned Janko, refusing to take back the glass. "I have been told, constable," continued he, "that this Easter they are going to enlist, or more properly not to enlist, but draw by lot in the new way."

"Of a certainty, brother-in-law, so it is. The present of thirty thousand recruits, which the country made to the king last summer, will this month be completed. And, brother-in-law, who can tell whether the lot may not fall upon you?"

"But you don't take into consideration that I am

thirty years old, and the only son of a poor old mother," remarked Janko, in the confident tone of the opposite opinion.

"Yes, in this new-fashioned way of drawing the recruits by lot," returned he, "no thought is taken of these things; whoever is unmarried, and fit for military service, comes into the wheel of fortune, and must leave his further fate to chance."

"This can never happen to me, my dear predetermined judge, so give yourself no anxiety about getting my name either proposed, or into the wheel of fortune. I will never be a soldier. Drink to it, neighbours; drink and know that I at last am thinking about getting married," said Janko, in a merry tone, and offered the other the bottle to drink from.

"Ha! bad brandy," observed the other, and turned away his face, adding, "amuse yourself, Janko, we shall soon see what will be done."

"Well, come the worst," said Janko, "in four weeks we shall be again out in the woods, and then, in God's name, let those catch us who can."

"This will not do, Janko," said the other; "anybody who is taken by lot must present himself for enrolment, otherwise everything that he is possessed of, real or personal, is confiscated, and he will be treated as a deserter; and more than this, every father is answerable for his son."

"I don't consider that this at all applies to me, if I have made up my mind not to be a soldier," returned Janko, and hastened away to his partner, saying, however, as he went, "we shall soon see, old fellow, shall we not? now we'll go and dance."

(To be continued.)

THE NEW MUSIC HALL, LONG ACRE.

I have followed too closely the progress of Mr. Hullah's efforts as a teacher of class-singing,—from the days when they were only dreams, hard it then seemed to bring into fulfilment, till Monday the 21st of June, when the stone of the New Music Hall was laid,—not to feel that to offer some record of the proceeding, is a task as easy as it is singularly grateful. So many good plans fail, that we can afford to lose no iota of pleasure, hope, or encouragement, from the good plans which succeed.

During the last twelve years, perpetual attempts have been made to restore the old genial pastime of partsinging among the English. A benevolent and intelligent gentleman, Mr. Hickson, was one of the first who gave time and thought to the subject—and his efforts were felt in some of our Mechanics' Institutes and City schools. Then, tidings of strong demonstrations in Paris, made by Herr Mainzer, (a clever man, and one of the pleasantest contemporary writers on music,) were succeeded by the arrival of the Professor himself; by his forming classes here in the midst of a fever of excitement, curiosity, and, it was fancied, diffusion of taste and information on the subject. Like Browning's Ogniben, in "The Soul's Tragedy," with his experience of "four and twenty revolutions,"—I have seen many such fevers. Doubtless, good was done, by the awakening of public attention; albeit little or no permanent musical result was produced. One may learn Poonah painting in "twelve lessons," and—Professor Richter, of Berlin, assures the Public—Perspective and Sketching from nature in One: but not an Art; let the quacks be ever so loud in promising, and their victims ever so willing in believing. And the systems adopted both by good Mr. Hickson and clever Horr Mainzer were sure to die out, from their deficiency in sound scien-

tific basis, rather than from want of zeal on the part of the Master, or of teachableness in the Pupil.

All this time a young composer, self-educated in our Royal Academy of Music, (where, in truth, sad to say, those who cannot educate themselves, learn very little,) had-with an instinct far beyond the usual routine ambition of the English musician-been turning his attention to the new want springing up among the people, and to the best method of meeting this. He had already contemplated and arranged a method of classteaching; when, hearing of the extensive operations going on in Paris, he undertook a journey thither, to observe, to compare, and to learn. The result of this was-a conviction that the French method adapted from Swiss originals by M. Bocquillon Wilhem, was, in its fundamental principles, the most sure, complete, and progressive system of vocal instruction as yet discovered — and the honourable sacrifice of much thought, labour, and self-complacency. Mr. Hullah, perceiving the foreign method to be the right one, relinquished his own—and betook himself to the task of arranging and adapting the Wilhem code for English legislation. This, too, required no common intelligence and clearsightedness. In teaching and being taught, the requisitions of the French differ essentially from ours. It is not merely that they like—they absolutely demand a normal formality and the show thereof in their official proceedings; by which time would among our English be wasted, and ideas crushed out. The original Wilhem manuals are crowded with divisions and subdivisions, -with small martinet ordinances as to discipline,—essentially unimportant, and, what is more to the purpose, impossible to enforce, among a sturdy, humorous population like ours. These details had all to be swept away, without impairing the main principles of the Method; it was needful not to dwell so emphatically on the mechanical perfection of the machinery, as upon the result towards which its workings were to be directed. This distinction between workings were to be directed. Inis distinction between the habits and modes of the two countries, had to be shrewdly comprehended and carefully allowed for; and then the result of the experiment to be tried. I dwell upon these facts, since an amount of foolish misconstruction has been current with regard to Mr. Hullah's adoption of M. Wilhem's method, and the modifications there introduced, which claims rectification in a sketch like the present one.

One of those chances which fall to more men than can or will improve them, gave Mr. Hullah a fair field for trying how far his plans were Utopian,-how far based on sound judgment and knowledge The Committee of the Privy Council—at that moment busily occupied in the Education Question, and anxious to devise some expedient which should attract and reconcile all the conflicting parties who threatened to impede or traverse its measures,—wisely pitched upon Art as a famous harmoniser of discordant elements. They would have Drawing for the People-Music for the People, etc.-eagerly availed themselves of the tender of Mr. Hullah's gratuitous services,—and met them, by affording him as many opportunities and means for trial as lay at their disposition-under the light of their favour and counte-The first and central point of operation was the Training School at Battersea, then under the close superintendence of Dr. Key; the young men of which, a picked body, and spurred by the excitement of a new and picturesque pursuit, made a progress in learning the elements of part-singing, which was owned by every one to be something astonishing—and perhaps not suffi-ciently perceived by all who believe what they desire, to he inevitably exceptional. The Singing Class at Battersea hecame the rage. Lords and ladies, ministers and gentlewomen in waiting, priests and deacons, crowded its lessons, and naturally ran away with the notion, that since such a result could be so speedily wrought, and since they were so thoroughly interested in the

same,—all England must sing at sight within a twelvemonth. Nay more: they met—they had classes among themselves. Ancient and august persons, too, fondly expected that they should learn the entire science of Song in "one breath." The consequence was inevitable.

"These violent delights have violent ends."

So soon as it was discovered for the millionth time that Art is not a pastime, to be learned in one half hour, and practised the next,—a reaction took place,—some other toy came up, and Mr. Hullah and the Wilhem method were as capriciously left to themselves, as they had been extravagantly bepraised, and used, and all but spoiled in the praise and the immoderate usage.

I am intending neither objection nor criticism; merely writing history. Without truth as its principle, or energy as its motive power, projects thus spasmodically forced and checked can hardly keep life and soul together. The destruction of many a noble scheme may be ascribed to a neglect of this old adage. But the Method and the Man in question survived, because both are sterling. Not a penny of Government money ever went to the scheme; so far from this, the proceeds of the singing exhibitions, when they were most lucrative, were applied to the support of an unsuccessful attempt to establish drawing-classes: but when a lull came, and Government patronage slackened-when Exeter Hall was found too costly, and its tenancy clugged with too many discomforts and disobligements to be kept up; the Singing Classes removed to the Apollonicon Rooms in St. Martin's Lane, and there continued their courses of study-none the less efficiently for the partial withdrawal of the lion hunters. All this while, let me observe, the method has been introduced in other public establishments, with various successrooting itself here, dying out there-in proportion as circumstances fostered or discouraged it; its failures and its gains contributing, however, to one general result, not merely a very sensible progress in certain much-neglected branches of the art—such as church singing and the like—but a diffusion of interest in the subject. We must all remember the time, and have suffered too much constraint under a dispensation — when, and under which, Music was scouted as frivolous, if not worse; when, to speak of it as forming part of an Englishman's education, would have been to expose the speaker to certain ridicule; not to consider the present willingness of learned, and virtuous, and influential persons (not musically gifted) to entertain and encourage the Art, as a most cheering sign of progress. It is something to have lived to hear the Head of the English Church (as was the case the other day at the Examination of the National Society's Westminster School) recognising Music as a recreation which it is salutary to cultivate. It was something to stand by, while one of the Ministers of this great country left his more serious duties to lay the first stone of a People's Singing Hall :- the funds of which are to be largely contributed by The People!

This brings me back to my chronicle. The Apollonicon Rooms, from the first, were considered as merely provisional; hardly sufficient for class-practice; totally unfit for performances; and containing scant accommodation for the friends of the singers, whose sympathy and pleasure is a thing never to be lost sight of. The hire of Exeter Hall for occasional exhibitions was resorted to; but, besides the very great costliness of this measure, and the absence of a home-feeling (which again goes for much), I am sorry to say that the expedient has been rendered additionally difficult and disagreeable by the churlishness of another popular musical body, who, having retained and arranged the Hall for concert purposes, refuse, on any fair terms, to allow the younger choral body to avail themselves of their accommodations. When we hear of the Sacred Harmonic

Society locking its organ too fast for golden key to open, and removing its platform at gratuitous trouble and cost,-what can we say, but that a newer and more generous body of singers is wanted to show the world that Music can refine the manners? Mr. Hullah's classes, then, resolved to have their own room: and, to make a long story short, aided by the confidence of some kind and steady friends, were in a condition on Monday, June 21st, to have the first stone thereof laid.

This was done in a piece of ground between Long Acre
and Endell-street, by Lord Morpeth, in presence of a numerous and Learty company of friends and wellwishers.

Altogether, the scene was as picturesque a one as I have ever been spectator of. It was not merely the moral picturesque of all classes combining in recognition of the Beautiful—it was not merely the knowledge, that, among the proceedings of the day, would be the handing over to Mr. Hullah the first instalment of the money hoarded up by the singers themselves, (including schoolmasters, shopmen and women—a soldier or two, etc. etc.) the produce of their own concerts, to the tune of Five Hundred Pounds:-but there was no want of quaint combinations to strike the eye. The ground is overlooked by workshops-warehouses-a large tavern; and sundry of those inconceivable compositions of shingle and red-tile,—which hold together, year after year, while bran-new railway viaducts of iron and stone fall in. Many of these—all, I may say, which could in any way command the spot-were rocking under a swarm of uninvited spectators; who looked on, amused, attentive, but not rude. Here and there a sky-high chimney cut its joke, and a garret window vented its witticism. One funny fellow at last chose to take part in the show, and to direct "God save the -following the motions of Mr. Hullah's baton with a bit of lath. Now and then might be heard, from the side street without, the "concert sweet" of shrill children, who wanted, naturally enough, to come in and disturb what was going on : some of us, too, were plagued with fears lest some of the youths and maidens clustered at rather nervous altitudes, might forget to hold fast :- but on the whole, I must bear testimony to the respectful behaviour of the world without, in an unpromising locality, as remarkable: and note it by way of yet one more answer to such as hesitate to trust the good feeling and good breeding of the People of England. That handful of lookers-on, might, without any overt act, have disconcerted the whole ceremony.

This, it had been wisely ordained, was short and simple. A prayer was delivered; the Old Hundredth Psalm sung by the classes; a capital speech—brief, feeling, and wise—made by Lord Morpeth; then the address read to Mr. Hullah, with the tender of the money I have mentioned. This, of course, he acknowledged—and acknowledged well, because speaking no set speech, but under the influence of deep and natural feeling while he was speaking. I could not help looking at a beautiful child, with thick rings of golden hair, and cheeks like fresh roses,—and wondering, whether, when he grows to be a man. he will retain any wondering, dim memory of that day; so remarkable a one in his Father's life! After Mr Hullah had said his say, the Bishop of Norwich clenched the matter by a few hearty and energetic words of approbation. Then "God save the Queen" was sung—legitimately and illegitimately conducted, as I have said—and the party separated.

We met in the evening at the Crown and Anchor to crown the good work, by finishing the day sociably.

The party was an enormous one: and, of course, as mixed as party can be. But a blither, better ordered gathering, with more obvious ease and enjoyment, was never seen. Some of our eminent professional musicians did themselves credit by lending aid to the entertain-

ment. We had songs from Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Duval,—the brave sea-ditty of the "Bay of Biscay," sung in his old stentorian fashion, by the veteran Braham—another song of Dibdin's, by Mr. Phillips, etc. -nor must Mr. W. Seguin and Mr. Clifford be forgotten. Then there was no lack of madrigals, glees, part-songs, executed by the pupils of the Singing Classes, who sate or stood, up and down the room, singing or not, as it liked them best—thus, by the way, unconsciously tes-tifying to musical cavillers, had any such been present, the entire soundness of their culture. Those excellent players and worthy men, the Distin family, lent their aid. Mr. Godefroid, too, who now ranks first among European harpists, treated the company to two solos, which were listened to with breathless silence, and received with the warmest applause. About twelve o'clock, "God save the Queen" was again sung, and the party broke up.

Thus ended a most agreeable and memorable day. cannot but add-and the testimony of a person with a tendency to morbid sensitiveness on such points is worth something—that one of its most agreeable features was the absence of any thing forced or factitious in either the serious or the social portion of our enjoyment. There was no clap-trap—no high profession—no weeds of rhetoric (as distinguished from flowers of speech) no fulsome bandying of compliment—no affected con-descensions—no affected humilities: and, inasmuch as the New Music Hall has been begun in a natural manner, I do believe devoutly, as I hope earnestly, that it will go on healthily towards completion, and prosper when completed. Nor will any one, I apprehend, withhold from my good wishes the aid and sympathy of a cordial "Amen /"

WHAT THE HUTCHINSONS ARE DOING.

"What are the Hutchinsons doing?" is a question which has been asked us repeatedly, and which we ourselves have asked without finding any one to answer it. Knowing, therefore, the great and affectionate interest which is felt towards these noble young people, by that portion of the public which heard and saw them, I Journal, some extracts from a letter which I have just received from Abby; and in doing so, I trust that she herself will not feel displeased, that what she wrote for our private reading has thus been made public. She and her brothers enshrined themselves in thousands of pure and noble hearts, and to these her beautiful and child-like spirit speaks in this letter as well as to ourselves.

Plymouth, May 5, 1847.

My DEAR MRS. HOWITT. My hope is that ere this time you have forgiven my silence. If hearts could correspond, without pen, ink and paper, I should often have communed with you, though so far distant. Oh, those bright days spent in "our old fatherland," and made beautiful by the generosity of dear English hearts; we never could have stayed so long and so far away, had it not been for those good, kind friends! and let it not be believed, dear Mrs. Howitt, though our tongues and pens are silent, that we love you less. Every little wave that beats on the wild New England shore, brings tidings from across the deep, and our hearts bless you all.

I received dear Mary's letter some months ago . I have written so far and have not yet mentioned my brothers, or told you where they are. I must tell you that Asa has purchased the "old home-farm" from father, and Judson has one adjoining it. John is about a mile and a quarter from us, in a little cottage among the Elms, (not the Elms, Lower Clapton,) but in " *

old Granite State." As was married last Monday week, and is very happy. We had, at his marriage, a family meeting, and were all there except two brothers who could not leave their homes. It was on May-day that we met at the old farm-house, and we rambled in the fields and gathered May-flowers, and then made our new sister a bridal "May-queen." Dear Alfred Tennyson was not forgotten in that "happiest day of all the glad mid-year," and many times did that sweet song

sound forth in the old home. . . . I have not yet told you where brother Jesse and I are this summer. He is nicely settled at his little stone cottage at High Rock, Lynn; and I am away, many miles from home, in Old Plymouth, Massachusetta. This is the same old shore that welcomed our pilgrim fathers, and offered them a free home. There are many pleasant associations in the old town which make me

We were away singing all last winter, and had a pleasant though rather tedious tour. I suppose our English friends heard through the papers of the excitement we had at Philadelphia. We were very sorry that any thing of the kind should happen, and more on account of the coloured people than for ourselves. It is so wrong that they should be excluded on account of complexion. I hope, however, it will be no injury to the cause, but rather make people more zealous in the anti-slavery cause. "There is a good time coming" by and bye, though we may wait long and anxiously.

Dear friend, you can hardly think how many hearts

are beating with joy in America, at the sound of ——and ——'s names. We are all desirous that you should –'s names. come before long to see our young country. of you much, and I have many questions to answer regarding you. I see your Journal and read it with pleasure—it calls to mind former times.

I am glad you are pleased with our dear countryman Elihu Burritt. He is a noble man, and is doing much with his "Olive branches of peace" to make mankind

happy in the spirit of love. .

Enclosed is a little flower which was one of the first seen by our Puritan Fathers the spring after they landed. They named it the "May-flower," from their little vessel; although it is not pressed very well, it may give you an idea of what it is in its original state. . .

I am, dear Mrs. Howitt, with sincere affection, Your friend,

ABBY J. HUTCHINSON.

The little flower which was sent was well pressed and retains its colour perfectly: it is a specimen of the Epigæa repens. M. H.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF PETÖFI.

TRANSLATED BY DR. BOWRING, M.P.

I BOUND my nosegay with the hair of that sweet orphan child,

Who is herself the sweetest flower that ever breathed or smiled:

I plucked the flowers from field to field, I bound them

with her hair, But fair as were the fairest flowers, the maid is far more fair.

A jesting, joyous, laughing maid—the brightest and the best;

And yet 'twas hard to bear—to hear my passion called

a jest.
Oh! there's a sky-blue flower that grows amidst the

growing corn,
But flowers of brighter, heavenlier blue my maiden's eyes adorn.

Literary Notice.

Men, Women, and Books; a Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs, from his uncollected Prose Writings, by Leigh Hunt. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE great variety of topics included in these volumes renders it impossible for any notice in our limited space to do justice to them. They are selected from the writings of Leigh Hunt's younger days, and are pre-ceded by a portrait of a corresponding age. He announces two other volumes of his later writings, with a portrait of himself at the present period. The heads of his chapters will afford some idea of the riches of the volumes.

Vol. I.—Fiction and Matter of Fact; the Inside of an Omnibus; the Day of Disasters of Carlington Blundell, Esquire; a Visit to the Zoological Gardens; a Man introduced to his Ancestors; a Novel Party; Beds and Bed-rooms; the World of Books; Jack Abbott's Breakfast; on Seeing a Pigeon make Love; the Month of May; the Giuli-Tre; a Few Remarks on the Rare Vice of Lying; Criticism on Female Beauty; on Deceased Statesmen who have written Verses; Female Sovereigns of England.

Vol. II.—Social Morality; Pope, in some Lights in which he is not usually regarded; Garth, Physicians, and Love-letters; Cowley and Thomson; Bookstalls and "Galatea;" Bookbinding and Heliodorus; Ver-Vert, or the Parrot of the Nuns; Specimens of British Poetesses; Duchess of St. Alban's, and Marriages from the Stage; Lady Mary Wortley Montague; Life and African Visit of Pepys; Life and Letters of Madame

de Sévigné.

Now, in all this variety of topics, who is not aware of what a variety of fine fancy, of kind and genial thoughts, of curious reading, and as quaint and curious rendering, he is sure to meet with in two volumes by Leigh Hunt? In such stories as those of Carfington Blundell, Esquire, and Jack Abbott's Breakfast, we are sure to meet with very ludicrous occurrences; in Omnibuses, Bed-rooms, and the like, we have human nature analyzed and seen through and through, but with no unfriendly, though a critical eye. In the Month of May we have the poet in nature, and in Criticism on Female Beauty, the poet in art. That is, we have the poet regarding with the eye of an artist the female form and attitudes of attraction, and everywhere diffusing over it beautiful ideas. The remarks on red and golden hair are peculiarly true to both art and history.

The second volume consists more of criticism, with scattered notices, and as it were peeps at poets and poetesses that we love; it is full of delightful reading. Had we space for much quotation, we doubt the first volume would put us into sufficient perplexity. an admirable paper is that on the Zoological Gardens! How full of the spirit of humanity and of a curious speculation! The remarks on monkeys are strikingly excellent; but those on the eagles make us sad :-

The poor eagles and vultures! The very instinct of this epithet shows what an unnatural state they must have been brought to. Think of eagles being commiserates, and cannot "poor!" It is monstrous to see any creature in a cage, far more any winged creature, and most of all such as are accustomated the vault of heaven, and have the world tomed to soar through the vault of heaven, and have the world under their eye. Look at the eyes of these birds here, these eagles and vultures! How strangely clouded now seems that grand and stormy depression of the eyelid, drawn with that sidelong air of tightness, fierceness, and threat, as if by the brush of some mighty painter. That is an eye for the clouds and the subject-earth, not for a miserable hencoop. And see,

poor flagging wretches! how they stand on their perches, each at a little distance from one another, in poor stationary exhiat a little distance from one another, in poor stationary exhibition, eagles all of a row!—quiet, impaired, errwbby; almost motionless! Are these the sovereign creatures described by the Buffons and Mudies, by the Wilsons of ornithology and poetry, by Spenser, by Homer? Is this the eagle of Pindar, heaving his moist back in sleep upon the sceptre of Jove, under the influence of the music of the gods? Is this the bird of the English poet,

> " Soaring through his wide empire of the air, To weather his broad vans?

Wonderful and admirable is the quietness, the philosophy, or whatever you choose to call it, with which all the creatures in this place, the birds in particular, submit themselves to their destiny. They do not howl and cry, brutes though they be; they do not endeavour to tear their chains up, or beat down their dens; they find the contest hopeless, and they handsomely and wisely give it up.

There is no paper, however, more excellent in these volumes than that on the Rare Vice called Lying, which pose that this originally appeared in the Examiner; but wherever it appeared first, we are glad that it is It is a masterly and conclusive composition. It is difficult to say whether its beginning, its middle, or its ending, is the best. He ends by telling "the dear anti-ballot people" that he has two things to say to them, namely,

Before you have a right to ask the voter not to be false to you, you must get rid of your own falschoods, great and small; and second, that when you do get rid of them, you will be such very conscientious men, that you will not have the face to ask him to violate IIIS conscience

But the list to be got rid of is a formidable one, if we But the list to be got ind or is a standard are to judge by the author's opening of his case, which was the extent of our extract. With this we again must be the extent of our extract. With this we again take leave of him, with thanks for many happy hours and charming thoughts, and with our hearty congratulation that at length the government has acknowledged his worth by an annuity. Long, very long, may he live to enjoy it, for no man has more richly deserved it than he !

The great argument against the ballot is, that it teaches people duplicity,—that the elector will promise his vote to one man, and give it to another. In short, that he will lie. Lying is a horrid vice,—wn-English. It must not be suffered to pollute our shores. People lie in France. They lie in Italy. They lie in Spain and Portugal. They lie in Africa. They lie in Asia and America. But in England, who ever heard of such a thing?

"What is lying?" says the English courtier.
"Can't say, indeed, sir," says the footman.
"Nor I," says the government spy.
"Never heard of it," says the tradesman.

"Never bribed with it," says the peer.

"Never bribed with it," says the member of parliament. " Never subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles with it," says the

collegian.
"Never pretended to a call with it," says the clergyman, with it." says the bishop.

"Never nolo episcoparied with it," says the bishop.
"Never played a ruse de guerre with it," says the general.

Never told it to a woman," says the man of gallantry.

"Never argued for it," says the barrister.

"Never argued for it," says the barrister.

"Never sent in medicine with it," says the apothecary.

"Never jockeyed with it," says the turf man.

"Never dealt with it," says the man at Crockford's.

"Never wrote a great A with it," says the underwriter.

"Never took in the custom-house with it," says the captain.

"Never doctored my port with it," says the wine-merchant.

"Never praised or condemned with it," says the partisan.

"Never concealed a motive with it," says the partisan.

"Never unfied with it." says the bookseller.

Never puffed with it," says the bookseller. Nor I," says the manager.

"Nor I," says the manager.
"Nor I," says the auctioneer.
"Nor I," says the quack-doctor.
"Never used it in my bread," says the baker.
"Nor I in a bill," says the tailor.

"Nor I in a measure," says the coalman.
"Can't conceive how anybody ever thought of it," says the innkeeper.

Never made an excuse with it," says the fine lady.

"Nor I," says the lady's-maid.
"Nor I," says the milliner.

Am a horrible sinner, but never went so far as that," says the methodist.

Never uttered one to my wife, pretty, jealous soul," says the husband.

"Nor I to my husband, poor man," says the wife.
"Nor I to my mother," says the little boy.
"Nor I in one of my speeches," says the king.

" Nor I in mine," says the minister.

"Nor I at a foreign court," says the diplomatist.

"Should never forgive myself such a thing," says the pickpocket.

pocket.

"Couldn't live under it," says the beggar.

"Never saved myself from starvation," says the Irishman.

"Nor got a bawbee," says the Scotchman.

"Nor I a penny," says ALL ENGLAND.

O, spirits of Lucian, of Rabelais, of Molière, of Henry Fielding, of Sterne,—look down upon borough-mongers and their says hallot me, in the above terming action of Scaland. their anti-ballot men, in the shopkeeping nation of England, and in the nineteenth century, protesting against the horrible innovation of encouraging the bribed and misrepresented to say one thing in telf defence, and inlend another!

The Child's Corner.

The Poet's Children to the Good-natured Bear.

DEAR MR. GOOD-NATURED BEAR,

You growled so very beautifully about a year ago, in that lovely book that Mr. Cumpall sent us, that we want to know if you will please to growl a little for us in our Corner. It is such a nice, snug little Corner, and you will be so comfortable in it.

Do growl, dear Mr. Good-natured Bear! Do, if you

please!

Your loving Poer's Children.

The Good-natured Bear, standing in his usual uttitude of politeness, lays one paw upon his heart, bows, and growls as requested.

He then addresses the Children in the following words :--

Respected Small-ones-dear friends of tender skin happy and highly-favoured creatures of the earth, who learn at a very early period to leave off crawling on all fours, and who acquire the art of speech in an easy insensible manner—allow me to offer you my grateful thanks for your pleasant recollection of me. The story which you received from my friend and of my life, publisher, Mr. Cundall, is a true and faithful account in all respects. Should you doubt any part of it as being too wonderful to be true, then believe that those surprising events seemed quite natural to me. I confess that my imagination may have been much excited at times, and may have caused me to relate some things in very strong colours, as the painters say; but how could it be otherwise with a Bear on his first introduction among the human family, and its polite circles?

I have more particularly alluded to the sincerity of my narrative, in order that it may qualify me to object to one expression in the address you have made to me. It is an address in all other respects quite charming, and enough to make any young Bear dance for joy, though at my mature years it is only permitted to me to bow, and to smile with my eyes. I cannot smile, as

you do, with my cheeks, because of the rough beard I wear,—but I can, and do, smile upon you from the very

bottom of my deep brown heart.

This, then, is the one objection I feel bound to make. And I must make it; I owe it as a duty to society, which has so kindly admitted me-pardon this uncourtly exhibition of energy; but I feel strongly, and, feeling so, must speak-I say, that I owe it as a duty to society, as a duty to myself, and my many arduous efforts to obtain a little education; and as a duty to my country, unhappy Poland, and to the country where all my higher class of studies were began and finished—I mean Germany;—to all these I owe an unqualified objection to the supposition that I ever so far forgot myself, in my present condition of life, as to growl / Good heavens!—I what I do such a thing as growl? I not only owe it as a duty to all I have enumerated above, but to my confiding publisher of Old Bond Street, and also to my German publisher in Leipzig, who is almost as good a bookseller as Cundall, (he ought to be better, as he is much older,) that I should enter this public denial and protest against this erroneous and injurious supposition. I will defy any child, from the age of four to ten—in fact, of any age—to point out a single instance in which I utter a grow! No-throughout the whole of my story, amidst all its eventful scenes, and, I must say, my occasionally very difficult and trying situations, - never once have I been heard to utter so harsh a thing as a growl.

I am ready to admit, my dear young friendsof the Friend with the daisy-wreath round his hat-that there was one occasion in the course of my life, upon which I certainly did feel a sudden inclination to give a growl. In fact, I had a narrow escape of giving rather a loud growl. It was this: you all remember that I was, at an early period of my history, connected with a celebrated menageric from Berlin. Well,—we were at a great fair in the provinces; and you will recollect that I was advertised, placarded, and my portrait hung up in front of the caravan, as "The Intellectual Prodigy." At that very time a young gentleman of eight years of age, dressed in a scarlet blouse, with a large black hat and feathers, lighted one end of a long straw, and attempted to poke it up my sensible nose! Another small boy stood close to him, of the age of ten, dressed entirely in black, with a countenance of the same hue. who was apparently studying for the bar-I mean the bar of a grate, as he was by profession a chimney sweeper, and was, I believe, attached to the suite of the English ambassador. This learned young sprig of the flue, seeing me-the Intellectual Prodigythus insulted, actually laughed loudly, and cried "Well done!"

What did I do? I could have put out one paw, and drawn them both through into my cage with ease, if I had chosen to be a brute. I merely raised my head beyond the reach of the lighted straw, and turning my back upon such ill-behaved little animals, walked to the other side of my apartment. I was, however, very near giving such a growl! But I did not; by a powerful effort—as the ladies and gentlemen say in fashionable novels—I mastered my emotions, and appeared as

calm as a cauliflower.

Judge then, young friends, after this explanation, whether I am not entitled to some excuse for all the difficulties I have made on the subject of growling. "The Good-Natured Brar" may dissent,—may object,—may demur;—he may venture to differ,—he may, with all due submission, express a great doubt,—he may respectfully but firmly deny, when the occasion is very momentous—but, believe me, he never growls.

I trust I have said nothing which can be construed into offence by any child, or grown-up person; and I gratefully and respectfully take my leave of the present

company.

SIGNOR SARTI'S ANATOMICAL EXHIBITION.

WE do not well remember ever experiencing a greater intellectual treat, than by a visit the other day to Signor Sarti's Anatomical Exhibition. It comprises a complete museum of human anatomy, modelled in wax; the size, and presenting the most exact copy, of nature. It is indeed nature herself, without her liability to decay or We have first the male and female form as they exist in the maturity of life, with their beautiful proportion and swelling outline. These so take to pieces, or, as it were, gradually unfold their inner mysteries beneath the hands of the able lecturer and anatomist, that we have every organ from the largest to the minutest; every bone, nerve, and muscle, reveals its beautiful order, and the manner of its wonderful work. The whole preaches a great sermon, most pure and touching for the heart of man. We have the more important vital organs, and portions of the body separately modelled, both whole, as well as in various anatomical conditions, as in states of disease and health. We behold the vocal organs, that by dissection show such wonderful means for the production and adaptation of sound-from the simple reed of the mythic Pan to the more elaborate pipe of the cathedral organ—that we are absolutely startled to find man in his noblest works but humbly copying some subtime type or idea already existing from the hand of God. The heart displays its wonderful mechanism as the great agent of the circulation of the blood; the spine, its adaptation to flexibility and movement, and the great seat of nervous influence and vitality; the lungs, the necessity of their healthy action to life; the eye, the ear, and lastly, the brain, the great temple of the mystery of mind of which all the other organs and senses seem but servants, whose unchangeable duty is to reverently assist and serve.

The whole is thus a great book for the public to read, and one that, studied as it will be by and by, shall produce moral and physical results as wonderful as they will be progressive. At present much ignorance exists, even amongst the otherwise highly educated, upon man's physical nature, and its relation to his moral and intellectual condition; and this ignorance is generative of a false modesty, a surfacism of morals, as apart from purity as truth is from falsehood. When man through knowledge knows the marvellous mechanism that surrounds the great abstraction called life, how its laws are in dependence one upon another, how in disease he is not, what in health he is, then disease must necessarily be decreased, for who by crime would interrupt the great

harmony of his own nature?

The works of the two Combes have done much to spread general physical knowledge amongst the great bulk of the people, and in this as well as in many other things they are amongst the greatest benefactors of the age. But much remains to be done; and there is an indissoluble link between the physiologist and jurist that is not at first seen. Once make the simple knowledge of man's physical being a necessary part of general education, and we shall do more to elevate humanity, more to create a sublime idea of God, more to make religion practical, more to uproot animalism, than by a million sermons of mere words. Such an exhibition as this is a real service to all classes: and there is at this time a social tendency amongst the more educated of the people to make attention to human physiology one of their elevating signs. We advise all within reach of this masterly collection of patient and claborate art to sec it. as one that will profit them and exalt and purify nature in their sight. To ourselves, we confess to have been deeply interested; the whole poetry of our nature was touched with a new and indescribable reverence for Him who fashioned all things with the same omnipotent intelligence.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all casses—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.— Eds.

Co-operative Banks and Industrial Ecchange.—We are glad to find that our Letters on Labour, and the various articles on co-operation that have appeared from time to time in this Journal, are producing their desired effects upon the intelligent of the working classes. We scarcely need again say, who have so earnestly and so often asserted it, that in co-operative labour and its capital lie the people's saving means. Only combine; only labour in combination; only steadily accumulate capital through combination; and the power of mere station, and the injustice of bad laws, become a harmless fiction. We are led to these remarks by the letter of an intelligent artisan of Birmingham. After speaking of the verbal professions of the wealthier classes, to judge from which the operatives of this country must be both morally and politically well cared for, he proceeds to trace the present disastrous condition of the working classes as in part arising from the currency laws. He suggests, as a means of obtaining legitimate power over the exchanges of society, that the people should institute amongst themselves Equitable Exchange Banks. We will now give his scheme in his own words. "Let there be a Savings Bank and an Industrial Exchange established in every town where there is a Co-operative League. Capital to be raised by the working classes taking shares of 11. each, payable by weekly instalments of sixpence each share. Five thousand shares might be thus taken, say by two thousand holders. For capital so deposited, three and a half per cent. might be given, and upon it, as security, might be issued labour-notes, made immediately payable, if uecessary, in the Industrial Exchange connected with the bank. Privilege of payment by money or commodities the bank. Privilege of payment by money or commodities being equal to all shareholders. By these means there would be a constant flow of cash into the bank, which might serve in the purchase of such articles and raw material as were not pro-curable by the labour-note. These two positions of capital in kind and representation would be found profitable. If three and a half per cent. were given for cash, there would be eight and a third per cent. profit on the goods sold; productive in total of a five per cent. profit. Cash deposited could be payable on demand at a month's notice, and on the giving up the the labour-note. Further, such bank might lend labour-notes to parties on security, at five per cent. interest, or receive them on advance for raw material already purchased with the cash deposits. We will suppose a business of 100,000t. transacted in the twelve months, which is small for the capital taken. Profits at the year's end at eight and a third percent, or of one penny to the shilling, would amount to the sum of 8,333/. 62. 8d. Institutions producing such profits might be established in London, Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, and Birmingham; such establishments exchanging commodities one with a workless and making Liverpool the extra death for foreign another, and making Liverpool the central depôt for foreign exchanges. Committees of the Co-operative Leagues in such towns to be commissioned to carry forth this plan. By beginning in this way in the large towns, the working classes might soon have the capital to become landowners, and thus have means to send forth upon their land their Jason Bolds and Walter Nobles, and possess Associated Homes on the plan of Mary Gillies. This amelioration must be begun by the operative classes. It is they who, by raising capital through the exchange of manufactures, will be able to emancipate the agricultural classes by opening an equable and ready-money market for produce. I would further add that these Exchange Banks might be under the management of a number of directors and a governor. One director to be chosen for the purpose of meetfrom other establishments; such combined directors constituting a Board of Trade. Working men are said to be destitute of business thabits. Let us but organise these institutions, and arrows man will be found to a place at their beed and I do not proper men will be found to place at their head, and I do not fear for the 'result.'

The Co-operative League of London held a soirée on Monday evening, which was numerously attended. The affairs of the League appear to be in a prosperous condition, and we hope

next week to inform our readers of some of the practical movements of this body. In the meantime we have great pleasure in giving publicity to a letter which has been issued by them to their friends in America on a subject of the highest importance, and to which we called the attention of all co-operative bodies in the mouth of Musch. The letter is a following

importance, and to which we called the attention of all co-operative bodies in the month of Murch. The letter is as follows:—Farringdon Hall, Ring's Arms Yard, Snow Hill, London, June 18th, 1847.—To John O. Wattles, Cincinnati, Ohio, United States.—RESPECTED BROTHER,—Your very intelligent, sympathetic, and loveful letter, written some months ago, was published in the 18th number of Howill's Journal, March 27th, having been forwarded to that work by Goodwyn Barmby, who had received it direct from the friend to whom it was addressed in Scotland. We accordingly suggest that we should open a communication with you and your association on the subject of forming a system which should enable the consumer of corn in this country to obtain the produce you have to dispose of, undefiled by the selfish spirit, and untaxed by the speculator's profits.

Except the raising of the prime necessaries of life from the land by our own hands, no labour seems more suitable for the Co-operative League at the present crisis, than to become instrumental in elevating our fellow-citizens above that extreme pressure for food which must pass away before we can expect any permanent or heart-founded improvement in men or in society. The present competitive order of things in this country does little for the working man's benefit, either in the way of education, employment, health, or provision. It would be well, therefore, that the benign spirit of co-operation should stretch forth a helping hand. The time has now come when, the old plan of individualism having most strikingly failed, the long desired principle of unitive interests may be acted on. Let those, who are till now uninformed or unconvinced of practical brotherly love, feel through its succour and its timely relief that it is not merely a pious wish.

Some of our members have visited the United States, and have a just appreciation of the great, the almost boundless resources of the great valley through which the "father of waters" flows. We also feel in how high a position your confederated nations would stand if they should be wise and noble enough to abandon their peddling in land, and adopt the jubilant invitation to all people to come and freely participate in their unbought possessions. In business matters, also, we trust to be found no less adroit, than to our principles we are faithful. It will be needful that sgents should be employed at the shipping port to put such corn as you might send on board a vessel for this or some other port in England. Honest persons, we are sure, could be found for this purpose. The arrangements also for your recompense, whether in money or goods, shall conform to your wishes.

to your wishes.

We notice with gratification the low prices of grain in your city, as proof of the high fertility of the neighbouring soil; but we are apprehensive that the cost of transmission to a sea-port will enhance the price so much, that it may considerably diminish the advantages which your society so kindly designs. We invite your attention to this point, and also whether you deem the route by the river to New Orleans, or by canal to New York, the preferable mode of transit.

The method of its storage and distribution also we shall in the meantime undertake to arrange on the same principle of universal beneficence which actuates you in the production. Hitherto, commerce between men and nations has been carried

on at great loss, because the basis of it was false to humanity.

We hope a new and true system is at length beginning, and in
the joyful anticipation of ushering in so gratifying, so glorious a
change,

I remain, your aincere friend,

By order of the Directors of the

By order of the Directors of the Co-operative League, W. AINGER, Secretary.

We anxiously await your views and advice, which may be communicated direct to this place.

The Proposed General Co-operative Congress .- In No. 5 of the Herald of Co-operation, we observe that a General Co-opera-tive Congress is proposed by Goodwyn Barmby, to which we call the attention of the co-operative public. In proposing it, he writes:

" Its desirability must be so evident to the friends of association, that little requires to be said in its favour. Our principles too, that little requires to be said in its rayour. Our principles teach us that union is strength, and that co-operation is power. Every true principle is also universal in its application. If, therefore, the strength of union and the power of co-operation is shown by the combination of individuals in a society, how much greater would it be manifested by the junction of our societies in one vast confederation!"

The Editor of the Herald of Co-operation, the organ of the

The Editor of the Herald of Co-operation, the organ of the Leeds Redemption Society, adds:—

"We entirely coincide with the views of Mr. Barmby, respecting the necessity of a general organization of all holding co-operative views.

"The proposition of Mr. Barmby will no doubt receive the approbation of the executive of the Redemption Society; and should no immediate steps be adopted, we shall take care that the subject is not lost sight of."

Resolutions also approximate this proposed for the companion.

Resolutions also approving this proposal for a congress, have been sent to us from the Nottingham Importation Society, and the Birmingham Co-operative League, and we understand that the other associative bodies in this country are

taking up the subject.

To the Editor of Howill's Journal.—SIR,—Reading with much pleasure an article by Silverpen, I beg to send the following brief account of what has been done by a number of men who have determined to abate the enormous evil that is now forcing itself upon public attention. A public meeting of working men was held at the Temperance Hall, King-street, Seven Dials, on Thursday, May 6th; Mr. Pridgion, chairman. A most attentive

andience of 160 persons present, unanimously resolved,

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the system that now
unhappily exists of trading in seduction and prostitution is a
grievous evil, inasmuch as it causes the destruction of large
numbers of female children, and plunges many innocent families

into the deepest distress."

Again, on Thursday, June 10th, a very large meeting, at which nearly, or quite 1,000 persons assembled, the majority of whom were rate payers, was held at Theobalds road Assembly Rooms, B. B. Cabbell, Esq., M.P., Chairman; the same resolution was unanimostly adopted, with the addition, "besides entailing a serious expense upon the rate-payers of this and other boroughs."

A petition in favour of Mr. Spooner's Bill was signed at both meetings, by the chairman, the speakers at one or both meetings being, amongst others, Mr. Parker, the Rev. B. Woodyard, Mr. Marriott, Luke J. Hansard, Esq., George Roper, Esq., —Northouse, Esq., besides several working men. Now, I for one think it is a sure sign of success in any good cause when men, differing in opinion upon other subjects, can feel and act alike upon one subject; as a working man and a parent, I am glad to see that "Silverpen" has determined to devote a portion of his time to this important subject, and beg him to make what use of this communication he may think fit.

JAMES OSBORNE

THE SLAVE OF THE OVEN.

BY JOHN BURREY.

TALK not of the swelting negro, Toiling 'neath a burning sky, Like a sorry beast of burden; Till like it, worn out, he die.

Though he's torn from home and kindred, Doomed to drag the clanking chain, With a heart that's daily breaking, And a fiery, maddened brain ;

We've as great a slave in England As e'er breathed the breath of life, From whose veins the blood's ont-sweated, To support his babes and wife! In the bake-house close and sultry, Where the crackling blaze is heard, Day and night he toils—receiving Not one kindly look or word.

See how long and hard he labours, Like a horse, throughout the week, While the sweat runs down the furrows Grief hath worn deep in his check;

Hear the sigh that rends his bosom, As he toils and toils alway, Like a galley-slave, to keep him And his children through the day! Who can wonder that the spirit Should repine within his breast, Or like prisoned bird should languish To fly hence and be at rest P Is he not possessed of feeling, Of the self-same flesh and blood? Or do rich and poor men differ In their nature and their God? Though the whip may never torture
The scant flesh upon his back, There's a chain upon his spirit Like the one upon the black Though their skins may widely differ, Both alike are wretched slaves, And the more they work, the sooner
They will win—their destined graves! England is the land of freedom, Where a slave is never found,"-

So the laws and world will have it, Though our streets with slaves abound ! Tell me not of Afric's children, Doomed to drag the cursed chain; We have "White Slaves," wearing fetters On the heart and on the brain!

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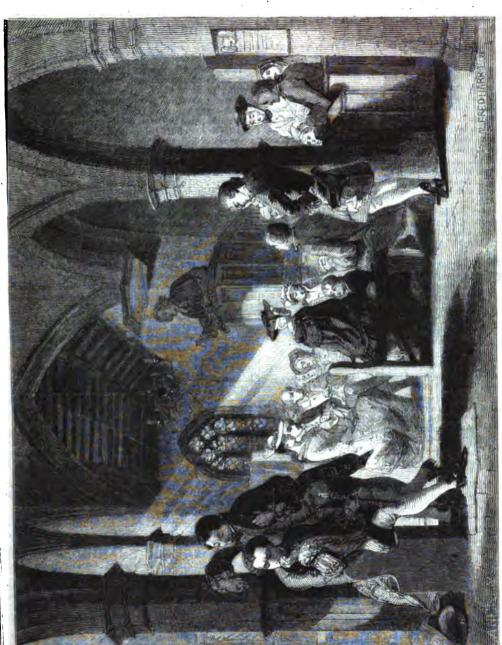
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INIE' by Richard Cr.v. of Park Terrace, flighbury, in the Parish of it. Mary, Isington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Bread Street Hill, in the Parish of 5t, Nicholas Glave, in the City of London, and published or the Proprietor by William Lovett, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) trand. Saturday, July 10, 1847.



THE VILLAGE CHURCH. BY A. RANKERT.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

FROM A PAINTING IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BY A. BANKLEY.

Our illustration this week tells its own story. It is a clear and able transfer of Oliver Goldsmith's poetry of The Deserted Village into the region of the sister art, by Mr. Rankley.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace, At charce, with meet and analysis of the looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway, And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The fools here, are those who naturally would be wise in their own conceit, the young and fashionable. The wise are those simple creatures of the village who come under the benediction, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven," and who introduce in Goldsmith's poem those beautiful descriptions of rustic life and of its Christian minister which follow :-

"The service past, around the pious man, With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran; With steady zeal, each notes raste rase. Even children followed with endearing smile, And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile, " ste.

TO EMILY JANE HOWITT.

BY RICHARD HOWITT

DEAR Emily! a year ago,
A spacious bed of drab moreen Was all my narrow world of woe,— This outer world of life, unseen.

Through a whole month of April days I saw the labelled bottles stand, Whilst birds were chanting merry lays, And flowers were making sweet the land.

Yet in that dark and dolorous time. Of noiseless feet and accents lew. Bright shapes, as from the heavenly clime,
Moved round the curtains, to and fro.

You, you, dear Emily! were there, Intent to cool the fevered brain; To prop the head, to smooth the bed, And render less the sum of pain.

Well, that is o'er,—and I once more
Am where the winds on violets blow; But if aught worthier than before, Or happier aught-I do not know,

Life is the same, its sunshine brief, Its weft and woof are toil and care; And I, but like a withered leaf, Am tossed at random here and there.

Enjoyment comes not but with breath It is not life that life endears-To live unloved is daily death, But Love is life for days or years.

Our life of Mind seems inward only, Of outward action, little known-Subsiding to still hollows lonely,
And still with years is more alone.

But, Being dear! may you inherit,
From God, what worthiest is, and best— Way, scope, for your intrinsic merit, That you " in blessing, may be blest."

Whilst still for me, the steady rush Of Time's free current bears me whither Comes down with night, the eternal hush, And stills all noisy tendence thither.

April 8th, 1847.

SCENES FROM THE PEASANT-LIFE OF HUNGARY.

Translated from the original of R. K. Terzky, BY MARY HOWITT.

No. II.—THE LION OF THE VILLAGE.

(Concluded from p. 25.)

In a few days, however, Janko was compelled to think the words of the constable graver than he had been willing to deem them. His old mother came crying home one day from a neighbour's, and told her son that his gay course of life had determined the public to put his name in the wheel of fortune, and that there was no doubt of its being drawn, as the whole of the

magistrates had their eye upon him in particular.
Unwilling to comprehend the matter, he would only give credit to it when his sweetheart came weeping in directly afterwards, bringing to him the same tidings; Janko both by the magistrates and by fate was doomed to be a soldier. When the old woman was doomed to be solution. When the was driven almost to desperation, and uttering loud lamentations, hastened out of the house, in order to convince herself of the truth of these words, and to make remonstrated. strance, and obtain intercession against her last support being thus taken from her. It was true that her property was next to nothing, and the payments therefrom were so small, that, according to this scale, her son could hardly be reckoned as a regular tax-paying householder; still some regard ought to be had to her, and to the age of her son.

Janko, on the contrary, could hardly bring out a word for rage and astonishment, at the thought of any magistrate placing him in the ranks when he was already turned of thirty. Three several times did he throw his broad hat upon the unswept floor, and swear rather to die than go to Leutshau. Had he ever broken an oath he had sworn for the last ten years? and now he would split the skull of the very first man with his axe, who ventured to lay hands upon him! People might play what lottery-pranks they pleased with other young folks, but he was not going to be fooled with.

"Go home, Suze," said he to the girl, who, still weeping, kept at a distance from the enraged man; and then,

swinging her up at once, in no very amiable manner, he put her out of the house, bolted himself in, and took the age in his hand.

Soon after this, one of the jurymen tapped at the window, and saked Janko to open it, as he had some-

thing to say to him in a friendly spirit.

As Janko saw that he was alone, and without any As Janko saw that he was alone, and without any visible means of compulsion, and willing at the same time to believe his apparently friendly words, he opened the door, hoping to hear some message of amity.

"Look now, Janko," said the man, "you are a sensible fellow, now be reasonable, and don't make needless opposition, for the whole thing is over."

"I that I am not saim to be more the company of the same of

"I ! but I am not going! no power in heaven or earth shall make a soldier of me! At my time of life I am not going to be made a fool of !—there, take care of the axe! The first man who lays hands on me shall so lie down as many to man

"But brother dear, don't make a fool of yourself!
Think, our young king has only stipulated for a ten years' service from his young soldiers."

"And if it were only for one year, I would not go!

and as to the stipulation, it is not true. As to the old soldiers, they have kept them on service, spite of having agreed to their dismissal, even on the continuance of war.

Ah, well, come come, Janko! They will not keep you in Leutshau when they get you there, because you are too old !

At this moment Janko struck the man such a blow in the face with his fist as sent him backwards against the door; recovering himself, he shook his head, and exclaimed.

" Wait only, thou lazy, good-for-nothing drunkard; the armed patrol will soon be bodily upon thee; and they will be a match for thee, with their loaded muskets!"

Scarcely was this man gone, when Janko barricaded the door, and in the moment's desperation bethought himself of committing suicide. This state of feeling bordered on insanity. He dashed about among the vener-This state of feeling able goods and chattles of his old mother; it was a strange surprise to him. If he had only known a day or two earlier what was intended against him, he would have absconded; but now, where could he go? The whole village seemed to be on the alert; the whole neighbourhood was out in the streets to watch his steps, and, if needful, to pursue him. In the state of fierce desperstion he at length came to the resolve which so many a young man takes in order to escape the bitter yoke of military service—he would disable himself. But thanks to his dread of suffering, he could not, even in his great rage, overcome this. He attempted to knock out his front teeth, but stopped short; and when he determined to cut off his forefinger, the same difficulties met him; his state of mind was that of a strange combat. Already had he laid his hand on the table; already raised the axe with his right hand, and wrought his feelings purposely to the highest state of excitement and resolution, and yet he dashed the axe upon the floor, and lamented that he had not a gun wherewith to shatter his head to pieces. But neither would he have done this, for poor Janko was by nature a coward. Many a strong, silent nature, on the contrary, who wishes to avoid the military yoke, goes to work with the greatest, the calmest determination, and without a cry indicative of pain, cuts off the finger which is needful in the use of the musket. Many hundreds of the finest youths of this country may, therefore, be seen with some damage done to their bodies, in order that they may escape military service, and also—even if they live in poverty—may escape the various bodily sufferings which it involves.

" Now, Janko, will you go, or will you not?" cried a voice through the window, whilst a bayonet was dashed through it, and the mouth of a musket was protruded into the room. "Once more, I ask, Janko, are you inclined to go?" That same moment, also, the door was "Once more, I ask, Janko, are you broken open, and several bayonets were pointed behind

"If I must, I must!" said Janko, fiercely; "but wait, constable, and see what will happen-I will come back

on furlough! I will burn the whole village!

Poor Janko! he saw the seriousness of the moment, the impossibility of opposition, and he submitted to the bayonets. He was bound, kept for several hours in the village, and then, with eight other young fellows, thrust into a sledge, and driven for enrolment at Leutshau.

In the town of Leutshau there is a large building which becomes more dilapidated every year, and which, through the curse of a mistaken economical policy, cannot be saved from total ruin either by the state or the town. It is the great military barracks, with its damp yellow walls, with its filth inside, and the most wretched of pavements in its court. Here, in the month of January, all the peasant youths who had been drawn by lot were brought for examination, and afterwards for full incorporation into the military body. They were brought hither on low sledges, some bound, and others not; some singing, and others weeping and lamenting; some drunk, others sober; with horses decorated with

ribbons, and always in such numbers that it was impossible for them to do more than stand in the straw-filled

aledges.

Already had the twelve sledges arrived with their human tribute from the twelve districts, and were congregated in the court of the barracks, when the commissioners assembled in the great hall, which had been especially prepared for this purpose. A large table stood in the centre, upon which lay the protocol and the necessary materials for writing, for comfortable smoking, together with a bottle of spirits for the refreshment of the gentlemen. Around the table stood the civil and military commissioners to the number of six persons, who appeared impatient to begin their operations. Directly opposite the table stood the ancient banner, damaged by time and by bullet-shot, which reminded the spectator of the hot days of Grätz and Bar sur Aube. Weapons of infantry service, somewhat in disorder, leaned near the banner; and these, with the opposite iron stove. and two long benches at the further end, formed the entire furniture of the whole room.

The people round the table spoke in single words, or short, abrupt sentences; their whole mind seemed to be too much absorbed by the approaching moment for them to be disposed for conversation, except on this subject. The greatest uneasiness, however, was betrayed by a young officer and commander of recruits, who was continually glancing, and often without any aim, to the paper which he held in his hand, and then again at

At length the door opened, and a crowd of from eight to ten young peasants were thrust in. Poor fellows! they were in such general confusion of mind, that they allowed themselves to be pushed into the middle of the room, trod upon one another's feet, and uttered all those sounds of folly and stupidity which people can only utter when in the utmost embarrassment. With these utter when in the utmost embarrassment. presented themselves the magistrates of their respective villages, who advanced in corpore towards the authorities at the table. Several old-accustomed men, who in particular attended to this service, now put the poor fellows into the greatest perplexity that they ever had been in before through their whole lives; they commanded that they should at once proceed to unclothing, and appear in the full undress of innocence, without even the fig-leaf apron.

What humiliation! what a melancholy spectacle was presented before all were ready for medical examination! The first came forward, and the usual words followed-

"A fine young man; fair; healthy; strong," etc.
The officer looked into his list; the physician examined him, and he was pronounced, "accepted." Next came forward a red-haired, slender youth, and stood trembling before the examiner. He turned his eyes in an entraordinary manner, as if he would fain say something. The physician examined him with great attention, because he is answerable for every accepted recruit, and, in case of any mistake on his part, must find a substitute at his own cost.

· "This young man has an inward complaint," reported the military physician. The next moment, however, the physician appointed by the civil authorities came forward, and looking sternly at the youth, commanded him, in a loud tone, to open his clenched fist; and on that, out fell the cause of the inward complaint, in the form of a bank note. Fatal discovery! The young man was declared of sound health, and accepted accordingly.

A young Jew was now brought forward; his old father came a few steps behind him, and both trembled. The old man cast a significant glance at the physician, but the two practitioners seemed to be at variance, and the

fate of the young man depended upon them both.

"A fine young fellow, this Jew," was the universal opinion. He was most strictly examined, and it was

not til they came to the 'tceth, that any demur arose. The colour of his teeth gave rise to the question,-were

they good or bad?
"Good teeth," said the civil physician, and the Jew
was "accepted."

And so the examination went on, through the whole number; but we will not fatigue the reader with further particulars, but now proceed to that division of the recruits in which our poor Janko is to be found. It was afternoon when this was brought up for examination, but any one entering the room shortly before him. would have found all parties in a state of the most active negotiation. In particular was this the case with the recruiting officer who had the management of the incorporation-protocol. The father of that red-haired youth, who, in the forenoon, had been declared fit for service, had now found a substitute in the street, and besought the officer, for the sake of many considerations, and for the sake of two hundred gulden, to allow of an exchange. The officer demanded three hundred gulden, and the peasant swore to the impossibility of obtaining this sum by any means. At length the business was settled, and the two hundred gulden were accepted. The father of the red-haired youth counted out the money in bank notes, and retired apparently satisfied. Immediately afterwards, the substitute came forward: a ragged journeyman bricklayer, without a character, and without a baptismal register, received one hundred gulden, and then the protocol was made out in his name.

After this, the old Jew stepped in, and made a very agreeable proposal to the officer, and concluded by saying that he had himself been looking about for a substitute for his son, and he prayed that the gentle-man officer would permit it. But he must beg him to wait to the morrow, as the substitute would be found from among those who were released from the prison to

serve in this capacity.

Whilst this transaction was going forward, an old gentleman with a moustache, the civil commissioner, walked up and down the hall. He might have made some objection to what went forward, but he wished to keep well with the military; and besides this, he had not

the highest opinion of humanity.

Again the door opened, and the division in which was Janko entered. He trembled, and had lost all courage; and when he saw, poor fellow, that the judge fixed his eye upon him in particular, and spoke at the same time to the Commisar, he lost also the last ray of hope. Like the rest of his associates, he was subjected to the same humiliating examination, and then he turned himself beseechingly to the physician. He intimated to him that at certain times he suffered from inflammation of the chest, and considering this, and his age, he should be more expense than service to the state, and moreover that he thought he should not live long. After, however, he had been made to take deep inspirations, and to cough in every variety of tone, both doctors, in one breath, pronounced him sound, and at once he gave up all prospect and hope of ever living gaily again among his companions, as the Lion of the turf, or of leading home his beloved as a bride. Like all the rest of the "accepted," Janko was led out under a guard to dress. Completely broken in spirit, he now crept at the side of the old myrmidons through the crowd, and to the place where his hair, as his first sacrifice to a stern law enjoining equality and cleanliness, must be shorn off.

"Sit thee down there, thou old recruit," said a gloomy looking old soldier to him, as he immediately began to clip off Janko's wild locks with a pair of wool shears. "Thou must, methinks, be a fine fellow, for them to take thee in thy old age," continued he, and threw the long locks upon his knee. Janko, however, sate so silent and immoveable upon the three-

legged stool, staring at the falling locks, that he scarcely perceived the order for him to turn himself round.

Even in the coarsest natures there are moments in which feeling and anguish melt the stony covering of the breast, and a silent tear of melancholy rolls down the cheek. And how great and how well founded was the anguish which Janko endured! He had seen so many, even of the friends of his youth, return from a soldier's life as cripples both morally and physically; uncared for, and with none to aid them; in the greatest want, given up a prey to beggary and drunkenness! Besides this, he founded his idea of a military life only from the elements of it, the lash, the drum, and the exercises. He saw, in every instance, flogging administered for the slightest offence; and ah! when he remembered the case of one soldier, who, for stealing a half loaf of bread. was sentenced to run the gauntlet—and which he had himself seen—no wonder that he should shed a tear over his hair, and his approaching fate! Oh, if he had only been possessed of an hundred gulden, how easily he might have been released! But heaven willed it otherwise, and, therefore, Janko, be resigned to thy fate ; rouse up thy heart to bear its sorrows manfully, lest it seduce thee to desert in a moment of weakness-in a moment in which thou art tempted to flee away from the close, walled court of the barracks, into the green, budding freedom of nature, and to breathe the air of thy favourite woods and pastures,—in a moment in which the inhuman behaviour of thy superiors, and the necessities of thy life, will make thee envy every beast of burden,-in a moment when thou, as the victim of another's passion, wilt sigh under the lash, and curse thy existence.

. . . Be pious, poor Janko! Lift up thy shorn head towards heaven!... Alas! that one might almost believe Heaven itself at this moment had given thee up to the powers of darkness! No prayer, no tear, only curses and blasphemy resound from the sea of bayonets towards heaven as a hymn of praise. . . .

The door again opened, and the whole crowd of from twenty to thirty of such as were declared fit for service, and of those who were shorn, stood on the threshold. They pushed one against another, like sheep by the river. None will enter, till at length an old ram, under the effect of the cudgel, gives a bound, and away the flock go in his footsteps.

Janko seems to liave become at once taller and slenderer. He has already stuck his person, like the greater number of them, into the Hungarian blue trousers, and resembles a doll. One of the most

important regimental regulations is even carried out in his case; he is compelled to wear a shirt that opens behind.

" So help us God!"

And now the solemnity begins with a most impressive exhortation from the officers on this important moment; their hands are then arranged for taking the oath, which is slowly read to them in the Sclavonian and German languages, by a sergeant, and repeated again by them in all their bewilderment and anxiety. The following

is the oath :-"We swear to be faithful and obedient to God, etc.; to his majesty, etc.; but above all, to be faithful and obedient to their generals; to obey all other superiors who are set over us; to honour and to defend them; to perform all their commands and wishes in any service whatever, against whatever enemy soever, and wherever the will of his majesty may require, by water and on land, by day and night, in battle and storm, fights and undertakings of any kind; in a word, in every place, at all times and on all occasions, boldly and manfully to combat; never in any case to abandon our troop, standard, or colours; always to conduct ourselves as the laws of war require, and as beseems brave soldiers, and in this manner to live and die with honour.

"So below God!"

Any Jew or Jews, however, instead of the concluding words, said the following:

"So help us God, through the promise of the true Messiah and the prophets sent to our fathers."

With tearful eyes they heard the funeral oration of their former happiness, of the joy of their youth, and even of their parents.

The brazen partition wall between parents, sweethearts and relations, between their future and their former life, was planted with these words, and woe unto him who would dare to break through it!

In the outer court they found their lamenting mothers, from whom one moment has for ever robbed them of their sons; and, as if from instinctive feeling, they now impress upon their lips those kisses which, since the time of their childhood, have not been given.

Several days have now passed, and we see, in the square of the town, the newly enrolled recruits drawn up in three rows, ready to be marched to the capital. Assembled around them, but yet at some distance, stand the acquaintance and kindred of the young soldiers, and wave to them the last farewell with hands that may not approach them. Immediately before them stands the major, who gives them into the hands of a tall, handsome officer who is to conduct them to the capital. Before the major, however, parts from them, he puts to them this general question: "Is there any one amongst them who has any request to make, or has he anything of which to complain?"

On this a young lad came forward with trembling steps, from the second division of the company, and besought, in the humblest and most inoffensive terms, that that piece of linen, and those five gulden, which his mother had given to the doctors in order that he might be excused, might be restored to her. The major fiercely ordered him back, and gave the word to march.

Insanity!—the poor lad has raved!—Ah, yes! he lost his mind in the very thought of how his mother for one whole year had spun that piece of linen, wove it, and bleached it; in the remembrance of how she had suffered want, and how she must yet suffer, for that five gulden. Ah! that this insanity might become the curse which clung to Dejanira's last gift! Away, away, poor youth! The unaccustomed sound of the drum will stifle thy suffering, and harden thy excited feelings against the contempt and the injustice of man. Away, away, my poor lad; thy old mother will again sow flax, and spin, and perhaps weave. With the tears which thy fate will call forth, will she moisten the long threads which she spins, and which she will destine to be woven into a wedding shirt for thee. In the twilight of the long winter evenings will she sit spinning by feeble fire-light during the ten years of thy absence, in the hope of clasping thee at last to her maternal bosom. Oh youth, thou must indeed come back. Let the predictions of the mighty god of war be verified in thy case, and come thou back uninjured in body, and uninjured in heart, to the arms of thy old mother! For her withered hands will only be able to spin so long as she can cherish the hope of one day seeing thee put on this wedding shirt; and only so long will her heart beat either for thee or for this world, as she knows that thou hast not married the maiden of Kamorn.

Not far from a village through which the little band of recruits had to pass, a female figure stands upon a low ascent by the readside, waiting for the passing of the train. From under the dazzlingly white head-dress looked forth like two roses a pair of youthful cheeks,

glowing with the breath of winter; her eye dwelt anxiously on the snow-covered plain beyond her, that she might obtain, if possible, one moment's consolation for her throbbing, wounded heart. The nearer the little troop advanced, the more quickly and violently heaved her bosom. A ray of light shot forth once more through the tempested night of her feelings. She trembled both in body and soul, and had neither hearing nor sight for the officer's equivocal words and glances, nor for the deafening sound of the drum; she only looked from face to face as they marched by, till her eye at length found him—and then she rushed towards him for his last embrace.

"Back, you hussy!" resounded the annihilating words of the tall officer, who hastened forward, and who thrust back the recruit into his line, with the threat of the symbolical number "twenty-five." "The rascal of a recruit, what business had he to transgress orders, and step out of the ranks!"

A very prosaic interruption—very distressing—but And thou, poor girl! Ah! she felt not the derision of the passers-by. As if stupified, she laid her face in her hands, and stared for some moments on the frozen earth. When she looked up again, the train was advancing along the valley, and among them her beloved, her poor Janko. The thousands of crystals on the snow-covered ground swam all into one in her tears, and she heard from the near wood the reverberating echo of the dizzving drum.

Similar attempted leave-takings occurred between parents, relations, beloved ones, and the poor recruits in all the villages through which they marched; but the command and the enforcer of the command was severe, and tears flowed at a distance from the severing objects of affection.

We have not space here to analyse some of the important moments of military life, with which we ourselves are acquainted, but we can assure the reader that these partings have a deeper cause of sorrow in this country than in almost any other. It may be, that in the former time of war many of "the never-returning sons" have been given back to our generation; whilst the latter years of peace have shown sufficient cause for those who entered its service to be regarded as "the lost, as the dead."

The difference of climate in Italy, where most of them are sent; the extreme hardships, the renunciation, the constraint and the drudgery of their new condition, as well as the sudden change and the moral slavery of their new mode of life, operate most destructively on the recruit. How many a healthy child of nature is unfit for the Procrustes-bed of a despotic tyranny, the administration of whose severe martial law is often entrusted to inhuman satraps, whose passions and whose arbitrary will border on maduess!

And nowhere does the despotic humour, ungovernable passion, and especially personal revenge of tyranny find so irresponsible a field for its operation as under the shield of subordination. Every year despair, madness, and suicide take their per centage from the ranke, and that too probably out of the noblest natures. These martyrs often struggle with the demon which has selected them as its prey, for many years, amid their more volatile companions, in silent endurance of their wrongs and their woes, bearing the greatest, the deepest sorrow impressed upon their pale countenances, without complaint and without sympathy, till they at length succumb beneath it. Hence, during the first months of service, such frequent desertion among these wild sons of nature; and neither a shorter period of service, nor the threat, nor yet the execution of the most horrible punishment can deter many of them from a step which can only lead to every degree of suffering.

every degree of suffering.

The mother, therefore, acts with good reason when she clings to the son on whom military service has laid its

⁽¹⁾ There stands, in an attitude of defiance, upon the bastion of the invincible fortress of Kamorn, the stone figure of a maiden, and reminds the spectator of the fruitless endeavours of the Turks to storm this island-fortress, which was built by Mathias Corvinus. It is now used, like most of the Austrian strongholds, for a military prison.

hands, and when with tears she gives him her last counsel. And however much any one may be disposed to explain the dying off of these recruits by natural causes, still an incredulous and a melancholy feeling is excited when we take a comparative view of the ablebodied men in the Hungarian regiments during only one ten years of peace. It is a fact, that out of several regiments, scarcely one-third part have ever again seen their homes.

JUNE IS COME!

BY MISS PARDOR.

June is come! In courtly halls Beauty's footstep lightly falls; And within each proud saloon Torches shed the blaze of noon; While upon the languid ear Of high-born dame and cavalier. Music's sweet voluptuous strain Sinks as soft as summer rain.

Nature's children—where are they? Sporting in the new-mown hay; There the dance, too, light and long, Is relieved by jest and song; There the san's benignant ray Smiles upon their holiday; And leafy boughs, and bees, and birds, Send music to their gladsome words.

June is come! The dawn is nigh, The first warm tint has streaked the sky; With wearied limbs and aching head Fashion's idols seek their bed, Still whirls their brain with noise and glare, They sicken 'neath the morning air, Worn with the past, yet eager still Their empty mission to fulfil.

Nature's children—where are they? Sleeping on the new-mown hay. Laughingly the stars o'erhead Look down upon their fragrant bed; While the breezes, warm and low, Fondly fan each weary brow, And the dull-vested nightingale Is their melodious sentinel.

Fashion's votaries! run your race, Brief and bright, in lordly place: Dearly do ye pay for all, Banquet rich and courtly ball; Youth flies fast, and health declines, Even where folly's banner shines; Wasted day and slothful morrow Yield an age of pain and sorrow.

Nature's children! laugh and toil: Bend ye o'er the teeming soil; Fear not labour, it is wealth, Nor heaven's broeze, for it is health; Homely meal, and quiet mind, Make ye rich among your kind; Honest heart, and willing hand, Are the best treasures of the land.

ASSOCIATED HOMES FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS.

BY MARY GILLIES.

No. II.

It is satisfactory to perceive that the idea of combination for the improvement of domestic economy is spreading, and that in various quarters efforts are making to form associations or clubs calculated for families. Besides the United Service Family Club, destined for the use of officers of the army, described in Howitt's Journal for June 19th, others are in course of Drogress. The promoters of two of these have communicated with the present writer on the subject, and the plans and arrangements of one association are sufficiently formed to be laid before the public. As everything tangible or practical is of great use in all new undertakings, as a point to start from, the following condensed summary of the principal provisions included in this scheme will, it is hoped, be found interesting.

The Family Club is to be a society of individuals residing under one roof, but in totally separate suites of apartments, as in the case of Chambers in the Inns of Court; having, however, the advantage of a common establishment, conducted in the manner of the clubs at the west end of London, with such improvements as may be necessary in order to accommodate it to the comfort and convenience of lady members.

There will be under one roof, therefore, a certain number of sets of chambers, totally distinct from each other, with dining-room, coffee-room, drawing-room, and library for the common use of the members, situated in a central part of the building ; also kitchen, cellars, and all other offices; and large nursery, play-room and school-rooms. The sets of chambers will vary in size, some containing several rooms, while others will be composed of single bed-rooms for those persons to whom it would be convenient to live wholly in the club-rooms. The rent will include all charges for the conduct and management of the institution.

An experienced person will be appointed as housekeeper and manager, who will have the general superintendence of the establishment, with cooks and all

other necessary servants.

Breakfast will be ready at half-past seven, and remain on the table till ten. Two tables d'hôte will be provided daily, one at half-past one, the other at half-past five, the charge for which will be the lowest sum which experience proves possible. Coffee and tea, and other refreshments, including cold meat, chops, etc., will be at all times provided in the coffee-rooms, and provisions may be obtained at any time in the day, from the larder. All provisions supplied will be charged at fixed prices,

not exceeding the actual cost.

The servants of the club will clean all the common club-rooms, the staircases and the outside doors of the club-rooms, the staircases and the outside doors of the sets of chambers. Each set will have to be kept clean by the tenants. But, where such an arrangement is preferred, an additional fixed rent will be payable to include charges for cleaning the interior of the sets, making the beds, and doing all other necessary work, which would, however, be distinctly defined, so that no member should employ the club servants upon any work except that for which he or she bargained and paid. paid.

Provisions will be sent to any of the sets of chambers by the club servants, for which, including the use of plates, etc., the charge will be the same as for the like articles in the coffee-room. But members will be expected to give the order at the larder, and not to employ the servants of the club in conveying orders or

any other messages.

In case of sickness or necessity, the assistance of the club servants will be allowed at a fixed scale of charge. In the whole of these arrangements, the principle is, that every member should pay for the exact amount of work done for him, and that, on the other hand, the opportunity should be given to those who can dispense with the services of the club servants, to do so, if they choose, and not be still charged with the work done for others.

Arrangements will be made for securing the services of a teacher of first-rate ability on a liberal scale of remuneration, but upon a plan that will avoid taxing members of the club not requiring her services with any portion of such remuneration. Much more might be said as to all the opportunities for the training of infancy, the progress of education, the assistance of masters, etc.

All the members would be tenants to the trustees of

All the members would be tenants to the trustees of the club at a monthly rent. Meetings of the members will be held monthly, at which all general business will be transacted. There will be a house committee of three ladies, to which one new member will be added monthly, in the place of the senior member retiring. The house committee will be in the position of mistresses of the house during their months of office.

It is intended to form a company for the erection of suitable club-houses, but in the first instance there will probably be few shareholders except persons intending to become members of the club, which will be a separate society. In order to give every facility for persons of moderate means to become shareholders in the company as well as members of the club, the amount of the shares will be payable by monthly instalments of 1*l*. per month. A large ultimate capital will be fixed on, but only 100,000*l*. will be raised at first in shares of 100*l*. each. As soon as 100 shares are taken, operations may be commenced. The club trustees will be tenants to the company, at a rent amounting to 5*l*. per cent. on the capital employed, clear of all charges. The investment will therefore be a very good one, and yet the rent moderate. All candidates for membership will be ballotted for.

In order to avoid delay and outlay in the first instance, it would be expedient to endeavour to rent some large mansion, or unemployed club-house or hotel, which might be fitted up to suit the required purpose. But should none such be found, it is presumed that there would be no difficulty in finding a builder ready to undertake the speculation.

In the foregoing scheme, there is nothing impracticable, or even difficult to accomplish, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it will soon be put into operation. The only suggestion that offers as a point to be deprecated, is the proposal of taking meals at a common table as the rule, and the sending provisions to private rooms as the exception. It would be better to reverse these conditions. The habits of domestic life in this country are all based on domestic privacy. It would, therefore, be safer to make the arrangements on the presumption that the majority of the members, and certainly all those who have families, will choose to take their meals in their own homes, and at their own hours. Single men will probably in most cases prefer the public rooms, and every means should be used, by the most careful arrangements as to punctilious decorum and politeness, to induce single women to do the This practice could be easily begun by brothers same. who have sisters bringing them into the public rooms, or by elderly ladies, whether widows or unmarried, joining the public table. It appears a trifling matter at first sight, but it is, in truth, a very important one, to bring about such a change in English manners. The convenience, the saving of expense, and the saving, too, of lonely dulness, by bringing them out of their soli-tary rooms into social and cheerful apartments, are all undoubted. The improvement in refinement, and in

the tone of morality, are equally certain as prospective advantages. Twenty years ago, women could scarcely walk in any part of London alone, without fear of insult; now, that they have conquered the old habit of apprehension, and that they all, except those who abstain from it on the score of rank or fashion, not only walk anywhere unattended, but get into omnibuses, or steamers, or railway carriages, or perform long journeys quite alone, there are no instances of insult. This is a decided progress in refinement, a step gained towards a higher civilization, and consequently to a higher morality.

The formation of a company for the erection of suitable club-houses is an event to be expected in time; but that, and even the raising a sufficient capital, might be anticipated by a simpler and more immediate plan. For persons of small incomes, varying from fifty or sixty pounds a year, up to two hundred, a set of Associated Homes might be set on foot, it is conceived, in the following manner.

Suppose a hundred individuals, heads of families, and single men and women, should agree together to guarantee to a builder a certain fixed rent. Suppose that fifty of them pay on an average 10l. a-year, and the other fifty on an average 20l., here is a rental of 1,500l. a-year. Having this rent guaranteed, it is probable that a builder could easily be found to erect the suitable premises to contain a hundred homes. Some of these would be single rooms, rented below the average of 10l.; others in sets of two rooms, rented above it; others in sets of three, four, five, or six rooms, at various rents below and above the average of 20l. The agreement should be that rent must be paid monthly and in advance. In this case there could be little or no risk. On members failing or seceding, numbers would be ready to fill their places, were such a plan in operation.

Certain conditions must be strictly enforced before making the agreement. The first would be as to convenience and salubrity of situation. A spot should be chosen as far as possible from the smoke of the city, yet within walking distance for the members to their places of business. No locality will be found so advantageous in both these respects as all that series of outlets towards the north-west of the city, leading from Holloway, Islington, Pentonville and the Regent's Park, towards Highgate, Hampstead and the West-end. In all this region you can get nearer to pure air and green fields than within a similar distance on any other side of London. The sewerage of the district must be carefully inquired into. London is unhappily still excluded from the provisions of the Health of Towns Bill, and until the legislature takes charge of our sanitary condition we must take care of ourselves as well as we can. Nothing is more difficult to find than a well-drained neighbourhood, but nothing is more important to health and comfort. No cheapness, pleasantness, or other advan-tages will compensate for the loss of health and strength attendant on malaria.

The choice of an architect is next in importance. The same amount of outlay will produce in some hands a clumsy, ill-contrived building, and in others a beautiful and convenient one. All the beauty of outward form that is compatible with the requisite economy should be aimed at. This is a public duty. To raise the standard of taste, and to increase the sense of beauty, is a work of great importance, and the first founders of Associated Homes must beware of setting a bad example. "Each building that is raised," says that excellent Journal, "The Builder," "influences the appearance of

"Each building that is raised," says that excellent Journal, "The Builder," "influences the appearance of many others; and one weakness or monatrosity begets a thousand. It is impossible to calculate the mischief which may be done to architecture as an art by even one building, or say how long its advance may be retarded by it. The extent to which a design affects the architecture of the time may be seen every day. Nothing

is too ugly to be copied when once erected, and every repetition will play its part in further vitiating public

taste, and preparing the way for worse."

But the arrangement of the inside of the building is equally dependent on the skill of the architect, and is all-important to the success of the undertaking. provisions for thorough drainage and dryness are never properly attended to in unskilled hands. Besides this, every distinct set of chambers, however small, or even a single room, should be so contrived as to be a home in itself, uninterfered with, or overlooked or annoyed by sounds from other homes. The ventilation of the whole building, and of every room in it, should be scientifically ensured. The importance of ventilation is only beginning to be understood, but is daily forcing itself on public attention. The following instance, taken from the same Journal quoted above, affords a melancholy proof of this, and, at the same time, of our wretched arrangements as to the payment of labour:

"In a weaving mill, near Manchester, where the ventilation was very bad, the proprietor caused a fan to be mounted, and so improved it greatly. What was the result? The operatives made a formal complaint to him that the ventilator had increased their appetites, and therefore entitled them to a corresponding increase of wages! 'By stopping the fan a part of the day,' says our authority, (a Glasgow paper,) 'the ventilation and voracity of the establishment were brought to a medium standard, and complaints ceased."

But as the inmates of this Associated Home will not, like the poor factory operatives, have reason to dread "an increased appetite," they should ensure good ventilation. A well contrived kitchen, with the best fittings and appliances of the time, with good larders, store rooms, and cellars, wash-houses and drying-rooms, together with baths, all so contrived as to be sufficient for the whole community, would equally require a skilful architect. There must, besides, be arrangements for laying on water at every floor, and for carrying away by pipes, and ample supplies of water, all that should be carried off from every set of rooms; for lighting the whole of the public rooms and passages with gas, and for warmthe public rooms and passages with gas, and for warming them throughout. It would be a great saving of trouble and expense to warm and light the private rooms also; but though in Edinburgh gas lights are nearly universal in all the new houses, English people have not learned to like them, and in no part of the United Kingdom would it be easy to reconcile a domestic circle, or still less a solitary bachelor or old maid, to the absence of their favourite cheerful fire. It is a consolation, however, to reflect that this luxury could be enjoyed at a wonderfully cheap rate in this improved state of housekeeping. It is the kitchen range that is the great consumer of coals. Without that to feed, the expense of fuel would be much reduced, besides that the coals would always be laid in at the cheap period of the year, and in large quantities, at ready money prices.

For all these requisites, then, the individuals forming a Family Club, or Associated Home, should carefully provide in making an agreement with any builder who would undertake the speculation. Having chosen a good site, and good architect, they should require a building to be erected, containing the given number of separate homes; a common kitchen and all offices; public rooms, to the number of five or six, of moderate size, comprising dining-room for such as chose to use it, drawing-room, reading-room, class-rooms and nurscries, or infant school-rooms, with all the arrangements for warming, lighting, ventilating, and supplying with water, already enumerated.

For the expenses of lighting and water-supply, a rate,

laid on every occupant in proportion to the rent, would pay. In the same manner, the expenses of furnishing the whole of the kitchens and offices, and public rooms,

must be met. The builder would probably contract with different tradesmen to furnish all that was necessary on such a scale of expense as a settled agreement with the occupants, made beforehand, would show they could meet. For the rate of incomes here supposed, the utmost simplicity and cheapness, compatible with comfort, should be observed; and if that were strictly attended to, a rate or tax perfectly within their means would amply pay a good interest on the necessary outlay. The furnishing of each room or set of rooms would then devolve on the individual occupiers. Some would be already provided. Those who were not, would would be already provided. Those who were not, would find their expense greatly lightened by having neither servants rooms, kitchen, nor pantry, to replenish with all that multitude of small articles which together mount up into a formidable sum. With regard to the that concerning the outward form may be made to those who begin this new undertaking. Let there be those who begin this new undertaking. Let there be as much beauty as is compatible with economy. But, how little real beauty depends on costliness, would scarcely be credited by those who believe that expensive and heavy articles of furniture, mahogany sideboards and dining tables, and showy carpets and curtains, must be bought, or the house will not be like other people's, or like what it ought be. There was a small room well known to the writer which used to impress every one who went into it with a feeling of elegance. Its only ornaments, besides a glass of flowers, were a pillar bought of an Italian boy, on which was a bust of Baillie's Eve, and usually some ivy twined round it; and a large basket of a good form, filled with long graceful grapes bending over in a fountain-like form. Three or four shillings had paid for these, and as to all the furniture of the room, it certainly had not cost two pounds. Yet, ladies accustomed to handsome and wellarranged drawing-rooms would say as they entered it, "how beautiful!" It is good taste in the arrangement "how beautiful!" It is good taste in the arrangement of form and colour, and fitness and simplicity, which give an impression of beauty. Expense has nothing to do with it.

The domestic government must fall upon the inmates. The plans proposed in the scheme already arranged, and detailed above, appear extremely good. One superintending matron there should be, and, probably, also a The idea of a house committee of ladies appears also very judicious, and certainly there should be a monthly committee of a certain number of the inmates to examine accounts, receive and pay

rent, etc.
All the stores being laid in by the matron and steward, and all given out under their eye; the cooks and all the servants under their control; and they, themselves, answerable to the house committee for the time, and the monthly committee of inmates, it would appear that the best arrangements for carefulness, comfort, and economy might be made. wages of the servants of the establishment being met by a fixed charge or rate on each occupant, and all extra service required by any occupants by other fixed charges, all this matter would be simplified; and those whose incomes were very small, and who chose to live in the common rooms, ought to be charged at the lowest rate, as giving least trouble. The price of all articles of consumption would, of course, be simply what they were found to cost. No one would be seeking a profit. The matron and steward ought to be well remunerated for their arduous office, and all the servants to be well paid; and it would be found for the interest of all concerned, to have the proper number of attendants, so that no one might be over-worked.

It is needless to enlarge upon the great facilities for the training and education of childhood and youth presented by this principle of combination. They have already been recognised, and when the time comes,

the best means of turning them to account must be carefully and religiously devised and acted upon.

The more the subject is considered, the more it becomes apparent that the whole of our social arrangements may be wonderfully improved, and that this co-operative plan is the medium by which it will be elevated. The scale of expense contemplated in the present short paper, is that adapted to the humblest portions of the middle class; but for the more opulent, comforts and luxuries might be added, such as they cannot command at present; and in every grade of life, from the poorest to the richest, combination would raise the scale of comfort and the means of enjoyment, while it diminished the trouble and the expenditure, and this to a degree which, perhaps it may be found, will astonish even those who have the greatest faith in the power of the principle.

There is something in the luxuriance and beauty of

Nature, at the present season, which strongly inspires the wish that all could enjoy them more frequently, more completely. While toiling crowds are complain ing of heat and fatigue, all around the towns and cities where they toil lie the green fields, the shady lanes, the where they toil lie the green fields, the snauy manon, molecularly woods, the cool streams, the fresh bracing hills are free to all. They These delights are free to all. They
We want no ticket of admission to the cost nothing. concert of birds, nor are required to pay a price for the scents of the bright flowers. When we sit under a spreading tree, enjoying the cool shade, and rejoicing in the bright landscape all round, or looking up at the blue sky through the thick roof of leaves, we do not want riches or lands. The beauty is ours—as free to us, as the free air around and above us. All we want is time to enjoy these pure pleasures with minds free from care. We want life to be less cumbrous. To get rid of the petty details, and set our time free for the real work that the world so much needs. To leave off wasting with one hand what we toil unceasingly to get with the other. To work that we may live; not to live that we may work. To this end, let us not lose time in needless delays, but strenuously begin to act. If any suggestions given in these papers may contribute in any degree to help on the good cause, the object of the writer will be accomplished.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE BLACKBERRY.

(A FIRST STEP IN PROGRESS.)

I HAVE often been told that blackberry pudding is very nice, that blackberry wine is very good, that blackberry jam is exceedingly so, and particularly beneficial for sore throats; that the fruit in every way (except, like all other fruit, when eaten unripe) is very wholesome: but with the exception of gathering one or two while ruralizing, never tasted them till last season, which, as many, doubtless to their sorrow, remember, was one of great scarcity, especially of plums and damsons. Happening to be at Brighton, and observing the blackberries particularly large, and of fine appearance in the market, I ordered some for a tart as an experiment, and liked it very well, in flavour better than damsons, except being a little watery, and having that hardness of texture common to raspberries, gooseberries, and all other fruit when cultivation is neglected; which, however, I could not help thinking might by judicious care and attention be as effectually removed in the case of the blackberry as in that of the fruits in question. And knowing that the Society of Arts frequently offer premiums for improvements of this nature, I was induced to address the following letter to the Secretary:— 90, Guildford-street, Russell-square,

Kebruary 20, 1847.
Sir,—The great advantages resulting from the general introduction of rhubarb, as an early spring substitute for fruit, has led me to the idea that similar benefits might be brought to accrue, during our autumns, and especially in seasons of prevailing scarcity of plums and damsons, from the cultivation of the common hedge blackberry. The abundance and hardihood of the plant, its suitability to our climate, the wholesome, and, even in its wild state, not unpleasant flavour of the fruit, as also the circumstance of its being well adapted for preserving in the form of jam, would evidently (in an improved state) render it a highly desirable acquisition to thousands who are unable to incur the cost of more expensive fruits; and I, therefore, beg respectfully to suggest to your society the expediency of offering en-couragement for the cultivation and improvement of the blackberry, especially in the neighbourhood of large cities.

> I have the honour to be, Sir, Your very obedient servant.

J. Scott Russell, Esq., etc. etc., Secretary.

In due time the following answer arrived :--

Society of Arts, Adelphi, 20th May, 1847. MADAN,—The Committee of Agriculture having reported to the society last evening on your suggestion as to the cultivation of the blackberry, I am directed to express to you the thanks of the society for your communication, and the committee consider it is very desirable that the experiment suggested should be made, and they would be glad to receive specimens of the fruit from the cultivated plant.

(Signed) SAMUEL J. DAVERPORT.

Now, therefore, be it known to all who possess the necessary means and facilities, to all who "love their brethren"-who desire to do good in a world where so much good is needed, and at a period when so much suffering from scarcity of almost every kind prevails; that an opportunity presents itself for the accomplish-ment of a successful result through the bestowal of (a re and attention on the cultivation of this hitherto neglected, but unquestionably useful plant. It may be said that it is only now and then that a season occurs, when it would be really needed, to find a substitute for blighted products; that already, during years when apples, plums, etc. are in abundance, much waste of these fruits occurs in many districts, and that the cost of sending them to the London and other markets is more than can be procured for the produce. such a state of things, though it may now and then occur, is only an exception to the ordinary contingencies, and is, moreover, the result either of bad management, or narrow sordid policy, each of which, in a national point of view, are daily and gradually becoming superseded by wiser precautions, and a more generous and liberal spirit. There is no need or necessity for the commission of the sin of wasting wholesome produce; and whenever waste is going on in one house, or district, privation from want of that which is wasted is invariably felt in many. In seasons even of abundance, were the price of transmitting produce reduced,—as we trust it will be, and, through the extension of railways, are convinced it might, with mutual advantage,—it would be found that supply was seldom too great for consumption; and when markets are overstocked with fruit, an excellent opportunity is presented for the making of wine, as also for preserving in various forms, which, since the removal of the duty and restrictions on crown glass, and its

application to this and other domestic purposes at a cheap rate, may be kept as well for two or three years, until perhaps a season of scarcity arrives, as (from the porous nature of the earthenware jam pote, which admit the air and dry the contents) it can now be kept

But once again to the point of cultivation. There can be little expectation of result this year, the season is too far advanced. Nevertheless, useful knowledge may be gathered, observation made, and probably some partial experiments might be tried. Let those who are disposed to essay their powers, carefully observe the qua-lity of the soil, and the aspect, whether north or south, east or west, in which the plant is most prolific, and the fruit the best; if it luxuriates in high and dry, or in low and marshy districts: whether it thrives best alone, or in the immediate neighbourhood of other plants, or products, and the nature of those plants, etc. etc. Whether there exists any difference in the quality or nature of the plant itself, or if the results are always owing to locality and circumstance.

Having made these observations, it would doubtless be desirable to ascertain in what manner the slips and seeds are best propagated; and then, if opportunity occurs, endeavour to cultivate the plant on the innumerable slips of ground by the hedges and way-sides, the strength of which is now wasted by the growth of the briar, the thorn, and the thistle, and other emblems of the sluggard, but which, by the industrious use of honest and prudent means, might easily be devoted to

useful and beneficial produce.

Finally, let it be again remembered that great good often results from small and feeble beginnings. beginning in this case will be, the exercise of a little zeal and emulation in the cultivation of the plant so as to obtain the finest fruit. Let not partial failure, or only partial success, deter any from repeating the attempt. Rome was not built in a day, and many equally great and more good works have been accomplished by patience and perseverance. Let the successful producer of improved fruit send specimens, carriage free, enclosed to the secretary of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, London, accompanied by a plainly written statement of all the particulars relating to the growth, the observations made, the precautions taken, and the means employed; and then the good old society, being refreshed and invigorated by tasting the fruit, will, doubtless, reward those from whom the best specimens are received, by giving publicity to the facts and particulars, at its crowded and highly respectable meetings; by, perhaps, the honour of a gold or silver medal, or some pecuniary gratuity ac-cording to circumstances; and by admitting the statistics of the cultivation into the annual volume of its transactions; a copy of which is forwarded to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the president, and a host of distinguished individuals, in the nobility of nature as well as rank, among the nearly one thousand members of the society. May. 1847.

P.S. Upon inquiry I find it has been observed, that high banks and dry soils appear best adapted to the perfection of the fruit. In Normandy, I am also informed by a friend who has resided there, that wast quantities of blackberry plants, which assume the form of large bushes, are found to grow wild in the forests, under shelter of the trees, which are very lofty, the fruit of which is as large as very fine mulberries, and of exceedingly delicious flavour, and the syrup made from the juice forms a beautiful drink, and is very beneficial to sore throats. The circumstance of the fruit being of so fine a quality when grown under shade of trees in the forests of Normandy, and doubtless other parts of France, and which there is reason to believe is chiefly owing to the absorp-tion of the rain and moisture by the overhanging foliage,

would also suggest the probability of producing it in equal if not greater perfection here under the protection of green or hot-houses. Our own hot-house grapes, pines, and other similar fruits, being esteemed of finer flavour and quality than any which grow in the open air on the continent, on account of the absence of an undue quantity of moisture, and the consequent absorption of water into the juices of the plant. It is, however, from the cheaper methods of cultivation in the open air that the greatest general advantage is to be derived.

DR. BOWRING ON THE DECIMAL SYSTEM OF COINAGE.

Dr. Bowning has sent us the following article, which includes a summary of his speech in Parliament, on the 17th of April last, on the introduction of a decimal evetem into our coinage, and its adoption into our mode of keeping accounts.

He was glad to have received much encouragement in a great variety of communications with which he had been favoured, all showing that the public mind was prepared for the changes he proposed; and that there was a general conviction of the great advantages of a decimal system of coinage, over the complex system now existing. Among many schemes, that which he was about to suggest met with the most general acceptance. He knew how strong was the feeling—the prejudice he might say—in favour of existing habits and usages; and that in this country, more than anywhere else, the question was less about the quo eundum est than the quo itur. But still the recommendations of a decimal system were so many, and so obvious, that its introduction would not be long de-layed. Every man who looked at his ten fingers, saw an argument for its use, and an evidence of its practi-cability. His suggestion was simply to divide the pound sterling into one thousand farthings, and this would give all the needful elements for a perfect system of decimal coinage. He would preserve the pound sterling as the integer or point of unity. It had been associated with our accounts, and with our currency, from almost immemorial time; and was in fact a very convenient starting post for decimal division. Pro-fessor De Morgan, and many other eminent men, concurred in the suggestion of dividing the pound sterling into a thousand parts, and accommodating our coinage to the centesimal and decimal divisions. The Arabic numerals, so admirably adapted to a decimal system, seemed to point to that system as a necessary consequence of their introduction; for though the Romans seem to have had some gleams of the advantages of a decimal currency, their numerals would not easily accommodate themselves to it, nor indeed to any arithmetical calculations. The decimal system had made great progress through the civilized world. At this family. With three or four exceptions, it had been adopted by all the nations of Europe—in the vast Russian empire, from Kamtschatka to the Baltic—from the Euxine and the Caspian to the White Sea-and through the wide regions of China, with its more than 300,000,000 of souls. In proposing this change, it was his object to interfere as little as possible either with the names or values of existing coins. He suggested no new copper coinage, but a very slight diminution of the value of the farthing, halfpenny, and penny, so that, instead of representing the 1-960th, 1-480th, and 1-240th of a pound sterling, they should pass for the 1-1000th,

1-500th, and 1-250th parts. The gold coinage would remain without any alteration, and in the silver he should propose to introduce two new coins, namely, the twoshilling piece, which he suggested might be called a Queen, and which would be the tenth part of a pound sterling; and another piece to represent the tenth of the Queen, or the 1-100th part of the pound sterling, to which he proposed giving the name of Victoria—in both cases designating the era in which the decimal system had been adopted. Thus in the gold currency, the sovereign would represent 1,000 farthings—the half sovereign 500 farthings, or half the pound. In the silver coins, the crown would represent 250 farthings or the fourth of a pound, the half crown 125 farthings or the eighth of a pound, the Queen 100 farthings or the tenth of a pound, the shilling fifty farthings or the twentieth of a pound, the simple artifular for the twentieth of a pound, the sixpence twenty-five farthings or the fortieth of a pound, and the Victoria ten farthings or the 100th of a pound; and the copper coinage would still represent farthings, half pence, and pennies, being 1,000th, 500th, and 250th parts of a pound. They should on the first new issues be reduced to the extent of four per cent., that is to say, 1,000 instead of 960 farthings would go to the pound sterling. If a new system had to be introduced, there might be some advantage in calling the farthings mils or millimes, the Victorias cents or centimes, the Queens decs, dimes, or decimes; but on the whole he was disposed to retain the anc ent names, as they would at once present associations of value, and, as he believed, facilitate the early application and universal adoption of the system. The two new silver coins would be exceedingly convenient. The two-shilling piece, from its form and weight, would soon become popular, and in fact the most useful of all the silver coins. Having made some inquiries, he was able to say that its size would allow it to be a beautiful specimen of monetary art. Its value, the double shilling, would be understood by everybody; it would be about half a dollar, the coin which, perhaps, of all others, is best known through the commercial world, and it nearly represents the Austrian florin, which has a wide circulation. The Victoria would be the smallest of the silver coins, representing the 100th part of the pound sterling, or 23d. of existing currency, which to the popular mind would be nearly allied to 24d. This coin is about the value of the vellon rial of Spain, which is the point of unity of the Spanish currency. It has been objected that it would be too small for common use; but he begged to remind the House, that it would not be much smaller than the silver penny in the time of Edward the Third, which was then the only currency in the realm—the only recognised coin of the land. Our pounds, shillings, and pence, in the Saxon period, no doubt represented an unvarying quantity of silver, the penny being twenty-four grains, the ounce twenty pennies, and the pound twelve ounces, the weight and the tale being identical; but gradual depreciations brought down the pound sterling from 5,760 to 1,614 grains, the present standard, so that the value of the currency has been reduced nearly three-fourths. At, and after the conquest, down to the time of Edward the First, the penny weighed twenty-two and a half grains. Edward the First reduced it to twenty-two grains, and Edward the Third to twenty grains, and he first coined twopences and fourpences, that is, half groats and groats, weighing forty and eighty grains. The present weight of a silver penny is about 62 grains; so that the new coin would weigh the transfer of the silver penny is about 62 grains; so that the new coin would weigh about eighteen grains, which he repeated would be about the size of the whole currency of England in the fourteenth century. The introduction of a decimal system in France, with whatever resistance it had been originally met, was now a matter of universal congratulation. No man could be found in that country who did not scknowledge its benefits. It had supplanted a currency

of pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings—the livre, sol, denier, and liard. These had been replaced with francs and centimes; and though sometimes the o'd names were heard, they introduced no confusion, and the National Assembly by the establishment of the decimal currency was everywhere recognised as having conferred an immense benefit upon the country. From France the good example had spread to Italy, where many of the states had adopted a decimal system. In Lombardy and the Venetian provinces, it was introduced in 1823, and accounts were kept in lire (value about 8d.), or soldi, being 1-10th, and centesimi, being 1-100th of the lira. Ducats and zecchins were heard of in conversation, but not employed in accounts. In sardinia, the decimal system of france and centimes was adopted. In the Roman States, the scude, being worth about 4s. 4d., was divided into 10 paoli and 100 bajocchi, so that they enjoyed a complete decimal system of currency and account. In Tuscany, though the phrasecurrency and account. In Tuscany, though the parase-ology of pound, shilling, and pence, lire, soldi, and danari, is retained, the lira is practically divided into 100 cents. In Naples, all is decimal accountancy, the ducat being ten carlini—the carlino ten grains. Holland, a country, like our own, strengly wedded to antique doctrines and usages, abandoned her ancient currency in 1811, and adopted the decimal system, dividing the florin, equal to 20d., into 100 cents, and coining the Willem, equal to ten florins. The old silver coinage is already beginning to disappear, and the gold of the former coinage passes by weight instead of tale. The Dutch colonies have not been slow to follow the example of the mother country. Belgium, immediately after her separation from Holland, introduced the French decimal system of coins, weights, and measures, though at first the public accounts were kept both in florins and francs: the use of the florins continued only a short time; both coins and calculations have disappeared, and francs and centimes are now universally adopted and with universal approval. The Zollverein, which and with universal approval. The Zoliverein, which had to accommodate itself to a very great variety of coins, weights, and measures, made an important step towards a decimal system by recognising no weight but the centner of 100lbs. Prussian, and no coins but the dollar of thirty groschen, and the florin of sixty kreutzers. Several of the Swiss states had introduced the decimal divisions, by making the Swiss franc represent 100 cents. Decimal coinage Swiss franc represent 100 cents. Decimal coinage and decimal accounts were universal in the extensive Russian empire, with its 70,000,000 of inhabitants, the rouble, consisting of 100 copecks, being established over all the territory. In Greece, one of the earliest results of the revolution was the adoption of a decimal currency, the only coins of account being the phoenix or drachma (of about 81d. sterling), and its hundredth part, the lipta. Portugal and the Brazils both enjoyed a decimal system, their milrei being divided into 1,000 reis, precisely as he proposed to divide the pound ster-ling into a thousand farthings. Through the United States of America the decimal coinage prevailed—the dollar with its 100 cents—and the same system had already made its way into Mexico, Central America, and many other transatlantic communities. He had already stated that the whole Chinese population reck-oned by tens, and that a decimal mode of calculation and account had existed in that empire from the remotest times. Even into the Ottoman dominions the decimal system was penetrating. In Egypt, all the coinage of Mahomet Ali represented decimal divisions. there being in copper the one and the five paras; in silver, the ten and twenty paras, the one, five, ten, and twenty piastres; and in gold, five, ten, twenty and 100 piastres. In Persia, too, the decimal coinage prevailed; ten floose make the danim, ten danims the mahmoudy, and 100 mahmoudies the tomand. Without going farther, and wearying the House with other details, he

thought he had established his case, and showed the ease with which his suggestions might be adopted. Would Great Britain stand alone with her complicated and entangled system, so unintelligible to foreigners, and often so embarrassing to her own subjects? Every European country, except Spain, Denmark, and Sweden, had given us satisfactory evidence of the benefits of the change he suggested; and it was little honour to us to lag behind the civilized world. All the puzzles and perplexities of compound addition, subtraction, multi-plication, and division, would be got rid of by the simplicity of decimal calculation; all interest would be reckoned by the simplest processes of multiplication; and a short experience of the advantages of a decimal system would produce only a feeling of wonder that we should have so long tolerated the existing state of our coinage, currency, and accounts. He did not at present propose a change in our system of weights and measures. That change would naturally follow upon the improvements he now suggested. The Resolution he had to propose for the approval of the Houss was—

"That an Humble Address be presented to Her Ma jesty, requesting that She will be graciously pleased to authorize the issue of Coins representing the value of Two Shillings, being the tenth of a Pound sterling, and two pence and two-fifths, being the hundredth part of a Pound sterling, such Coins to be called Queens and Victorias, or any other name which to Her Majesty may seem best."

Literary Notice.

Settlers and Convicts; or, Recollections of Sixteen Years' Lacour in the Australian Backwoods. By an Emigrant Mechanic. London: Cox, 12, King William street Street liam-street, Strand.

THE perusal of this work, which constitutes the 12th and 13th of Knight's Monthly Volumes, has reminded us strongly of the saying of Cobbett, that going out to live in a colony was like a mouse jumping from beneath the cat's stomach under her paws. If a man find an arbitrary spirit prevailing at home, he finds ten times more of it abroad in our Colonies, and more constantly operating. Little men in authority, far from the control of government, and of home opinion, often exercise that authority with a wicked wantonness that is annoying, and that makes us, in reading of their doings,

rejoice to be still at home.

The narrative of our Emigrant displays this state of things in Sydney most strikingly. He describes the condition of the convict population as wretched in the extreme, both morally and physically. The crime and debauchery amongst them is utterly revolting, and the brutality with which they are treated is equally so. The lash is applied unmereifully, on various occasions, till the flesh of their backs is torn away in shreds. As the period of their transportation approaches its end, they are irritated, and pushed if possible into some oxcess of temper; or some accident is magnified into a crime, the lash is resorted to, and the period of their banishment is prolonged by the ready magistracy. Our Emigrant found that a free labourer was regarded with great aversion by the magistracy and landowners, because they consider the sight of free labourers renders the convict labourers discontented. He found it difficult, on this account, to procure employment, and having advanced two hundred miles up the country to seek it,

he was seized, and marched back to Sydney, because he had neglected to carry his certificate with him. These circumstances he describes as frequent, but carefully concealed by writers in general on Australia.

Spite of all obstacles and opposition, he eventually obtained work as a sawyer in the cedar bush, undertook various jobs on his own account, then became a grazier, and finally seems to have returned in search of health, and well off in the world, to his native country.

The whole story is written in a clear and manly style, having every evidence of truth, and the description of the life of the settlers is one of the best we have seen. It conveys you into the country, and lays before your eye the native forests, the great plains with their wan-dering herdsmen, and herds; the bush and bush-rangers; the aborigines; the chain-gangs; the solitary but of the cattle-keeper in the wilderness, of the wood-fellers in the forest; and the easy, prosperous life of the farmers. The writer, falling in in one of his sawing engagements with a farmer's son, finds in him a sincere friend, is introduced by him to his family, of which he becomes one, and marries his friend's sister Mary. The adventures of his life are deeply interesting, as is the whole book. He is attempted to be seized on a charge of cattle stealing; some head of cattle belonging to a cattle steaming; some nead of cattle belonging to a neighbouring magistrate having, as often is the case in the bush, got into his herd, and were branded with his mark. To avoid prison, he is obliged to fly for a time, and in crossing the wild bush he well-nigh perished of hunger, a very frequent occurrence in those immense, pathless, and bewildering deserts, where skeletons are found lying in the thickets, often across some fallen tree, where the exhausted wanderer has fainted, and breathed his last. But it will give a livelier idea of the country and its population to select a passage or two from our author's experience.

In Sydney, roving to and fro to acquaint himself with the real life and manners of the place, he came upon one of the haunts of the sailors and convicts. It was on the rocks which wall the back of the wharf at Port Jackson. It was, in fact, one of the most desperate dens of robbery and debauch, kept by Dennis M'Carthy, an Irishman. In this scene of rude revel and pocket picking, our Emigrant's attention was attracted by the wreck of a young woman, whose fate and end, as described by him, have something extremely touching in them, and may afford some deep lessons of wisdom to those who are too righteous, in their own eyes, to seek and save those who are lost. We shall, therefore, offer no apology for their introduction here :

The reader will, I doubt not, permit the introduction of a little episede. It has reference to a subject which I have all my life since this time felt that I should like to say half-a-dozen words about to the community at large. The topic is generally a delicate and a difficult one; but in the present case, its events were of far too painful and inclancholy a character to be deemed offensive.

When our meal was over, I, who had no inclination to join in the frightful doses of raw spirit which those who came in with me were awallowing, fell into conversation with a young woman who was sitting beside me. She was quite sober, and on my coming in had made room for me beside her, by an act of natural courtesy; and when several times I offered her the glass during supper, merely sipped and put it down. She was sallow and thin, and coughed almost incessantly. She told me she was given over by the doctor, and when I asked her how she could think of coming to such a place under such circumstances, she said she knew it was not right, but she could not sleep of a night, and wanted company; when her "sister"—so they usually speak in the sister hood of sorrow—came here, she came too. Her breath was very bad, and she was afraid she should die some night while she was alone. She was a native of London; and had been there nearly seven years, but should not be there much longer. How long had I been here? Was I a towney too?

"An emigrant; here about twelve months, and a Londoner." " Indeed, where was I working?

⁽¹⁾ Would not our worthy friend reverse the values of his As they now stand, they make Victoria only the tenth of a Queen; whereas, reversed, one Victoria would be worth ten ordinary Queens.—Eds.

" Came to Sydney, with a load of cedar from the islands."

"Came to Sydney, with a load of codar from the inlands."

"Did I mean to stay in Sydney? I must mind what I drank
in that house, for old George was always hocussing some poor
lagger (sailor) or another, and leaving him without a feather
to fly with when he waked in the morning."

My attention became wholly abstracted from the fierce riot
around; I heard nothing but the broken voice that was answering my questions; I saw nothing but my own mental visions of the woes it told, till some one threw open the window shutters, and said it was sunrise.

Sunrise seemed the signal for a general dissolution of the assemblage. The sailors went to their ships; the convicts sneaked off to their gangs; and the wretched, half-frantis women that had completed the groups staggered away to any dog-hole where they could find a temporary lurking-place to sleep off

the effects of drink.

the effects of drunk.

The rocks, being so clevated, and almost surrounded by the waters of the harbour, are the pleasantest part of Sydney. When George-street, the main street, is like an oven, a fine, soft breeze may generally be felt moving on that high ground. Itaving nothing to do, I often strolled up there; and whenever I happened to meet with Jane, the poor invalid I have mentioned, I went into the "Sheer Hulk," and sate down with her; for I went into the "Sheer Hulk," and sate down with her; for she was generally, if out at all, sitting in the shade somewhere about that spot. She could never drink anything but tea, so I used to make old D—— provide us with some. A remarkable and admirable religious instinct had led her companions of her own sex to insist on her living at their charge for some time before. The cost might not be great, but still it was human nature standing forward in its heroism between its kind and the enemy. Their expression was: "She should not die in her sin." I thought it very beautiful. It had not occurred to me, who had plenty of money, and strength, and right to earn more; but these outcasts, whose earnings were a crime, and whom men trampled upon as the worthless ones of the earth, were steady in their reckless kindness, never forgetful, and often giving half of all they possessed beyond mere clothing to her, who would not be long able to give even the simple remuneration of her thanks. At last I insisted on her taking a rupee or a dollar from me every few days. Some days passed, at length, without my me every few days. Some ways passed at length, whose my seeing her. I made no inquiries, expecting every day to meet her. But the fourth afternoon her particular associate met me, and asked me to go with her to "her sister," for she was very ill. She conducted me to one of the worst parts of the Rocks, and the same with the window shutter. and then up the steps of an old house, with the window shutter nailed up, and a shattered door without fastening. The joists were still ranged along the ground floor, but the boards were all torn off, probably to burn. Stepping from one joist to another through the front and back rooms, which were both in the same condition, we went into a little weather-boarded shed, not much bigger than a large chest of drawers, built up to the back of the house for a sort of a washhouse. Here the two occupied one small bed on the bare ground. They had, some time before, been turned out of doors to make room for a better lodger, because they were too poor to pay their rent regularly; and the sad impulse of necessity had conducted them to this empty house, where the bare joists prevented them using the empty rooms, and the staircase being too broken to go up and down at night, they had taken possession of the shed. It had an earthen floor, and the sun being on that side all the middle of the day, the heat beat through the low roof of wood, only half an inch or so thick, with an intolerable force.

What a feat for man to triumph in, to have brought simple, confiding woman to such a doom as this! The poor sufferer was too hoarse to speak, or rather, could make no sound. She had caught the influenza, which was then about, and is the only fatal epidemic of the colony. Added to her previous complaint, it had made perfect have of her little remaining strength. Her eye was lustrous and wild, her face clammy all over with the heat, and her breathing one protracted struggle. If my Lord _____, who took her from her father and mother and brothers ten years ago, at sixteen years of age, could have looked from amid his luxury into this shed, he must have hated

his mocking escutcheon.

As I could not understand what she was trying to say, I went out and got a pencil and paper, for she had had a first-rate edu-cation. An old Italian, who had been a prisoner, but was now boating on the river, told me she understood his language as well as he did himself, and "talked it like a lady." She must have of almost all the pieces played by the military band.

She wrote on the paper that she should like to have a doctor;

that she thought she should get better; and would I come and see her every day? From the instant I went in, as soon as I saw the piece of buttered bread that lay untouched beside her, quite crisped with the heat, and the butter melted right through it, I crisped with the heat, and the butter melted right through it, I had quite settled that point. I said that I would fetch a doctor directly. Off I went down the Rocks, across George-street, past the Tanks, to Dr. Bland's, the first medical practitioner in the colony. I met him at his own door; like himself, when I described the case, that good man turned and went with me at once. After seeing Jane, he told me there was no hope of her living more than six or seven weeks, and he urged her being sent to the hospital. But this she would not hear of. She informed me that she had once been a retient there but was no tarrifed me that she had once been a patient there, but was so terrified by seeing the scarcely dead dragged off their beds whilst yet warm, and covered with some scant rag, borne off to the cold and solitary dead-house, that she had come out half cured, and would sooner die than go there again. The next thought was what ought to have been the first. I went out and took a large first-floor room that looked down on the water for her, a nice cool shady place, on the side of the house not exposed to the mid-day sun; and as soon as it grew a little cool we removed her; the companion of her poverty, who had given her half her narrow bed, going with her as volunteer nurse. That night, when the moon got up, I had the happiest yet the saddest walk I have ever had in my life. Its sensations remain to this hour, I had left her in a quiet house, nursed tenderly, medicated wisely, fanned by a sweet sea breeze, and, more than all the rest, confiding in, depending on me. But this was the end of all, and it was to be but for a few days. So thinking and feeling, I rambled on to near l'aramatta and back before morning. At this distance of time, it seems to me very strange; but I felt then as if I had never been in such perfect tranquil enjoyment of all the highest faculties of my being. Perhaps it was so. Perhaps this first downright outburst of my soul set me thenceforth thinking, and feeling, and knowing, and willing, and enjoying, and daring, and gaining, and desiring as I never had done before. Forgetfulness of self is surely the gate into the divine places of the universe; and thus this night, for a little while, I was allowed to walk with God.

In about ten days, the influenza, which Jane had been labouring under, was subdued; but she was very weak. She, however, did get up, and for some days walked about; but her weakness became greater, and she again took to her bed. She rose no more. I sat up with her the chief part of the nights myself. Oh, how tending the dying makes us love them ! During these hours I read to her nearly the whole of the Testament, of which she became more and more fond. About a week before she died, she gave me directions to take from her pocket a packet of letters, which, as soon as she was dead, I was to sink in the middle of the harbour. I could have been better pleased than with my mission; I imagined them to be the letters of her destroyer, and I abhorred their contact. Sitting the same night in the old arm-chair by the bed-head reading as usual, I fell asleep about two or three o'clock in the morning. When I awoke, it was broad daylight. My right hand had fallen over on to the pillow; she had clasped it in both hers, pressed it to her lips, and fallen asleep. Tear spots were still damp upon the pillow. A few days after this she died. I did not see her die; but they said it was the mere change of a minute—a gentle wandering of thought into bewilderment bewilderment becoming

unconsciousness—unconsciousness settling into death.

Just outside Sydney, south, there is a large, uneven track of sand, the Sand Hills. Everybody in New South Wales knows the import of the Sand Hills. It is one of the still trophy the import of the Sand Hills. vards of death-one of the stillest-one of the saddest. Here in a cloudy, winter day, a chiller and more wail-like breeze goes stealing along each little knoll that breasts up along the barren hollow. And here, too, in the summer's prime, the sand, gathering the solar heat, glows upward again into the solar beams, intensifying them, till it is faintness and blindness, and something near suffocation to stand still anywhere within the dread precinct. If the world were searched from end to end, nowhere could you find another such volume of unutterable woe as is bound up in this little spot. In yonder corner lie the Jews; in this the Protestants; here the Presbyterian; there the Catholic; but all wanderers far from home and kin. group of these masses, and analyse it. What elements! Misfortunes wonderful-incredible delusions-pure suffering -and direct criminality. To such a home they carried the woe begone creature whose truest friend had met her all too late. I could not properly follow her to the grave, but some of her own sort did; and when all was over, and the town still, I went out alone, and paid my last melancholy tribute to her remains.

The length of this deeply interesting episode precludes our quoting from some of the author's inland adventures, and modes of life. They are full of variety and novelty. Visits from Bushrangers and natives, to the camps of the black men, and to the houses of the settlers. The whole is written in a most clear and graphic style—full of manly sentiment. We have rarely read two little volumes with so much pleasure; and we have derived a more lively idea of the country than from any work which we ever met with before.

CAPITALISTS AND EDUCATION.

LABOUR is the source of all wealth. equal significance and importance is this, that most of the wealthy men of England who now wield immense masses of capital, more or less efficiently, in the emmasses of capital, more or less emeletity, in the em-ployment of labour and in the production and distribu-tion of wealth, have risen from the working classes during the last fifty or sixty years. No one can doubt the truth of this statement who knows anything of the personal history of our principal merchants and manufacturers. Now, amongst capitalists, as amongst all great numbers of individuals, there exists the greatest variety of character and conduct. For the sake of illustration, let us consider two extreme cases. Take first the case of a man in the annual receipt of forty thousand pounds, which he annually expends in the manner following:—he has two or three establishments in different parts of the country, in each of which there is a large retinue of servants; he is continually enlarging and embellishing his mansions, purchasing costly paintings, precious gems, and other costly works of art, and adding to a library of which no rational use is ever made: he keeps twenty or thirty race-horses, with the necessary attendants—a hunting stud, with hounds and huntsmen; he travels, he plays deeply, he is a patron of theatricals and music; in a word, the sum of forty thousand pounds is annually spent in providing luxures for one man, that he may be made conspicuous above his fellow-creatures. Now, although such a course of expenditure must necessarily be attended in some respects with great advantages to all those interested in it, it is evident that it does not contribute in the greatest possible degree to the happiness of the community. For there are numbers of individuals destitute of the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of life; while there are great sources of wealth as yet undeveloped, it being possible to invest capital in many ways with a reasonable prospect of realizing a profit; and at the same time an amount of wealth represented by forty thousand pounds has been consumed, and not replaced by the labour of the consumers by an equivalent value of articles most generally desired.

Take next the case of a man who possesses four hundred thousand pounds, which sum he employs with enterprise, skill, and prudence, in manufactures, in the construction of railroads, in agriculture, or in any other way, by which he realises a profit of forty thousand pounds a year. Suppose that he set apart from this annual income four thousand pounds for his own and family's expenses, and that the rest is partly added to the original stock—the whole to be again profitably employed—and partly expended, as follows, in attempting to raise the condition of the lowest class with which he may be connected. He builds cottages for his workmen, on a plan best calculated to promote the health of the inmates, by securing good drainage, ventilation, and a plentiful supply of water; he encourages clubs instituted for the purpose of supporting the sick, the aged, and the infirm; he originates schools for the children and for the adults; news-rooms, reading-rooms,

and societies for discussion and conversation on scientific, literary, and moral subjects. Thus disease and poverty will be immediately diminished, and the diffusion of knowledge, and the cultivation of the feelings and tastes, will ultimately lead to the formation of an army of labourers similar to himself. Surely this capitalist is one of the most useful of men. Property, it is said, has its duties as well as its rights, and in this instance they are nobly performed. Moreover, the case is not imaginary. But how great and beneficent would be the changes effected on the condition of man, were it the rule and not the exception. However, the investigations of philosophers, as well as the results of experience, have clearly shown the injustice and inex-pediency of attempting to control by force the use of capital. To interfere directly with the conduct of the rich, luxurious spendthrift, would be no less absurd than to interfere with that of the artisan who spends than to interfere with that of the artisal who spends half his weekly earnings in riotous debauchery. No I the empire of force is tottering to its basis, and nothing must be done to retard its fall. How, then, can a class of capitalists be created, capable of acting from the highest motives—unwilling to glorify themselves at the expense of the community—satisfied with a decent competency, if by their exertions and by the instrumentality of their honestly acquired wealth the condition of the most degraded classes can be ameliorated? Such a class will necessarily be formed in the onward course of civilization; - the process, indeed, has already commenced. Everything can be accomplished by the mild influence of persuasion, by the gradual and universal diffusion of knowledge, and by the development of the best emotions. Is not the highest welfare of the individual coincident with that of his fellow creatures? Is it not true that man can pity, sympathize with, and love his fellow creatures? Is he not capable of enjoying the luxury of doing good with as great a zest as the luxuries of wealth? Can he not be taught to despise the banbles of antiquity, and to estimate the value of everything by its tendency to promote the general welfare? Yes! there are truths and principles latent in the bosom of every rude and untutored man, and there needs but opportunity and circumstance to rouse them into activity. Of what paramount importance, therefore, is the education of the people! Labourers and artisans are continually becoming employers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and merchants. Oh! that every child in our beloved country could be enlightened, that its moral feelings and sentiments could be elicited; so that, when arrived at manhood, it might be able to appreciate the true nature of happiness, to estimate correctly the value of the pleasures and duties of life, and to comprehend the increased responsibility indissolubly connected with increased power for good or evil. BRTA.

SUMMER SONNET.

BY PETER PAUL PALETTE.

Baight, sunny Summer! season of warm days, Of ripening suns, and yellow harvestry! Beneath the brooding fervence of thy sky. The teeming earth its fruitfulness displays, And toiling husbandmen in store repays.

Where'er we rove, soft gales go flitting by, Charged with the hay's sweet breath deliciously. From many a heaped field. Through pleasant ways—Green, winding lanes—that lead from farm to farm, A thousand tinkling teams the fragrant load Bear off, to crofts and yards, at thy command; And crowds of merry harvest-gatherers swarm. In every mead, and rural, leafy road, Throughout the length and breadth of this fair land.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work ron all, and we desire to work WITH all.—Eds.

New and very important Chemical Discovery .- Before our next Journal appears, the public will be made acquainted, through the newspapers, with one of the most important of modern discoveries. It is that of a fluid for destroying all offensive smells. This great discovery, so invaluable to our domestic existence in a thousand ways, is of French origin. It has been submitted, by the discovery to the Gonzana to the discovery. thousand ways, is of French origin. It has been submitted, by the discoverer, to the Government of this country, who have, for a considerable time, been testing its powers by a series of careful experiments, in the hands of a committee of gentlemen of eminent scientific knowledge. The trial has been thoroughly successful, and its publicity is now determined upon. We have long been cognizant of these proceedings, but were not at liberty to divulge them. We rejoice that the time is now arrived for the communication of this great boon to mankind.

We reserve the details of the properties of this chemical agent to another week, but we may here state briefly, that every species of acisome and unwholesome smell is immediately destroyed by it. Pour a quantity of it into the most felid sink or cessoool.

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it. Pour a quantity of it into the most fetid sink or cesspool, and all offensive odour is annihilated; the foulest air of and all offensive odour is annihilated; the foulest air of the foulest apartment, where disease or death and putrefaction reign, becomes instantly sweet; all taint is removed from meat or any other article; and, in short, in the sick chamber, in the closest and densest atmosphere, wherever the most repulsive stench arises from the decomposition of animal matter, or in the process of any manufacture, we possess in this preparation, which we believe is cheap enough for the most universal use, an instant and effectual determined the offencies of t tual destroyer of the offensive effluvia.

It will at once be apparent what a welcome gift this must prove to mankind, and how vast and varied is the field of its application. If, as we trust, its powers are equal to the report we have of them, we can conceive nothing which could give a greater

advance to the comfort, health, and purity of social life.

Frederick Douglass.—The American Anti-Slavery Society has taken the bold but proper step of marking at once its sense of the treatment of Frederick-Douglass on board the Cambria, and of the anti-Christian prejudice against colour which is so prevalent in the United States, by electing Frederick Douglass prevalent in the United States, by electing Frederick Dougnass president of the recent Anti-Slavery Convention. This is going the whole hog. America has thus seen a black man not only admitted to the society of educated whites, but placed at their head; not merely admitted to the same room, but occupying the seat of honour in that room; not only permitted to sit down with whites, but sitting as their director and ruler. This is a step dictated by the genuine instinct of the fitting and the true in human nature.

Cottages, Land, and Congenial Society.—In our notice of the proposal made under this head in our Record of July 3d, the reference was inadvertently omitted. All inquiries on the subject may be addressed to Mr. George Howe, 10, Deptford Bridge.

Whiltington Club in Birmingham.—Ere this appears, a public meeting will have been held in Birmingham, George Dawson in the chair, to consider the propriety of such an institution in that

Proposal for an Union of Mutual Improvement Societies .-SIR.—One cannot help being struck at this time with the univer-ad movement now taking place amongst the working classes in advancing and forwarding themselves in a moral and intellectual advancing and forwarding themselves in a moral and intellectual point of view. They appear at last to have awakened from the apathy in which, up to this time, they have been sunk, and setting in earnest to the good work of progress. This movement is characterised in many ways, but the principal one appears to be the founding of "Improvement Societies." These societies are now spread throughout the kingdom; every little village and town has now its society, and the earnest and thoughtful spirit in which they are worked is sure to produce a

good effect. Still something is needed to ensure the diffusion of correct knowledge on different subjects, some bond of brother-hood betwirt society and society. Many societies, started with the best of motives, have experienced a premature decline, and sunk into a state of lifeless inanity for the want of something adapted for turning their thoughts into the right channels, and directing their energies to the pursuit of a right object. In other places they have been formed without due regard to cirother places they have been formed without due regard to cir-cumstances and locality, and have been doomed by the voices of the wealthy and illiberal to a violent death. Such cases are taking place even now, one, which deserves special attention, having just come under my own notice. A mechanics' institu-tion was formed at a small village called Walton, a few miles from Wakefield, by a few well-wishing young men, who wished to do a little good in their own province, and which has been doomed since its birth to a system of persecution almost unparalleled. In some cases, masters have threatened to dismiss their servants if they persisted in attending the institution, thus checking the good fruit in the bud. Such instances are, however, happily very rare; but, however, to provide against all these contingencies this union has been projected. My plan is this,—that the shires of England be divided into unions, one union to one shire, each union to elect out of its officers two or union to one shire, each union to elect out of its omeers two or more representatives (governed, of course, by circumstances) to represent them in a general annual meeting of the unions throughout the kingdom, when the state of progress should be reported. The advantages such a union would effect are many, one or two of which may be enumerated. In the first place, any accident by which the progress of the society might be retarded, would be removed by the helping hand from the parent society, thus placing a bar betwirt the society and its enemies. In the next place, a series of peculiar advantages might be made available by this union. For, as under existing circumstances societies are liable to a charge of sameness from some not over-carnest members; this might be removed by the passing from society to society of able lecturers, thus securing to all the same privileges, and awakening the spirit of instruction from the gratification of curiosity. However, besides these, many other advantages might be made applicable to all the societies, and a livelier tone and spirit of advancement would be the result.

I feel, Sir, I am exceeding the bounds, but the subject is one of peculiar importance, and I shall be satisfied if this feeble effort of mine would raise up some powerful writer in our behalf. And believe me, yours truly,

Westgate, Wakefield. GEORGE TYAS, JUN.

The Parliamentary Society.—MARY AND WILLIAM HOWITT.
DEAR FRIENDS,—As I know that your columns are open equally to the moderately-wealthy class as to the poor, I take this opportunity for endeavouring to spread among that class the advantages they can now derive, as follows:—A discussion society, called "The Parliamentary Society," has been just formed, to which it would be to the advantage of all young men who ever expect or hope to represent their country in parliament to belong. It is superior to other discussion societies, as being to belong. It is superior to other discussion societies, as being conducted similarly to the House of Commons, and therefore sesses superior advantages for the moderately-wealthy class. Being but just organized, it at present meets at the houses of the different members to determine on the rules, etc.; but if any gentleman would wish to belong to such a society, but would first wish to be present at a meeting to determine whether he will join, he can do so by writing to any of the under-mentioned

gentlemen, and giving two respectable referees.

I am, Madam and Sir, your humble admirer,

London, June 15th, 1847.

A. A, B. C.

Mr. E. T. Smith, 24, Golden-square; Mr. Abraham, jun., 6, Gt. Marlborough-street; Mr. H. C. Greenwood, 103, Camdeuroad Villas, Camden Town; Mr. M. R. Leveson, 18, Queensquare, Bloomsbury.

Demonstration by the Dissenters in fabour of Voluntary Education.—We are authorised to state, that two private meetings have been held, with the view of considering the propriety of taking early measures for the formation of a society for the promotion of popular education, exclusively on the voluntary

principle.

In order to receive the freest expression of opinion, and the most enlarged co-orderation, it is intended, we are informed, to convene a conference of the friends of voluntary education through; out the country, as soon as practicable after the cilium election. The arrangements will be formally smounced in due course.

Gift of an estate to the Legis Bedemption Society.—This estate, which lies near Caermarthen in South Wales, has been effected to the exercise of the Legis Bedemption Society.—This

offered to the acceptance of the Leeds Redemption Society on certain conditions. The proprietor, who is a young man and a communist, proposes, we hear, to locate himself with the other

settlers upon it.

Imilations of Cameos.—We have seen a new mode of imitating these beautiful gems, of which we cannot speak too highly. It is the invention of Miss M. A. Nichols, and enables her at a reasonable cost to present the finest fac simile of the most costly reasonable cost to present the inner lac simile of the most costly cameo, whilst it is adapted for every use to which this beautiful ornament can be applied.

Emigration of French Communists.—The French Communists having lately suffered much persecution, are now proposing to emigrate, en masse, under the direction of M. Cabet, to found a Communist State, probably in America. M. Cabet was at one time a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and is also known as the author of a History of France. His two chief Communist works are the Voyage en Icarie, an utopian romance, from whence those who agree with his views have been called Torrians; and Vrais Christianieme, in which he bases Communism upon the faith of Jesus. He also is editor of the Populaire, in upon the faith of Jesus. He also is editor of the Populaire, in which paper he has developed the necessity of French Communist emigration. His appeal to this effect has met with a willing response from the Commanists in France, and their ary,—a new version of "To your tents, O. Israel!"—is Allous en Icarie. They will emigrate at least by hundreds. To cooperate with them in this step, a meeting of a preliminary cluracter has already been held by the English-Communists, at the Coffee-room of the Literary Institute, John-street, Totenham Court-road, at which Goodwyn Barmby, Charles Sully, and others, were present. Another meeting will also be held at the same place, at which definite resolutions on the matter will be moved, and a Communist Emigration Committee organised.

Suggestion in regard to Capital Punishments.—Sin.— It

Suggestion in regard to Capital Punishments.—Sin,—It appears, nowithstanding that the motion of Mr. Ewart in the appears, notwithstanding that the motion of Mr. Ewart in the House of Commons some years since, directed against capital punishment, was negatived only by a majority of one, yet that it remains the law of the land, despite the exertions of the Society of Friends and those who emulate their zeal in the cause of reason and humanity. I remember when what is called Catholic Emancipation (and a very imperfect emancipation it was) occupied greatly the attention of parliament, and on one occasion was near being carried, but failed through the exertions of the late Lord Colebster: the friends of the measure immediately the late Lord Colchester; the friends of the measure immediately commenced operations for sapping what they could not storm. Now, Sir, it appears to me that something of a similar nature might be advantageously employed on the other question. Certainly, if any favourable circumstances are now disclosed in the course of proceedings, terminating in convictions for capital offences, the government generally interferes, and commutes the punishment of the delinquents; but I conceive that if the perpetrators of any particular description of capital offence were granted immanily by law from the extreme penalty, the ultimate object of the friends of total abolition would be advanced. Now, there is one class of weighty crimes, it strikes me, eminently calculated for such an arrangement. I mean the destruction by calculated for such an arrangement, women of their new-born offspring.

I observe that a purdon is very rare in such cases, and yet how loudly is it called for! There a woman, obeying the sweetnow loudly is it outgother? There a woman, obeying the sweet-est and most potent inspulses of human nature, and yielding to the weakness of her sex and the influence of her seducer, falls. This being is utterly uncorrupted, with the exception of the error to which she has yielded. She has not another black spot in her whole moral system, and now, writing under the lash of intolerable degradation, deserted by a barbarian, and wholly unable to find subsistence for herself and her wretched infant, the succurable to comparison and periodes miserably while the slie succumbs to temptation and perishes miserably; while the heartless villain, who, knowing but too well what is not unlikely to happen in the pursuit of his selfah enjoyments, has supplied the invalidation of the selfah enjoyments.

the impulses to guilt, escapes unpunished

There have been cases even where a woman has been executed when she cought a common grave with the infant, whom, if she left behind her, she must have consigned to want, and most probably to guilt and infamy. Heaven forbid that I should seek utter impunity for a crime in the abstract certainly harbarous and unnatural; but surely, if there is one such that admits of much pollication, this is it. Now, let us come to the mode of repressing it adopted by the legislature. The victim is drogged before the public in the first instance to undergo what to one of her temperament—one so gentle, graicous, and scusitive, as she most frequently is—is nearly as bad as death itself; and when she has received her doom, we have nothing worse to award to the long brutalized ruffian, who, to obtain the means of gratifying his gross desires, imbrues his hands in the There have been cases even where a woman has been executed of gratifying his gross desires, imbrues his hands in the blood of his fellow-creature.

Well, the perhaps beautiful creature (for where is beauty— where are all feminine attractions so rife as in beautiful Eng-land?) is now dragged from her loathsome dungcon; palpitating, trembling, fainting, she is placed beneath the fatal engine; the rudest of the rude spectators, all unused to the melting mood, bursts into a passion of tears and sobs, and from melting mood, bursts into a passion of tears and sobs, and from all sides are reiterated cries of Shame! Shame! The scene—the horrible scene—then closes with a storm of exerations, both loud and deep. For abominations, of which the above is a poor and inadequate sketch, see the public papers.

Now, Sir, I would ask any legislator who might be called on to decide on the question before us, whether such scenes are

likely to repress the crime, or, by crasing from the human bosom overy emotion but pity and indignation in favour of the sufferer, to foster it?

I remain, Sir, with respect for yourself and admiration of your invaluable Journal, A CONSTANT READER. Liverpool, June 25th.

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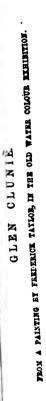
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GLEN CLUNIÈ.

From a Painting by Frederick Taylor, in the Old Water Colour Exhibition.

WE present Mr. Taylor's charming peep into the Highlands this week, as it is now the time that the northern mountain land is becoming every way delightful, and hundreds of spirits, weary of the heat and the dissipations of town, are longing to wing their way thitherward. Already artists, and others, not chained by parliamentary duties to Landon, are gone, and are luxuriating anid the freshness of mountain air, the clear, cool rush of mountain streams, the wide prospect of solitary heaths, and hanging woodlands, where the fragrant birch spreads a fairy-land heauty. As we see the group of pea ants passing over the bridge homewards, we long to be with them, and talking with them of their simple cares, labours, and traditions, and of all the historics of the country round. Fishing and deer-stalking already give a delicious change to numbers who have felt the sultry oppression of a London sojourn; and the time of grouse shooting fast approaches. What a relief it is to all the struggle and tension of political life to let the mind at once free from them, and become once more a climber of mountains, a rambler along rivers and lakes fresh and beautiful as the world has to show; to wade through heather already kindling into a blaze of crimson splendour; to ait under the soughing pine, and feel all the solitude and solemn spirit of those still, lonely, melancholy, but delightful regions! Let the shooter and the fisher enjoy all their exciting pursuits, and labours that weary only to refresh: for us it would be enough to stroll on by dashing cataracts, under hanging woods, over knolls blooming with heather, and scattered with the light fairy birches, as by the hand of scattered with the light fairy birches, as by the hand of Titania; to gaze on grey and splintered precipices, on the dark storm-cloud, black as night, frowning on the mountain topa; or into the clear distance, where peak beyond peak, in all the colours of ethereal beauty, rear themselves into the still sky. With such pleasures, crowned by the crowning pleasure of the society of congenial friends, what could the world produce bettef as a tamptation? To such thoughts has the picture or our artist, from the lovely glens of Aberdeenshire, lifted us; and we can only wish that, as we cannot, he may himself at this moment be enjoying the most beautiful scenery of beautiful Brasmar. scenery of beautiful Braemar.

SONNET.

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

BY W. G. BEXNETT.

Our have I been this morning-out, away, Far from the bustling carefulness of towns Through April gleams and showers - on windy downs By rushy meadow-streams with willows gray; In thick-leafed woods have hid me from the day Sultry with June-and where the windmill crowns The hills green height, the landscape that renowns Thy own green county, have I, as I lay Crushing the sweetness of the flowering thyme, Tracked through the misty distance. Village greens All shout and cheerfulness in cricket time-Red winter firesides-autumn cornfield scenes, All have I seen within my garden nook, Thanks to the magic of thy breezy book.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS:-GAME-LAW TACTICS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

No. I.

In one of the midland counties a few years ago lived two brothers, named from their stature and bulk-both of no ordinary dimensions—Gog and Magog. Gog was the aquire, Magog the clergyman, of the village. It is a pretty village in a very pretty country, presenting in most directions extensive views, but especially towards the Peak Mountains, which, at twenty miles distance, showed the azure range of their pleasant foregrounds.
As you approached this village, the very position of the church and the two residences of the two portly brothers seemed to say to you-Gog and Magog. There stood the little grey church close to the road, and on either hand a house of one of the bulky brethren, as if purposely placed in guardianship of the sacred fabric. These were all the buildings within view, and these were backed with masses of noble trees which shut out were cacked with masses of none trees which shat out the farm-houses and cottages beyond; and fine lawns in front, scattered with old and, in spring, richly blossomed hawthorns, completed as charming a scene of rural peace and beauty as could be found almost anywhere.

Gog and Magog had their lot cast certainly in a goodly scene, which if they did not perceive all the advantages of, it was a pity. An object there was often as I passed that way in summer, which to me seemed very well calculated, by way of contrast, to make the proprietorship of such a place, and such an estate as proprietorship of such a place, and such an estate as lay around it, particularly perceptible. It was a very old man seated on a heap of stones, and thumping away at them with a hammer, at the payable rate of two-and-sixpence the cart-load, in full view of the palaces of Gog and Magog, with all their goodly trees, and goodly lawns, and goodly herds of bullocks grazing. In passing once, this conversation occurred:

"Well, my friend, and what do you get for cracking all that hear."

all that heap !'

" Half-a-crown."

" Half-a-crown! and how many can you break up in a week ?

"Well, sir, about one and a half. I'm old, ye see." "So I you can earn, then, about three-and-nine-pence a week?"

"About that; at most, four shillings."
"And pray how many of you have to live out of that?"

"Oh! only mysen, and my old woman, and a little grandchild.

"Three of you!"

"Three of us; a blessing it's no more. My son went off in a consumption, and his wife soon followed him; and so they left poor little Sukey to us—poor thing. They were stockingers, sir, and stockingers are just regularly famished. What can a man and his family regularly famished. What can a man and his family do out of five or six shillings a week, and always sitting and working! it just wears them out afore their time. God bless you! stockingers now-days are little better

than walking otomies." (Anatomics; i.e. skeletons.)
"That is very bad; and you, my friend, you won't
get rich at pulverizing these stone heaps. You'll never get rich at pulverizing these stone heaps. buy these two halls and estate, if they should be sold in

your time.

The old man suspended his hammer, and turned on me a melancholy smile. It was an idea that evidently amused him. But he finished his blow, and then said,
"Lord bless you, sir, how you talk! it's never likely. The gentlemen there are the china clay; such as we

are only brick clay. But they canna tak their fine houses and land wi'em; and, may be, I'm better off on a stone heap, and three-and-ninepence a week, if I could know everything. May be, if I had such a house and land, the stones would get into my heart instead of under my hands, and I should do but little good with it to some other poor wretch that might be sitting here, riding on a stone pony to a workhouse."

"No, as you say—they cannot take their land with them."

"No, by Leddy!" said the old man, again striking an unusually energetic blow. "If people could take their land with them, they would tear up the earth to the spindle; there would not be a bit of ground left for a poor man to stand on !"

I could not help laughing at the oddity of the idea. The old man joined heartily in it. It was evident that he was a wag; and I soon perceived that not Gog or Magog themselves could be much happier at that moment than was the old man of seventy-six, riding, as he called it, " on a stone pony to the werkhouse. I put into his hand a trifle to fill his tobacco-box,

and went on, thinking of what I had heard and seen. In the midst of my reverie, I found myself in the midst of a wood, through which the foot path led. The nightingale was singing in the thicket, the cushat cooed in the dark spruce fir-trees, the blackbird and throstle sung loud on different tree-tops, and the little chil-chal -- so called from its never-varying, neverceasing note-was chanting the tune of its name, in a cadence endeared to me from long memory of many pleasant places in which I had heard it. I was roused out of my thoughts. I stopped, and was struck most pleasingly with the scene and the sounds around me. The charming chiaro-scure of the wood; the openings where the sunshine poured in like floods of heavenly gold; the breath of primroses and rich masses of blue-bells which came as in an invisible cloud over me: made me suddenly exclaim, "What a delightful spot! What a peace and a poetry are here! Spite of the old stone-breaker's wit, who would not be Gog or Magog, or both of them in one, to possess a place like this? In such scenes men cannot avoid their influence. They must be good men, for Nature is their divine teacher and benefactor, and they must love her and grow like her." In my rhapsody, I had insensibly diverged from the track. I had stooped and plucked here a handful of primroses—here a splendid blue-bell, a full foot high -here a branch of wilding in full bloom, beautiful enough for the garden of a king, and sweet enough for the inhalation of a queen. At this moment my foot struck against a stump; I perceived all the brown leaves on the ground move in a line; I started, believing that I had roused a snake—and a snake it was of the deadliest kind. With my stick I removed some of the leaves, and beheld a chain! I traced the chain; a horrid suspicion went through me with an icy cold-ness. The chain was attached to a steel-trap. With a feeling of inexpressible resentment that so deadly a machine should be set in such a place, within ten yards of a foot-path, in open defiance of law and all human feeling, I dragged at the chain; the leaves again stirred, and the jagged teeth, spikes of two inches long (!) of the devilish enginery showed themselves in the daylight! It was a steel-trap of enormous size, set here for poachers! With a perfect inspiration of anger, I ran, caught up a log of wood that lay at a distance, and coming near, hurled it into the midst of the trap! With an instant clash, its fiendish semicircle rose and snapped together, catching the descending log as it would have caught me by the thigh had I advanced two yards further, and driving its steel fangs deep into the senseless wood !

And this was all the teaching which a beautiful and merciful nature could instil into a Gog or a Magog.

With broad and lovely lands, with woods that waved with a princely dignity, with sloping meads and cornfields that brought in rents that might fill the hand of beneficence with a divine power of conferring blessings, with the songs of birds and the odours of flowers around them—what did they roam these woods to think of? That poachers caught their hares in gins, and they must catch the poachers in steel-traps !

In an adjoining field there was an old coal-pit—there are plenty thereabouts. With a strength which indignation gave me, I tore up the stump which fastened the chain, and dragging steel-trap, log of wood, and all, I flung them through the hedge at the wood-side, dragged them again onward, and, with a feeling of triumph indescribable, hurled them down into the

seventy-fathom-deep pit!

It would not be easy for me to describe my feelings at this moment. The atrocious nature of the Game Laws, which thus convert men into monsters-gentlemen into tyrants, instead of benefactors to their poor neighbours-which blind men of education to all the glories of nature and the blessings of providence, and turn all their thoughts from the eminent advantages which English country gentlemen possess, and concentrate them on the low thirst of bloody vengeance for hares and pheasants destroyed — never so palpably before forced itself upon me.

I hastened on at a rapid rate to walk off some of my excitement. At some distance I saw a farmer on horseback, and going up to him, I told him what I had seen and done; and said, "How can men dare to do such things now? If a poor man had been caught in that detestable trap, what would this Gog have done? How would he have escaped the consequences of such

an atrocity ?"

The farmer smiled. "Sir," said he, "it is easy enough to see you do not live near here, or you would know that for many miles round the country consists of large estates—that each proprietor is a magistrate—that all are bound and linked together to support game

and the game laws."
"Well! and what then?" I asked. "If they had caught a poacher, and miserably mangled him, as they must, how dare they face the public and the public

indignation?"

The farmer again smiled significantly. "Who's to tell the public all about it?"

"Who! why, the man himself!" I exclaimed; "his

friends-the press-the whole country !'

"Pshaw!" said the farmer, smiling even compassionately on me; "his friends would know nothing of it the press nothing—the whole country nothing. The keeper would find the man, he would be carried off to his house, the doctor would be sent for, and the wound dressed, and the poor wretch sent to the county jail. Care would be taken to let none of his friends come near him; he would be described as a desperate fellow who had been wounded in a scuffle, and at the very next quarter sessions, on the evidence of keepers and

"But the man might have comrades; and these

might escape and tell the tale.'

They might. But they would probably be silent to escape notice themselves. If a noise was made, it would be denied; and who shall contend with a whole district of country magistrates? Who would trouble himself about a desperate poscher, convicted by the whole worshipful bench? But come in to my house here, and eat a snack of pigeon pie for luncheon, and I will tell you a thing or two rather more on the amusing side of the question."

I went in, and over a good hearty luncheon I found that this farmer was not a tenant of Gog or Magog's, but of a distant nobleman, or he probably would not

have been so communicative.

"This Gog," said he, "is just what, a hundred years ago, a whole race of country squires was. He is a man, as his nickname implies, of an almost gigantic size. He has a huge and massy person, a large and solemn countenance, and a regular rubicund complexion. Of reading he cares for nothing beyond Burn's Justice and the county Tory paper. He does not want natural abilities, but all these are exerted over cattle, farming, and game. He has had his wild days, but those are over; approaching fifty, he is sober, plodding, and getting daily more fond of money. He is a diligent rider over his lands; aits and watches the ploughmen, or the harvesters, or the drainers, from his horse; alights, and handles his bullocks, takes a compass through his woods and plantations, and speculates pro-foundly on hares. pheasants, and poachers. Then foundly on hares, pheasants, and poachers. Then home to a heavy dinner, and a heavier sleep after it. One day to the county town and county hall, where he is head of the bench of magistrates, has the satisfaction of committing poor wretches that were never taught any better by him or his brethren of the quorum than to steal, quarrel, or—crime of crimes—posch. Such is his life.

"His estate here is a fine one, as you see, and well stocked; but if you would know to what extent stocked, you should cross it on an evening after sunset. Oh! then what legions of hares, pheasants, rabbits, and partridges, are swarming abroad, and especially on the corn-lands near the wood-sides, where the hares, pheasants, and rabbits, fairly snie.

"Well, a Mr. William Lee, a Yorkshire clothier, used to come round this part of the country with his cloth, and passing this neighbourhood, was much taken with its pleasantness. He had long wished to get a farm in the Midland counties, where to the different village shops he sold a large quantity of his goods. His brother manufactured at home, and he, travelling with his covered cart, disposed of their cloths. It may be supposed that Mr. Lee was more acquainted with cloth-selling than with farming; but here all looked so rich and plentiful, that he thought he should have nothing to do but to let things grow and gather them. For the rest he was a shrewd and

thriving man.

"He found the very farm at liberty that you have crossed, and where the trap was set in the wood. It was Michael mas when he entered on it; all the crops were in, and he went on ploughing, sowing, and preparing for another year, till that year was come, and spring tor another year, the that year was come, and spring taught him to expect the growth of his seed. He had, however, made one of his cloth-selling journeys, and came home in April. What could be the matter? He walked over his farm, and rubbed his eyes. The spring was not late,—he had feasted his eyes as he travelled along for many a mile on deep grass, and still deeper green corn,—here all was bare and barren. His wheat! why, the cattle and sheep must have been allowed to go in and eat them clean off. His young oats and barley! Had they never come up? He hurried home, and

"' Laus, master!' said they, 'why, it's the game.
Nobody ever gets any crops off this farm. That's why
Mr. Sharpe, and Mr. Keen before him, and Mr. Strideout before him, left it. None but a regular foreigner would

ever take it.

"'The game!' exclaimed Mr. Lee, 'how can any game ever eat all the corn up? why, there must be

legions, thousands, millions !

"' Ay, true enough, and there is legions, thousands, and millions. The woods anie with em. You should just go out after dusk, or by three o'clock in the morning, and you'd see.

"This information fell like a dash of cold water on poor Lee. He had hardly patience to let the sun sink behind the distant hills, when forth he sped, and sure enough, all along the wood-sides he saw troops of hares, rabbits, and pheasants, busy devouring the small remains of his crops, with the voracity of so many locusts. The mystery was at an end, and Lee reflected with consternation, that he had a fourteen years' lease.

"The next morning he was up before the sun, and again issuing forth, saw whole armies of these protected vermin scudding away at his approach towards the shelter of the woods. In his wrath, he declared at breakfast time amongst his men that he would go at once to the squire, and insist on the keeper being sent to shoot them all off. The very clowns burst into a

horse laugh at the idea.

"'Eh, master!' said they, 'it's not the first time, nor the twentieth time, that farmers have begged of th' squire to have the game killed; but all they got was a curse for their impudence, and an order to get out of his house as fast as possible. You'd lose your labour, and may-be your temper too, if you went to th' hall on

such an errand.'

"Lee bit his lips, walked out, mounted his horse, and rode off towards the county town. In that town, in a deep and narrow street, lived an old man, nicknamed Old Blackball. The house of this worthy was more like a menagerie than a human habitation. It had all the stifling and rank odour peculiar to beasts in close confinement. It was, in fact, the dépôt of a great trade, the trade of dog-stealing, which has its agents, and ramifications, and connections, all over the country, and extending to the continent. Through this widely spread machinery, dogs of any value are stolen, and conveyed away to the places where there is the most demand for this particular kind, or may be recovered by a due reward on application to one of the class of merchants, amongst whom none were more renowned for dexterity and success than Old Blackball.

From Old Blackball, Mr. Lee procured half-a-dozen terriers of different varieties, from the smooth, fine-nosed white and tan kind, to the little rough and picturesque Scotch one. These he kept up a few days in an empty barn, and cultivated their good graces by feeding and playing with them. As soon as he saw that he was a favourite with them, he sallied out with them one evening to the fields, and soon had them in full cry and chase after the furry and feathered devourers of his crops. Morning and evening, and nearly all night, did Lee now traverse his fields with his troop of terriers. It became almost a frenzy with him. He trained his dogs to keep out of the woods, where he knew the keepers would be ready to shoot them. It was not long before he saw the faces of keepers peering over the fences out of the woods, in savage astonishment at his practice of thus

driving the game from his land. But Lee's corn now grew as fast as any other corn. The licensed vermin, having no rest here, betook them-selves to the fields of other farmers. But one morning, as Lee sate at breakfast, he heard his little dogs all at once commence a furious barking at the garden gate; at once all the farmer-men, who were at their breakfasts, rose and looked out, and at once they all exclaimed,

'There's the squire!

"Lee, who now too heard, amid the barking, a loud calling of his name, rose and went out. There, at the garden gate, sate on horseback Gog himself, with a face of unusual redness, and evidently in a very a-Gogish humour.

"'So you keep a whole pack of these d—d curs, ch, Lee?'
"'Yes, sir.'

"' And what the d-1 do you keep them for?'

" ' To destroy the vermin, sir.

" 'And pray what may you call vermin?'

⁽¹⁾ A provincial word derived from to snow-to come down in abundance.

" 'Rats, mice, weasels, hares, rabbits, pheasants, and the like

"It would have done some people good to have seen the astonishment of Gog as Lee very coolly ran over

this catalogue.
"'So! I see!' said Gog, 'why, you are a confounded radical, eh? That's just the slang of that race of vermin. Vermin! ch? hares! rabbits! pheasants! In a word, sir, you must send off every one of these rascally curs.'
"'No, sir, I shall not send one of them off. They
are necessary to me; without them I should not have

an ear of corn.

" 'You must send them off."

" ' No, sir.'

"'Then by G-d I will have every imp of them shot!'

" Do it at your peril, sir."

"Gog sate as if petrified in astonishment at these words. Never had such words in his hearing fallen from the mouth of one of those much-enduring creatures

called farmers I

"'No, sir,' repeated Lee, 'not a dog shall go; and if any man dare to shoot one of them, he shall answer for it. They are my property; I pay tax for every one of them; and the law which taxes me for them shall defend my right in them. Sir, it is necessary, I perceive, to be plain with you. I engaged your farm to raise crops; I must pay your rent; and on these crops depends the ability to pay it. Till these crops are housed, I shall, as a duty to myself, drive by dog or any other means these voracious vermin from my fields.

"' Fellow!' exclaimed Gog, in a terrible rage, 'I tell you that either these dogs shall go or you shall go.

D'ye hear?
"'You don't say so? asked Lee, mildly, for a bright hope came across him. "You cannot be so unjust as to say such a thing merely because I will protect that property which enables me to pay you and others what I owe?

"'But I do say it, sir; and what I say I mean."
"'Come hither,' said Lee to one of the labourers who stood in the yard listening to this strange dialogue. 'You hear what the squire says—that the dogs shall quit the farm, or I shall quit it. Now, sir, I think you cannot mean it: it is too ungentlemanly and unjust

"'But I do mean it,' roared Gog, 'and by all that lives, I tell you not a scoundrel shall live on my land

that dares to keep dogs to drive my game.'
"'You hear that, Jobson? Jenkins, Carter, you " You hear that, Jobson? hear that? said Lee.

"The clowns bowed, half afraid, in token of assent.
"Then,' continued William Lee, advancing close to the little garden gate at which the squire sat on his horse, and clapping his hand energetically on the post
—'Then that is all I want. Sir, the dogs shall go, and
I will go with them. My lease is at an end. Good
morning!'

"The truth now flashed on Gog's mind; -he had actually relieved him from his lease. This was more than he meant. Lee was a man of substance, and a than he meant. Lee was a man of substance, and a good payer. He hoped to bully him into acquiescence, not to drive him away. He now, therefore, shouted after him, 'Oh, you are there, are you? But you'll find yourself mistaken—I have you on parchment, and there I'll hold you, and shoot your cursed dogs into the

bargain.'
"But Lee had disappeared into the house, and closed the door. All summer he continued to drive the vermin, as he called them; harvest came, and he housed splendid crops. Everybody, and Gog himself, thought the storm was blown over and for gotten. Whenever Lee met the squire, he always very good humouredly touched his hat, and said pleasantly, Good day, sir.' But it was seen that immediately

after harvest Lee thrashed out his corn, carried it to market, drove off all his stock, and carted away his hay and implements; and at Michaelmas, when he appeared at the hall to pay his rent, reiterated his firm

resolve to quit the farm: and he did quit it.

"Gog in the mean time had consulted his lawyer, and found that, unless he could bring over the witnesses to the conversation, it was hopeless to compel Lee to remain on the farm. There was an attempt then to bribe the men, and it seemed to succeed; but when the trial should have come on, an action for breach of covenant having been brought, it was found that two of these witnesses were installed with Lee as labourers at good wages on a distant farm on which he was now located. The matter was deemed hopeless, and Lee was suffered to remain unmolested by any further legal proceedings:—he had fairly escaped out of what he called the great vermin trap."

Such was the relation of my new acquaintance, the jolly farmer of Hawsworth. It had so much diverted

the current of my thoughts as to have beguiled my wrath into something more like amusement; and as my host rode by my side some distance down the hill on my onward way, he gave me another instance of these game-law tactics, which I will reserve for another

SIGHTS IN SOUTH GERMANY.

BY AREL PAYNTER.

No. VI.-Up the Stream. Humours on Board.

To . Linz, Sept. 1844. This day twelvemonth, or thereabouts, we were wandering about the Rhine Land in company—at the ruin of Heisterbach, than which I have seen mothing lovelier; or riding through the rain, when day was closing in, to the dreary old house at Gudenau; or drinking coffee most un-Englishly in the garden at Rolandseck, by moonlight; or wandering round the walls of Oberwesel: telling all manner of odd tales, and making merry over our own and every one else's blunders. I vowed a sort of vow, that I would get the Danube by heart as thoroughly this year, as I then learned that more renowned stream. But the keeping of vows is not very easy: and, therefore, instead of talking to you about Grein or Gottweib, or the curious and fantastic scenery of the IIz river, or the beetling ruin of Aggstein, you must put up with rather more pressic things and take a tale of two days up the more prosaic things, and take a tale of two days up the Danube, spent in the Galatea steamer.

I could have "lilted"—to use the Scotch word—with

lightness of heart on the morning of leaving Vienna. There seemed to me a sort of moral malaria in the place, which I know not how to describe. Disagreeable thoughts were perpetually forcing themselves on my notice—disagreeable combinations perpetually occurring. The intense profligacy of the people (to use the word in its very widest sense) is so strangely mixed up with much that is sociable and kindly—with prosperity, and (I dare to say it, let Nature and Grace fight how they will about it) a devotional spirit—as to leave a blanking, disheartening weariness of impression I have rarely received elsewhere; save, perhaps, at Milan, where the same causes are at work, accompanied by the same effects. Yet our return to the Danube at Nussdorf was not very cheering. A thick, steamy, white fog, hung low upon the water: the process of departure seemed unusually tardy and ill-managed: and some of us—for we have joined company with a pleasant pair of countrymen—were dyspeptic and a little doleful.

So I laid me down on the cushions in the cabin, and fell fast to sleep; to awaken with a *stripe* of aching in my back, owing to a stinging stiff edge against which with

my usual awkwardness I had leaned.

The weather continued bad—our progress slow—and our society (collectively) not in the brightest of humours. Blessings, at such times, on the idiot King of France for whom cards were invented! No resource like whist !-- though one could not but laugh to think how we may have personated "four gambling Englishmen," to the knitting German ladies, and the eating German gentlemen swaddled up in their cloaks, who silently sat all the way down the cabin! And we had keen eyes on board:—no less than three artists, able to sketch humours, as well as to see them (not to count your poor correspondent, with his bad pen and pale ink)! One was a young Polish Count,-one of those highly-accomplished gentlemen, touching whom there could not be an instant's mistake made by the least apprehensive observer. Another was a young Polish lady travelling with her father (we have been much in the track of Poles this year), who was no less "obvious to construction:"as rather pretty-very clever-but behaving a little too much on the "Hail fellow well met" principle. A grand sketch-book, with gilt leaves and silver clasps, somewhat obtrusively flourished early in the day, promised more artifice than art. But she really was a draughtswoman of very high class. Her father, too, was at first sight also to be read for a clever man: speaking every language—peeping into every corner with that indescriba-bly oily air of civil sociability, which means anything rather than heart or good manners. He had written a book on Austrian finance, which was said to be very clever: and proved to be an *employé* of Russia. Somehow, we did not crony with him at all: but he was not left in want of company long. Did you ever see a Bore, good friend? of company long. Did you ever see a bore, good mend a and a long Bore, in four syllables—a regular seccatore, Italian fashion (their word being so much more impressive than ours)! Such an one was on board: a tall, loud, grim-faced, wide-mouthed man—awkward, resolute, uncouth: the very image of one of Galt's or Miss Ferriar's Scotchmen, who is always in every one's dish! and who will not be said "nay" to. by any repulsion of manner. After hovering round our quartett, with predatory inclinations, there was no doubting for an instant,—and hardly being prevented from making a stoop, by our combined resolution—he betook himself remorselessly to the task of pleasing - and his daughter; - and spread his huge hands, and told his dull tale, and emitted his grating voice, till I scarce knew whether compassion or diversion were uppermost. The young lady's artistic tastes having transpired, he would give her a lesson on perspective! So down he sate, with her gay book on his sawkward knees—sparing her neither line nor precept— in such French, too!—till, at length, a little crowd gathered round to admire how long the harangue would last, and her patience therewith endure. It was droll to see how the little foot began to play petulantly, and the scornful mouth to bite the pencil, and the eyes to look wickedly around them in search of sympathy; droll, too, was the complete and obtuse ignorance of the wretch, who obviously thought, like "Poor Peter Peebles," that he "was aye kent for being agreeable to the fair sex." Nor was this our sole diversion for the day. In the fore Nor was this our sole diversion to the worth sketching: gamblers more persevering than "the four Englanders." A vigorous game of Tarocco had been going on from an early hour in the steerage; and on the deck sate a couple of parties of peasants playing at some non-descript business which held them for some six or seven hours studies for a new group of "card-players," with their quaint round hats, all corded and tasselled—their stone bottle of liquor (a veritable piece of Teniers earthenware) which made a loving circuit-

and the Tyrolese belts of some; and the eager faces of all. To do them justice, I never saw a bout of playing so stoutly protracted, without the slightest sign of wrangle or violence. My Panza told me that they were probably or violence. My ranza told me that they were probably cattle dealers,—who will play in this fashion for hours, staking considerable sums. There were other mute figures:—a Hanak, or linen merchant; his fringed drawers and shirt of his own ware, his huge white blanket coat and small round hat, making a capital picture with his Mongolian features, his brown complexion, and his profuse black hair:—a little boy, in a Tyrolese hat, who made himself friends with every one-from the gruff, blinking, white-moustached conducteur to the cook's scullion :- a soldier or two,-a pearl of an old woman, who sat knitting in a pair of goggles which nipped her clever nose; the very picture of country proverbial wisdom !-and a handsome, finelimbed young fellow, some six feet high, who slept on a rug in his black and red nightenp, his round jacket, his waistcoat with huge silver buttons, his black shamoy breeches, (an eating apparatus pushing out of the left pocket,) and his brown Hessian boots—as intensely and as gracefully as the well-known Faun at Munich. I watched him well. When he waked up, it was to read: a piece of reading odd enough to be chosen by a peasant of his pith and sinew. The book was neither more nor less than one of those flagrant romances I had remarked as filling the booksellers' shops in Vienna; with a frontispiece of a Nun, a Knight, and a Skeleton, in the most approved style of the sanguinary school. Such was our provender for the first day up the Danube.

The night was spent comfortlessly enough: the German sweet-air-phobia manifesting itself on the largest possible scale. But I have had worse nights in the course of my career: a never-to-be-forgotten one on a Belgian Diligence, with six Priests a-top thereof, who kicked us with their square-toed shoes, sans remorse: another yet more diemal on a sand-bank, betwixt Kehl and Mannheim, without light, or fire, or food, or means of lying down, or a single companionable creature who could help one over the long hours. But, howsoever long they seem, no one that has ever watched through such can forget the rapidity with which they seem to have sped, when over. It appeared as if I had only laid me down among my ordinary society of bad dreams, when my Panza's pleasant face and cheery voice bade me get up and see the whirlpools, which we passed in the gray of the morning. It is a scene not to be written: there are not many living who could paint it; since how few there be who can now enter into faëry land! You would disdain the Gewirr at the Lurley for ever and a day, as a mere storm in a slop-basin, could you see that magnificent landscape and that

cauldron of waters!

As morning went over, the humours of our travelling companions became more prononces than on the preceding day. The Polish party became more distinct—M. le Comte in his taste and high breeding, M.—and Mademoiselle in worldliness and artistic enthusiasm (to give laissez aller without positive effrontery a party name)! The Capitano of the Galatea was an Italian—a handsome, impudent man of forty, aware to the full of his charms, but a thoroughly good fellow to boot. The whim seized M. le Comte and—simultaneously to make a sketch of him, as he sate on his paddle-box. Never was handsome fellow so enchanted. He became positively radiant with smiles, which he bit his lips to conceal; and when the versions were finished, ran to show them to the young lady, who had already shown symptoms of exercising her talent upon her neighbours. Othen, you should have heard how the Bore broke out! He must, there and then, put himself as forward as if he had been beauty or beauty-painter. He must poke his fingers at——'s drawing, and his face under the damsel's coquettish

bonnet :- and praise, and discuss, and criticise, in that discordant voice of his, till—like Maria in "Twelfth Night," when she saw the cross-gartered Malvolio approaching delicately—one could "hardly forbear hurling things at him." Dodge how one would, to avoid his infliction, there he was in one's ear !- I am glad, as a collector, once in my life to have had an opportunity of examining such a perfect specimen of the genus :- and not sure that any other country save Italy could have yielded it. One must have knocked down a Frenchman, or gone to sleep under a German, or cut an Englishman; but none of these "short and easy methods would avail with Signor F-- S-- (for the creature thrust his card on most of the party ere he let them go)! "A windmill would have been a hermitage (as Lady Morgan hath it) "to his neighbourhood." ragazza," as he chose to style the young lady, should exhibit her sketches! He would take no denial: and she -consented ! And round her swarmed all the passengers, and captain, and conducteur, (the two last making eyes at her in a manner as personal as polite,) till I fully expected that the cooks and tarocco players would be called up to take part in this impromptu exhibition! Truth to say, the object bore it with a charming indifference; ending by sketching a round half dozen of us, as quietly as if we had been so many Pentweazles of old acquintance, and sitting as undisturbed by all that coarse flattery and admiration as if the scene had been a Vienna drawing-room, and the speakers belonged to the blase officials and men of fashion who are delighted to have something new to vent their platitudes upon! So got over the day: and we are now at Linz, where I will let you go. But the scene (or you are essentially changed since we made ourselves so merry over certain travelling adventures, which I must put on paper some day) would have diverted you as much as it did
Your sincere and obliged

Ä. P.

SIMPLE AND EFFECTUAL METHOD OF CURING TYPHUS FEVER.

THE following letter, which we have received through the hands of an old and highly esteemed friend, now seeking the benefit of Dr. Macleod's establishment, we have inserted at the earliest possible moment, from a sense of its importance at the present crisis, fully believing with our benevolent friend that were its plan of treatment generally adopted, a great saving of life would be the result.

> Ben Rhydding Hydropathic Establishment, near Otley, 6th July, 1847.

To WILLIAM HOWITT.

Sir,-I can no longer refrain from soliciting space in your valuable Journal, for the purpose of directing attention to the present mortality occasioned by the fever which is now raging in various districts of this country. It is granted by every authority of standing, who has written upon typhus fever, that we know of no drug, and of no medicinal means, by which that disease may be cured; that whether we bleed and blister, purge and calomelize, or stimulate with brandy, wine, or whisky, the average number of deaths is very nearly the same in each mode of treatment; that, in a word, there is no known remedy in the pharmacopæia for the cure of typhus fever; that free ventilation, moderate diet, shaving and keeping the head cool, and cooling drinks, with attention, are all that we really

can do in cases of fever; that with these means, patients will generally recover, providing they be not labouring under a malignant or very serious attack. But if, on the contrary, the cases be serious, all the leeching, drugging, blistering, bleeding, and brandying, would be of no avail. I do not write thus for the purpose of exposing the weakness of the art of medicine, but in order that society generally may be made acquainted with, and the medical profession in particular be led to investigate, a mode of treatment under which the average number of deaths does not exceed four in one hundred-provided it be tried in the earlier stages of the complaint—and all medicines, bleeding, and stimu-lants avoided. The following is the plan of treatment recommended. The patient, as soon as possible, ought to be placed in a sheet, well wrung out of cold water. This sheet should be laid on a blanket, extended on the mattrass; and next, let the patient lay himself, or be laid, at full length upon the sheet, which must then be wrapped round him so as to come in immediate and close contact with every portion of the body as high as the neck. The blanket must then be folded tightly over, so as to exclude the external air, and then covered by two other blankets or a small feather bed. This process must be repeated every time the patient becomes restless or uncomfortable, and until the dry hot skin has become softer and more prone to perspiration, and the fever entirely subsided; even should its repetition be necessary every ten minutes, or should the fever continue abated for twenty-four hours. Immediately after each envelope, the patient must be well washed in a slipper bath, or common tub, the temperature of the water being seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, or thereabouts. The head should be shaved, and bandages, wrung out of cold water, kept applied, changing them each time they become warm, until all headache is removed. A similar bandage should likewise be folded once round the stomach, carefully and closely covered by three folds of dry cloth to prevent evaporation, and changed every second hour. The patient should drink as much cold water as he pleases during the whole course of the disease, and a free circulation of air ought to be kept up in the room, and the room kept cool. The fever, by means of this process, is usually overcome in less than twenty-four hours, and the patient is then nearly out of danger.

For the next three days, however, the wet sheet envelope, as above described, should be applied morning, noon, and afternoon, the patient remaining in, each time, for three quarters of an hour; the body to be washed after each with water of the natural tem-perature. Should the bowels be constipated, let an injection of tepid water be used every morning, as long as required. Gentle exercise and moderate diet should be pursued until perfect recovery takes place, and all medicine and artificial stimulants, as wine, etc., avoided.

If the process here described be pursued, my own exp rience warrants me in saying that the average number of deaths from the present epidemic will not exceed four out of one hundred of the worst cases, provided it be resorted to sufficiently early Should any person wish to know more explicitly how to proceed, I shall be most happy gratuitously to give all the advice I can as to the treatment of individual cases.

Dear Sir, truly yours, W. MACLEOD,

Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, and Physician to the Ben Rhydding Hydropathic Establishment.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.B.S.

X .- DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON FOOD.

It may be thought superfluous to dwell upon a truth which is so completely, and, at the present time, so extensively, demonstrated by daily experience of the most painful kind,—as that the maintenance of Life is dependent upon a continual supply of Food; or, in other words, that a living being will die if it be starred. Yet although this knowledge is, as it were, practically forced upon all of us, there are comparatively few who could give a reasonable explanation of the fact; by showing why it is that for the continuance of Life, or at least of all living action, such a supply is requisite. To many it may seem quite enough to know that such is the case, without seeking for any further information. fire, they may say, goes out for want of fuel; the lamp ceases to burn when the oil is exhausted; and it is but reasonable to expect that the vital flame should be extinguished when the means of keeping it up are wanting. But the actions of a living body are not so simple as the burning of a lamp or the blazing of a fire. For the latter, one material only suffices; so that we can readily trace the necessary connection between the stoppage of the supply, and the cessation of the action. But the former consist of a multitude of different processes, each of which has its own particular requirements; and it is of great importance that the difference between the chief of these should be constantly kept in view. We will suppose, by way of illustration, that a furnace could not be kept alight, without a certain mixture of different kinds of fuel; and that the mixture found to answer best was not always the same, but required to be varied according to the kinds of work which was required from the furnace. Now, although experience might afford a certain degree of knowledge as to what might be wanted for each purpose, yet experience alone would be often at fault. The fire would often go out unexbe often at fault. pectedly, and one remedy after another might be tried without avail; and it would be probable that, in the ordinary feeding of the furnace, a great deal more than is desirable would be supplied of some of the materials, whilst the supply of others, though sufficient to keep up the action, might not be that which would do so most efficiently. But supposing the nature of every part of the process to be distinctly understood, and the purpose known, it is obvious that in every case the supply might be exactly proportioned to the demand, so as to avoid deficiency on the one hand, and waste or superfluity on the other, and to keep the furnace in its most efficient condition, with the smallest expenditure of fuel. shall endeavour to show, in the present and succeeding papers, the importance of this method of inquiry; in the determination of the purposes for which the respec-tive ingredients of the food of living beings are de-manded in their economy and in the guidance which is hence obtained for the post indicious and secretarial is hence obtained for the most judicious and economical regulation of the diet.

"It is the office of Science," says the great Bacon, "to shorten the long turnings and windings of Experience." The scientific Astronomer is enabled, by his knowledge of the laws regulating the movements of the heavenly bodies, to predict the place of any one of them at a distant period, with far more exactitude than the most laborious and persevering observer could do upon the simple basis of his knowledge of their past changes of position. The Chinese Astronomers of the present time, like the Chaldean shepherds of old, early acquired experience enough to predict celipses; but this after a very rude and imperfect fashion, in which no improve-

ment has been made for centuries, in spite of the vast number of additional facts which their records would now supply: whilst the youngest disciple of Newton and Laplace could now, after a very brief calculation, mand Laplace could now, after a very order cataston, Moon, and Earth, which a single observation would supply, all the eclipses which will occur for thousands and tens of thousands of years; with a degree of exactness which nothing but a complete acquaintance with the laws which regulate, and the various influences which modify, the actions of these bodies could enable him to do.—We may draw another illustration from a recent discovery, which will probably be novel to most of our readers. A magnificent palm house being now in course of erection in the Botanic Garden at Kew, Mr. Hunt, a gentleman well known for his researches on the influence of Light upon Vegetation, was applied to for his opinion in regard to the best kind of glass to be employed for the purpose. The object to be gained was this:—that the leaves should be protected from the scorching rays of the summer sun, which are very injurious to them; whilst at the same time, neither the luminous nor the chemical rays, upon the influence of which the due performance of the vegetative processes is dependent, should be excluded. It had been previously ascertained by careful and ingenious experiments, that the heat, the light, and the chemical effects of the solar beam, are three different properties, which are very much influenced in their relative degree by its passage through different transparent substances, some allowing the first to pass with the greatest facility, others the second, and others the third. The colour of these substances has much to do with their effect upon these several constituents of the solar ray; and it was anticipated that it would be possible to give a tinge to glass, which should produce exactly the required effect. After a long series of experiments, and much ingenious reasoning upon them, Mr. Hunt came to the conclusion that a slight tinge of green, a little deeper than that which exists in ordinary window-glass, would give to the glass the property sought for; namely, that of allowing all (or very nearly all) the luminous and chemical rays to pass; whilst it should stop enough of the heating rays (the want of which, when deficient, can of course be supplied by heat within the building) to prevent the scorching action complained of. With such glass the palm-house is now being fitted up; and Mr. Hunt has had the satisfaction of finding that his recommendation has the full approval of many practical gardeners in the neighbourhood of London, who have observed that their Plants do not grow as well under the white or colourless glass now generally used for conservatories, forcing-houses, etc., as they did under the greenish glass which was formerly employed. The substitution of colourless glass has been the result of improvements in the glass manufacture, and might naturally be supposed to be of real service in horticulture; so that the experience of its opposite character was not sufficient to check its use, until the man of science could show why the medium tinted by its impurity should be preferable.

Let us then now inquire into the causes which render a supply of food necessary to the living being; into the purposes which the several elements of our ordinary food are destined to answer in our economy; and into the circumstances which produce variations in the demand for each of them. We shall find ourselves thus prepared, by scientific investigation, to understand that which experience tells us; and to apply this knowledge to the most economical and productive use of the various means of sustenance which the Creator has placed within our reach. A double purpose is thus answered: for whilst our own health is better preserved, and our bodily and mental powers are kept in greater vigour, by the supply of the real requirements of the system with-

out injurious superfluity, the pressing wants of others are more effectually provided for, when the most advantageous and economical application is made of the materials at command, and when the supply of these is increased by the disuse of all that we can dispense with.

In all living beings, a supply of material is required for the development of the germ into the complete fabric. We should no more expect that a house could be built up without bricks and mortar, than that a Plant or an Animal could develop itself without food. the lowest Plants we find that the germs set free from the parent have from the first the power of obtaining their own food from the elements around them. Under the influence of Light, they begin to decompose the Carbonic Acid of the atmosphere, and to unite its carbon with water, to form a gummy compound, which is the material at whose expense the first cell is developed from the germ, and new cells are produced by a sort of budding process from the first.' In this manner, the Conferva-threads (or crow-silk) of our running streams each take their origin in a germ which has been furnished by a previous one of the same kind; and they might be made, by chemical processes, to yield back all the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, which have been combined into the solid substance of their fabric. method of reproduction prevails among all the Sea-Weeds, Lichens, Fungi, Mosses, and even in Plants so highly organized as Ferns; for in none of these is there any seed, properly so called; but the germ when cast off from the parent is entirely dependent for the materials of its growth upon its power of obtaining these from the air and moisture around,—having, so to speak, to get its own living from its carliest infancy. But in the Flowering Plants, we find the germ accompanied by a large mass of nutritious matter, stored up for its use by the parent; and it is chiefly of this, that the seed is composed. The nature of this matter is such, that it is not disposed to undergo change excepting under the combined influence of warmth, moisture, and air; and we consequently find that, when one or more of these influences is wanting, the seed may remain unchanged for ages, and may yet retain its power of growth when circumstances call this into exercise. Thus, grains of wheat which have been rolled up in the folds of bituminous cloth that envelop the bodics of Egyptian mummies, and seeds of various kinds which have been buried deep in the soil for two thousand years or more, have yet grown when placed under favourable circumstances. Now the germination or sprouting of a seed consists in this:—that the starchy substance of which it is chiefly composed is converted by a chemical process into sugar, and this sugar is appropriated by the germ as the material of its growth, until it is all exhausted. Thus the young Plant develops and unfolds its first true leaves, and implants into the soil its first true roots, at the expense,—not of the nourishment it has itself drawn from the air and moisture around,—but by the aid of that which has been prepared for it by the parent, and stored up in the seed for the purpose. When the first true leaves have been unfolded, and the roots have imbedded themselves in the soil, the young Plant is in a condition to shift for itself; and it henceforth (the supply of food afforded by the seed being completely exhausted) draws its nutriment through these organs, from the same elements-Carbonic Acid and water-as those which are appropriated from the first by the lowest forms of Vegetation.

But although water and carbon,—the former chiefly taken up by the soil through the roots, and the latter obtained by the action of the leaves upon the Carbonic Acid of the atmosphere,—are the chief materials of the Vegetable fabric, they are seldom the only ones. If Plants were confined to these, they could not produce anything but gum, sugar, starch, oil, and other sub-

stances that resemble these, in being composed of only three elements,—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. They could not effect what appears to be their chief purpose in the general economy of creation,—the preparation of food for the Animal kingdom. In the substances of which the flesh of Animals is chiefly composed, four elements are contained; namely, the oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, of the Vegetable fabric, with the addition of nitrogen or azote, the gas which makes up four-fifths of our atmosphere. Now the Animal, as we shall hereafter find, has no power of preparing these substances for itself. It cannot even take the gum, sugar, starch, or oil of the Plant as its foundation, and combine these (as it was formerly supposed to be able to do) with nitrogen, so as to produce the chief materials of its own fabric. Far less can the Animal obtain its food by forming original compounds of the four elementary substances themselves. It can only make use of what the Plant supplies; and thus the whole Animal kingdom is immediately and directly dependent upon the Vegetable for its means of existence. Now although the Vegetable fabric itself,—that is, the structure which surrounds and encloses its various cavities and canals, is composed of three elements only, various substances are formed by its means, and are stored up in these cavities and canals for the use of Animals, which consist of the four already mentioned. In order that these may be prepared, the Plant is endowed not mercly with the power of decomposing Carbonic Acid, and of retaining its carbon to combine with the oxygen and hydrogen of water, but also with the power of decomposing ammonia (the gas that gives pungency to hartshorn), which is a compound gas made up of hydrogen and nitrogen. A quantity of this gas too small to be measured in any ordinary way is diffused through the atmosphere; being very readily absorbed or sucked-up by water, it is entangled as it were in the falling rain, and is by it carried to the ground, where it will be taken in with the water drawn up by the roots of the Plant. The soil itself, if composed of sufficiently porous substances, will also have the power of absorbing Carbonic Acid and ammonia from the atmosphere; and these gases, being taken up by the water that filters through the soil, are conveyed as before into the interior of the plant by the absorbing power of the roots. Further, if the soil contain decaying Vegetable or Animal matter, an additional quantity of Carbonic Acid and ammonia is continually being set free by its decomposition; and thus a further supply of these important articles of Vegetable food is afforded, in a manner which effectually hastens the processes of growth, and increases the amount of the peculiar products which it is the office of the Plant to form. The whole theory of the use of manures consists in the proper understanding of the wants of the particular kind of Plant whose growth it is desired to promote, and of the nature of the substances which the manure is able to afford. Thus, to take two extreme cases, in the cultivation of Corn it is desirable to increase as much as possible the production of those substances in the seed, which resemble Animal flesh in their composition; and in order that a due supply of nitrogen may be afforded, a rich Animal manure, steadily disengaging ammonia with Carbonic Acid, should be had recourse to. Moreover, as the secd-coat of the Corngrains naturally contains a very large amount of the phosphate of lime or bone-earth, the manure ought to contain this substance, unless the soil be capable of yielding it in sufficient quantity. There is no manure which so completely combines these requisites as guano; and it is well known that there is none which, when judiciously applied, is so effectual for the purpose. On the other hand, in the cultivation of the Sugar-cane, the object is to produce the greatest possible amount of sugar, a substance which does not contain nitrogen. A steadysupply of Carbonic Acid, therefore, is the point

of greatest importance, a very small quantity of ammonia being needed; and this supply may be most economically afforded by a Vegetable manure, which would be quite useless in the cultivation of Corn. Further, the Sugar-cane, like other Plants of the Grass tribe, contains in its tissue a great quantity of silex or flinty matter; and if this be not afforded, in a form in which it can be appropriated by the Plant, its growth will languish. Hence, if it be deficient in the soil, it ought to be supplied by the manure; and there is no way in which the due amount of decaying Vegetable matter and of flinty particles may be so readily and advantageously obtained as by employing for manure the leaves and stems of the canes of a former growth, from which the sweet juice

has been pressed out.1

Thus we see that the development of the Vegetable fabric, and the production of those substances which are prepared by its means for the wants of Animals, can only be effected by a due supply of food; but the food of Plants is far different from that of Animals, consisting only of the oxygen and hydrogen supplied by water, of carbon derived from Carbonic Acid, and of water, or carbon derived from carbonic Acid, and or nitrogen obtained from ammonia; with the addition of certain mineral substances, the demand for which varies in different species. But this is not the only source of the demand for food in the living Vegetable. A certain amount of decay is constantly going on (as has been already remarked) in all living structures; and although the durable nature of the substances of which a large part of the Vegetable fabric is composed, renders them but little liable to it, yet we trace its results in that disengagement of Carbonic Acid which was stated in a disengagement of Carbonic Acid which was stated in a former paper (vol. i. p. 278) to be taking place during the whole life of every Plant. But we have a more complete and extensive decay taking place at intervals, even in the forest trees of longest life and most durible structure; and, however strange it may appear, this decay is necessary to the development and increase of the fabric in which it takes place. We refer to the well known "fall of the leaf;" a phenomenon which has been a continual source of perplexity to the philosopher, whilst it has been a fruitful theme for the imaginative compositions of the poet; but of which modern physiological science enables us to give a very satisfactory explanation. It seems to be an universal law, that those living structures whose vital actions are most active shall have the briefest duration; whilst those which (so to speak) live slowest, also live longest. Now if we compare the soft succulent tissue of the leaf of a Plant with the hard woody fibre of its stem, we might at once guess that the nature of the former would of itself render it liable to decay, whilst the latter might possess an almost unlimited duration; but we should find a much better reason for this difference in their relative degrees of activity. For the tissue of which the leaves are composed is, of the whole Plant, that which is most energetically employed in performing those important processes, which are required for the conversion of the elements supplied as food into the varied products which the Plant is destined to afford. It is by its agency that the material is provided, at the expense of which the solid stem and branches receive their annual increase. It is through the chemical changes it effects on the crude sap which rises to them from the roots, that this thin watery fluid is converted into the viscid juice which conveys nutriment to every part of the structure, and which already contains the various products,—oil,

starch, sugar, colouring matters, acids, alkalies, etc. that are to be drawn from it and stored up in the bark. the wood, or the seeds. And it is on account of this very energy of its life, that it must soon come to a close. The processes to which the leaves are subservient, and which are most actively performed in the height of summer, become less and less energetic as the season advances; and the first departure of the fresh green tint, the slightest indication of a change towards the "sere and yellow leaf," indicates that death and decay are beginning to take place. It is found by chemical investigation, that the quantity of Carbonic Acid giren off from the leaves as soon as this change commences, is greater than that which is taken in; an evident proof that decay is in progress. And thus we see that, having discharged their allotted duty, they die and decay, to be succeeded by a new generation when the returning warmth of spring shall again stimulate the vegetative processes to activity; this generation in its turn to flourish beneath the summer sun, to produce the materials for the extension of the solid and durable portion of the fabric, and in its turn to pass away when it has performed the office committed to it, to be succeeded by another and another of equally brief duration.—In the so-called evergreen trees and shrubs the process is exactly the same; the only difference being that the leaves do not all fall off at once, but decay and are renewed independently of each other.

The development of the permanent fabric, then, and the renovation of those parts whose continual decay is subservient to that development, are, then, the two great sources of the demand for food in the Plant; and the demand for particular elements of that food depends, as we have seen, on the nature of the substances to be

produced.

ACCOUNT OF THE NEW AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF A DISINFECTING FLUID.

THERE are some among the evils which it has pleased the Beneficent Creator to interweave with the good in this portion of his creation which are as yet mysteries to us; which we must bear as our Cross, and learn thereby the divine religion of sorrow. There are many more, which, in the light of increasing knowledge, take the new form of blessings in disguise; the appointed means of a greater amount of happiness, and constant incitements to progression. There are still more, which, yielding to the power of truth, science, and benevolence, are gradually disappearing altogether. Forms of moral perversion and political oppression, once common, have vanished, leaving only their traces behind them. Diseases, once the scourge of nations, are forgotten, or only matters of history. Howard extinguished the jail fever; Southwood Smith prophesies the extinction of typhus, and works towards the fulfilment of his prophery. Ether, as now used in operations, shows that physical pain may be deadened. And now, a new and curious discovery promises to wipe out a long list of human inconveniences and sufferings, and to turn their very sources into the means of riches and fertility.

A fluid which possesses the property of destroying noxious gases, has been discovered by a French chemist, and placed by him, through the instrumentality of an energetic and patriotic Englishman, at the disposal of the English Government. This "disinfecting fluid," as it has been named, is inexpensive, simple of application, and without any odour of its own. It destroys the putrid smell of all substances, animal or vegetable, in any stage of decomposition. The "dead-rooms" of hospitals, all dissecting-rooms,

⁽¹⁾ This refuse is usually employed as fuel, for the boiling down of the sugar juice. The Author some years ago, however, pointed out the far greater economy of employing it as manure for the growing canes; the fuel for the boiling-house being easily obtained from other sources. He has been informed that the change which he has suggested has been put in practice in several instances, with most beneficial effects.

the subjects of coroners' inquests, or of any postmortem examination, may, by its presence, be rendered perfectly inoffensive. Portions of human remains, portions of animal remains, of fish, of vegetable matter, so putrid as scarcely to retain their form sufficiently to be recognised, have, by it, been restored to their natural odour. Night-soil, arrived at that most poisonous pitch of stench which it emits when accumulated for years in cesspools, is, by it, nearly deprived of all smell; that which it retains being so trifling as only to be perceptible by very close observation. Cesspools, into which a certain portion of this fluid has been poured, have been emptied in the middle of populous neighbourhoods, in open day, and the contents carted away, and neither the men employed, the people of the neighbourhood in which it was situated, nor those of the neighbourhood through which it passed, have had any cause to complain, or indeed (except those whose attention was drawn to the matter) have been conscious of the proceeding. The night-men, whose occupation is usually so disgusting and dangerous, as to be most painful to contemplate, have expressed their astonishment at this wonderful relief. Thus disinfected, this material becomes a valuable manure. It is said to prevent the potato disease, but we require further time and experience before that can be ascertained; there is no doubt, from several observations, however, about its being highly fertilising to vegetation in general, much more so than the night-soil unmixed with this fluid; because the chemical action is to fix all that is nutritive, and to destroy all that is at once hurtful to life and offensive to the sense of smell.

Important as this single property is, it is the relief from the noxious effluvia of all excrementitious matter which first strikes the mind as the great boon of this discovery. Whoever knows anything of the state of the worst and most wretched districts in all our towns. under our present deficiency of sanitary precautions, will at once perceive how much this discovery will aid sanitary measures, if indeed we may hope ever to see them put into operation. But we do not require to examine the state of the worst districts only, in order to perceive the advantages we shall derive from the use of this fluid. Poisonous smells attack us on every side. Nothing is more difficult than to find a house which is not rendered disagreeable and unhealthy by them at times. Nothing is more difficult than to find a locality free from them. As long as cosspools, properly designated "poison pits," are permitted to exist in populous places, the cleansing of them must be perpetual sources of disgust and disease to whole neighbourhoods. Here

we have an antidote for this evil.

In sickness, also, the relief afforded will be extraordinary. A sick room may be, in the course of two or three minutes, perfectly purified by the use of a small quantity of this fluid, and all that was disagreeable to the senses before replaced by a sense of singular freshness. The crowded wards of hospitals have been not only thus purified, but the creation of any offensive smell at all has been prevented by it. In thinking of a number of sufferers whose proximity in their state of sickness and prostration necessarily renders each a cause of offence and additional suffering to all, the blessing of this new power to prevent this portion of their calamity is very striking.

But there is a more important consequence involved. The generator of all the classes of infectious disease, the poison which, arising from the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, becomes diffused in the atmosphere, and, being inhaled into the lungs, causes that dreadful scourge fever, is neutralized, is actually destroyed by the chemical action of this fluid. The danger to which nurses and medical attendants are perpetually exposed, and which, in the present bad form of fever prevailing to so great an extent, has been

particularly fatal, will now be averted. And it appears, from the experience already acquired, that a most beneficial effect is produced on the patients themselves by this purification of the air around them. We should naturally have expected this, and it has proved so. A fever patient becomes in himself a source of fever. All the exhalations given off from him are dangerous to life; and while he inhales them he is continually taking fresh doses of the poison that has prostrated him. By annihilating the poison, a wonderful assistance is given to the physician in curing him. Hitherto this effect has been produced, as far as possible, by ventilation in all well regulated sick rooms and hospitals, but the new fluid does it much more completely. Ventilation only dilutes, this gets rid of the poison. In the most crowded and ill-ventilated wards, filled with cases of dysentery and fever in the dreadful form now prevailting in Ireland, it has been found sufficient to wave in the air, and to hang round the beds, pieces of linen saturated in the fluid, and the state of the atmosphere around has been changed in a few minutes from one so noxious as to be highly dangerous to all those whose duty called them into the dreadful service of breathing it, into one of perfect safety and purity; while the poor suffering patients declared themselves to be

The same effect has been obtained in cases of sores, wounds, and ulcers. The offensive smell arising from these has been entirely prevented by dressings saturated with this fluid. It is affirmed by the discoverer, that the healing or cure is thereby promoted; but experience alone can test this. The obliteration of the offensive smell is in itself a blessing to the sufferers as well as to the attendants, and this is certain.

We are detailing extraordinary facts; but they are facts, not fables. We have before us the Reports of Dr. Southwood Smith, Mr. Toynbee, and Mr. Grainger, who have carefully tested the truth of these statements as commissioners appointed by government. The Reports have been printed by order of the House of Com-mons, and presented by Her Majesty's command. We have also before us, printed together with these, reports and letters from several physicians, surgeons, and others in London, on the subject; and also copies of letters or reports received by the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests from Manchester and Liverpool, and also from Ireland, on the efficacy of the disinfecting fluid. The chief cause of doubt in the mind of any one as to the truth of these details must now be, the wonder, that having in their hands so invaluable a remedy for the ills which are now with peculiar severity pressing on large portions of the population, the English government should delay for a moment to enforce its universal When we see that the Report of the Commis-1186. sioners was given in on the 29th of March, our wonder is increased. We understand, however, that the delay is now over, and that before this article goes to press, the announcement will have gone out to all the Unions in the country, that applications for this fluid in any quantities will be attended to. We shall, therefore, hope to see it put into use in every hospital immediately. For this important result, the public is probably indebted in great measure to the following eloquent appeal from Dr. Southwood Smith, which we find printed at page 23 of the Report :-

CGPT OF LETTER FROM DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH TO VISCOUNT MORPETH.

38, Finsbury-square, 28th June, 1847.
My Lord,—One of the constant and distinguishing characters of a severe epidemic is that it attacks the attendants on the sick. The fever which is at present prevailing to such a deplorable extent in almost every part of the United Kingdom exhibits this character in an unusual degree. From the accounts daily received from the larger towns in England, but particularly

from those of Ireland and Scotland, it is certain that in great numbers of instances fever is communicated not only to clergymen and relieving officers who visit the sick in their own wretched homes and poisonous localities, but also to the nurses and medical men in attendance even on private families; while it is far more prevalent and mortal among nurses, medical students, and the surgeons and physicians of hospitals and unions. Now and the surgeons and physicians of hospitals and unions. Now this part of the calamity at least might be spared. Whatever difficulties your lordship may have encountered in obtaining the necessary powers to make even any commencement of a system of prevention, by the removal of the causes of fever, you have in your own hands, and have had for some months past, the sure and certain means of preventing the extension of lever to the immediate attendants on the sick. An agent has been discovered (M. Ledoyen's Disinfecting Fluid) capable of entirely destroying the noxious gases arising from decomposing animal destroying the noxious gases arising from decomposing animal and vegetable substances. The properties and powers of this fluid, after having been examined by a series of careful and exact experiments, performed partly under your lordship's own observation, have been further tested in the crowded and poisonous fever-wards of the hospitals and unions of Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin. All classes of witnesses, from the nurses and wardsmen to the highest medical authorities, without a single avenation have corresponded (from what they have a single exception, have corroborated (from what they have themselves seen) the correctness of the conclusions deduced from the original experiments, and given in detail in a report presented to your lordship on the 29th of March, 1847.

When used in a sick chamber, or is hospital and union wards,

this disinfecting agent decomposes and destroys the poisonous matters given off from the breath and skin, and from all the discharges of the body, and thus maintains the air surrounding the patients in a state of perpetual purity. It therefore effects more than ventilation; for while ventilation merely dilutes the poisonous matters diffused in the air, by the introduction of fresh currents of pure air, this agent destroys the very sources of

impurity.

No instructed person will suppose that this fluid can exercise, as a remedial agent, any influence on the state of fever itself, or as a remedial agent, any innuence on the state of rever itself, or on the diseased processes so often set up in it; yet the effect produced indirectly by it (merely by maintaining the purity of the surrounding air), in improving the condition of the patient, is sometimes most striking and permanent. It is a further properly and advantage of this fluid, that it creates no disagreeable odour of its own (as is the case with other disinfecting agents), but, on the contrary, produces a peculiar sensation of freshness.

I have been unable to afford my patients in the Fever Hos-pital the full benefit of this important discovery, on account of my inability to procure the fluid in sufficient quantities for daily and regular use. I have regretted this the more, because a bad form of erysipelas, proving fatal in several instances, has spread extensively through the wards, and I am satisfied that this might have been checked by the free use of this fluid.

I have also been anxious to procure enough of the fluid to immerse in it the body-linen and the bed-clothes of the patients; for we have scarcely ever had in the Fever Hospital a laundress who has not sooner or later been attacked by fever; but from what has been stated, it is obvious that all these classes of what has been stated, it is obvious that all these classes of persons, nurses, laundresses, and medical men, who are always in imminent danger, and who so often suffer, might perform their arduous duties with perfect security. I therefore respectfully but earnestly beg of your lordship no longer to withhold from the public, more especially in the present condition of the country, the knowledge of a preventive and remedial agent, the general employment of which (irrespective of other uses to which it is applicable) will undoubtedly contribute towards saving the lives of many valuable persons saving the lives of many valuable persons.

I am, etc.

1) T. Southwood Smith. (Signed)

Viscount Morpeth.

Dr. Southwood Smith has by his services on this occasion increased the debt of gratitude which the country already owes him. The discoverer and introducer of this fluid have also become deserving of an amount of gratitude which will increase from year to year, as the blessings it will spread become more widely known and diffused. The following extract from a letter to Lord Morpeth from Colonel Calvert, on presenting his reports from Liverpool, Manchester, and Dublin, will be read with interest :--

I have endeavoured to meet every proposition to test this fluid, and I hope I have done so openly and honourably. I am now in your lordship's hands, to direct me in which way you wish this discovery to be presented to the country. I wish, if I may be allowed that gratification, that it should be through your lordship; it would be received as an additional boon of your lordship's benevolent solicitude to improve the health of the afflicted, and assist you in carrying out your plans for the Health of Towns.

I must beg to remind your lordship that you have the report of Dr. Southwood Smith, Mr. Grainger, and Mr. Toynbee, with other very important certificates from different gentlemen from the master nightmen and their workmen; all of these relate to experiments which have taken place in London.

I continue to receive favourable reports from the London Fever Hospital, where this fluid is in constant use. I could not resist the request of Dr. Southwood Smith, the physician to this institution, who has been kind enough, not only there, but on all and every occasion (even in his private practice), of affording us the benefit of his great experience in giving every opportu-nity of testing this fluid; and it gives me great happiness in being able to state that he has communicated to me the success of the fluid wherever he has applied it.

Mr. Ledoyen and myself wait your lordship's further directions; we feel confident that everything that is kind and honourable will be the result of your lordship's decision.

I have, etc. (Signed) A. C. CALVERT. 11

72. Lombard-street, 22 June, 1847.

There are many portions of this Report which will be found highly deserving of attention, and to these we shall return. The following letter is a curious illus-tration of the effects of the relief from the usual horrible smell on the workmen employed :-

COPY OF LETTER FROM THE WORKING NIGHTMEN TO COLONEL CALVERT.

SIR,—We, the workmen employed by Mr. Radford, nightman, to empty a cesspool of night-soil yesterday at Mr. Ederton's, Brixton, feel it our duty to return you our thanks for your kindness to us, and to express our astonishment at the discovery of the French gentleman in taking all the smell from the nightsoil in so short a time; we never emptied a privy before but what had a dreadful stink, but we could not smell anything in the one we did yesterday; we worked with pleasure, and did the work in much less time. You do not know, sir, the good you are doing to all the poor men that are obliged to follow this business, nor the lives you will save, for men are often suffo-cated while employed at this sort of work. Ourselves are often cated white employed at this sort of work. Ourselves are there very ill from it; when it is more known, every nightman and his workmen ought to bless and pray for you. William Fen-wick did as all you gentlemen saw—tasted it, and William Dyer put some over his eyes without injuring them: if it had not gone through your process, it would have blinded him.

We have you to account our best without and may you live long.

We beg you to accept our best wishes, and may you live long to do good. We are, etc.

We are, etc.
gned) William Fenwick,
Living at 15, Ewer-street, Gravel-lane, Southwark. (Signed) JOHN DOBSON, No. 8, Queen-street, Southwark. CHARLES COOK,

21, Pepper-street, Southwark. WILLIAM DYER, Nelson-yard, Old Kent Road.

We cannot expect to find many such enthusiasts as William Fenwick and William Dyer—nor, indeed, do we desire it; but the discovery is of a kind which may well excite our admiration and thankfulness.

We should add that Messrs. Ledoyen and Calvert state that they have with them the Report of a Commission, ordered by the French Government, and composed of the first chemists and agriculturists, who performed a series of experiments with their fluid in the years 1845 and 1846; and also certificates from many physicians and surgeons of different hospitals in Paris on its efficacy; and from the Minister of War, ordering M. Ledoyen to disinfect all military hospitals, barracks, etc. To all such institutions-to all places

where numbers are congregated in small space—above all, in the navy and merchant service—it will be, of course, most valuable. We repeat our hope that the British Government will duly estimate the confidence which has placed it in their hands, and will not only assist, but enforce its universal use. Their withdrawal of the "Health of Towns Bill," after the startling evidence of its pressing necessity which poured in from all quarters, must, however, shake our confidence in all their proceedings as to the sanitary state of the country. The public ought to be roused to greater vigour on this point. They may be assured that nothing but the "pressure from without" will conquer the apathy of their rulers. The people have the power in their own hands, and ought to use it. If they use it strongly and wisely, science and legislation may, even in our own times, bring about the fulfilment of Dr. Southwood Smith's prediction, to which we have before alluded; and we may live to see the day when in our towns "typhus fever" may be a matter of history, as in our prisons "jail fever" is already.

THE MACEDONIAN.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Is days of fratricidal strife, When brother sought a brother's life, And o'er the wide Atlantic main

Threats and defiances were hurled, And kindred ties were rent in twain, And kindred nations wide unfurled Their warlike standards to the gales, That bore, with full distended sails, Their adverse vessels o'er the brine, With human blood incarnardine:—

Twas then a frigate left our shore,—
The British flag aloft she bore,
Nor bore it long: a shattered wreck,
With rent sails on each splintered mast,

With rent sails on each splintered mast,
And mangled forms heaped on each deck,
From whence the gory streams flowed fast,
And all signs that could indicate
How fierce the fray to vindicate
Her "nation's honour"—as terms go—

She yielded to the stronger foe.

Full many a year hath passed since then
Of friendly intercourse, and men

Have wiser, if not better, grown.

The white-winged messengers of peace
From either shore to shore have flown,

To bid all strife and bloodshed cease; By them the threat, the menace rude, Is hushed—the envious thought subdued,—And heart to heart, as hand to hand, Is joined from each once hostile strand.

Again the gallant frigate ploughs
The waves, that seem to kiss her bows,
And bear her gladsomely along;

While western breezes, as they spread
Her canvas, shout a joyful song,
And sunbeams brightness round her shed,
She comes, prepare your guns—prepare
To do whatever man may dare,
To wipe away the former stain,
And win the proud ship back again.
What, not a shot? What, not an arm
Upraised in menace, or alarm?
No bristling fort, no battery manned,

To crush the foe that dares to flaunt, The stripes and stars of Yankee land, And of his nation's prowess vaunt? She nears the land,—her boats are out; Where is the rattling drum—the rout Of trained bands mustering for the fight, And all those sounds which peace affright?

Hark! now there ringeth loud and high A wild shout, like a gathering cry; From inland down unto the shore, And thence far o'er the heaving flood,

It swells, it echoes more and more;
What saith it? "Food! they bring us food!"
Food! and the famished millions stand
All eager-eyed along the strand;
And every heart sends up a prayer

For that good ship at anchor there.

Go back, thou messenger of good,
Freighted with words of brotherhood,
And say, if ever cause should move
Our hearts to thoughts of deadly strife,

With those who sent thee here in love,
When Famine walked abroad, and life
Withered beneath his touch, as grass
Wherethrough the scorching flames do pass;
We'll pause, reflect, and speak, and write,
Do anything before we'll fight.

Go, pleugh the intervening seas, Shake loose thy canvas to the breeze, Thou link of unity between

Two kindred nations, that should ne'er In hostile attitude have been;
It matters not whose flag ye bear!
Though warlike be thy look and name,
We care not; from henceforth thy fame
Is holy, as an ark wherein
The dove of peace may refuge win.

Literary Notices.

The Evangel of Love interpreted. By Henry Surrow. London: Bartlett, Paternoster Row.

The readers of the stereotyped class will regard the author of this volume as insane; the orthodox will throw it down with horror; and the most liberal and tolerant will find enough to tolerate: but they who have gone long enough through the world to see that weeds spring up amid the most beautiful masses of flowers; that it is hopeless to expect wheat without tares, or barley without cockle, as Job found it in his day, will remember the words of our Saviour, "and let the tares and the wheat grow on together till the time of harvest, when God will know and select that which is for his

garner."

Mr. Sutton is one of the school of modern mystics. Carlyle and Emerson have contrived to bring Behmen and George Fox again into fashion; and Emanuel Swedenborg has found in their disciples a collateral existence. It is not to be denied that both beauties and extravagances are revived, but there is at the same time a spirit of singular beauty and love in the writings of the young authors of this class. Mr. Sutton has all the beauties and the defects combined. He commits the injustice to himself and his assuredly great powers, of treating plain matters of ancient history as hieroglyphics concealing other and mystical meanings. With these we have little patience. We say, let fact be fact, and sentiment be sentiment. Let us not confound one with the other till we no longer know whether what we see be dry land or water, or a mirage. It is an equal injustice to the spiritual tendencies of the age, which is rising in daily growing strength against its spirit of materialism. The spread of infidelity amongst the people

is wide and lamentable, and we fear this class of writers is not likely to diminish it. Instead of sound and strong reason, they oppose to the sceptical character of the time what all that are sceptical will treat as little better than insanity, while they alarm the orthodox

beyond expression.

We must, however, take them as we find them; and we must confess, that amid a mysticism that equals anything in Lady Guyon, or Isaac Pennington, we find in this young writer all the characteristics of a bold independence united to a spirit of love and a sense of beauty both in nature and in sentiment that is quite refreshing. None but a person prepared for martyrdom—and the world has its martyrs and its inquisitors yet in no trivial number—would have dared to utter a tithe of the things which are uttered in this little volume; few could have uttered the thousandth part of the beautiful and splendid things that it contains. Nottingham is a remarkable place; it would have been so had it produced nothing but Festus and the Evangel of Love.

The author sets out by declaring that "God is all in all, and that the Universal Soul has seven attributes or manifestations:—Truth; Power; Beauty; Light; Life; Goodness; and Love." These he takes as his text, and under them preaches of Bible Shallows, and Bible Deeps; Living Oracles and Conduct; Analogies of Beauty; Assimilation and Vision; Spiritual Illumination; Life lost and won; Life here and hereafter; Life Extra Universal; the Lamp Stands; Friday in the Church; and Friday in the World; the Universe; Internal Perceptive Love; External Perceptive Love; and the Epilogue

It is piain that a vast deal may be said under these heads; and that a vast deal of what is strange may be expected. It will not be expected in vain. We shall, however, seek less to show what is singular, than what is beautiful; and, fortunately, that too is abundant. What he says of beauty itself is very beautiful:—

All good and beautiful souls delight to dwell amid beautiful objects, because there they feel at home, and among their friends. And it is the duty of all to make themselves and their appurtenances as handsome as they can. And I say to all, be sure neglect no simple and lawful means of making your person, your actions, your dwelling, your life, as beautiful to yourself and those around you, as every life and person may and ought to be made. Have flowers much about you; who that is good for anything does not love flowers? Be yourself always pleasant where possible, and think it your duty to infuse as much grace into everything as its nature and your means may lawfully admit of. Use your eyes to the contemplation of fair objects, and be much among beautiful colours, and forms, and sounds; and to this end, love the fine arts, and read much poetry, and converse continually with fields and streams.

And the duty of all this may be learnt from a consideration of the law of ASSIMILATION: What a man sees, he becomes. For there is in the mind a principle by which what we look at and dwell amongst is transferred within us, and becomes thenceforth part of ourselves. Therefore, if a man would be a poem, living a noble and heroic life, he should have his house and garniture, and diet, as simple and comely as he can. And it is from the potency of this law of Assimilation, that we gather the necessity every Christian is under, of aroiding much converse with little-minded and unbeautiful souls.

By this law, we derive the utmost advantage from the society of the beautiful. This is true, even, to some extent, with regard to mere outward beauty. Therefore I seldom see a fair woman without feeling thankful for her; or a fair child. For I consider it always so much gain;—gain to the friends and acquaintance of such an one, because of the operation of this law of Assimitation;—and gain also to me though I never see her again. For, apart from this same law, there is here one more achievement of Humanity to be gloried in; one more portrait of Him whom the soul loveth; one more realization in the day of evil marriage of what all shall at last possess; one more assertion of the power of marriage-correspondency, even though it be only in the physical spheres. Moreover, a wholesome stimulus is applied to all Vitalized souls by the sight of Beauty written on these breathing tablets, it being a figure or representation of

that fact, which he who sees ought himself to have become. For in this majestic form, this lovely face, these exquisite limbs, lies a fine rebuke to the unfaithful Christian, who may see her before him, drawn out in colours, forms, and motions, that Loveliness which ought before now to have been internally his own; and if not equal to this, his pattern, he has been untrue to his own soul. But if benefit may be got from the company of the purely beautiful in body, how ineffably more from the beautiful in soul! Few blessings, indeed, there are, that are greater, few for which we should more thank God. In the hours of despond, when the mind is dark, the way grievous, the joy turned into the mist of tears; when the soul, beset by templations, slmost doubts of the possibility of becoming clean;—O, what a comfort it is to have those with us, in person or memory, who have achieved the victory, and do practically foreshow that possibility which we have been despairing of. To look at some friend, beautiful in soul, if not in externals—the good and the faithful,

Who, rowing hard against the stream, Sees present paradises gleam, And does not dream it is a dream!

Equally beautiful is that which he says of prayer; equally just of the present tendency towards the equalization of labour, and towards the acknowledgment of the right of the poor to intellectual culture.

The following remarks are not the less vital with a great truth because uttered by a very young man:—

What beautiful lives, what happy homes might we not have, my friends, were this wretched hunting after sensual pleasure done away! It must be said freely, we have cast out the best possies of life, through our cursed sensualism. And it must be repeated, that it is of no use to complain that our every-day life is prosaic, while ourselves are wantonly making it so. Life to the most has become a matter of mere eating, drinking, sleeping, scraping; and then, having brought ourselves thus low, we call Nature hard names, and are sorry the world is so trumpery. In thickening the walls of our dwellings, we spend our years; and having succeeded in miking them dead, beclouded, so as to be impenetrable to the glories that would stream through them, we exclaim against the poverty of our state, and sigh over "the clouds of glory" we trailed behind us in infancy, but which have now "faded into the light of common day."

In conclusion, we recognise our author as one of the spirits of the age that is coming, fresh, vigorous, daring, independent, but seeking in the law of love the law of happiness. Another such we met the other day, who had worked out the theory of a new and bold philosophy yet unpublished, commencing with the enunciation of the dogma that the infinite universe is composed of matter and of spirit, and drawing thence a theory of our physical and intellectual nature, full of an incontrovertible justice and a moral beauty, which, to carry out, would make Christianity no longer an empty dream, but the most magnificent reality. It is pleasant to sit in the still places of a mature age, and watch the young, ardent spirits of the onward world walk forth with their new views and aspirations, which are but the flower and fruits of our age's planting.

Classical Edition of the British Poets. Part I. Cowper. London: W. H Reid.

This is a very acceptable series of reprints, beautifully brought out, and at a price so low—the cost being only sixpence a part—that we not only wish for it, but anticipate, a large sale. The publisher opens his series with the works of Cowper—a poet so purely English, and of such high moral excellence, that we rejoice at a handsome and portable edition of his works being thus placed within the reach of almost every working man and woman in the country who has the taste for reading and poetry. A well-written abstract of Cowper's singularly interesting but melancholy life, by Charles Whitehead, himself a poet, is prefixed to the poems, and will be read with interest by all, especially by the intelligent portion of the people, to whom the life and writings of this pure and Christian poet are only too little known. We shall keep our eye on the progress of this series.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest orinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all casess—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work FOR all, and we desire to work WITH all.

The Poor and the Poor-Lanes.-SIR,-I have often been deeply affected while reflecting upon the wide-spread calamity which at present involves thousands in misery and distress. Having just received your Journal for this week, I turned to the article furnished by a Glasgow correspondent, and I could not help asking myelf, have we a poor-law in this Christian country? and if we have, what is the real meaning of it? Was it intended to meet the necessities of the indigent and famishing poor, or merely to tantalize and upbraid them, because they are unfortunate in being sick, infirm, and out of employment; was it intended to add insult to misery and destitution, and drive the poor wretches to a premature grave? Surely our wise and Christian legislators could never contemplate such direful effects resulting from the administration of such a law. Why is it, then, that so many are actually dying for want of the common necessaries of life? Is it because the people are unwilling to apply to the board of guardians for relief; or, if they do apply, are the guardians unwilling or unable to meet their urgent necessities? There must be something seriously wrong about the whole machinery and working of this precious poor-law, and the whole batch of commissioners and guardians connected with it.

The people are destitute and suffering in the extreme, and thousands dare not apply to the parish for relief from a dread of being forced into the poor-houses. This statement is supported by Dr. Howard, of Manchester, physician to the Royal Infirmary, in a letter which may be found in the Manchester Guardian of May 22d, where he gives an account of the destitution and suf-

fering of the poor in this town.

Dr. Howard says, "It may appear a strong, and, to those not intimately acquainted with the condition of a large mass of the poor, perhaps an exaggerated statement for me to make, but nevertheless I will not shrink from expressing my firm conviction, that a great number of the inhabitants of this town are at the present moment daily perishing from the effects of deficiency of food, absolutely dying from want. I do not make this statement rashly or unadvisedly; it is not the theoretical or visionary opinion of a novice or an enthusiast. The condition of the poor is not a subject which I have only recently investigated; my attention has long been directed to it. I have carefully studied the effects produced among them by deficiency of food, and I am not likely to be deceived either by the facts and symptoms I witness, or the statements I hear in my intercourse with them. My information is not acquired from hearsay, not from the reports of others; it has been obtained from personal visitation and attendance upon the indigent at their own houses For nearly eighteen years past I have been constantly connected with the largest public institutions of the town, either as a resident medical officer, or as a physician; and during this period, I have on several occasions been witness to a great deal of suffering and distress, and of disease arising therefrom; but I must candidly own I have never seen so much, and such aggravated destitution, as I have met with during the last few Within range of my observations the present amount of destitution is unparalleled; and I repeat I am convinced that numbers are sinking into the grave solely from want of food. Now, I by no means wish to imply that the relieving officers intentionally made an incorrect representation of the state of the poor, but the circumstances of their report fully convince me of a fact which I have long been aware of, and I have endeavoured. on previous occasions, to make known, that great numbers of persons, during periods of extraordinary distress, suffer long, and sometimes even to death, from destitution, without ever making an application to the guardians for relief. This reluctance to apply for assistance arises, no doubt, sometimes from a ance to apply for assistance arises, no doubt, sometimes from a spirit of independence; sometimes, perhaps, from a dread of the tests to which relieving officers often (and occasionally, without doubt, properly enough) put to them—the offer of the workhouse or of removal to their parish; but it is, I am persuaded, much more frequently owing to the fact, that gradual starvation so depresses the powers both of body and mind—produces such a

degree of physical and mental prostration, that individuals so suffering, have neither the physical nor mental vigour necessary to make a formal application for relief; they become so weakened, so listless, and so apathetic, that they have not sufficient energy left to make an effort to obtain assistance, and die unrelieved, unless some sympathising neighbour takes the trouble of making their condition known to the authorities.

The amount of unrelieved destitution in this town is great at all times, and at present absolutely appalling. Though no verdicts of 'died from starvation' be given by coroners' juries, numbers are weekly being carried off by want of the necessaries

of life."

Now, Sir, so much for a Christian country, where Providence showers an abundance of his blessings, and where we profess so much religion, and where institutions flourish, and armies are maintained for conquering the world, and where poor-law makers at festive boards can rejoice and sing-

"Britons never, never shall be slaves. Surely, Sir, as a nation we are a set of the vilest reptiles that live to allow such destitution and misery to exist when we have it in our power to relieve it. Yours truly,

Manchester, 24th June.

Nottingham Land Sarings Bank .- This institution, it appears from its sixth Report, now before us, was founded in 1841 includes as its members and promoters almost every leading man of the place. For the rules of the association we must refer to the Report itself, for they are lengthy; but we may reier to the keport itself, for they are lengthy; but we may state that the association appears to be most prosperous, and to furnish a striking example for imitation in other towns and neighbourhoods. It receives from 6d. to 1l. per month towards each share, and pays four per cent. on all deposits; and it advances loans on security of the allotments when once obtained, to that the provision restricts the strategic of the control of the security of the secur so that the proprietors may erect comfortable houses on them, and pay off the debt by instalments. The Report states that 7,000 acres are already held in allotments, and that lands for cottage allotments to the value of 5,493l. have been allotted within the last year. This bank includes also a life assurance, within the last year. All salar minutes and family endowment offices, so as to furnish to the working man every advantageous mode of investment, and provision for the future, both for himself and family. There is another very important consideration connected with this plan: every acre purchased is divided into four gardens, and if occupied by the owner, each will confer the elective franchise. Any man, through this institution, may, at an average price of 71., emancipate himself, and obtain a valuable freehold!

71., emancipate himself, and obtain a variance incension.

To the masses of our countrymen, desirous of obtaining the

To the masses of our countrymen, desirous of obtaining the attributes of freemen, here is a society of enfranchisement perfectly legal, and accessible to almost every working man.

From this Report we extract the following passages, which give a singular proof of how greatly is wanting an efficient system for the Health of Towns.—The number of dwellings in Nottingham is about 11,000, and of these, 8,000 are under 10t. a-year Of this latter class a great majority are unprovided with suitable conveniences, not having more than one receptacle for refuse to three or four houses, containing generally from lifteen to twenty inhabitants. Frequently there is only one to five or six houses. These are for the most part placed in the centre of a square of buildings, in rows of three, four, five, or six, with one ash-pit to the whole, or otherwise erected under the dwellings ash-pit to the whole, or otherwise erected under the dwellings in which whole families live and sleep, and nearly always exposed to the sight of the inhabitants of the courts and places in which they are situated, militating grievously against the comfort, health, morality, and even decency of the inhabitants.

Numerous blocks of houses are built back to back, containing from 1,000 to 3,000 inhabitants, intersected with narrow alleys and courts, having a tunnel passage of about three feet wide and courts, having a tunner passage or account them, precluding a requisite ventilation, having only one room on a floor of from seven to nine feet square, in which the washing and all the business of a family has to done. The average duration of human life in these districts is

—females, 24 years; males, 20½; and in some of the most densely populated parts of the town, the mean duration of human life is reported to be 14, 13, and even 11 years.

Post Office Discussion.—We have received communications in consequence of the article thus headed, requesting us to allow our Journal to become the medium of this discussion. The writers mistake the meaning of the proposer. No journal could undertake the task, or find the space for such a purpose. The parties must open up any such discussions through the medium of their acquaintances in different places. We may add a similar remark to those interested in the scheme of Cottages, Land, and Congenial Society. We gave the reference to the proper medium of inquiry last week.

Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society.—The ladies of Edinburgh and Glasgow are actively prosecuting the anti-slavery cause. The Glasgow ladies have issued a zealous address to the free women of America on behalf of the enslaved, especially of their own sex; and the Edinburgh ladies have presented a spirited remonstrance to the Free Church of Scotland against its mercenary conduct. From their Report we learn that 61,000 Coolies have been imported into the Mauritius between the years 1842 and 1846, and this importation has not been found sufficient to supply the loss by deaths; and the cost has amounted to 150,000/.

Poplar Working Men's Association.—On Tuesday, June 29th, a public tea-meeting of this association was held at the reading-room in Woolmore-street, Poplar, after which the chair was taken by the President, the Rev. J. A. Baynes, A.M., and the meeting was addressed by J. R. Scarborough, Esq., Messrs. Jackson, Reed, Heydon, Sewell, W. Cumming, and W. A. Shields. In the course of the evening, the National Anthem was sung by some of the members of one of Mr. Hullah's classes, and some beautiful coloured specimens of Daguerrestype pictures were exhibited, and the process described by the chairman. It was announced that the association had arranged for the delivery of a course of Lectures, to alternate with discussions through the ensuing quarterly will give a right. Very many joined the association at the close of the meeting; and this institution, formed six months ago at a meeting over which William Howitt presided, bids fair to prosper and be useful.

Halifax Mutual Improvement Society.—An excellent and praiseworthy example has been set by a number of young men of Halifax, in the establishment of a Mutual Improvement Society,—an example which young men elsewhere would do well to follow. The society has now been in existence twelve months, and has had to struggle with numerous difficulties, but has triumphed over them all. The first quarter, they mustered 70; the second quarter, 130; and by the end of the third quarter, they had increased to 225 members. As their numbers have grown, they have extended their accommodation, until they have now two large and commodions rooms, engaged at a good rent. Several gentlemen, of different sects, including Churchmen, have volunteered their aid to these young men as teachers; and the society may be considered as in a highly prosperous state. It is altogether self-supporting. The proposition was indeed made to solicit subscriptions from the wealthier classes in support of the institution; but this proposition was at once seouted.

the institution; but this proposition was at once scouted.

"No!" said the self-reliant young men, "let us depend upon ourselves. Once let our experiment lean upon eleemosynary aid, and half of its value is lost—its influence upon ourselves will become weakened. We must be self-dependent and self-supporting, even though we should double the amount of our weekly contributions."

And so the independence of the society remained unimpaired. Another beautiful feature in this young men's institution is its entirely unsectarian character. "Young men of every creed" are invited to join it, and welcome. All stand on the same level of brotherhood—mutually aiding, encouraging, and cheering each other. The society numbers six gratuitous volunteer teachers, several of them men of real learning. The clusses are as follows:—One composition-class, three grammar-classes, two reading, two writing, one geographical, and one phrenological. Other measures of improvement are in progress It is intended to open a general news-room and a discussion-class so soon as the financial state of the institution will allow; and other equally improving means of self-development are doubtless intended to follow in their wake. To these brave

young men, and to young men everywhere, we would address words of encouragement and hope. Effort in the right direction will never be without its own wages and reward; no effort to do good is ever really lost. In due season, it will spring up a thousand fold. To the earnest, especially, we would say, labour on and faint not—relax not your exertions because you do not see the anticipated blessings springing up beneath your feet. You must labour in hope and faith, and wait.

STRIVE! be not down-hearted ever,—
Manfully and boldly bear thee,—
Faint and idle rest thee never,—
Work away right cheerfully.
Oh! sit not sighing,
While Time is flying,
And Truth is crying,
"Up and awake, all hearts that love me!"

Strive! the Good and True before thee,
Aiming aye with bold endeavour,
Never hopeless, never weary,
Shrinking, blanching, fearing never;
The False is waning,
The Good still gaining,
And Truth proclaiming,
"On towards Light—on, on for ever!"

S. S.

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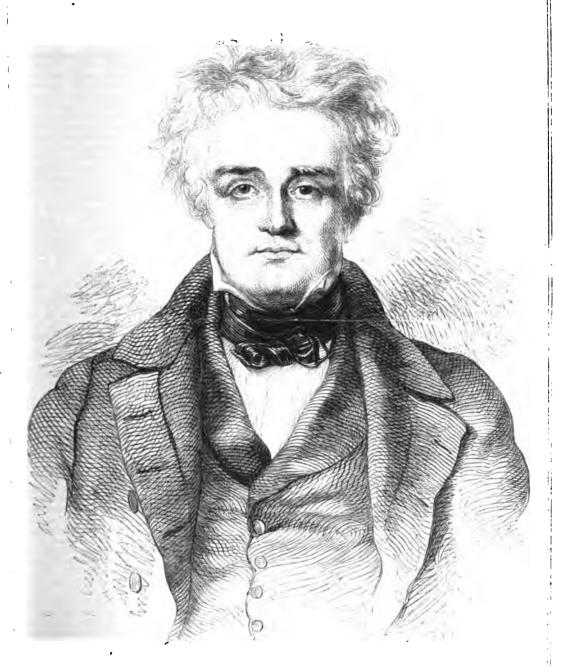
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COLONEL PERRONET THOMPSON.

COLONEL THOMPSON.

BY DR. SMILES.

Peace can boast of far greater, and more glorious, victories than War. Though less sudden and startling, they are more enduring. Their fruits are more beneficent, and in course of time are shared in by all. The long and arduous struggles of peace may, it is true, be attended by the "hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick," by the painful defection of friends and relatives, or the raging hostility of enemies: they may draw forth the poisoned breath of detraction, or excite the ribaldry and the sneers of factions; but these are only the trials which test the highest courage of the manly heart. Undaunted and unswerving, the Hero of Peace, once possessed by a great idea, an inspiring truth, dares all consequences; and, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the goal, he labours without ceasing, through good and through evil report, until his well-earned triumph is finally accomplished.

It is a gratifying feature of our times, that the number of men educated for a military life, but who give up the sword for the pen, and devote that talent and industry to the amelioration of the human lot which was originally intended to be devoted to warfare and destruction, is steadily and rapidly on the increase. The long period of continental peace which we have enjoyed, has withdrawn their activities from the pursuit of what has so egregiously been miscalled "glory;" and the generous ardour of their nature, spurning idleness and despair, has enlisted them instead, in the truly glorious work of human progress and improvement. Among the most illustrious of these men, must be regarded the gentleman who forms the subject of our

present sketch.

It is now just twenty years since a manuscript pamphlet was sent to a London printing-office, written by a new author, on a subject till then considered about the dullest and driest in Political Economy. The compositors were set to work upon it; but never did manuscript create such a sensation in a printing shop before. author, when he called to correct the proofs, found the place ringing with shouts of laughter. The laughter was at his own pamphlet The men were reciting to each other passages from the "copy," and contending which was the most droll and ludicrous. In due course, the pamphlet appeared, and, the public laughed as the printers had done before them. The demand for it was so great, that it was stereotyped, and, in the course of a few years, went through twenty editions of 1000 each. A modern Democritus had appeared, who tickled the public midriff with his strokes of genial humour, mingled with the keenest practical wisdom and philosophy. He placed the defenders of a monstrous public wrong in so ludicrous a position—so quaintly and yet so trenchantly demolished the fallacies on which that wrong was based-at the same time that, with the genius of a discoverer, he threw a flood of light upon a subject before then deemed abstruse and difficult of comprehension—stripping off the tawdry tinsel of here-ditary falsehoods, and dissecting the whole question, till the very bare bones of it stood revealed before the common eye, - that from thenceforward the iniquity of the corn LAWS stood confessed, and the fallacies on which they had been based were scattered to the winds for ever.

Need we say that the pamphlet to which we refer, was the Catechism of the Corn Laws; and the then unknown author, Colonel Personer Thompson!

The Corn Law Catechism must be regarded as the most thoroughly original and characteristic of Colonel

Thompson's works. It sparkled with wit and humour,—the wit being of what is called the "dry" kind, and the humour of the most quaint, and often the most comical description. And both were often as logical in their application, as logic itself. The reductio ad absurdum was never more happily employed; and this in a way not only to ravish the admiration of students of Euclid (for the author was himself a profound mathematician), but to enlist the applause, and to convince the judgments, of men of all classes: manufacturers, merchants, tradeamen, and operatives.

Never were fallacies more tersely, pungently, and conclusively demolished. Drawn from the speeches of corn-law defenders, and the leading reviews in the great conservative interest, they were set up only to be knocked down like so many nine-pins. The blows always struck home. The nail was hit invariably on the head. The author never missed his mark. The style, too, in which the work was written, was pure, straightforward, sterling English; and when forcible eloquence was called for, there was no lack of power. The concluding passages of the Introduction to the Catechism are, for point and vigour, unsurpassed in the

English language.

But the literary qualities of the Catechism were not its chief merits. It was strengly suggestive: it set the nation a-thinking: moreover, it stirred the nation into action; for it formed the commencement of the great Anti-Corn-Law movement. It was the Primer from which all the great agitators of the last ten years learned their first lessons; Mr. Cobden has more than once publicly stated this; and almost all that has been spoken and written in the course of that memorable movement, has only been an amplification of the views and arguments put forward twenty years ago in the Corn-Law Catechism of Colonel Thompson.

Since the appearance of that pamphlet, the Colonel has been prominently before the public in many ways—as a quarterly reviewer in the Westminster, as a member of Parliament, and as a leader in most of the great popular movements of the time. No man is more closely identified than he with the great cause of Progress. He has laboured and spent much in the public service; and though others may have reaped the honours and rewards, none enjoy more of the general thankfulness, especially of the humbler classes, than he does. It is because of the interest naturally felt respecting the history and career of such a man, that the present brief sketch is now presented to the readers of this Journal.

Perronet Thompson was born at Hull in 1783. His father was a banker in that town, and held a high standing there as a man of business, and also as a leading Methodist. But in his day, Methodism had not secured that general recognition in public opinion that it has since obtained. It was fighting, up-hill, against the vehement opposition of a populace bigotedly in favour of "Church and King." Mr. Thompson was one of the local preachers of the body, and used to address such audiences as could be collected in the villages around Hull. Not unfrequently he and his friends had to sustain peltings with cabbage-stalks and rotten eggs. On one of these occasions, when preaching, an egg was pitched right into his mouth, which he used afterwards to say was "one of the sweetest eggs he had ever tasted." On another occasion, at Holderness, after preaching to the people, on going to the stable and leading forth his horse, he found the saddle-flaps cut off. Such tricks were usual at that time of day, for Methodism had not yet become "respectable." By his mother's side also Perronet Thompson was connected with high Methodism; she being granddaughter to the Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham—one of the four clergymen who joined John Wesley at the commencement of his mission.

The youth was educated at the Grammar School of Hull, under the Rev. Joseph Milner, a thorough-going Tory of the old school, and also a thorough scholar, under whom his pupil made great progress. From thence, he proceeded to Queen's College, Cambridge, and at eighteen took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, having by this time acquired a high reputation for scholarship. When the time came that he had to make choice of a profession, like many of the other ardent spirits of his time, he turned his thoughts towards the Europe, at that period, was one great encamp-The nations were all arming, if not already army. ment The French republic had pushed its victorious armed. way in all directions. The campaigns of the young Napoleon in Italy had fired the hearts of the youth of all countries; he was now First Consul, and was on the eve of declaring war against Great Britain. At this period, in the year 1803, Perronet Thompson entered the navy, having been prevented joining the army by the opposition of his relatives. He first sailed, as a midshipman, in the Isis of 50 guns, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Gambier, on the Newfoundland station. There was active service enough in those days; and on their voyage out several prizes were made, on board one of which the young midshipman was put, with instructions to take her to Newfoundland, which he accompliahed in safety. After returning home, and making a second voyage to Newfoundland, he was put on board the Pomonu frigate, on the Boulogne station, one of the numerous ships set to watch and blockade the French coast during the war. He remained till the year 1805, and, during the period he served there, he was elected to a Fellowship, at Queen's College, Cambridge.

Not relishing the sea service, and still longing after the army, his friends at length consented to his enterthe army, his friends at length consented to his entering the Rifle corps, as a second licutenant, early in the spring of 1806; and with the regiment (then the 95th), he proceeded with the expedition, under General Crawford, to South America, and was one among the many prisoners made in the ill-fated attack on Buenos Ayres, in September, 1807.

Shortly after his return to England he came in contact with Mr. Wilberforce, an early and intimate friend of his father's, who induced him to go out to Africa as governor of the colony of Sierra Leone. Having exchanged to the half-pay, he accordingly sailed for that colony in 1808, the same year in which it had been transferred by the Sierra Leone Company to the British Crown, on the passing of the Act for the abolition of the Slave Trade. Affairs were in a troubled and Crown, on the passing of the Act for the abolition of the Slave Trade. Affairs were in a troubled and transitive state on the coast of Africa at the time, in consequence of the passing of that Act; but the new governor set himself determinedly to work, to carry it into effect. Almost immediately on his arrival, he published a proclamation for the suppression of the Slave Trade of that colony. The old vested slave interest immediately took alarm at the bold measures of the governor, and combined against him. But he determinedly persevered; and an occasion was not long in presenting itself for putting his proclamation in He found that the slave-dealers had combined to evade the Act by selling the slaves as apprentices; and several public sales were actually effected under this guise of apprenticing. The governor immediately liberated such slaves or apprentices, or seized them for the crown; and to protect both himself and them from the revenge of the slavers, he provided each negro with a musket and ball-cartridge. This vigorous procedure had the effect of completely holding the slave-dealers in check, and gained the governer the good will of all the negroes in the colony. The slavers, however, com-plained bitterly to Lord Castlereagh, then in power; and the governor, who had only carried out the acts of the legislature itself, was ordered home. When a frigate

came out with a new governor, some of the negroes addressed their liberator in the following significant terms: "Governor, if it was a thing to fight about, that ship would not take the colony from you."
But the governor, too liberal for Sierra Leone, was sent home—ALIVE; and we believe he is almost the only ex-governor of that colony who has survived office there !

He reached England in 1810, and in 1812 was gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 7th fusileers, whence he immediately exchanged into the 14th light dragoons. His experience at Sierra Leone had shaken his faith in Toryism, and his views rapidly assumed a more liberal cast. Having by this time also begun to comprehend the military genius and general character of Napoleon, be did not disguise his admiration for that tremendous innovator and overthrower of ancient despotisms. In Spain, however, it was his fate to serve against the armies of the French, in 1813 and 1814. During the latter year, he served as an attaché of General Fane. who commanded a brigade; his duty being, to be ready at all calls to take a few dragoons and execute such commissions as might be entrusted to him, which he always performed with a promptitude to command the approbation of his superiors. While engaged in this service, he was a diligent student; unfavourable though the camp be for the pursuit of truth and the acquisition of knowledge. In his leisure moments, he wrote a short but pithy treatise on Morals and Law (since published in his collected works, vol. iv.) This treatise was written long before he had heard of Jeremy Bentham, or the "Greatest Happiness principle;" but he works out his problem in so similar a style, and arrives at such kindred conclusions, that it indicates sufficient reasons for his afterwards joining the ranks of that prophet, and becoming one of the most luminous expositors of his doctrines. In the year 1814 also, we find him engaged in the composition of a treatise entitled. "On a Constitution," exhibiting a maturity of opinion on this subject, which one could scarcely expect as a result of

Peninsular campaigning.

On returning to England at the peace of 1814, Perronet Thompson was promoted to the rank of captain in the 30th foot, whence he immediately exchanged into the 17th light dragoons, then serving in India. A desire to render himself master of the Arabic language, was a principal motive in inducing him to take this step. While in India, he served with honour in the Pendarry campaign, and usually commanded the outposts of the force under Sir William Keir Grant. On that officer taking the command, in 1819, of the expedition against the Wahabees of the Persian Gulf, he pedition against the valuables of the Fernan dan, he accompanied him in the office of Arabic interpreter. In this capacity he assisted in the reduction of the fortress of Ras Al Khyma, and other strong places along the coast; and, when the main body of the expedition returned to Bombay, he was left in charge of Ras Al Khyma, which post he occupied for some time, until he received orders to demolish it, and withdrew. While serving in the above capacity, Captain Thompson drew up the Treaty with the Arab Tribes of the Persian Gulf, which is remarkable for being the first public act in which the Slave Trade was written down PIRACY; the American act to a similar effect having been passed in the May following, though known first in Europe. The Treaty opens in the following terms:
"In the name of God, the Merciful and Compassionate. Praise be to God who hath ordained Peace to be a blessing to his creatures." And the 9th article in the Treaty runs thus: "The carrying off of slaves, men, women, or children, from the coast of Africa or elsewhere, and the transporting them in Vessels, is plunder and piracy, and none of the friendly Arabs shall do this."

In 1821, the year following, the regiment was ordered home, and he applied for, and obtained, leave to pro-

ceed by way of the Red Sea; and he accordingly returned to England by that route, journeying also across the Desert,—at a time when such a journey was not so much of a mere tourist's exploit as it is now,-accompanied by his wife and a son six years of age. Soon after the arrival of his regiment, he found himself senior captain; and in June, 1825, he was promoted to an unattached majority. In February, 1829, he was promoted to an unattached lieutenant-colonelcy of infantry,—in which grade he has since remained; for, at the last brevet promotion, whether by accident or design, he was, we believe, the only officer of his stand-

ing who was overlooked.

We now turn to the Colonel's literary and political career. So soon as relieved from military service, his ardent sympathies for the popular cause led him to take an active interest in the political movements of the day. On the appearance of the Westminster Review, established in 1824, an article appeared from his pen on the "Instrument of Exchange." This periodical was set on foot by Jeremy Bentham and Dr. Bowring, with whom Colonel Thompson had by this time established a friendship of an intimate kind. In 1829, he became joint proprietor, with Dr. Bowring, of the Review, and, commencing with "The Catholic State Waggon," a racy and vigorous article in favour of Catholic Emancipation, of which not less than 40,000 copies were sold and distributed in a cheap form, he continued to write at the rate of three or four articles for each number, until the Review was transferred into other hands, in 1836. In the mean time, he had published, in 1826, his "True Theory of Rent," and in 1827, the Corn Law Catechism, above reterred to.
The Westminster Review articles were distinguished by a racy vigour of style, and a force and originality, which gave to them a distinct character and individuality. In these articles, about one hundred in all, the writer has discussed, in a masterly style, the questions of Free Trade, Radical Reform, Slavery, Ireland, Military Flogging, Banking, Catholic and Jewish Disabilities, the Greatest Happiness principle, Taxes on Literature, Church Reform, Property Tax, Music, Mathematics, and sundry other subjects, with which his highly informed mind had made itself thoroughly familiar. Had we space, we could select from these articles a store of maxims, equal to anything in Lacon-containing the very concentrated essence of Truth, expressed in the pithiest possible style.

Many of the friends of the popular cause, among the constituencies, desirous to see such a man in Parliament, various attempts were made to elect him. At Preston, 1836 voters polled for him, though not present at the election. In June of the same year, 1835, the electors of his native town, Hull, returned him to Parliament by a majority of five; but his election being petitioned against, he was subjected to the enormous expense of about four thousand pounds in defending it. As he stated in a letter to the Secretary of the Hull Reform Association, he was "laid down and robbed at the door of the House of Commons, possibly by a con-spiracy of the richest and most powerful individuals in

While Colonel Thompson represented Hull, in conformity with the example of that pattern representative, Andrew Marvell, who represented the same town, he communicated a weekly letter to his constituents on the progress of the measures in Parliament, and the state of the popular cause. He made an excellent member of Parliament; was regular in his attendance, and always voted on the right side. He spoke seldom, but to the point. Possibly his speeches were too allusive in their style, to catch a House of Commons audience. He would often say the happiest things, which but a few near him perceived the full drift of. The most successful speaker generally, is the diffuse,—he who piles sentence upon sentence, and illustration upon illustration, with a redundancy of language, that almost knows

On the other hand, the speaker who adopts the concentrated, sententious, and epigrammatic style,-who carefully rejects all superfluous expletives, and presumes upon an audience as thoroughly well-read, and at home in the interpretation of his quaint and delicate allusions, as he is himself,—though he will be listened to with interest and profit, will not be pronounced a successful speaker. Hence, how rarely does the accomplished writer shine as a speaker; and even still more rarely does the accomplished speaker shine as a writer. For this sufficient reason, that the styles required for complete success in oratory and in letters, are altogether and essentially distinct; and indeed it is honour enough if a man succeed in gaining distinction in either sphere. On more than one occasion, however, Colonel Thompson has produced a powerful impression as a speaker, by the earnestness with which he appealed to his audience, -this earnestness being, after all, one of the great secrets of true eloquence. One of the speeches we refer to, he delivered to the Hull reformers, in 1837, on the celebration of the birth-day of the Princess Victoria. His speeches also, on the Canadian question in 1838, were exceedingly effective.

Since 1837, Colonel Thompson has remained excluded from Parliament, though a powerful party of his friends, which are to be found among every constituency, have endeavoured to send him there to represent them-at Manchester, Kendal, Hull, and Sunderland. Though excluded from Parliament, however, he has not by any means been idle, as his extensive correspondence with liberal newspapers, both in England and Scotland, and his great exertions during the Corn Law agitation, abundantly testify. In his politics, we need scarcely say, Colonel Thompson is a thorough Radical. "What," he asks, "is a Radical? One that has got the root of the matter in him. One that knows his ills, and goes the way to remove them. . . . So is every man a Radical that shuts his mouth to keep out flies. . . . Does any man go to a doctor, and ask for a cure that is not radical? All men have been Radicals who ever did any good since the world began. Adam was a Radical when he cleared the first place from rubbish, for Eve to spin in. Noah was a prodigious Radical, when, hearing the world was to be drowned, he went about such a common-sense proceeding as making himself a ship to swim in. A Whig would have laid half a dozen sticks together for an ark, and

called it a virtual representation."

Perhaps the best history of Colonel Thompson is to be found in his collected works, in six volumes, published in 1842, a copy of which, we believe, he presented, on their publication, to every Mcchanics' and popular Institute then existing in Great Britain. They are pregnant with political truth, as well as marked by

it literary excellence.

The greatest victory with which Colonel Thompson's name will be linked in future times, is the victory of the British people over the Corn Laws. That victory, though one emphatically of peace, will prove far more prolific in great results than either Vittoria or Waterloo. And so long as true valour-the valour of truthful and courageous utterance in the people's cause at the right season—is deemed worthy of esteem, so long must Colonel Thompson's name maintain a high place in the roll of true British Heroes.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS:-GAME-LAW TACTICS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

No. II.

In the village of Kimberley, at the distance of some two miles from the farm occupied by William Lee at the time of the occurrences narrated in our last paper, and on the other side of those woods from which issued such quantities of game to devour his crops, there lived a hale old man, Solomon Godber, a shoemaker. Solomon had formerly been a soldier, but having

served out the term of his enlistment, he had returned to his native village, and recommenced his trade. He had a wife—a woman of strong sense, and a some-what independent humour, like himself. They had no children. Solomon had been marched about a good deal in his time; had been quartered in large cities, and had also been in Holland and Spain. He had worked at his trade frequently in those places and countries for his fellow soldiers, and their wives and children; and having seen the best fashions, was reckoned such a hand at a shoe, whether strong or fine, as had seldom, if ever, been seen in the village of Kimberley. He was, moreover, a man full of talk, of anecdote and story, and was much sought after by the villagers, both old and young, who were fond of hearing of "hairbreadth escapes and perils i' th' imminent breach," when he was in the humour—for that was not always the case. There was a great variation of humour, indeed, in Solomon Godber. Sometimes he villagers would congregate in his workshop, or lean over his little half door, he would relate to them things that would circulate round the whole country for years by the cottage firesides, till they had assumed a shape that Solomon could never have recognised them in. At other times he was as much shut up, and people who At other times he was as much shut up, and people who strolled up to his door for a noon or evening gossip, would find him working away very solemnly, and would get nothing but a nod, or a short "Yes" or "No" from him. Or he would be sitting on the great wooden bench under his cottage window, smoking his pipe, in as locked up a mood. These fits of gloomy abstraction would last sometimes for a week a mooral nebed. would last sometimes for a week or more, and nobody would attempt to converse with him till he was seen to give one of his cheerful nods, and as cheerful "How d'ye dos?' in passing by. Then all would know that the cloud was gone by, the gloom was over, and Solo-mon was himself again.

At these times the villagers imagined that Solomon was troubled in his conscionce—that the recollection of some passages in his soldier life came over him with a crushing power—that he had qualms about the number of his fellow mortals that he had shot down in the ranks of battle, as he used to say, like starlings in a flock. There were those who had heard him once, and but once, speak of the horror he had felt when, in pursuit of the enemy after a battle, he had bayoneted a great strong man running before him, and on his falling had discovered that he was a French soldier who had formerly been a prisoner under his care, to whom he had taken a great liking, and who had told him many things in his former life that had occasioned him to enter the army, which had deeply touched Solomon, and had made such a friendship between them, that they had vowed when the war was over to visit each other in their native countries. Solomon had related how the poor fellow groaned when he saw who was his destroyer, and yet had clasped his hand in forgiveness, and gasped for water, which Solomon, at the risk of his

own life, had run for and given him; and stayed by him—it was but a few seconds—till he expired. There were some things about the mother and sister of this Frenchman, that Solomon's wife had once told in confidence to a friend, that would have made a heart of stone weep at the idea of the soldier's death; but of this Solomon never uttered a syllable.

Others thought that Solomon's mind was troubled because he had nearly broken his own mother's heart by going for a soldier, who was a poor widow, with other children to be sure, but dontingly fond of this son, the youngest; and this opinion was strengthened by Solomon being in strong hopes when he left the army,
—which he did to the loss of his pension,—that he
should find his mother still alive, and be able to make
her last days comfortable. She had been dead five

years.

Solomon Godber was a man of strong passions, and consequently of strong feelings; and there can be little doubt that some deep sources of remorse lay within his breast. He was a man that, when once bent on a point, was most determined, enthusiastically dogged, and apt to be carried on in his resentment, or towards what he considered a great object, to a length that made him seem hard and unfeeling, but for which there was every reason to believe he did the keenest penance in his own mind. He would describe the fury and desperate mood to which he had been wrought in hard-fought battles, and in storming towns; and whenever he had been betrayed into such a relation by the zeal of his discourse, he would suddenly shake his head and say, "Ah, bad-very bad! dog's work! dog's work !" and become silent.

His wife, as we have said, was a woman also of strong and marked character, but with great command over herself, and also over him; but it was observed that whenever Solomon was in one of his gloomy, close moods, she never interfered with him, said little to him, but was particularly attentive to him, and watchful to keep from him any intrusion or annoyance. such times, he would often shift his work-bench to his chamber, and his wife would carry out his work, and lock the door after her, that no one might interrupt him while she was absent; and if any one went at these times, they would go in vain, for Solomon would work on in his chamber, and take not the least notice of any

knocking or calling

Well, Solomon Godber was very fond of a garden; and he had a fine garden, which not only supplied him plentifully with vegetables of all kinds, but was, near the house, laid out in flower-beds, which were perfectly gorgeous in summer with the most beautiful flowers. He did not profess to be a florist, but he had still fine tulips, polyanthuses, auriculas, ranunculuses, and hyacinths, the flowers to which the florists pay particular attention; besides these, however, he had almost all the flowers which belong to gardens, in singular perfection. His wall-flowers were in the richest masses, and for deep wealth of colour and aromatic odour were unrivalled. Everything seemed to flourish under his hand, and it was the belief that he had learned much from the Dutch as to the secrets of the flower-garden. his door hung one of the most magnificent honey-suckles, and his beds were quite a-blaze with peonies, campanulas, roses, and lilies.

This little paradise of a garden lay behind his house, and consisted of a sort of little glen, bounded on each side by crofts belonging to his neighbours, and at the upper end by the woods of Gog, whose noble trees hung their mighty branches over Solomon's garden with a

perfectly regal grandeur.

In this garden Solomon worked morning and evening. In the spring and summer months he was in it by the earliest peep of day, and on summer nights he would be still busily at work, or wandering to and fro, pipe in mouth, till the moon and the nightingale had each reached their highest pitch, or the white moth was the only thing discernible in the soft twilight of a

midsummer midnight.

The only enemies to Solomon's peace here, whatever might be existent in the retreats of his mind, were the hares and pheasants of the said great preserver of such cattle, Gog, the brother of Magog. These for some years he had managed to keep pretty well out by wattling the bottom of the hedge next to the wood with briars, and thrusting into all interstices branches of the prickliest furze. He had, moreover, a grey and ugly little dog, which lay in a small kennel near the door, and scoured the garden at all hours of the night, without being able to escape out of it. But of late, this dog-a dog of the regiment, one that looked really too knowing in past martial affairs, and was as humoursome as his master—had shown rapidly advancing symptoms of age—had grown fat, and extremely deaf, and nearly blind. He did not care to move from the pavement by the door, often lay on the very door stone, and was frequently getting trodden on by persons coming to the house. The game, therefore, from the wood, as if well aware of Adjutant the dog's decay, made from time to time a more bold and frequent appearance in Solomon's garden. Under the high preserving care of the great Gog, they had, too, immensely increased, and were therefore the more desperate in the extension of their range of forage. Solomon found not only his cabbages, but his flowers, nibbled often to irreparable damage by these marauders. It was in vain that he wattled briars into the hedge bottom, or stuffed in fresh furze and thorns; the devastations in his garden continued to increase, and often roused his choler enormously. Solomon, in fact, began to yow yows and utter denunciations; and at length a shot was fired from his chamber window early one morning, a great hare rolled over amongst his lettness, and Solomon was seen to go out and carry in the hare. He was seen, and by no friendly eye, for the same week he was summoned before Gog for the deed,

and sentenced to the penalty of five pounds.

It was in vain that Solomon pleaded the damage he had suffered from Gog's hares and other creatures; and that he had done all in his power to keep them out, as might be seen, and could be testified by his neighbours; and that it was surely necessary to protect his garden. There was no mitigation; five pounds were ordered as

the penalty, and five pounds he paid.

With a deeply incensed mind did Solomon Godber leave the justice-room, accompanied by his wife. They walked on together without a word. They knew what walked on together without a word. They knew what was stirring in each other's breasts. It was a sense of the prevalence of injustice, and of the hatefulness of arbitrary power. With the spirit of indignation which these kindled, they uttered in their hearts bitter accusations against the rulers of the land, the framers of the laws, the whole constitution and executive of the country, which seemed leagued in a bond of iniquity to oppress the poor man, and to put him at the mercy of the most selfish and insolent petty tyrants, if he dared even to defend his own little spot of earth on which he grew his food, and from which he drew the innocent solace of his few leisure hours. "Is this a Christian country?" said they internally-for they had lived so long together, that one spirit only really seemed to occupy their two persons, and their thoughts went on working as by a mesmeric sympathy together, just as if they were communicated to each other by words. "Is this a Christian country, where the great reast-beef lords of the soil shall keep swarms of vermin to cat up the little plot of the laborious poor! Is it not enough that these overgrown men shall have their parks and palaces, and their tens of thousands of acres, and shall yet let their small cattle break into the cabbage plot of

the indigent man, who maintains perhaps his ten children out of as many shillings per week, even by long days and nights of excessive labour? Is this not enough either, but if this poor man, when he has exhausted all his ingenuity to fence his poor spot of ground—the scene of his many labours after he has destroy this vermin, he shall be called up by the man of money who has already injured him by his licenced vermin, and shall be plundered by him to the amount of five pounds?

"And if he have not this five pounds, as many a person has not—how few poor men have !—what then ! is he to be condemned to the treadmill for six months? Is this thy law—is this thy justice—is this thy mercy—is this thy religion and thy Christianity—O England? And if this poor man, employed by the farmer at six shillings a-week in summer, shall be turned off five months, as is often the case, in winter—if he then, with a famishing wife and a heap of children crying with the misery of hunger, shall rush out, and in his own garden hedge place the snare which shall at once stop the furry depredator from eating up his last sprig of parsley, and shall prevent the death of several human beings—is this man for a second or third offence (?) of this kind to be sent out of the country, and his wife and family cast on the mercies of a parish union? Is this justice? is this reason? is this law? Is this a fitting state of things for a land which prides itself on its knowledge, and a people that deems itself merciful?

"Oh! these are things which confound all sense of right and wrong-that make the poor man desperatethat turn his blood to gall-and convert that strength which God gave him for healthy labour, the support of a happy family, and a boon to his country, into a mid-night power of craft and violence—which arouse him to go on from self-defence to an offence to others which corrupt, and harden, and cruelise him, make him a ruffian and a desperado—till he who began with tears ends with curses: he who shuddered at first at the shrick of a strangling hare, at last commits a desperate

murder in some solitary place, and feels no pang.

"How many thousands of men who would have been good and true, have these detestable laws converted into monsters! how many families have they reduced from virtue and comfort to crime, and despair, and death! And all this perpetrated in the name of law. All this the rich and well-fed commit on the poor and starving. All this the man of ten thousand acres inflicts solemnly, and with the air of a righteous judge, on the man who has two hands for the whole of his patrimony, and nothing for those hands to do! All this the man of education does against him whose country has left him without one lesson in his youth against crime, though God has not left him without a wrongs which power commits in the violated name of public order and social good! And is there no remedy! Has the poor man, who is denied labour and is punished for catching the poorest of those wild creatures, which no man ever purchased with his money—on which no man can set his hand, or say, this has lived at my sole expense, and is confined to my sole lands by adequate fences—has this poor man no recompense for the insults offered him, and the thefts committed on him in the name of law? No! and therefore he seeks his recompense in revenge! He spends one penny in lucifers, and burns down a thousand pounds in stacks of corn. It is a penny-wise folly, indeed, which purchases the poor man's vengeance at such a cost, when ten shillings a-week, or twenty-four pounds a-year, would leave him a Christian, and make him a good subject, and a happy man. It is a cruel and a barbarous policy, which for hares and pheasants converts the simple labourer into a prowling midnight desperado, ready to shoot down

hare or human creature, if such oppose him-which depopulates cottages and peoples prisons—which gives us crime instead of industry, malice instead of love, and one wide sense of injury and recrimination instead of kindness and the united efforts of rich and poor to make England what the land of the brave and the free

ought to be."

Such were the thoughts which rolled ou through the bosoms of Solomon Godber and his wife, as with rapid steps and in the most unbroken silence they stalked homewards. Let no man say that this language is too comprehensive or too eloquent for the poor shoemaker and his wife They who think so are wofully mistaken. There is nothing which quickens the perception, which opens the intellectual vision to the wide regions of resentful thought so much as unmerited injury. There is no eloquence so thrilling or so true as the eloquence of the voice of God in the outraged soul of the poor What cry is so strong as that which reaches to the highest heaven? What voice so eloquent as that which pleads, and not in vain, with the Creator?

And is there no remedy - no means of defeating, or at least resisting, these oppressors?" repeated within himself Solomon Godber, as his wife, repeating the same query in herself simultaneously, turned the in the door of their cottage, for they now stood before it, and flinging it open, in marched Solomon, and cist himself in deep thought into his old listing-bot-tomed arm-chair. His wife set about breaking up the raking coal, as there is called the large lump left to keep the fire in, and set on the kettle for tea. In the mean time, Solomon's strong mind and strong passions were all collected and directed into one intense current. They were working for something-if not quite revenge, yet vastly like it. Once roused, as we have said, he was a desperate and most persevering man. Well, his thoughts were now fixed—on what? On a gun, and on death! Start not, reader. He does not mean to shoot the magistrate; he does not mean to kill Gog — he only means to kill his hares. On that he is resolved; and to kill them day and night, and from year to year, as long as he lives, or, at least, has strength to lift a gun.

O Solomon! canst thou be called Solomon the Wilt thou not get again fined? - perhaps put wise ! upon the treadmill?—perhaps transported? Hold—pause—reflect! And Solomon had been holding, pausing, and reflecting all this time-ay, even in the midst of his hottest anger. He is a singular man, is

Solomon; and now he says,

"Well, I have it, Molly! The kettle boils; let us

have some tea!

"What is it, Solomon?" said Molly Godber, sitting own to the tea-table with a smile. "I know it is down to the tea-table with a smile.

"It is good, my wench; it is good; capital! famous! uncommon famous. My sartain! but won't they stare! Won't Gog and Magog be astonished! ha! ha!" and Solomon laughed outright.

"What is it I' said his wife.
"It is this," said Solomon. "Thou knowest, Molly, my dear, that this house is as good as our own." Molly nodded. "We have a mortgage on it." She nodded nodded. "We have a mortgage on the again. "I have the offer to buy it for a very little money than is lent on it." Molly again assented by a nod. "I will buy it!"

"That's right," said Molly; "I've long wished it." "But then I had not the money; I have it now. The bit of money lent to Blore, the miller, he wants to pay in. I'll buy the house. I don't like banks; and what little we've saved can't be better laid out than in a house to shelter us, and to shelter thee, Molly, when I'm gone, if I should go first. Well, then, there's the little annuity that I bought, and what do we want more? Why, to be revenged on this Gog, and on these

game-laws-and it shall be done, too, Molly-I'll tak out a licence to shoot.

"Thee, Solomon!

"Ay, me, Molly. I'll tak out a licence: any man can do that, to shoot on his own ground. I'll shoot; I'll kill; and, what is more, I'll eat, and thou shalt eat,

"I see! I see!" said his wife. "I knew it would be good." And Solomon and should And Solomon and she sat , and made a famous tea, and then went to bed, locking up the house, while it was daylight, for Solomon must make a long journey

on foot in the morning.

With the lark he was up; and by a late hour the next evening he was back again. Blore, the miller, had paid in the money; the house was purchased; and the very next week the deed was to be ready and

signed.

Summer went on; the day for registering licences to shoot came; the list was published in the county papers, and amongst them was seen with astonishment by the whole population of the neighbourhood that of Solomon Godber, Esq. of Kimberley. Solomon Godber, Esq. !-why no such squire ever was heard of there ! but there was Solomon Godber, the shoemaker; and when his neighbours asked, "Has tee taken out a licence to shoot, Solomon ?" he smiled, and replied with a nod. "I have, lad."

If Solomon's neighbours were astonished at this fact, not the less so were Gog and Magog. When the keeper pointed out his name in the list, Gog opened wide his eyes, and said, "What does the fellow mean?"

"He means," replied the keeper, "to shoot your

worship's hares and pheasants."
"He! where? when? how? Let him dare. "He'll do it, sir," replied the keeper: "he is one of the most desperatest fellows in the country when his blood is up. I hear he means to shoot all that comes into his garden out of his chamber window; there's no keeping them out there, and he may play havoc with

the game."
"The impudent scoundrel! But I'll put a stop to it.
"You must go and threaten
"The impudent scoundrel! You must go and threaten"
"The impudent scoundrel!" You must go and threaten the country." him; let him know that I'll chase him out of the county.

"I've told him so, your worship, and he laughed at e. I said, 'Let me once catch you on our ground!' and he only smiled, and said, 'Thou'll never catch me there, lad! I've land enough of my own.'

"Of his own? Why, whose house is that he lives in?"

"Oh, it's old Timothy Green's, of Heage."

"Then I'll send to Green; I'll buy the house; I'll turn him out; I'll rid the neighbourhood of him.

Gog sent to Timothy Green, of Heage, and there learned that Solomon had bought and paid for the house and garden. In sullen wrath Gog now waited the event. In the mean time, Solomon was not idle. He had cabbages, brocoli, turnips, all sorts of hare and pheasant temptations planted or sown in his garden. He sowed clover and buckwheat; he had a famous bed of curled parsley; in short, one hare or one pheasant once in that garden would spread the news of such a land of luxury through all haredom and pheasantdom. Winter approached; Solomon lay quiet, only he pulled all the wattled briars out of the wood side hedge, and all the branches of prickly furze; in came hares, and in came pheasants, but only by ones or twos, and that early in a morning, before people were stirring. They came at first shyly and timidly, but finding nothing to alarm them, they soon became bold, and came in troops. Then fired Solomon out of his chamber window, and over rolled hare and pheasant. Week after week this The winter deepened; snow fell; frost went on. became fierce; and though Solomon still fired, the hares and pheasants still came, for there was abundance of food, and he made it more so by scattering hay for the hares, and barley for the pheasants. Game was

saleable, and Solomon sold it. He drove a rare trade

with the poulterer of the county town!

Imagine the wrath of Gog! The man was there on his own land, and licenced to kill all the game that issued from his best preserve! He even allured it with hay, and corn, and turnips! What was to be done? Why, first there came men, and stopped all the holes in the hedge next to Solomon's garden. But the hares still managed to get through somehow, and the phea-sants flew over. Then there appeared a number of men in the wood, with loads of posts, and rails, and palisadoes; and all the fence at the end of Solomon's garden was flanked inside the wood with a lofty paling, so close as effectually to preclude the passing through of hares and the flying over of pheasants, because of the thick overhanging boughs of the trees. But what of that? hares can run round, and pheasants also can fly round when it suits them; and so hares and pheasants still

came into Solomon's garden as fast as ever.

To prevent this, Solomon's neighbours on each side were applied to, to let their fences be made impervious to game; but as they were no tenants of Gog or Magog, whose game had also devoured their grass and garden stuff, and as Solomon was very popular, and very liberal

in gifts of this very game, they flatly refused.

Imagine, again, the indignation of Gog and all the game-preserving squirearchy! Here was a contuma-cious and rebellious village! The gentry—the old and hereditary gentry—defied, insulted, and set at nought, and all at the instigation of a turbulent shoemaker.
Was this to be tolerated? Were the natural gentry to be thus used, who had done so much for the neighbourhood? Done what? asked the villagers. Had they lived in the village? spent their money in the village? educated the children of the village? visited the sick, relieved the poor, taught the ignorant? No; there was left to the Methodists and the field-preaching of the Ranters. The colliery was worked by strangers, the colliers were themselves the Sunday school teachers and the popular preachers. What had Gog, and Magog, and the natural gentry done? Oh! they had not been idle. They had levied poor-rates, and church-rates, and highway-rates, or had enforced their payment, while the poor wore oftener insulted than relieved; church there was none; and the roads were infamous. Game they had plentifully raised, and poachers they had vigilantly prosecuted. Such, said these turbulent, unthankful prosecuted. villagers, were the benefits of such gentry.

Well, all this ingratitude of a people who could not see who were their benefactors, was to be punished. The publican, at whose house the men of the hamlet met and debated these matters, and himself took a prominent part in them, was informed of for adulterating his ale with tobacco and cocculus indicus. A man swore at the county hall that he had gone into the brewhouse, and found such things in a little bag in the copper. Was there any denying that, for the man produced the bag? The publican didn't deny it; but said, duced the bag? The publican didn't deny it; but said, if the bag ever was in his copper, the informer himself put it in. He called a score of the most thirsty colliers of the place, and the blacksmith, to say whether they are found anything injurious in his ale. They said no; ever found anything injurious in his ale. They said no; and none could be better judges, for they drank it every day. But Gog and the other dignitaries said there was no withstanding the evidence; a bag was a bag, tobacco was tobacco, a copper a copper; and when this bag and this tobacco were actually found in that copper, why, what was to be said? And this Gog put with a very solemn air, and all the justices shook their heads as solemnly, and said, "Oh i nothing could be said; it was too plain for anything." And so the man was fined, and his licence taken away; and the consequence was that a worse house was left, and worse ale

was drunk.

Next came an indictment of the high road. It was bad enough, to be sure; but the hardship was, that by the wise Acts of Parliament of this country, that road had five toll-bars upon it in ten miles, and yet the trustees who received these tolls did nothing towards mending the roads. A treble expense now fell on the willage, for Gog would have the work most effectually done. Carts on carts came, laden with stone, ready broken, lest the breaking might give a job to a poor Kimberleyan. Every one had to pay a most crushing rate. The farmers and everybody grumbled, but it was whispered about that it was all along of Solomon Godber, who offended the gentry, and lost the village their favour. Why did not they get rid of such a pestilent fellow out of the parish?

And this argument took effect. Half the village, and all the farmers, who smarted under the heavy highway rates, grew quite furious against Solomon; and many who at first had laughed and talked most loudly about his "serving out the squire so capitally," as they called it, were now as bitter as aloes against him. The place was divided; there was civil war; and Gog and Magog had now their triumph. But it was brief. O'd Solomen did not care a pin for what any one thought or said about him, or did towards him. He had his work-bench up at his chamber window, and there he thumped away at his work, and even sung some solemn or rabbit, during the season, came into his garden, it was knocked over. It was hopeless. There was but one means of getting rid of the nuisance—that is, of Solomon-and it was tried. A stranger was employed to offer him a sum of money for his house and garden that, it was thought, would be irresistible. It was, indeed, ten times what Solomon had paid for them; it would have made him a gentleman; but Solomon saw through the scheme, cast out the tempter with a blow on his lapstone that almost split it, and refused, vowing on his impations that simost spirit, and to shoot game, and to live and die on that spot, and to shoot game, and sell game, as long as he could lift his gun. And he kept his word. He outlived both Gog and Magog, who were twenty years younger than himself; but he did not the less cease to sow parsley, and clover, and turnips, in his garden, to lure hares, and to scatter corn for pheasants; for he said he did it because he had vowed it, and for an example.

There requires one word yet to do Solomon Godber full justice. There may be readers who will think that he was vindictive; there were those on the spot who thought so. When Gog died, and died suddenly of apoplexy, many of Solomon's neighbours hurried in to congratulate him, and to triumph over the fallen

enemy.

"It is the manifest hand of God!" said they.

"Then to God leave him," replied Solomon, "and may he deal mercifully with him, for maybe he knew no better. He was badly cducated."

"What, at college?" asked the publican.

"At the college and elsewhere," rejoined Solomon.
"Could a man be worse taught than that bares and pheasants, and such vermin, are of more value than human creatures? Could any ignorance be denser than to believe that life has no better pleasures than shooting brutes, and being brutes to poor men? Ay, believe me, the gentry want very much enlightening; maybe they'll know better by-and-by; in the mean time, let us try to enlighten ourselves. And don't go away, neighbours, and imagine that I hated Gog; no, I only hated his principles, his ignorance, and his tyranny."

Solomon lived a zealous sort of independent Primitive Methodist, and built a chapel, in which he made an old fellow soldier at once preacher and schoolmaster; and left all he had at his wife's death to maintain it; "For," said he, "as we see the ignorance of such men as Gog and Magog, let us take care not to be like them."

A VISIT TO THE MORAVIAN BROTHERS.

Abridged from the French of Edouard Ordinaire.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

completely disappointed, as, instead of the unitary habitation which we had hoped to see, we found a little civilized town, parcelled out like all others. In accordance with an opinion very generally accredited at present, we supposed that the Moravians lived under the system of community. This error had been rooted in us from a recent perusal of a romance which M. Victor Ducange has given forth as a faithful portrait of Moravian customs. The novelist assures us that he had seen with his own eyes all the details which he had given; and after having read the long preface of The Lutheran, or the Moravian Family—a preface, political, historical, philosophic and social—we took as serious that which is, like the rest of the book, nothing but a pure fiction, although its author has presented it as a veritable truth. As it is an amplification of vulgar errors, which it has itself since contributed to spread, we believe it our duty to stay with it a moment. M. Ducange teaches us then that the Moravians live in the most perfect community.

"Each brother," says he, "is obliged to have a trade or some art, this calling or that art should be lucrative, and all the benefits which are gained by it are thrown in common, belong to the mass, and are equally re-

parted."

They have always, according to M. Ducange, a master and a mistress, charged, the one with the administration of the community, the other with the domestic economy, the laundries, the infirmaries, the kitchens, and such like etecters. They have built themselves a house as large as to be sufficient to lodge all the community: the plan of this edifice is found even at the community: the plan of the work. * * * The author gives his plan, with the most formal affirmations, as that of a Moravian community in particular, and of all of them in general. He proceeds then regularly to the mystification of the reader, as he engages him to accompany him quickly to dwell in this mansion, which-he makes the abode of wisdom, and also of goodness. If you would become wise and happy, become Moravian. Such is, in two words, the recipe proposed by Victor Ducange for the social malady.

In his Eldorado, he expatiates upon and applies community to nearly all the branches of activity. "The children are brought up together as if they belonged to the same father, the mothers suckle them, as they say, in common, and they preside all together over their physical and moral education, under the inspection of twelve brethren, chosen among their husbands. They have no priests; each old man in his turn fulfils this duty, by reading each day the dominical lesson, and

by preaching upon festival days upon a point of practical morality. The Moravians are deists."

That all this was but a sad pleasantry, we comprehended very quickly upon entering into Hernhutt. At first it was necessary to seek for board and lodgings, and we were as indifferently treated as in the auberge on the road, which is but ordinary justice upon the turnpike, but which differs a little from the sacred and generous hospitality which Ducange announces to his readers. We hastened then to see men and things, and to study them closely; and it is from the conversations of many Moravian brethren, young and old, and of varied intelligence and position, that we have drawn up the following information.

Their association, which is, as they understand it, a religious society, bears the name of "Unity of Regenerate Brethren" (Unitus Fratrum; Erneute Brüder-

Unitat). Its first founders were the disciples of John Huss, who settled there, the 1st of March 1457, thirty-seven years after the martyrdom of their master, whom the council of Constance doomed to the flames, as every one knows. Thus, the anniversary of that event is celebrated in all the families of the unity. John Huss is the true founder of the reformation; Luther, who afterwards received all the glory, executed simply only the plan of demolition which his predecessor had presented to the world. The unity of brethren is thus the most ancient reformed communion, and perhaps that which approaches the most to the primitive church. This is, at least, the pretension of those who compose it.

These men are Christians, who wish to live in Jesus Christ, being, they say, the members of the same body of which Jesus is the head. It is a veritable Christ-coracy which they assume to have, a spiritual empire in which Christ alone governs. To arrive at this end, to submit themselves in every respect to the laws of the Gospel, they impose upon themselves while remaining faithful to the kings of the earth a particular social code. Thus, like the inhabitants of the cloisters, they hold to be very difficult—what almost all have accounted impossible—the becoming a true Christian in the midst of actual society; and like them they betake themselves

apart, and in this act logically. * * *

Thus, in all times, the men who hold by a religious, philosophic, and social doctrine, have not recoiled before its practical consequences, but have been forced to establish for themselves a special material centre, for lodging and for clothing, according to their nature and their wants. The Moravians, then, are Christians, in practice, as in theory—a thing very rare in civilized societies! To be received among them, one must believe in the doctrine of the Master and of his apostles, and observe his commandments; nothing else. Never does religious dispute arise to divide them; they are Christians by sentiment, by faith, much more than by reason; they lay aside every question of detail, to hold by the fundamental truths of the sacred books. It is in vain that over this land of Germany science pursues the work of Luther, and demolishes more and more the religious edifice; their faith remains immovable: impavidum feriunt ruina. And it is this absence of discussion which maintains the fraternal bond which unites them, and which causes them to live in peace and in community of sentiment with the other Christians who may be of their communion. Thus have they well established the principle. that their design is not to form a separate sect, apart from other evangelical churches, but that every Christian, even the Catholic, may, without denying his belief, become a member of the unity. For this they require him, by verbal speech, or writing, to observe the statutes and the discipline, but he remains free to retire when it seems good. * * * Thus was formed the population of Hernhutt, which, descending from the ancient Moravian brethren, formed the nucleus around which were grouped the men of different worships and opinions. Consequently their religion is all practical, and not speculative and dogmatic, and their regulations appropriately tend to favour its appliance. Admitting the they may be the rigorous guides of all the acts of their existence. We repeat it, that it is for this solely that the Moravian communes are established.

Lct us examine their constitution. We have said that the condition of their existence is the intimate union of wills. It is to maintain and reinforce this union that their synods are assembled. Each commune sends thither its plenipotentiaries: they represent the entire unity, and act in its name. The members who compose them are:—

First.-The brothers to whom the preceding synod

had confided the government of the unity; who, after the duty of convoking the synod, place also their authority in its hands.

Second .- The bishops and other dignitaries.

Third.—The proprietors, or holders of the foundation of a commune, if they are members of the unity. Fourth.—The assistant (helfer), provincial or over-

seer of all the communes of a province. Fifth.—The deputies chosen by these to represent them in the assembly.

Sixth.—The deputies of the communal adminis-

tration.

Seventh .- Those of the servants of the communes and of the churches who are specially called there by

the direction of the unity.

The synod elects its president and council. The right of vote is equal for all; all may freely sustain their opinion verbally, or by writing. This deliberative assembly is thus not only open to the most influential proprietors; it receives besides the most special and capacitated persons. Its divers sessions are customarily separated by an interval of from seven to twelve years Since the foundation of Hernhutt, and the renewal of the unity, it has been eight; the last was convoked in 1825.

By an exception, perhaps unique of its kind, the majority is not always sovereign in this assembly; sometimes it is left to the decision of destiny. It is this which turns the balance in affairs of high importance, or when an established deficiency of certitude permits them not themselves to decide with a perfect knowledge on the matter, and for peremptory reasons. This method is perhaps not the worst, because, when our reason hesitates between two sides, or it finds equal in-conveniences, chance may, as well as our will, lead us to the better. But if the Moravians consult the lot, it is because they humbly know their insufficiency, especially in that which concerns Divine things. They say that "their thoughts are not always the thoughts of God, nor their means his means." An artless, simple faith persuades them that Jesus Christ will enlighten and direct his Church. Besides, it is not without inconvenience, according to themselves, that the majority conducts itself under every circumstance, and they wish to prevent the vain babble to which every a sembly is subject. And then, the first apostles, who could not have done wrong, had they not demanded by lot the election of St. Matthew? The lot, was it not also consulted in 1466.7 at the Lhota synod, by the brothers of Bohemia, for a new election of brothers and of elders?

In the interval of the sessions, the administration devolves upon a college chosen by the synod, and confirmed by lot. It is under the name of the Directory of the Unity, or Conference of Ancients —a little ministry, divided into three departments, of instruction and worship, of interior business, and of foreign affairs. Correspondence is active between it and the communes; and as the means of bringing into connexion all the brethren among themselves, and with it, it publishes every year an account of its administration, and a monthly journal. Each one here seeks with devotion the news of the unity, and the names of the brothers recently admitted. If a member of the conference dies or retires, in the interval of the synods, it is himself

who names his successor, for election.

Such are the bases of the constitution which joins in one same body these elements of the Moravian Society, spread over nearly all the inhabited earth. How are these elements or communes organised and

administered?

The inhabitants of each are classed in series or choirs, after their state, their sex, their age. Thus there are choirs of married people, of widows and widowers, of celibatary men and women, of boys and girls, and of youths and maidens. This arrangement is intended to

render more present to the various estates of human life the duties which religion impresses upon them, and to facilitate their performance. It is arranged thus that the servants or pastors of the commune may bestow the most scrupulous attention upon the care of their sou's, and that they may give to each the counsels and the sermons which its position calls for. Each choir has its chief, who is an elder, who watches over its interests,

and over the observance of its rules.

In the less important communes there is the house of brothers and that of unmarried sisters, sometimes of widows and of widowers. There are common habita-tions for the members of those choirs who have not, in their own right, either family or house. The table there is in common, as in a boarding house; the work of each covers the expenses; and the direction of everything belongs to the chiefs of the choirs. Such is the only portion of community which we have been able to discover in the constitution of the Moravians; it is, as we can see, a little exception, but has sufficed, without doubt, to make it believed that all was in common among them. But when we comprehend this rightly, the inhabitants of these houses keep the products of their industry, their expenses being paid; and their community consists in assembling under the same roof to sleep to eat and to pray. * * * to sleep, to eat, and to pray. *

The brother, who is in the position for having a wife, begins by obtaining the advice of the elders. This is the custom to which each conforms. Afterwards he makes his choice himself, or by the recommendation of the elders; and the directress of the choir, if the parents consent, is employed to make known his request to the young girl. The affianced are united according to the laws human and Divine.

This is transacted in nearly the same way as everywhere else, with the difference that, instead of seeking for suitableness of fortune, they endeavour after suitableness of character. It is imagined generally that the young brothers are always obliged to marry, accordwhom they have not seen. This rarely happens. We know one example; it was of a young German, who was sent to an Englishwoman; and never, they say, did a marriage succeed better. However, it is true that they forward European women to the inhabitants of remote Moravian colonies: but this is far better than that they should want them.

The severity of their manners is excessive. Love, among them, is always reduced to its most simple expression in marriage; and those who permit themselves any amorous recreations, are precluded from their commune, and seek in vain to penetrate into another. The Moravians will hear no raillery on this point; and they dismiss also those charitable souls who favour the meeting of others, and even those who innocently pro-

mote marriage, without the valid power of authority.

Disorders of this nature are rare, and everything tends to prevent them. From their infancy they are used to this kind of life; they fashion them to the Christian yoke under which they ought to pursue their career; and those whose nature bears it help those whose would not, because occasion fails. In our state of society men are born Christians, but how few live in it as Christians! Those even who preserve for the Christian doctrine a theoretic fidelity, turn it into derision by the practice of their lives. And it is not a thing desired by the social circumference which environs us, and which has never been organized Christianly, in the rigorous acceptation of the word. If it took the fancy of the thirty-four millions of the French to renounce Satan, in his pomps and in his works, and to be faithful to the words of their baptism, the most terrible of revolutions would inevitably follow from this conversion, because it would put aside the working multitude, industry being reduced to the satisfaction of the

wants of strict necessity, and those of luxury being repressed. It would put out of the way even the Moravians themselves, if Germany and the other European countries imitated France; because, if their religious principles should keep them from using things of luxury, it should not permit them their fabrication, or these brave Christians, like the inhabitants of Salente, would thus send corruption to their neighbours. In the house of the brothers, and in that of the sisters, we have seen articles of jewellery, of fashion, and other things, which could not have been worn at Hernhutt. or in any family of the unity. To repress among the women the taste for appearance, and to restrain them from the government of fashion, they place upon their heads the uniformity of a cap without grace, and of a bonnet small and homely. The ribbon which is apbonnet small and homely. The ribbon which is ap-pointed is red for the girls, blue for the married women, and white for the widows. We conceive that a like association cannot exist but partially, and as an exception, in the midst of general society; and the Moravians, who have numerous missionaries in all countries. cannot desire that they should have universal success, because, what would then become of their industry? Here necessity, more strong than their principles, has placed them in contradiction with themselves, because it would that all the world should live. Among themselves, in fact, each lives, according to the ordinary screptation and restriction of the word, because each labours; and he who fails, or whom misortune has placed in want, is supported by his brethren. They have even a poor-fund for those whom age or disease have rendered incapable of labour.

That they may be faithful to their religious principles and morals, they avoid all occasion of sin; they proscribe all balls, spectacles, or assemblies, which bring together the two sexes. They are born and they die at Hernhutt, without understanding the music of the waltz, pleasures which we find in the meanest village of Ger-But, on the other hand, they there learn the simplicity and calmness of family life; they receive there the lessons and example of complete probity. Under this aspect, all the world renders justice to the Moravians, even with regard to their commercial affairs,

in which they are never deceptious.

They bestow great care upon the education of their children. Each commune has schools for the two sexes, where children receive, up to the age of thirteen or fourteen years, a complete primary education, and some elements of Latin. Instead of this last, the girls acquire needle-work. The pastor overlooks the school, and directs the religious instruction. They have also board ing-houses, where are moreover received the children of missionaries and other functionaries who cannot bring them up themselves. The reputation of these characteristics being well known, many parents who are strangers send their children there. The boys destined to a scientific career are placed at Niesky, in Upper Lusatia, in the college of the unity, where they meet with the requisite knowledge to commence their university studies in law, medicine, etc. Those who would devote themselves to theology, go to the seminary of the unity, which is at Gandenfeld, in Upper Silesia. We shall speak more, further on, concerning the clergy, and the spiritual organization of the Moravian Church. In these establishments the rich pay, and the poor are supported by voluntary gifts.

We have seen that the whole unity is governed by the synod, and the council of elders. Each commune has an analogous organization; they have also each their college, or conference. The elders who compose it are appointed for the government of the commune generally, and for that of each of its choirs specially. The communal assistant presides in it by right; he represents the general interests of his place. The pastors and chiefs of the choirs are admitted to it, to

sustain, the one the interests of religion, in its worship and instruction, and the others those of their group, and of the assemblies of which they form part. inspectors of educational establishments, and the heads of various administrations, have also there a deliberative This council also bears the name of the Communal Direction, because its authority extends over the other conferences, whose procedure it overlooks. In the little populated families, one single individual is often charged with many functions; but all those which give entry into the council are conferred by the synod,

or the administration of the unity.

To finish with the Moravian authorities, we shall speak of the college of superintendence; its functions were in part those of the Roman censors; thus, all which concerns manners, behaviour, good faith, in the relations of the brethren among themselves, is under its care. It insures order and police, the strict execution of the laws of the country, the regulations of the community, and the decisions of the council of elders. In its councils we find the greater part of the members who hold the other functions. But as the mass of citizens are most vividly interested in public order, a certain number chosen by them are sent to the college of superintendence. Lastly, purely temporal matters are directed by the municipal council, which unites the members of the two councils of which we have spoken, and besides some others chosen by the inhabitants,

The impressions which we have received at Hernhutt and elsewhere, have led us to believe that the laws of the unity are well observed by those simple men. * * * However, there are exceptions to every rule, and they have proved it so there. Misconduct, and excitement to debauch and libertinism, are faults sought out and punished by the communal discipline, a judicature which has its hierarchy and means of repression; these means consisting of warnings, remonstrances, and punishments. The ministers of this judicature are generally the companions of the culpable, who exhort them with good feeling; perhaps an elder, but finally the council of superintendence. The punishments which are used are, exclusion from Divine service, and from the holy table for a time, which the judges render more or less in duration according to the weight of the crime and the repentance of the sinner. When remedies thus benign are without effect upon the confirmedly diseased, they have recourse to more determined means. They cut off from the living body of the unity its gangrened members, at least when they do not detach But such is, according to the Moravians, the extent of social misery, that even after this last extremity the fold may be again opened to the wandering sheep, when the shepherds recognise a sincere spirit for restoration, and a complete change. The infraction of the laws of the country are followed up by the tribunals.

In the name of the Gospel, of reason, and of necessity, the Moravians have for their laws, and those who maintain them, a perfect submission, and their particular customs are not in opposition to them. Not the less do they easily comprehend that their societies could not exist and act, in all their purity, without a concession to government, because it is that which permits them to establish themselves in the family of the order, and in the particular discipline of their Church, as also its liturgy and its usages; to name themselves their governors and preachers; to build the houses of reunion which they require; and, in fine, to free them from the jurisdiction of the consistories which their organization renders unnecessary. All their communes in the old and in the new world have been sanctioned in this manner, and each celebrates the anniversary of its foundation.

Governments favour their establishment; some even exempt them from military service. Napoleon, who

began to make such a great consumption of men, continued to them this favour, but Prussia has concluded to suppress it. They preserve it, however, in Saxony, and most portions of the Germanic states.

We have seen that this little society, for maintaining itself in perfect unity in doctrine and in conduct, has been led by reason or by instinct to a commencement of the serial order, and to the union of its elements, through the powerful bond of a hierarchy. This hierarchy is remarkable, moreover, in the bosom of a Protestantism which desires it not. Its results are remarkable, as, notwithstanding its imperfections, it has been able to maintain intact the unity of the brethren, since the time of their master, John Huss, exempting them from those variations of opinion which are wont to diminish sects, under the name of free will. Its clergy are personally divided into deacons, preachers, and bishops. The powers of these are retraced to 1467, having been transmitted from the ancient Church of Bohemia to the new by an uninterrupted course of The bishops are taken from among the ordinations. pastors, and elected by the synods, or in its absence, when the case requires, by the conference of the elders. Their duty is to conserve religious tradition, and to invest the pastors and the deacons with their ecclesiastical functions. The pastors are placed over the religious direction of a commune, or sent upon missions among the pagans, and the deacons assist the pastors in their functions, and administer even the sacraments whenever they have received the necessary authority. Both are subordinate to the synod and the conference. The Augsburg confession did not preserve the episcopacy, notwithstanding which the countries in which it appeared established it because it was not contradictory This was done in Denmark and to its principles. Sweden, although Germany did not adopt it.

The Moravian Church has some resemblance to that of Rome, through its hierarchy, and it is otherwise related to it by some practices of its worship. Thus its believers meet in the temple nearly every day, and communicate many times in the year. Thus the pastors and chiefs of choirs are nearly confessors, they have the sustenance of their faith, the confidence of their sins. But in other relations it is akin to Lutheran Protestantism. Nothing is more naked than their temple, if they can thus call four white walls, furnished with a square of benches, and a little table above the aisle. It would be a crime among them to call upon, through the least image, through any material emblem whatso-ever, that Divine power which manifests itself everywhere through the marvellous luxury of creation. tainly the magnificence of Catholicism is contradictory and illogical, in a religion which preaches poverty, humility, and suffering, and which exalts the senses which it would put to sleep; but does it not gain by being illogical, if in discarding its -principles it

approaches truth?
The bishops the most renowned among the Moravians, are Spangenberg and Count Zinzendorf. This last was impassioned in favour of these religionists, when they were persecuted and chased from Bohemia and Moravia. He offered them an asylum in the territory of the signory of Berthelsdorf. On the 17th of June, 1722, the first stone of the first house was laid, and the first tree was hewed by its carpenter. The memory of this event is dear to the inhabitants of this at present flourishing colony; they have shown us, in the middle of a little walk, planted with trees, a monumental stone which consecrates it. The site of Hernhutt is charming in simplicity, and peculiarly adapted to serve as the retreat of tranquil piety. The houses are built on the sunny declivity of the mountain of Hutt, which has given its name to the capital of the unity. The town has 1,200 inhabitants; it is twenty-one leagues from Dresden, in the middle of Upper Lusatia, between

obau and Zittau. The summit of the mountain is crowned by a beautiful terrace, from which the country around is seen; before arriving at the place, we find a field surmounted by hedges; it is the Field of God, the cemetery. The tombs are arranged in order, and surmounted by stones exactly alike; they tell the visitors the name of the defunct, the dates of birth and of death, and nothing more. Three tombs in white marble arise, however, in the midst of this funereal equality; the founder of Hernhutt and the members of his family have well merited them; they are placed in the midst of a wide alley which separates the cemetery into two parts. One side of the cemetery is for the men, the other is reserved for the women. Separated in the temple, separated in all the details of life, death even does not unite their bones. An avenue of beautiful trees unites Hernhutt to the village of Berthelsdorf; its ancient manor-house is inhabited by the conference of elders; the synods hold there their sessions. One of the most venerable of the conference desired to receive us there, and answer our inquiries.

Besides the communes occupied by the brethren, and where only they have the right of fixing themselves, there are in such towns as Stockholm, Moscow, London, some Moravian families, who maintain relations with their central administration, and who unite among themselves to pray and refresh their faith. Among the members of this religious association, there is much corporative spirit; they know their number, and the journal makes known to them the names of the brethren newly received. In Europe they have at least nearly 14,000, divided into thirty-five different families, of which more than threefourths are in entirely Moravian communes. The greatest number of these are in Germany; the others are found in England, in Holland, in Denmark, in Sweden, and in Russia. The least removed from Paris is at Zeist near Utrecht. In the other continents their population amounts to 10,000, without counting the aborigines of savage countries whom their missionarics have converted to Christianity. It possesses a quarantine of different families situated in the two Americas, and in the English, Danish, and Dutch colonies of Asia and Africa. Their most important mission is in Greenland, in the country of icebergs, which bears the name of New Hernhutt. They also possess in this country two or three other establishments. The Moravians owe in a great part their prosperity to the incredible activity of Zinzendorf. * * He was made for being the chief of a sect or party. * * Nature had destined him to impassion, to organize, and to put in order. As a child, his vocation had been fixed to establish among his comrades the Order of the Mustard-seed, a mysterious association of which the design is unknown to us, although probably it was one of extreme pietism. It was in vain that his uncle and tutor sent him to the university of Wittenberg, to hear the lessons of the enemies of his opinions; he preserved them untouched, and his pen fought for them. The elector of Saxony, of whom his father, long since dead, had been minister, called him to him as a councillor of state; but his attraction was not there, and he soon quitted the court to become the champion and chief of the Moravians, whom some years previously he had received and supported. Ever after, his life was a battle and a travel; he not only passed through Europe for the propagation of his church, but went to the United States, to Greenland, to the Isles of St. Croix and St. Thomas, and to the East Indies. In the midst of all this, he wrote without ceasing, sometimes to answer his numerous adversaries, and sometimes to publish books of picty. He has written more than a hundred volumes! The Elector of Saxony decreed him for some while the honour of exile. He died at Hernbutt in 1760; he was born at Dresden, sixty years previously. This man, we

believe, notwithstanding some contradictory assertions, was always one of good faith; he sought the perfec-tion and welfare of his fellow creatures; he merits then their veneration, and those above others should render him homage who intend the same end, although

by different means.

Perhaps it will not have been without interest, and some utility, that we have placed here in relief the good germs which in the Moravian affiliation maintain order, calm, and a surety of material welfare, and also the inferior elements which prevent its spreading and generalizing itself in the world. But without making this article too long, we think that this simple development of facts and ideas will be sufficient to make it understood that although there is among the Moravians a happy excitement of corporative spirit and religious sentiment, their system is far from being a system of perfect community.

DR. LOUIS SPOHR.

Is no spirit of vapouring self-praise, but of honest congratulation, may we remind the reader that what-ever be our country's faults in musical taste, or slackness of artistic cultivation, England has successively been able to secure and reward the best exertions of such musicians as Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber. More recently, the noble public of our common people has shown itself rich enough in enlightenment, association, and the means of remunerating genius and talent of the first order, to tempt to its great meetings Mendelssohn and Spohr: and this, not as almsgivers, but as

guests, giving and receiving honour.

It becomes us, then,—taking advantage of Dr. Spohr's presence among us,—to offer our mite of record and welcome to a distinguished man. With regard to his life there is not very much to tell;—happy and rare circumstance in an art whose exhibiting Professors are, possibly, more subject to fevers, vicissitudes,—to excitement in youth and vapidity in age, than any other class of persons, devoted to imaginative pursuits and pleasures! Our guest was born, some sixty-four years since at Saesen, in Brunswick; the son of a physician. He early showed signs of musical genius; a violin was put into his hands, and he was placed under one Maucourt, who will be best remembered as his master. By the time that he was twelve years old, he was fit to play a Concerto at a Court, whose Duke knew what good violin playing was. Before he was fifteen, his particular vein in composition had developed itself. The fine Quartett, op. 4,-which was performed by the Beethoven Society the other day, in his presence,—was written, we heard him say himself (smiling pleasantly the while), when he was fourteen. When he was sixteen, he was placed under Franz Eck; and two years later, having been pensioned by The Duke, he accompanied his master into Russia, where he stayed for a year and a half. Subsequently, Spohr received musical appointments at Gotha; at the theatre An der Wien, Vienna; at the Frankfort theatre; and more than twenty years ago, came finally to an anchor at Hesse Cassel: whence many of his best works have proceeded; and where most of the German violin players have, at one period or other, been his pupils. Dr. Spohr has been twice married. His first wife, Fräulein Scheidler, was the best harpist in Germany; and the finish of their duett performances is spoken of in all musical chronicles as something remarkable. The present Madame Spohr is alive.

When we have said that our guest possesses that tranquil, serene, and equable spirit, which prevents its owner from "inviting storms," and pilots him eafely and speedily through such as are inevitable;—and have

pointed to his life in the pleasant town of Cassel as an enviable example of cheerful leisure, spent in ease and pastime, alternated with steady work and pleasant journeyings from time to time, to reap honours as its fruit,—when we have recorded, that after having been for some quarter of a century considered not only as the first German violin master, but also as one of the first German violin players,-Dr. Spohr has naturally and gracefully retired from public exhibition, leaving the arena to younger, not worthier men,—the story of his life is told; and we have but to speak of his works.

Though to us there are few things more distasteful than unmixed eulogy; and praise loses its value when unaccompanied by signs of power to distinguish,—there are "times and occasions," as Sir Charles Grandison had it, when the duty of a writer is but to dwell on that which merits admiration: the present is one. We meet Dr. Spohr in every aspect which a musical compensation that the base shown himself meritarious. poser can take. In all he has shown himself meritorious and successful; in all, individual. Among his Oratorios, "The Last Judgment" is our favourite, for the sake of the quartett and chorus which closes the first part; and the grand scene of "Babylon," with the impressive funeral strain, "Blest are the departed," in the second. The instrumental introduction to the latter, also, deserves notice, as richly scored, and full of graceful melody.

Among Dr. Spohr's operas "Jessonda" deserves to be rated the highest as a whole; though the gloom of the story, founded on "La Veuve de Malabar,"—a heavy and sentimental French tragedy by M. Lemierre, - has imparted a certain monotony to the music. But we do not forget the charming trio for female voices in "Zemire und Azor;" nor the impressive burial chant in "Pietro von Abano;" nor the many magnificent airs in "Faust;" some of which have been recently revived in our recollection by the glorious singing and saying of Herr Pischek. In all, the orchestral portion is richly ingenious, and admirably finished. The mention of this brings us to this Master's exclusively instru-mental music; beginning with his Symphonies. Here, again, there is much to admire, apart from the general praise due to one who is so sure and masterly in his praise due to one who is so sure and masterly in his orchestral effects. The slow movement, schero and finale, of the Symphony in D minor; the finale to the Symphony in C minor; the first allegro, and the March in that picturesque Symphony, "The Power of Sound," are all as good as they are peculiar. And even in Dr. Spohr's works where our sympathies are more at fault, let us insist that the seal of individuality which distinguishes the originator from the convict is never distinguishes the originator from the copyist, is never missing. In all, there is shown the self-respect of a true artist: care, learning, and high finish.

No classical writer for the violin (distinguishing Rode, Viotti, Mayseder, and De Beriot, as brilliant; which means something less, and something more, than classical) has contributed so much admirable and interesting music for his instrument, as Dr. Spohr. His Concertos will long be in request, not merely for the grace and solidity of their solo parts, but for the richness of the orchestral tissue. His duetts are incomparable. We rate these as the highest of his works, since no one has approached their composer, in whose hands the two instruments become almost a quartettso rich and full are their effects and combinations. There have been painters of gallery pictures, the same of which has been disputed, who, when restricting themselves within the smaller range of cabinet art, rise to unquestioned perfection. Scale does not constitute excellence. One of Shakespeare's Sonnets is greater than a "wilderness" of epics by Let every groaning reader fill the blank for himself! Our singling out, therefore, of these less obtrusive works, must not be thought as disparagement to the Master or his essays on a more extensive scale. We shall only further dwell with gratitude on the ingenuity, delicacy, and rich harmonics of

his quartette, single and double, the delight of all players on stringed instruments, who find in them that exquisite acquaintance with what is possible and what is agreeable, which a theoretical study of any instrument will hardly produce. Thus, while his violin music is his best, Dr. Spohr is least eminent when he writes for the pianoforte. Need we say more? Yes, one word. We believe that certain selected works of our guest have permanent life in them; and are good for a future, as well as for the present generation. May their list still be lengthened!

SUMMER SONNETS. BY PETER PAUL PALETTE.

Hor, glowing summer!—'neath the shade of trees Arching o'erhead, a whispering canopy; By cool and trickling rills, that saunter by As though they loved to journey at their ease; Near headlong torrents, leaping from the skies, Where the fresh wind abides perpetually; 'Mid elder-blooms, and hedge-side rosery, Foxgloves, and ferns, and leafy companies; At foot of some green bank, the new-mown hay With heaped fragrance pillowing thy head;

—Haunts where thou lov'st to lie—with tresses given Loose to the fingering breeze; thy bosom's play Seen through the gauzy kerchief overlaid; Thy half-shut eyes just peeping at the heaven. Crown thee with roses and forget-me-not;

And on the green marge of some lucent pool, That beds thy semblance in its waters cool, Couch thee; thick boughs shall roof the pleasant spot, Whisp'ring and low, and bending o'er; and not A solitary gleam of fervid sun Shall find thee on thy soft and mossy throne, Lapped in delicious shadiness thy lot. In shadiness, and flowers, and herbage deep, Stretch thy fair limbs, half buried in the green, Thy blue eyes close for slumbering tranquilly;-Luxurious thy bed, gentle thy sleep; And like a thing forgotten or unse

The fiery day shall wheel unheeded by. How sweet the ramble on a summer's eve! When daylight lives till near the "witching hour;" When setting suns magnificently pour Their flooded gold o'er earth and sky, and leave The sphery world in deep-dyed pomp, to give Our summer eves a matchless colouring: When gentle breezes are upon the wing, Bearing rich odours from the clover's hive, From woodbines, roses, and the sweet-breathed hav. And many a bloom of blossoming beans and pease: When all is still, or hushing to repose: Save lowing kine in green and dewy leas. Or throstle piping from some favourite spray, Or home-bound rustic singing as he goes

A long, delicious stroll, through pleasant meads Where sheep-bells tinkle, and the daisied green Bears a brown line which may not be unseen By wanderers seeking a sweet path that leads To verdant solitudes, where Quiet breeds Deep thought, and joy, and poesy divine ;-Or ramble by the brooklet's ambery twine, And sheeted lake, that lovingly imbeds The gold and azure of the glowing sky; Through cotted lanes, enroof d with pleasant green; O'er flowery heaths and open downs to struy, Where gipsies camp, and black-eyed girls are seen Round the bright fire that crackles cheerily; -Such stroll how sweet to close a summer's day!

Summer | the poet loves thee more than all :-Loves thy warm sun, and glorious, glowing skies; Thy pomp of trees, and greenwood witcheries;— Loves all the flowers that obey thy call, And bloom in hosts where'er thy footsteps fall, Painting the wide earth with resplendent dyes; Loves thy bird-songs; and those sweet melodies Thy wild brooks chaunt—as, fringed with grasses tall, Rank weeds, and glittering blooms, through meadows green.

Dim woods, and loveliest spots of earth, they wind. Vocal the pebbles and grey rocks among. Thine every charm is dear to him, I ween; He loves thee better than do all mankind; And would through all the year thy sunny reign prolong.

CONSOLATIONS.

BY EDWARD TOUL.

GOVERNMENTS cannot interfere with the seasons. The avarice of wealth and the exclusiveness of pride are confined to the earth which they deform, and the planets are beyond their reach. If it were otherwise, the operative classes would be signing petitions and convening meetings in support of their right to participate in the blessing of the sunshine-in the healing of the south wind-in the splendour of the skies at night, when the stars shine through the darkness. Any one who considers how completely the minority—and principally the idle minority—have monopolized whatever they could lay their hands upon, on the earth's surface, and beneath its surface, and in the depths of the ocean, cannot for a moment doubt that inability alone has prevented them from grasping at the constellations

Owing to his inability to appropriate the heavens, the sun is as much mine as his lordship's. He has a gallery of pictures; he has not a galaxy of stars. Nature does not recognise class-interests. The eclipse Nature does not recognise class-interests. The eclipse of the moon is mine as well as the astronomer's. A new planet may "swim into his ken," which I may never behold; but every planet is new, when I newly see it. And, after all, the new planet is as old as the oldest. I may have no property in summer-fruit, but I own the summer. You may exclude me from your pleasure ground, and deny me the sight of your ornamental sheet of water; but you cannot hide the mountain with a brick wall, or encompass the ocean with a palisade.

with a palisade.

The best things always seek the common good. They ask not your affection alone—they demand the love of all men. You own the chef d'œuvre of an eminent sculptor. But not you alone. It will not be owned. The dull marble is yours, but the animation and beauty of the image-all that calls for admiration and exacts homage—all that the genius of the artist communicated to the rude block—are mine as well as yours. I carry them away with me; I possess them for ever. Only the stones and mortar, the lead and timber, of that edifice are yours; the architecture, the "petrified music," is mine-sings its song eternally in my ears.

So throughout Nature and throughout art. Admit me not to see your paintings: I shall bear them away with me, if you do; I shall share with you the contents of your library, the glory of your landscape, the beauty of your flowers. Government, aristocracy, wealth—upon that which is best they cannot impose

restrictions.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work ros all, and we desire to work WITH all.—Eds.

Railway Rules proposed by Thomas Gray, the Founder of the Railway System.— In the course of last year, Mr. Howitt made a strong appeal through the press in behalf of the claims of Thomas Gray, one of the greatest benefactors, not only of his country, but of mankind, by his planning and zealous advocacy of the great milway system now in such immensely extended existence. He called upon the country to avoid the disgrace of neglecting any longer this remarkable man, who, while tens of thousands have been enriched by the property which his plans and exertions brought into existence, remained unbenefitted in the slightest degree by it. That neglect, shameful, most shameful as it is, still however continues. Thousands of lucrative appointments have been made on railroads to people without any particular claim. Thomas Gray, who has the greatest claim of any man living, or who ever will live, has been refused the very smallest appointment on any part of the system. While the country pensions every day men who have rendered at best some mere temporary service, Thomas Gray, who has given England the character of Founder of Railways, and promoted the comfort of every civilized person living, either by opportunity of improved travel or of speedier intelligence—who has created by his plans more property than any other thousand men—who has added the mighty power of steam locomotion on dry land to all our other powers—and set us still higher at the head of nations than we ever were before, or could have been without this distinction—Thomas Gray still is a man neglected and unnoticed, walking about amid the wonders he has created in all the invisible and barren dignity of a creator—that is, a being who is unperceived and unthanked! There will come a time when this will have to be rectified, or to be bitterly repented of. In the mean time, this wonderful and most disinterested man, who has achieved a victory for mankind worth a million of Waterloos, but who has received no dukedom, no Strathfieldsayes, no statue in city or on P

Every line of railway should be uniformly straight and level. Every rail should be convex, in order to diminish friction, and thereby insure economy in the constant work on railways in each direction throughout the year.

in each direction throughout the year.

The wheels of locomotive engines in particular, as well as of all other carriages, should have a true perpendicular bearing, so as to avoid all lateral strain which now tends so generally to the destruction and rapid wear and tear of rails.

Down and up trains to be scrupulously confined to their respective lines of railway, and on no account whatever to be allowed to interfere with each other.

Every railway should be of the same uniform gauge throughout the country.

Had these plain rules, so enthusiastically reiterated by me on all occasions to the Government and public generally, been carried into execution, how much more cheering would the share-lists be to the respective shareholders!

The common interest of the public in railways is paramount, and must command the determined influence of the legislature of making, in a new sense, of one blood, and of one language, over the silly clamour about the vested rights of railway companies. Most assuredly the public, by and from whom alone Scandinavian, combined on the island of Great Britain, just

the railway companies can prosper, will never succumb to the present arbitrary rates and fares. The miserably declining state of railway property can only be improved by adopting rules of common sense, intelligible to the meanest by adopting rules of

common sense, intelligible to the meanest capacity.

The lowest tariff of rates and fares possible will unerringly guide us to the most permanent state of prosperity, and would infallibly increase the revenue in a tenfold degree. One quarter of the rates and fares now charged will eventually be condemned as exorbitant and intolerable. Let the same economy be practised on railways which characterises the application of steam power for the million in our manufactories and on board our vessels, and the welfare of all classes will be universal.

These rules are so impartial to all, that none but the ignorant or arrogant will dare to dissent from them. All railway companies, however wealthy or important, will nevertheless bend to public opinion; and more particularly so, as they will find it their invariable interest to accommodate their only customers to the utmost.

Thomas Gray,

THE BAILWAY PIONEER.

League of Universal Brotherhood.—On Tuesday evening, July 13th, a meeting of delegates from various lecal leagues, metropolitan and provincial, took place at the White Hart Tuvern, Bishopsgate-street; Joseph Sturge, Esq., in the chair. About forty persons took tea together. The object was to lay the foundation of a national organization, as the best means of advancing the great principles of peace and brotherhood. The report was read by Elihu Burritt; it was a beautifully written document, and gave the details of his progress in this country. It appeared that although very humble and silent agencies had been employed, that he had obtained above 13,000 signatures to his pledge, and local branches were forming in every direction. Several distinguished friends of peace and temperance were present. After much discussion as to the best means of effecting an efficient and permanent union, and opening a line of communication throughout the country, it was resolved that the whole suggestions submitted to the meeting should be placed in the hands of an executive committee, composed of the following gentlemen:—Mr. C. Gilpin, Mr. George Sturge, Mr. Thomas Beggs, Mr. George East, Mr. Thomas Box, Mr. George Bamby, and Mr. James Balfour. It seemed to be unanimously decided as desirable steps, to have twelve public meetings in as many large towns throughout the empire, and to have a periodical devoted to the interests of the League. Thanks were voted to the chairman, and to Mr. Elihu Burritt, and the meeting separated about half-past nine.

Co-operative Movement at Bedworth in Warwickshire.—The friends of communism here, having observed with great pleasure the proposal for a Co-operative Congress, unanimously adopted at their meeting of the 11th inst. the following resolution, in reference to the proposal

reference to the proposal

"Resolved, that the Bedworth Group of the Communist
Church fully approves of the Co-operative Congress proposed
by their respected Pontiflarch, Goodwyn Barmby, and hails with
delight the promised importation from their American friends at
Chacinnati, as the practical commencement of a system of Communist Exchange among the nations; and that this resolution
be forwarded to Howit's Journal for insertion therein."

Elihu Burrit's Theory of the English Character.—Ocean Penny Postage.—We may find, in the constitution of the English race, the first element of the argument, by which it was proposed to prove, that upon England alone devolves the duty of giving the world an Ocean Penny Postage. The English race is the result of a remarkable combination of three remarkable elements, on a remarkable heatre of smalgamation, and at a remarkable time in the world's history; and for the purpose, it would spear, of making, in a new sense, of one blood, and of one language, all nations of men. These elements are the Celtic, Saxon, and Scandinavian, combined on the island of Great Britain, just

before the discovery of the New World. Each of these is as cessential to the integrity and vital energy of the English race, as any other of the three. If emigration had commenced to the Western or Eastern World, before this combination, or from either of these elementary races, the condition and prospects of mankind would have differed seriously from those that distinguish the present day. What would a colony of pure Celts, or Saxons, or Dancs, have done on the American Continent? Would the Celts have launched forth into commercial and manufacturing enterprise, and have set the streams of the new world to the music of machinery? Would not the Saxons have followed their old predilections, and have settled down upon the fertile lands, as mere agriculturists, and left the rivers and intervening ocean scarcely whitened by a yard of canvass, as they did in England, when the Danes surrounded the island with nearly a thousand of their little ships? And would not the Danes have overrun the their little slips? And would not the Danes have overrun the new continent, as they were wont to overrun the seas; without ever stopping to settle, or tarrying longer than to gratify their reckless spirit of adventure, by playing the Nimrod in the wilderness, or by waging perpetual war with the Indians? An answer to these questions may be found in the experience of every elementary race, that has sought to colonise itself on the American Continent, or any other foreign land. The French is essentially an elementary race; and it had the first and best chance of colonization in North America; and this it attempted in the choicest localities on the continent. Some of the best families of France settled on the St. Lawrence, Ohio, and Mississippi. But what has been the result? The Canadian French, may be a fair answer. So with regard to Spain. She colonised her best blood in Mexico and Peru; and what came of it, but a listless blood in Mexico and Peru; and what came of it, but a listless blood in Mexico and Peru; and what came of it, but a listless race, without energy or enterprise? Such, probably, would have been essentially the experience of each of the elements of the English race, had it attempted the colonization of America. But, combined, they have given to the world a race, not only distinguished by the Celtic faculty of cohesion and endurance; by the Saxon faculty of conformity to all climes and conditions of life, and by the hardy Scandinavian or Yankee spirit of adventure and migration, but also by a prodigious faculty of self-propagation, unknown to any portion of the human family. In evidence of this latter quality, the French savans themselves assert that the population of the United States doubles itself once in 25 years; of Great Britain, in 44 years; of Germany. once in 25 years; of Great Britain, in 44 years; of Germany, in 76 years; of Holland, in 106; of Italy, in 135; of France, in 138; of Switzerland, in 227; of Portugal, in 238; and of Turkey, in 555 years. The statistics of population in Asiatic and African countries are too lame to afford a trusty basis of calculation. But we know that there are many nations of men that do not increase at all in population; that there are others that do not increase at all in population; that there are others gradually wasting, like morning dew, before the rising sun of civilization. And perhaps we may safely assume, that the augregate population of all the other nations, besides those mentioned above, doubles itself in 1000 years. Then, taking the average increase of all these nations, the population of the globe, exclusive of the English race, would double itself in 310 years; and, if now 750 millions, would be in the year 2157, if the world endure so long, 1,500,000,000. But the English race doubles itself in 35 years; and, putting it now at the very low the world endure so long, 1,500,000,000. But the English race doubles itself in 35 years; and, putting it now at the very low estimate of 50 millions, if it should increase as it has done, it would amount to 21,940,000,000 in 2157; or more than tecenty-seren times the present number of the inhabitants of the globe! and more than fourteen times the number of all the rest of the human family 310 years hence! Can there exist a reasonable doubt, then, of the ultimate prevalence of one blood and one language over the earth? Is it not inevitable, that these sluggish streams and stagnant pools of human vitality must be absorbed streams and stagnant pools of human vitality must be absorbed into that gulf-stream of population, which takes its head and impetus in England?

Great Britain is not only the heart in which the blood of this wonderful race is elaborated, but the heart that propels it, by organic pulsations, to the world's extremes. During the ten years ending with 18-46, under the pressure of a common necessity, she propelled 7-45,309 of her children across the Atlantic, to seek a field of labour and life in North America alone;—and 125,778 of these during the last year. And this is only one direction in which she has propelled the blood of the English race, to propagate its kind among the distant tribes of men. America, with its 25 millions, of English lineage, language, and genius, is but a senior plantation. The whole globe is already sown with the like in kind; and each an evidence of the prodigious fecundity of the stock. Sail the wide oceans over, and you will find one of these plantations striking its vigorous roots deep and broad into the soil, whereon the aborigines are melting

away like unsuited exotics. The island-heart of Britain beats on; and its blood acclimates itself to every clime and condition of vitality. And now its pulsations are quickened and strengthened by the pressure of a new necessity, which has long been gathering force. Her sea-girt home is too contracted for her landless millions, who are annually increasing in number, and in the relentless importanity for bread, and freer life and labour. And she must let her people go—go by hundreds, where they have before gone by scores—go to all lands, where labour can meet the exigencies of human life. During the last year, the official register numbers 129,851 emigrants, who went out from her on this mission of existence. But what is this number compared with the host that will leave the United Kingdom the present year! If nearly a million more follow them in the next five years? And these will go, as their predecessors went, with as strong home affections and love of kindred as ever bound human hearts and habitations together. If any one doubt this, let him stand by and witness the scene that is enacted when an emigrant ship unmoors for the Western World; or let him go to America and try the strength of the home-feeling with which the emigrant clings to the remembrance of his native land, and of those he has left behind.

Now, then, it is with these millions of emigrants, and with the millions of their poor kindred left behind, that we have to do, in asking England to give the world an OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE. We will say nothing now of the convenience of Commerce. The merchant can pay a shilling for the business letter he sends or receives across the ocean. But there are millions in the United Kingdom who cannot do this, without pinching their means of subsistence. And there are a million abroad, born in these two islands,—and soon there will be millions of them,—scattered far from the Atlantic sca-board, who can write home scarcely once a year, at the present rate of postage. Why should England expatriate these necessitous myriads of her children, and then cut them off from all communion with their old homes and their kindred? Why, setting aside the humanity and justice of the measure, the home affections of these millions of enigrants might be made a source of revenue to England, with an OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE. But we reserve this department of the

subject for future consideration.

Let England apprehend her destiny and duty now, when world-wide measures are requisite for the well-being of mankind. Unless some great physical revolution supervene, to arrest or check the propagation of the English race, in 145 years it must number S00,000,000 souls; outnumbering the present population of the globe! Shall England be the centre, the soul, and seat of moral and commercial legislation of this mighty race, at such an epoch of its history? Then let her establish an OCKAN PENNY POSTAGE now. Rowland Hill has stated publicly, that nearly half of the entire correspondence of the United Kingdom passes through the City of London. Let him expand the Penny Post to the compass of the Ocean, and he may live to say, that half of the entire correspondence of the world passes through England and England's ships, to all the sca-divided habitations of men. Let the testimonial of England's debt to his beneficent genius be deferred, until the people of every clime, colour and country, leyond the sea, and the inhabitants of the far-off ocean islands, may add a world's tribute of gratitude for an

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

London, May 6th, 1847.

ELIHU BURRITT.

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MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

Some fifteen years since, a poor little girl might often be seen haunting the Parisian Boulevards singing for bread. She was a mere child, born of Jewish parents; and she was sent out, sometimes in company with her little brothers and sisters, thus to beg for a living. Clear black eyes lighted up that pale, thin face of hera; and though pinched in feature and struggling with want, she had a wonderfully winning way with her, which quite captivated those who gathered round to listen to her singing. With the water-carriers of the Gate St. Martin she was an amazing favourite; and they would encourage her often with such exclamations Bravo! little George!" thus comparing her with the greatest French actress of the day. She sung after no rule; but her snatches of half-remembered senge, heard in her infancy, or at the doors of cafes, or under the windows of gay salons, came from her with a freshness and a beauty which indicated remarkable genius. Frequent sous were handed to her by her humble patrons, and the poor little girl rarely went home to her parents empty-handed.

Scarce ten years had passed over that Jewish girl's head ere she became "the rage" of the theatres and the salons. From the Boulevards she was elevated to the Theatre Français, to the Royal Theatres of Paris and London; and our own Queen was so delighted with her performances, that a few years ago she presented her with a diamond bracelet, with the words "Victoria to Rachel" emblazoned thereon. The genius of the poor little Jewess had elevated her to a position which

commanded the admiration of royalty itself.

But we must tell how it was that Mademoiselle Rachel was helped to the first step of the ladder by

which she rose.

One cold winter evening in the month of January, she was singing in the streets of Paris; and, though shivering with cold, her voice rang out so full and anivering with cold, her voice rang out so full and clear through the frosty air, that Choron, the founder of an academy for music, who happened to pass at the time, was irresistibly attracted by the sound, and stopped until she had concluded her solid. Pressing through the group of bystanders, he saw before him a little girl of about seven years old, thisly elad, although the snow lay upon the ground, and looking the picture of poverty and desolation. The little girl, breathing upon her fingers for warmth, held out to him a weeden bowl, into which the kindly musician drontess a bowl, into which the kindly musician dropped a piece of silver, and then entered into convermin with her.

"My child," he asked, "who has taught you that

excellent method of singing ?"

"Nobody, sir," was the reply; " I have learnt just as I could.'

"But where have you acquired those beautiful airs

which you sing, and which I do not know?"
"Indeed, sir, I have learnt a little of them everywhere. When I go about the streets, I listen under the windows to those ladies and gentlemen who sing. I try to catch the airs and the words, and I afterwards arrange them the best way I can."

The girl shivered with cold, and the heart of the

musician was touched.

"You are very cold," said he.
"Oh yes, sir," she replied, "but I am not so cold as

hungry."
"Well, then, follow me, and I will give you food and

The crowd clapped their hands, and thanked the cod professor for his kindness. This was the last good professor for his kindness. This was the appearance of the little Rachel on the Boulevards.

Choron sent for the girl's parents, and asked their permission to educate and provide for her. This was

gladly acceded to; and she was put under a course of musical training, by which she improved rapidly. She laboured with amazing ardour, and did every justice to the instructions of her master. Her voice became developed, and she bade fair to become one of the greatest singers of her age. But her master, Choron, was stricken by death before he could mark the brilliant destiny of his pupil; and she returned home awhile to

her miserable parents.

The pale and starved girl had by this time ripened into a young woman, of extremely graceful appearance; her face father small-featured, but radiant with the beauty of intelligence and feeling; and with such a form of head as Phidias might have moulded. She had now felt her destiny to be the stage, and longed for au opportunity of making her debut as an actress. She at length found such an opportunity at the Gymnase. one of the numerous minor theatres of Paris; but, strange to say, her appearance there made no impres-Audiences would not applaud her, either in vaudeville or murderous melodrama. In short, her appearance was a total failure. But the young enthusiast was not cast down; and she determined yet to succeed as an actress. She had borrowed an odd volume of Racine from an old clothes-merchant, one of her mother's neighbours, and been struck with the beautiful tragedy of "Andromache," on which she just alighted. She recited aloud, and with delight, the verses put into the mouth of the daughter of Helene; and stopping, she reflected for awhile, and then, looking up, her eyes filled with tears and her checks glowing with enthusiasm, she said, "Mother, I now know the career I must follow—I will nerform tragedy."

But Corneille and Racine had long been banished the French stage, and the French theatre-goers had ceased to think of their dramas since the days of Talma and Duchesnois. How was the unknown Mademoiselle Rachel to revive their glories, and create a taste for them anew! However, by the exertions of a retired actor, her warm admirer, and who had strong faith in her powers, she at last received an engagement at the Theatre Français; and her appearance in the characters of Racine was at once bailed with the most rapturous applause by the Parisians. The poor girl of the Boulevards, the vocalist of the water-carriers of the Port St. Martin, and the rejected of the Gymnase, was halled as the greatest tragic actress of her age. The second season of her engagement, her salary was raised from four thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand

francs; and her present income cannot be less than from 6,000l. to 7,000l. a-year.

But the successful actress has never forgotten the these from which she sprung. She speaks incessantly of her early poverty and struggles, and though surrounded with wealth and fashion, and tempted by offers of alliance with rank and wealth, prefers remaining in the midst of her own family. None so generous as she in aid of the poor. One winter lately, the mayor of one of the districts of Paris proposed to get up a dramatic representation for the relief of the destitute of the city. then grievously suffering from cold and want. He applied to Rachel, and her compliance was immediate. Her reply was, " I will play what you desire, since it is for the benefit of the poor. Alas! it is only a short itime since I was very poor myself."

Mademoiselle Rachel is now in London; this being

the third visit she has paid here within a few years. Those who go to see Rachel will find themselves in the presence of a woman of true genius, whose equal has not appeared in England for many a day. She throws soul and feeling into everything that she does. The great characteristic of her acting is intensity and power. In her delineation of the passion of despair she is really terrific. And yet there is an exquisite vein of womanly tenderness trembling through all her representations. This is peculiarly obvious in her magnificent performance of Hermione. Her acting is perfect and complete as a whole, and there is faultless precision in all that she does. But we forbear further criticism or

description; for those who can, must see her.

Had Rachel persevered with music, doubtless she would have ranked as one of the greatest of living singers. In this sphere she might have been, had she wished, a Jenny Lind: but she has aimed at the highest tragic eminence,—and is a Rachel.

A WEEK ON THE RIVERS OF NORFOLK.

BY SILVERPEN.

PART THE FIRST.

THE following sketch of one of my yearly excursions on some of the lonely waters of the great marshland of England will, perhaps, prove interesting to the readers of Howitt's Journal. It is a tract of country little enthusiastic love of nature, and the admirable pen of my excellent friend William Howitt, may add desolate Croyland to his Landisfarn, and scenes from Saxon Anglia to his world-known Saxon Winchester.

The rivers of Norfolk that fall by one mouth into the German Ocean, if not so widely known as the larger navigable streams of England, are remarkable as flowing through valleys formed by a once extensive estuary; interesting from its historical relation to Roman and Scandinavian history. The aspect of Britain on its sea-coast must have greatly changed since the first occupation by the Romans; for Tacitus, speaking of the seas which surround these northern isles, says, "There is not in any other part of the world an expanse of waters that rages with such uncontrolled dominion; now receiving the discharge of various rivers, now driving their currents back to their sources. Nor is it on the sea-coast only that the flux and reflux of the tides are perceived; the swell of the sea forces its way into the recesses of the land, torming bays and islands in the heart of the country, and fearing amidst hills and valleys as in its natural channel." This gives us a picture on the shores of Roman England of the fiords of Norway. A considerable arm of the sea, forming one of these flords or estuaries at that period flowed inland on the shores of Kent where are now cultivated fields; and this large estuary on the eastern coast not only admitted the Roman fleets from the south,—those hoards of Saxons who populated the country of the British Iceni, those desolating northern pirates or Danes who overthrew the infant ahrines of Christianity,—but flowed up to Nor-wich by its largest branch in as late an age as the Conquest.

Geologists differ as to the drainage of this estuary. Some account for it by their theory, that the level of all oceans gradually sinks. But the effects of the tidal current of the German Ocean affords a simple explanation. This flows north-east to south-west; and has, through a series of ages, worn away these friable eastern shores, ingulfing forests, villages, and towns, yet de-positing the debris of chalk and sand wherever an opening or an eddy offered. Thus the once rough ocean estuary has been changed into a series of verdant marshes of alluvial soil over marine deposit; beneath which lies a portion of the great chalk formation of

It is necessary for me to mention that this great estuary flowed inland by three mouths, forming along an extent of coast, thirty miles in length, a series of low islands. These waters then mingled into one body, mingling with those of the sea, and finally occupying

which, again radiating into three branches, filled the wide connected valleys through which now flow, though in far narrower channels, the rivers of the Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure. The northernmost opening of this estuary was first blocked up by sand, the southern much more recently; and as early as the record of Domesday, the middle and widest channel became gradually filled by a reef of sand, which joined, in process of time, to the main land, left only a narrow opening, through which now flow the united waters of these rivers, and form the haven of Yarmouth. This extent of coast was known to the Romans by the title of the Saxon shore; and a strong body of legionaries was stationed at various places along its extent to guard it from the inroads of our northern ancestors. "The signs of Roman military occupation," says Mr. W. J. Robberds in his admirable work on the Eastern Valleys, "are every where found on the verge of the present marshes, in places where such works could only have been erected for the purpose of commanding the course of navigable waters, and protecting the weak points of an open and accessible coast."

These rivers are now deep, quiet streams, wohderfully rich with pastoral landscapes, worthy as well as suited to the pencil of a Hobbima. Their margent soil is little elevated from their level. Occasionally they widen into, or are connected with, lakes, that occupy the hollows of

the marshland.

Seven autumns ago, on a lovely morning just as the sun had risen, my boat was unmoored from the little marsh cove, shaded by an antique garden-wall and oak pollards, and floated into the broad lucent Yare. Though not yet five o'clock I had been an hour on board, and, with the help of my man and boy, had got every thing in The boat was a lateen rigged cutter, thirty feet in length, and of about ten tons burden. Under the deck, above which swept the two graceful sails, was the cabin, comfortable and roomy. Forward from it was a large bed berth, concealed from the eye by sliding panels, and a looking-glass. In the cabin at the foot of the mainmast was the fireplace; on the roof were swung fishing-rods and guns; beneath the broad cushioned seats were spread nets and lines; and in the closets by the door was stored some portion of our provender. Behind the mainmast was a long table with drawers, holding the wardrobe, and the crockery, glasses, knives and forks, nicely fitted into lined compartments; whilst on the shelf in the far end of the cabin was stored a few of my favourite books. The small cabin by the bows was, as usual, set apart to my man Jemmy and the boy, the spare sails and tackle.

To my left, as I steered, and the sails spread themselves gracefully to the wind, lay, on the river's edge, the low thatched church and rural village, the roadway dotted with fine old sweeping elms, and the gardens filled with autumn fruits and flowers. At the staiths were moored river craft, half laden, or waiting for their load of that rich shell marl so prized by Norfolk agri-culturists, and which here is dug from the shelving uplands that once formed the shores of the estuary. The broad level floor of the marsh to my right was still covered by the haze of the morning. As the tide and wind were in favour, I proposed to run down to C—— Hall to breakfast. The boat soon cleared the village reach, sweeping gracefully with her enormous mass of canvass round the headlands of the river, and dashing from her bows the eddying foam. The marsh to the right now widened, and the marl cliffs, clothed in the most verdant green, dipped to the northern bank. These uplands are rich in shell deposits. In the beds of sand above the chalk have been discovered fossil remains of the mastoden, and other extinct genera. other parts, where the declivities have been worked by the spade, it is easy to trace the shells of river fish, first their place as the saline, the mixed, and the fresh water

An old grey dismantled church, with the ivy clinging round its ruined tower, now looked picturesque in the ripening sun as it flooded across the uplands. A few craft, with their single large tanned sail, passed us, toiling their way against wind and tide, and only urged onward by the use of a forked pole, pushed obliquely by the wherrymen into the bed of the river. As I lay to, for a few minutes, to watch the flight of a bittern as it sailed slowly above the grey haze of the marsh, it was quite seven before the bows touched the staith of C-Hall; and here I found a few friends to welcome me.

The landlord of C-- Hall, a small, round, active man, clad in drab, with a barred waistcoat, stood with my friends on the staith. He, in a few minutes, led the way into what had once been an ancient manor grange, placed with its green sward some few feet from the river's brink. A few ancient trees dotted a square lawn, round which, and the true country garden at one side of the house, a narrow runnel, fringed with sedges, ran dipping to the river. Through the door, fragrant with trelliced roses, trained the length of the house, from the rustic garden gate, we entered on one side into a parlour, with a bow pot of geraniums in the window. The breakfast table was already laid, and exquisitely, too. One of our friends had caught a dish of fine perch, which was soon cooked and placed before us, in addition to tes, coffee, cold fowl, corned beef, hot bread, and a great jug of cream, as yellow as the marsh buttercups outside, and inviting by its odour of the

meadows and the morning air.

After breakfast, my friends persuaded me to stay for a few hours to watch the success of their bream fishing. Whilst, therefore, the landlord's two flat-bottomed boats were getting ready, I drew on my marsh boots to follow the bittern, whose gyrations I had watched in the grey haze of the morning. Norfolk affords to the student, remarks a very able local ornithologist, many advantages, from its varieties of soil and its geographical position. Yet, since the drainage of the marshland, which has converted almost inaccessible morasses into the finest grazing land in England, the rarer birds, particularly the tribe of waders, are almost become extinct, or, at least, have ceased to haunt tracts of land improved by man's cultivation. The long-The longlegged plover, the solitary snipe, the purple heron, the little bittern, the little bustard, the western duck, the spoonbill, the night heron, and many others are almost extinct. The bittern, the ruff, and reeve are rarely seen; and the grey goose, once so numerous, has ceased to rear its young in the swamps and reed beds. What is curious, the male bustard will often lead a solitary life, driving from him both females and their young. But snipes are still common; and the period of their return in spring seems to be synchronous with the flowering of the viola odorata, and the expanding leaves of the pilewort.

As I made my way along the marsh to a distant bed of reeds, I had time to watch a wherry, that, coming with wind and tide, bore upon the little staith; her vast sheet of canvass was stretched out to its last reef; and she was so deeply laden, that the ripple of the tide washed over the gunwale. All on board were idle. young woman, with an infant in her arms, sat guiding the heim; whilst the husband, a fine stalwart young fellow, stood smoking his pipe against the mast, and keeping a look-out a-head. The marshmen and wherrymen of Norfolk are a singularly handsome race of men, usually averaging above the common height, and strongly marked by the Saxon type, which, in this peculiar instance, has the height and bearing of the Norman race sufficiently to distinguish them from the wholly Saxon population of the eastern coast of Eng-

An outdoor life cannot wholly account for this superior physical conformation, which, through intermarriage, has had a visible effect upon the whole weaving population of Norwich. Many weavers throw up their loom work, and ply the wherries during the summer months. This may, in some degree, account for the superior physical condition of the hand-loom weavers of this district, as evidenced by Dr. Marshall before the House of Commons. With this exsnan before the House of Commons. With this ex-ception, the population of these eastern counties is purely Saxon. The medium height, the fair hair, the weighty outline of forehead, the dialect partaking strongly of the Saxon narrowness of utterance, mark the physical influence of the old Angle race.

The two little fishing-boats were soon ready and moored beneath a clump of alders, some fifty yards below the staith. Before my return my companions had landed a fine bream of more than three pounds weight, in shape and colour very much like an antique pair of bellows. The sport was so successful that at noon a great heap of fish was thrown ashore upon the green, to divide amongst the wherrymen and loungers congregated in the little inn. We found dinner ready. It was worthy of the breakfast; consisting of fowls, tongue, ducks, peas, and currant tarts laden with cream. After it, the worthy host stepped forth before us to the little tent, with a large dish of pippins and two bottles of Scotch ale. We could not have had a pleasanter bower for the laggard stillness of the afternoon. We had sat some time, when I perceived at the foot of a pollard on the river's brink, through the jagged leaves of which the sun fell warmly, an old man sitting on the grass, whilst before him were spread the contents of a large knapsack. These consisted of a most extraordinary assemblage of fragments of carved oak in foliage and grotesque imagery. Some were bright and highly polished; others were covered with mildew which he was trying to rub off with some rags produced from his Over some of these fragments he lingered with singular enthusiasm; putting on his spectacles, every now and then, to judge them more narrowly in various shades and situations. I strolled towards him; he looked up; then without further curiosity he resumed his labours. But the moment I showed some interest in what lay around he became garrulous. "This," he said, "came from a remote church in the fens; that from a dilapidated house on the Humber; here was a fragment of groining from a chapel roof; there the crowning point of an abbot's chair." By and by he unlocked an oaken box and produced some warer curiosities, as a reward, I suppose, for the interest I took. Amongst other things were two old Latin missals, an hour-glass set in ivory, pieces of filligree silver, quaint cups, and a porcelain tea-pot, and, what was still rarer, an inventory on parchment, quite as old as the reign of Henry the Seventh; but this, at last, was outmatched, when forth from the bottom of the box the old man brought up, and unfolded from a pocket-handkerchief, a copy of Caxton's Life of St. Wenefrid, which some woman in the fens had sold to him for a shilling!! "Do you collect these things for yourself?" I asked. "No; for a dealer in London, who keeps a curiosity shop, and has employed me thirty-five years." In that time you must have travelled far ?" "Yes, over every time you must have two elled iar;
county in the kingdox Do you find," I asked, "some
county in the kingdox To you find," I asked, "some counties richer than others in oak-carving?" "Yes; those round the Wash, there are more churches." I remained talking with him till the boat was ready, and he himself prepared for his onward solitary journey. Watching his drooping figure till it was lost amidst the trees, I then bade my friends good bye, and helped the boat on her way to an inland lake, leading from the main stream some few miles above. The sun was going down as I entered the deep waters of this nearly circular pool. The anchor was cast on shore in a little cove or

bight, fenced from the land by overarching trees. Whilst Jemmy prepared the awning that by night shaded in the stern, I went on shore amidst the herds of Highland cattle, that sleekly grazed upon the rich herbage of the marsh. Whilst I stood watching some swans with their cygnets of that year's hatch, a countryman brought me the bittern, which had been shot down. There was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of the poor drooping bird, whose lone life had not secured it against the hand of man. In the hazy light of morning it had piped its solitary cry; now in the golden light of evening here it lay dappled in its blood. By the time I returned to the cove, a wood-fire By the time I returned to the cove, a wood-fire blazed beneath an old larch, and the kettle sang merrily. Tea was set, and the boy sent off to a farm on the up-lands for cream. Jemmy poured out the tea, and brought it to me in the stern sheets, and throwing back the awning, I looked out upon the lovely expanse of lake, which not a cloud shadowed, but reflected back in its glory the flooding light of the moon, as it shone upon the rippling waters. The silence was profound and touching: the Spirit of Thought seemed to shadow me, and fill the soul with an inexpressive reverential When it was quite dark the lamp was lighted; and whilst I turned for the hundredth time to an old and very favourite volume of Cowley, Jemmy skinned the bittern. The evening was not a very long one, for we retired early to rest, and needed no sweeter lullaby than the ripple of the deep waters.

Jemmy was up, and the boat again in the river, before I awoke next morning. By seven we lay to, to prepare breakfast. Whilst it was getting ready, I took my gun and went on land for a snipe, plenty of which were skimming the marsh. I soon returned with a brace, and plying our stove with the sere drift wood that lay around, the snipes in half an hour were brown and well rossted. The wind had so vecred round by the time we were again under-way, that we had to tack through many of the reaches. The river had now greatly widened, and the tide became strongly impregnated with sca-water. The marshes were now a broad expanse on either side; the solitary draining mills more frequent; the patches of high reeds of greater extent, and the whole flors of a more marine contexture.

The village of Reedham was now seen rising out from the surrounding marshes. Here the valleys of the Yare and Waveney meet; uniting at some little distance with that of the Bure; from thence expanding into a wide fenny tract reaching to the shores of the ocean. According to many English, and some Scandinavian authorities, this now inland village was the place where a tempest threw on shore the Danish prince Lothbroc, to avenge whose murder, the whole horde of Vikingr invaded these eastern shores as far north as Northumberland. The scenery is here of a tranquil and picturesque character. The draining mill with its cottage, its feathery trees, its lowing cattle, its group of rustic children, were fitted for the pen of Tennyson and the pencil of Ruysdael.

By noon the veering wind bore us into Braydon, or the broadwater, a low muddy lake of saline waters, through which the rivers flow to the haven of Yarmouth. The anchor was now thrown ashore beneath the walls of Burgh Castle, the Garianonum of Camden, though otherwise placed by Spelman. Whilst a leg of mutton and a bowl of potatoes were boiling in the cooking apparatus, I climbed up to the ruins of this marshland fortress. It stands upon the edge of the island of Lothingland, in Suffolk, which is still made insular by the surrounding rivers and ocean. This lofty structure, raised by the conquerors of the world, is partially entire in its western and southern walls. The interior, in which the camps of the legionaries were sheltered from the rough ocean winds, is now ploughed up, as is the adjacent fields. There are few remains of Roman build-

inga in Britain so considerable, or so well preserved; and the magnitude of this fortress must not only have required a vast body of troops to raise it, but is evidence that the legionaries were thickly planted on this exposed and far-famed Saxon shore. "This camp," says lves in his Garianonun, "formed an irregular parallelogram. The principal wall to the east was fourteen feet high, two hundred and fourteen yards long, and nine feet broad. The northern and southern walls were just half the length; whilst on the west the waters of the estuary seem to have been its only boundary. Four massive round towers defended the eastern walls; the northern and southern sides had each one; all were evidently used for the purposes of watch and signal towers. The foundation on which the legionaries erected this fortress was a deep bed of chalk and lime, firmly compacted and strongly beaten down, the whole covered with a layer of earth and sand, to harden the mass and exclude the water. The foundation thus prepared was covered with oaken planks ten inches thick; some of which are perceptible to this day. To these succeeded a bed of coarse mortar, on which was irregularly spread the first stones of the fabric. The mortar built with at this station in particular was composed of lime and sand, unrefined by the sieve, and incorporated with common gravel and small pebbles."

This mortar was applied in two different ways: cold in the manner now in use; the other rendered fluid by fire, and used boiling hot. At the end of each day's work this fluid mortar was poured upon the stones, the interstices of which it filled up, and proved a most extraordinary adhesive. The outsides of the walls were then faced with bricks, evidently baked in the sun. Vast quantities of coins, and cinerary urns, have been found around the station; the latter of too common a native earth to be of much value; it is only amongst the ruins of their cities that any valuable fragment of Roman art is ever found.

Jemmy carved, and brought my dinner on to the green slope beneath the walls; so that I had for my table a fragment of masonry as imperishable as granite, and over which grew a variety of luxuriant lichens. At my feet lay the wide expanse of lake, its muddy shores filled by the tide, that now washed the green marsh banks; whilst towards the south the gliding craft, as they came with the breeze along the snaky Waveney, seemed to steal by magic from amidst the feathery green of the trees, backed by the purple heaths of Lothingland.

I had left behind, some few miles, the canal which unites the Yare and the Waveney at a nearer point, and has facilitated the navigation between Norwich and Lowestoft, since the opening, in about 1828, of this southern branch of the Gariensis, by cutting through the sand bar that divided Lake Lothing from the sea.

The evening was pretty far advanced, or rather hastened by the gathering scud from the south-west, before we reached St. Olave's bridge, some miles up the Waveney. Whilst the mast was taking down to make the passage of the bridge, I strolled in the waning light towards the ruins of a priory, built hereabouts in the reign of Henry the Third; but I found few remaining fragments, except a low arched vault or crypt, the rest having been pulled down to erect buildings or mend roads. The church here has a remarkable altar window; and in the manor-house is a fine collection of cabinet pictures of Herman Vander Myn, a Dutch master, who, in some respects, rivalled Gerard Dow. In this collection, too, is the celebrated beggar boys of Murillo, and a sea calm of Vandervelde. As I passed a cottage, on my return, I was surprised by the merry sound of a fiddle; and, stopping at the open door, a sight was before me that would have suited Wilkie. It was that of a wedding party just sitting down to supper at a prodigious long oaken table, upon which steamed a great dish of white dumplings served in gravy, a hugo plum-pudding, a bowl of custard docked

with bay leaves, flanked by a marshland goose; whilst the fiddler, elevated upon a chair placed on a little round table at one side of a polished clock, scraped away "Drops of Brandy" with a nervous arm, though it was evident his twinkling eye was rather with the brown steaming breast of the goose than with the quivering strings. Though pretty intent upon the great white dumplings, all were noisy and talkative, with the exception of the one who seemed to be the bride. She only raised her eyes when the fiddler stopped his tune, and pouring out a cup of ale, brought it to him. As soon as she saw me she bent down her pretty little round face, and coyly tripping across the sanded floor, stooped on the old white hearth-stone, as if to move aside the pot of fennel in the empty grate.

As I crossed the marsh to the other side of the bridge, where the boat now lay, I disturbed a male bustard in quest of its food of worms. It rose heavily, piping its singular cry, resembling a hoarse kind of whistle, three or four times repeated. A winding reedy creek brought us to another of those inland broads, fringed with woods, and of considerable depth. when all at once the sky was overspread with clouds of inky blackness. The wind had for some time wholly died away. Before Jemmy could cast anchor we were out in the broad, and a streak of vivid lightning lit up the waters, followed by a sudden rushing noise like the roar of a thousand brazen wheeled chariots. "In with the mainsail," I cried; but before the sweeping mass of canvass could be lowered, or the boom hauled clear, a flash struck the boat, lighting up valley and upland with ghastly distinctness, only instantly again to veil all around in more pitchy darkness. Whilst we were yet blinded by the excessive glare, the wind burst upon us right aft as though a ton of lead had been launched into the fearest method. into the foresail. The boat trembled from stem to atern; then obeying the enormous impetus so suddenly given, buried her bows in the water, which now burst over cabin top, fore peak, and stern. The helm was used in vain, there seemed no power to save, unless the mast went. As she gathered way, however, the buoy-ancy of the bow gradually brought her to an even keel; she burst through the white foam, and made the shelter of the bridge and lock, that here part the inner from the outer lake. The rain now poured down in one continuous stream, and I was so drenched, that I was rejoiced to land, and to find in the inn parlour a blazing fire ordered for me by a friend, who had seen the gathering storm, and watched with some anxiety our slow progress down the Waveney. We spent a delightful evening together, for my friend was now on his way to Cowes, from a yacht voyage to the shores of Holland, and as far north as Copenhagen. He gave me some curious information respecting Dutch art, and its connexion with the prosperity of the trading towns of the Baltic. Burgomasters and merchants patronized their native school of painting, and were enthusiastic and wealthy enough to give high prices for its pictures. It seems to be that wherever commerce flourishes there art takes root and thrives: it was so with the schools of Italy and Holland, and it will be so with new schools and new masters when commerce shall be fully unrestricted. and governments convinced that to put a bond upon the intercourse of nations, not only crushes the higher civilising power of progressive art, but, what is more vital still, destroys it in its intimate connexion with progressive manufactures. Holland and this particular eastern shore were, through the middle ages, almost as one. From this great trading connexion, Norfolk and Lincolnshire derived that rich store of brasses, and ecclesiastical decorations, which long before the days of Vandyke or Rembrandt made many a rude village church a source of envy to a less fortunate, though perhaps more wealthy, abbey or minster. Dutch fairs were held upon these shores as late as the end of the last century; and

Dutch linen fabrics, and porcelain, yet grace many an ancient chest, and polished beaufet. From this same trading source was derived the great colony of Flemings, and their great staple of woollen manufactures; and Yarmouth is perhaps in a great measure indebted to wealthy Dutch settlers for those matchless, if amall, collections of art from various schools, scattered through its town, and belonging to private individuals.

I was on board and through the lock by five next morning. Though the tide was low, leaving dry shoals of mussels clumped together like pieces of rock, we made, as the wind was fair, a tolerable quick way to the haven. . . . This lake is of sea-water, being only divided from the ocean by the haven lock formed in 1827, after the act of parliament was passed for restoring Norwich to its ancient privilege of a port. For about a century a bar of sand or low shore had wholly closed up this southern entrance of the ancient estuary, leaving the only connexion between these rivers and the sea to be made further south at Yarmouth. No profitable results from this undertaking have yet arisen; it is evidently a war between art and nature, for the tidal influence that amasses a reef of sand is not balanced by the sup-posed scouring power of inner waters, when allowed to sweep out at a certain level. My boat lay to amidst a crowd of north-coast fishing smacks and Humber keels; and whilst we had an early breakfast of shrimps and coffee, I consented to send the cutter round to the Bure, and accompany my friend out of harbour. his yacht was preparing we strolled to the haven, along a roadway of shingle and sand, held together by notches of brent grass. Vast piles, in some cases iron shod, in others charred, to prevent the rotting effects of the sea water, support either bank of the cut. About midway two vast locks keep the inner tide to a certain level, whilst, outward to the ocean, granite masonry and piling form a sort of jetty on each bank, between which the waves of the north sea flow in with the force of a tide against a breakwater. By noon we had cleared the lock, and, with a pilot on board, stood out from shore.

The Child's Corner.

ABOUT THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A WILDERNESS AND WHO
HAD A CHILD FOR A NEIGHBOUR.

BY MARY HOWITT.

It was a June morning; roses and yellow jasmine covered the old wall in the poet's garden, the little brown mason bees flew in and out of their holds beneath the pink and white and yellow flowers; peacock butterflies, with large blue eyes on their crimson velvet wings, fluttered about and settled on the orange-brown wall-flowers. Aloft in the broad-leaved sycamore tree, the blackbird was singing as if he was out of his senses for joy; he sang as loud as any nightingale, and his heart was glad because his young brood were hatched, and he knew that they now sate with their little yellow beaks poking out of the nest and thinking what a famous bird their father was. All the robins, and tomtits, and linnets, and redstarts, that sate in the trees of the garden shouted vivas, and bravuras, and encored him delightfully.

The poet himself, to whom the garden belonged, sat under the double-flowering hawthorn, which was all in blossom—he sat on a green chair, and his best friend sate beside him. Beneath the lower branches of the tree was hung the canary-bird's cage; the children had brought it out because the morning was so fine, and the little canary loved fresh air and the smell of flowers. It never troubled him that other birds flew about from one end of the garden to the other, or sat - and sung on the waving and leafy branches; he loved his cage, and while the old blackbird poured forth his grand melo-dies, the little canary sat like a prince in a stage-box

and nodded his head and sang an accompaniment.

One of the poet's children, the little daughter, sate in her own little garden; the garden was full of flowers, and bees and butterflies flitted about in the sunshine. The child, however, was not noticing them; she was thinking only of one thing, and that was the great daisyroot which was all in flower; it was the largest daisyroot in the whole garden, and two and fifty double pink and white daisies were crowded upon it. They were, however, no longer daisies to the child's eyes, but wase, however, no longer dansies to the child repeat the two-and-fifty little charity children in green stuff gowns and white tippets and white linen caps, that had had a-holiday given them; she saw them all with pink cheeks and bright eyes, ranning in a group and talking as they went; the hum of the bees around seemed the sound of their voices. The child was happy to think that two and fifty charity children were let loose from school to run about in the sunshine; her heart went with them, and she was so full of joy that she started up and ran to tell her father, who was sitting with his best friend under the hawthorn tree. Sad and bitter thoughts, however, oppressed the poet's heart; he had been disappointed where he had hoped for good; his soul was der a cloud, and as the child ran up to tell him about the little charity children, in whose joy she thought be would sympathize, she heard him say to his friend :-

"Ne, I have no hope of human nature now; it is a poor, miserable thing that is not worth working for.
My best endeavours have been spent in its service; my youth and my manhood's strength-my very life-and this is my reward! I will no longer strive to do good. I will write for money's sake as others do—and not for

The poet's words were bitter, and tears came in the eyes of his best friend. Never had the child heard such words from her father before; he had been to her

hitherto as a great and good angel.
"I will write," said he, "for money's sake, as others

do, and not for the good of mankind

"My father, if you do," said the child, in a voice of mournful indignation, "I will no longer read what you write; I will trample all your writings under my feet!" Large tears rolled down her cheeks, and her eyes were fixed on her father's face.

The poet took the child in his arms, and kissed her; an angel had touched his heart, and he could for-

give his bitterest enemies.

"I will tell you something, my child," said he, in his usually mild voice. The child leaned her head against his breast, and listened. "Once upon a time a man lived in a great wide wilderness; he was a poor man, and worked very hard for his bread; he lived in a cave of a rock, and because the sun shone burning hot into the cave he twined roses, and jamines, and honey-suckles all around it: and in front of it, and in the ledges of the rock, he planted flowers and sweet shrubs, and made it very pleasant. Water ran gurgling from a fissure in the rock into a little basin, whence it poured in gentle streams through his garden, in which grew all kinds of delicious fruits. Birds sang in the tall trees which nature herself had planted, and little squirrels, and lovely green lizards, with bright, intelligent eyes, lived in the branches and among the flowers. All would have gone well with the man, had not evil spirits taken possession of his cave; they troubled him night and day; they dropped canker blight upon his roses, nipped off his jasmine and honeysuckle flowers, and in the form of caterpillar and blight, ate his beautiful fruits. It made the man angry and bitter; the flowers

were no longer beautiful to him, and when he looked at them he thought only of the canker and the caterpillar 'I can no longer take pleasure in them,' said he, 'I will leave the cave, and go elsewhere.' He did so; and he travelled on and on; but it was a vast wilderness in which he was, and so it was many and many a day before he came to a place of rest, nor did he know that all this time the evil spirits who had plagued him so in his own cave, were still going with him; but they were; and they made every place he came to seem worse than the last: their very breath cast a blight upon everything. He was foot-sore and weary, and very miserable. A feeling like despair was in his heart, and he said he might as well die as live; he lay down in the wilders, and scarcely had he done that, when he heard behind him the pleasantest sound in the world; a little child singing like a bird because her heart was innocent and full of joy; the next moment she was at his side. The evil spirits that were about him, when they saw her coming, drew back a little, for she brought with her a beautiful company of angels and bright spirits, little cherubs, with round, rosy cheeks, golden hair and laughing eyes, stuck between two dove's wings as white The child had not the least idea that these beautiful spirits always were about her; all she knew was, that she was full of joy, and that she loved above all things to do good. When she saw the poor man lying there, she went up to him, and talked so pity-ingly and yet so cheerfully to him, that he felt as if her words would cure him. She told him that she lived just by, and that he should go with her and rest, and get well in her cave. He went with her, and it was just such a cave as his own, only much smaller. Roses and honeysuckles and jasmines grew all round it; and birds were singing, and gold and silver fish were sporting about in the water; and there were such beds of strawberries all red and luscious that filled the air with odour. It was a beautiful place; there seemed to be no canker nor blight on anything; and yet the man saw how spiders had woven webs like the most beautiful lace from one vine branch to another; and butterflies that had once been devouring caterpillars were flitting about; and just as in his own garden, fat yellow frogs were squatted under the cool strawberry leaves; but the child loved the frogs as well as the green lizards, and said that they did her no harm, and that there were plenty of strawberries both for them and for her.

"The evil spirits that had troubled the man, and followed him, could not get into the child's garden; it was impossible, because all those rosy-cheeked cherubs and white angels lived there; and that which is good, be it ever so small, is a great deal stronger than that which is evil, be it ever so large. So they sate outside and bit their nails for vexation; and as the man stayed a long time with the child they got so tired of waiting, that some of them flew away for ever. At length the man kissed the child, and went back to his own place. When he got there he found that owing to the evil spirits having been so long away, the flowers and the fruits had in great measure recovered themselves; there was hardly any canker or blight left, and as the child came now very often to see him, and brought with her all her bright company, the place was freed, at least while she stayed, from the evil ones. That is a true story. There are many men, who, like him, live in a wilderness, and it is happy for them when they have a child for their neighbour

The poet was silent; the child kissed him, and then, without saying a word about the little charity children, ran off to sit down beside them, and perhaps to tell them the story which her father had just told her.

Literary Notice.

Marie. From the French. Edited by COUNT D'ORSAY.
With Illustrations. Chapman and Hall, Strand.

THE mode of publication adopted with this beautiful little work, strongly reminds one of the fox in the fable, who, concealing his head, fancied that he rendered detection impossible. That any motive short of concealment could have induced the substitution of "Marie, from the French," for, "The Enchanted Lake, by George Sand," the legitimate title of the work, it is difficult to conceive. Either George Sand's production is worthy of being given to the English public, in which case the translator and the editor can have no conceivable right to affect a disguise, or it is not fit to put before them; and the same parties insult the public when they palm upon them a flimsy trick, and, sinking both title and author, catch their readers by the showy name which figures as Editor upon the prettily got-up volume in question. There is in the act, not only a truckling to prejudice, immoral in itself, but a want of manly straightforwardness in thus parading a gem pilfered from the diadem of another. None but the author has a right to withhold his name from his work. If Count d'Orsay share in the feeling against George Sand, why lend himself to an imposition upon a public, whose very prejudices he should be the first to respect, as participating in them himself. If he do not share in this feeling, then he commits a double wrong; first, to the author, by refusing the testimony of his name to her noble genius. and then to the public, by pandering to its ignorance and bigotry. In either case, a fraud is committed upon every reader who peruses Marie, not knowing it to be the production of George Sand. Thus much for the honesty of suppressing title and name. A world of Count d'Orsays would fail to suppress one atom of the noble truth and lofty genius of a writer, whose influence is destined to outlive the ephemers of the day, who presume to sit in judgment upon her, while, like the Editor of Marie, secretly confessing her power and beauty. Marie, or rather, The Enchanted Lake, is one of those exquisite tales of so-called humble life, which sume to sit in judgment upon her, while, like the make us feel that no life is humble, but that the peasant as the prince is full of power for good and happiness; full of noble instincts and capacities for all that we have too long looked upon as class peculiarities, and class privileges. The introduction abounds in beauty, and in that true Christian spirit which, recognising good in all, and trusting and hoping where it cannot see clearly, realises God in love and faith, as creeds and dogmas have long failed, and ever must fail to do. Thanks be to God that our literature is becoming more and more imbued with that spirit of universal brotherhood, that recognition of man's dignity, which is the very essence of Christ's gospel, twisted and perverted as it has been, and is, to meet the pride and ignorance of men. The axe is at the root of religious form, and while its guardians are calling out "perdition," the young tree, beneath whose shade all nations shall be gathered into one, is shooting into life and vigour. The writings of George Sand abound with this lifegiving spirit. It is because, imbued with the true in our nature and existence, she has dared to say to society, your virtue is too often vice, and your vice virtue, that society has risen up in arms against her, as it ever rises against those who come to leaven the mass; while it ever opens its arms to those who will pamper and flatter its meanness and crimes. It is in such sentences as the following, that she rebukes the selfishness of the exclusive, and in a few short words condenses the duty of life to all.

All must be happy, that the happiness of some be not criminal and accuraed before God.

The labourer must know, in sowing his grain, that he toils at the work of life, and not that he rejoices that Death walks by his side. It must be, in short, that death shall not be the chastisement of prosperity, nor the consolation of distress. God never destined it to be the counterbalance for the joys or sorrows of life; for he has blessed life, and the tomb should not be a refuge where it is permitted to send those whom we would not render happy.

The next passage we would recommend to all students in literature and art.

We believe that the mission of art is one of sentiment and of love; that the romances of the present period should replace the parables and apologues of the earlier times; and that the artist has a more extended and more poetic task than that of suggesting some measures of prudence and conciliation, to deprecate the terrors which his pictures inspire. His end ought to be to render the objects of his solicitude beloved, and in case of need, we should not reproach him for even embellishing a little. Art is not a study of positive reality, it is a selection of ideal truth; and "The Vicar of Wakefield" is a more healthy and useful book than "Le Payson Perverti," or "Lee Lieisens Dangereuses."

The tale itself, "The History of a Labourer," is simple and natural, with touches of exquisite feeling; but for it, we must refer the reader to the original, if his knowledge of French will allow him so to enjoy it; if not, to the pleasant translation which Count d'Orsay has put before him.

We shall close with an extract from the introduction, which, though somewhat long, will show the reader what he has to expect in the story itself, while, at the same time, it cannot fail to make George Sand dearer to those who already esteem her, and to show her in a favourable aspect to those who either will not, or cannot, appreciate her.

The most blessed of men would be him who, possessing the science of his labour, and working with his own hands, experiencing a well-being and a liberty in the exercise of his force and intelligence, should have the time to live for the heart and for the brain; to understand his own work, and to love that of God. The artist is endowed with these enjoyments, in the contemplation and the reproduction of the beauties of nature; but, in seeing the sufferings of those who people this beauteous earth, the right-minded and humane one is pained even in the midst of these enjoyments. Happiness would be where the mind, the heart, and the arm, working in concert under the eye of Providence, should establish a holy harmony between the munificence of God and the delights of the human soul. Then, instead of terrible and pitiless Death, walking in the farrow, scourge in hand, the allegorical painter would substitute a radiant angel, sowing with teeming hands the blessed grain in the steaming earth. And the dream of an existence, sweet, free, poetie, laborious, and simple, for the dweller in the fields, is not so difficult to conceive that it can only be ranked among vain chimeras. The sad, sweet words of Virgil, "Oh, happy man of the fields, if he but knew his felicity!" are a regret; but, like all regrets, they are also a prediction. A day will come, when the labourer also can be an artist, if not to express which will then be of little importance), at least to feel the beautiful. May we not believe that this mysterious intuition of poetry already exists in him, in the state of instinct and vague reverie? Among those whom easier circumstances protect, and among whom the excess of misfortune has not smothered all moral and intellectual development, pure happiness, felt and appreciated, is in an elementary state; and indeed, if from the bosom of pain and fatigue the voices of poets have already arisen, why should we say that the labour of the hands excludes the functions of the soul? Doubless, this exclusion is the general resu

M. M. H.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT-AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the farrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou

est the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks, and the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing.—Psalm xlv. 9—13.

How beautiful are the words of the inspired poet, read in this month of harvests, nearly three thousand years after they were written! For nearly three thouand years, since the royal minstrel looked over the plains of Judea covered with the bounty of God, and broke forth into his magnificent hymn of praise, has the earth rolled on in her course, and the hand of God has blessed her and all her children with seed time and harvest, with joy and abundance. The very stedfastness of the Almighty's liberality, flowing like a mighty ocean through the infinite vast of the universe, makes his creatures forget to wonder at its wonderfulness, to feel true thanksgiving for its immeasurable goodness. The sun rises and sets so surely, the seasons run on amid all their changes with such inimitable truth, that we take as a matter of course that which is amazing beyond all stretch of the imagination, and good beyond the widest expansion of the noblest human heart.

The poor man, with his half dozen children, toils, and often dies, under the vain labour of winning bread for them. God feeds his family of countless myriads swarming over the surface of all his countless worlds, and none know need but through the follies or the cruelty of their fellows. God pours his light from innumerable suns on innumerable rejoicing planets; he waters them everywhere in the fitting moment; he ripens the food of globes and of nations, and gives them fair weather to garner it; and from age to age, amid his endless creatures of endless forms and powers, in the beauty, and the sunshine, and the magnificence of Nature, he seems to sing throughout creation the

glorious song of his own divine joy in the immortality of his youth, in the omnipotence of his nature, in the eternity of his patience, and the abounding boundlessness of his love

What a family hangs on his sustaining arm! life and souls of infinite ages and of uncounted worlds! Let a moment's failure of his power, of his watchfulness, or of his will to do good, occur, and what a sweep of stars would reel, planets expire, and nations perish!
But from age to age no such catastrophe occurs, even in the midst of national crimes, and of atheism that denies the hand that made and feeds it: life springs with a power ever new, food springs up as plentifully to sustain it, and sunshine and joy are poured over all from the invisible throne of God, as the poetry of the existence he has given. If there come seasons of dearth or of failure, they come but as warnings to proud and tyrannic man. The potato is smitten, proud and tyrannic man. The potato is smitten, that a nation may not be oppressed for ever; and the harvest is diminished, that the laws of man's unnatural avarice may be rent asunder. And then again the sun shines, the rain falls, and the earth rejoices in a renewed beauty, and in a redoubled plenty.

It is amid one of these crises that we at this moment stand, and hail the month of harvests with unmingled joy. Never did the finger of God demonstrate his beneficent will more perspicuously than at this moment. The nations have been warned and rebuked, and again the bounty of heaven overflows the earth in golden billows of the ocean of abundance. Never was there a more seasonable season than this, never did such magnificent crops of corn cover so many teeming acres of the earth's surface. In one state of America alone, we are told that one hundred thousand acres of corn are this year sown more than in any former year for the English market; and that were the European crops all annihilated, America could from her superfluity supply its wants. But over all the plains of England, and all the plains of the continent, such harvests wave as never waved before, except in the most prolific years. God wills that all the arts of man to check his bounty, to create scarcity, to establish dearness, to enfeeble the hand of the labourer, and curse the table of the poor, shall be put to shame. That his creatures shall eat and be glad, whether corn dealers and speculators live or die.

Nations, therefore, have fittingly rejoiced in every century since the creation, in the joyfulness of harvest. It has been a time of activity and of songs. Never was there a generation that had more cause to put forth their reaping and rejoicing hands and sing so heartily as ours. The coming month will see the Pharaoh of monstrous monopoly, and all his wretched selfish hosts, drowned in the Red Sea of abundance. The corn dealers will be smothered in the showering-down heaps of their own commodity; the speculator who has so long sought his own fattening at the cost of a nation's starvation and misery, shall find that there is a greater speculator in the blue serene above him, whose hand can whelm him in the gulph of his own schemes, and craze all the chariot wheels of his cunning. Praise to God - the God of harvests—and to Him whose attle are on a thousand hills. Let us go out and rejoice amid the sunshine, and the wheat stooping to the sickle, and the barley to the scythe, and in the certain assurance that the loaf never was cheaper than it shall be within the next six months, never the heart of labour more strengthened with abundance.

There is no month more beautiful than August. It has a serene splendour and maturity about it that is delightful. The soil is dry, the sky is bright and beautiful, with scattered and silvery clouds. The foliage is full and luxuriant—the grass fields mown in June and July are now full of the richest green, and cattle wander in finest condition through them, or lie in groups worthy of a painter's hand. There is a sort of second spring in trees, the oak and the elm, especially, putting forth new shoots of a lighter tint. The hedges put on the same vernal looking bue, and the heather on the moors, and sweet scabiouses, blue chicory, the large white convolvulus, hawkweeds, honeysuckles, and the small blue campanula, make the fields gay. The nuts, still green, hang in prodigal clusters on the tall old hedges of old woodland lanes. Young frogs in thousands are issuing from the waters, and traversing the roads; and birds, having terminated their spring cares, are out enjoying their families in the sunny and plentiful fields.

It would be a long task to enumerate the flowers that now make brilliant both our gardens and the country. The reign of the rose is for the most part over; and the forglove, the almanac of July, has dropped, day by day, its flowers, beginning at the bottom of the row, and has but a very few or none now remaining at the top of the stalk. Pinks, carnations, balsams, scabiouses, againstas, evening primroses, coreopses, escholtzias, those blue convolvuluses, the morning glory, and an abundance of other flowers, still make gardens charming. And apples, pears, plums, melons, and other fruits abound; and the hop harvest begins.

Towards the end of the month, symptoms of the year's decline press upon our attention. The morning and evening air has an autumnal freshness; the hedge fruit has acquired a tinge of ruddiness; the berries of the mountain ash have assumed their beautiful orange hue; and swallows twitter as they fly, or sit perched in a row upon a rail, or the dead bough of a tree. The swift has taken its departure. That beautiful phenomenon, the white fog, is again beheld rolling its snowy billows along the valleys; the dark tops of trees emerging from it as from a flood.

Happy are they who have not had their holidays. Many a school has had its day of relaxation, and is again collected. The weary teachers have flown to sea-side, and mountain, and foreign scene, and have come back refreshed for another five months' exertion. Many a boy and girl have enjoyed the sweets of home, and are once more at home in their tasks. But, lucky fellows! the lawyers and lawmakers are now let loose from their courts and offices, from their midnight delates, and

their manufacture of bad laws, and are the biggest boys in the country. Never for the last six months have they been half so rational. The lawyers, instead of entangling poor human dupes in their webs, are catching flies on the banks of Highland streams—instead of hooking poor-devil clients, they are hooking trout and salmon,—pray heaven they might stick to that innocent sport for ever! And the lawmakers—good luck to their deer-stalking, and grouse-shooting—how sensible!—compared with making mile-long speeches that nobody reads, and growing crops of midnight mushrooms, called acts of parliament, that are but the rubbish of a season.

All the world is out—sea-shores, bathing-places, rivers, and mountains, at home and abroad, are more populous now than cities. The tailor stapified till he mistakes himself for his own goose—the shopkeeper, till he sees no difference between himself and a counter,—the very mechanic steals off to some spot of recreation;—innkeepers only are at home to receive their fellow-subjects' money; and poor authors, because they rarely do receive it.

The only people who towards the end of August flock into towns, are farmers who have cut their corn, and naturally escape for awhile out of the country of which they have had eleven months' surfeit,—and nowespecially enjoy hot pavements, glowing brick walls, crowds of sultry people, and the sight of lions in the Zoological Gardens, with occasional visits to the manufactories of agricultural implements. And thus in agreeable diversions. August and our notice of it come to an end. Thank Heaven, however, that it is yet only baginning, and is still the Month in Prospect.

SOME PASSAGES IN A HUMAN LIFE.

BY A PELLOW-SUFFERER.

Among the slaves with whom I had lived at Carleton-hall, and who had now become the property of General Carter, was one named Thomas. He was of unmixed African blood, with good features, a stout muscular frame, and was, on several accounts, a very remarkable man. His bodily strength, and his capacity for enduring privation and fatigue, were very uncommon, but the character of his mind was still more so. His passions were strong and even violent; but, what is very mre among slaves, he had them completely under his control; and in all his words and actions he was as gentle as a lamb. The truth was, that when quite young he had been taken in hand by certain methodists, who lived and laboured in his neighbourhood; and so strong and lasting were the impressions which their teaching made upon him, and so completely had he imbibed their doctrines, that it seemed as if several of the most powerful principles of human nature had been eradicated from his bosom.

His religious teachers had thoroughly inculcated into a soul naturally proud and high-spirited, that creed of passive obedience and patient long-suffering, which, under the sacred name of religion, has been often found more potent than whips or fetters in upholding tyranny, and subduing the resistance of the superstitious and trembling slave. They had taught him, and he believed that God had made him a servant, and that it was his duty to obey his master, and be contented with his lot. Whatever cruelties or indignities the unprovoked insolence of unlimited authority might inflict upon him, it was his duty to submit in humble silence; and if his master smote him on one cheek, he was to turn to him the other also. This, with Thomas, was not a mere form of words run through with, and then forgetten.

In all my experience, I have never known a man over whom his creed seemed to hold so powerful a control.

Nature had intended him for one of those lofty spirits who are the terror of tyrants, and the bold ssertors of liberty. But under the influence of his religion, he had become a passive, humble, and obedient slave. He made it a point of duty to be faithful to his master in all things. He never tasted whisky; he would somer starve than steal; and he preferred being flogged to telling a lie. These qualities, so very uncommon in a slave, as well as his cheerful obedience. and laborious industry, had gained him the good-will even of Mr. Carleton's overseer. He was treated as a sort of confidential servant; was often trusted to keep the keys, and give out the allowance; and so scrupulously did he fulfil all that was required from him, that even the fretful caprice of an overseer had no fault to find. He had lived at Carleton-hall more than ten years, and in all that time had never once been whipped. What was most remarkable and un-common of all, at the same time that he obtained the confidence of the overseer, Thomas had succeeded in gaining the good-will of his fellow-servants. There never lived a kinder-hearted, better tempered man. There was nothing he was not ready to do for a fellow-creature in distress; he was ever ready to share his provisions with the hungry, and to help the weak and tired to finish their tasks. Besides, he was the and treat of the plantation, and could preach and pray almost as well as his master. I had no sympathy for his religious enthusiasm, but I loved and admired the man; and we had long been on terms of intimacy.

Thomas had a wife, Ann by name, a pretty, sprightly and good-natured girl, whom he loved exceedingly. It was a great comfort to him—indeed he regarded it as a special interposition of Providence in his behalf—that when carried away from Carleton-hall, they had not been separated. Never was a man more grateful or more delighted than Thomas was, when he found that both he and Ann had been purchased by General Carter. That they should fall into the hands of the same owner was all he desired; and he readily transferred to the service of his purchaser that zeal and devotion which he had been taught to believe a slave owes to his master. Whilst all the rest of us, on our instarrival at Loosahachee, had been lamenting and complaining over the hardness of our tasks, and the poor and insufficient food which our new master allowed us, Thomas said not a word, but had worked away with such zeal and vigour, that he soon gained the reputation of being one of the best hands

on the place.

Thomas's wife had an infant child but a few weeks old, which, according to the Carolina fashion, was brought to her in the field to be nursed; for the Carolina planters, spendthrifts in everything else, as regards their slaves are economists. One hot afternoon, Ann sate down beneath a tree, and took the infant from the hands of the little child, herself scarcely able to walk, who had the care of it during the day. She had finished the maternal office, and was returning slowly, and perhaps rather unwillingly, to her task, when the overseer rode into that part of the field. The name of our overseer was Mr. Martin. He was one of those who are denominated smart fellows, and good disciplinarians. He had established a rule, that there was to be no loitering at Loosshachee. Walking was too lazy a pace for him; if there was any occasion to go from one part of the field to another, it was to be in a run. Ann had perhaps forgotten, at all events, she was no complying with this piece of field discipline. This was no sooner observed by the overseer, than he rode up to her, cursed her for a lazy vagabond, and commenced beating her over the head with his whip. Thomas happened to be

working close by; he felt every stroke ten times as keenly as though it had lighted upon his own shoulders. Here was a trial too strong for the artificial principles of any creed. He moved forward as though he would go to his wife's assistance. We, who were by, begged him to stop, and told him that he would only get himself into trouble. But the cries and shricks of his wife made him deaf to our entreaties; he rushed forward, and, before the overseer was aware, he seized his whip, snatched it from his hand, and demanded what he meant by beating a woman in that way for no offence whatever?

To judge from Mr. Martin's looks, this was a display of spirit, or, as he would call it, of insolence and insubordination, for which he was not at all prepared. He reined his horse for a rod or two; when seeming to recollect himself, he put his hand into his coat-pocket, and drew out a pistol. He cocked it, and pointed it at Thomas, who dropped the whip and turned to run. Mr. Martin fired; but his hand shook too much to enable him to take a good aim, and Thomas continued his flight, leaped the fence, and disappeared in the

thicket by which it was bordered.

Having put the husband to flight, the overseer turned to the wife, who stood trembling and crying. He was boiling over with rage and passion, and seemed determined to spend his fury on this helpless and unbappy woman. He called the driver of the gang, and two or three other men to his assistance, and bade them strip off her clothes. The preparations being complete, Mr. Martin commenced the torture. The lash buried itself in her flesh at every blow, and as the poor wretch threw up her gashed and gory arms, the blood ran down in streams. Her cries were dreadful; used as I had been to similar scenes, my heart sickened, and my head grew dizzy. I longed to seize the monster by the throat, and dash him to the ground. How I restrained myself I do not know. Most sure I am that nothing but the base and dastard spirit of the slave could have endured that scene of female torture and distress, and not have interfered.

Before Mr. Martin had finished, poor Ann sank to the ground in total insensibility. He ordered us to make a litter of sticks and hoe-handles, and carry her to his house. We laid her down in the passage; the overseer brought a heavy chain, one end of which he fastened round her neek, and the other to one of the beams. He said her fainting was all a pretence, and this was to prevent her escaping to her husband.

We were now ordered to the woods to hunt for Thomas. Not far from the fence was a low, swampy place, thickly grown up with cane and gum-trees. As I was making my way through it, I came suddenly upon Thomas, who was leaning against the trunk of a large tree. He laid his hand on my shoulder, and asked me what the overseer had done to his wife. I concealed from him, as well as I could, the miserable torture which had been inflicted upon her; but I told him that Mr. Martin was all fire and fury, and that it would be best for him to keep out of the way till his passion should subside a little. I promised to return in the evening, and bring him food. In the mean time, if he would lie close, there would be little danger of any one finding him.

We were presently called back from what appeared an ineffectual search, and ordered to resume our tasks. I finished mine as quickly as I could; hastened home, got some food ready, and went to see poor Ann. I found her lying in the passage, chained as we had left her. Her low moans showed that she had so far recovered herself as to be once more sensitive to pain. She complained that the chain about her neck hurt her, and made it difficult to breathe. I stooped down, and was attempting to loosen it when Mrs. Martin made her appearance at the door; she asked what right I had to

meddle with the girl, and made me go about my business. I would have left the food I had brought, but Mrs. Martin told me to take it away again; it would teach her better manners, she said, to starve her for

a day or two.

I took up my basket, and went away with a heavy heart. As soon as it grew dark, I set off to meet Thomas; but, lest my steps might be dogged by the overseer or some of his spies, I took a very roundabout course. I found him near the place where I had met him before. His earnest entreaties to know the whole, drew from me the story of his poor wife's sufferings, and her present situation. It moved him deeply. At intervals he wept like a child; then he strove to restrain himself, repeating half aloud some texts of scripture, and what seemed a sort of prayer. But all would not do; and carried away at last by a sudden gust of passion, forgetful of his religious scruples, he cursed the brutal overseer with all the energy of a husband's vengeance. The thought that what his affection for his wife had prompted him to do had only aggravated her sufferings, seemed to agitate him almost to distraction. Again the tide of passion swept all before it. His countenance grew convulsed; his bosom heaved; and he only found relief in half-uttered threats, and muttered execuations.

He consulted with me as to what he had better do. I knew that the overseer was terribly incensed against him. I had heard him say that if such a daring act of violence were not most signally punished, it would be enough to corrupt and disorder the whole neighbourhood. I was aware that Mr. Martin would not dare absolutely to put him to death. But this prohibition to commit murder is the sole and single limit to an overseer's authority; and I knew that he had both the right and the will to inflict a torture, compared to which the agonies of an ordinary death-struggle would be but trifling. I, therefore, advised Thomas to fly; since even if he were caught at last, no severer punishment could be inflicted upon him than he would be certain of upon a voluntary surrender.

For a moment the advice seemed to please him; and an expression of daring determination appeared in his face, such as I had never seen there before; but it dis-

appeared in an instant.

"There is Ann," he said, 'I cannot leave her; and she, poor, timid thing, even if she were well, I could never persuade to fly. It will not do, Archy; I cannot

leave my wife."

What could I answer? I understood him well, and knew how to sympathize with him. I could not but admit the force of his objection. Such feelings I knew it would be in vain to combat with arguments; indeed I could not make up my mind to attempt it, and as I had no other advice to give, I remained silent. Thomas seemed lost in thought, and continued for some minutes with his eyes fixed on the ground. Presently he told me that he had made up his mind. He was determined, he said to go to Charlestor and appeal to his master.

he said, to go to Charleston, and appeal to his master.

The little I had known of General Carter did not incline me to put much dependence on his justice or generosity; but as Thomas seemed pleased with this plan, and as it was his only chance, I applauded it. He ste the food I had brought, and determined to set off immediately. He had only been once to Charleston, during all the time we had been at Loosahachee; but as he was one of those people, who, if they have been once at a place, find little difficulty in going a second time, I had no doubt of his finding his way to town.

I returned to my cabin; but I was so anxious and uncertain about the success of Thomas, in the scheme he had adopted, that I could not sleep. My anxiety acted as a stimulus upon me, and I had finished before any of my companions. As I was passing from the field to my cabin, I saw General Carter's carriage driving

up the road, and as it passed me, I observed poor Thomas behind, chained to the footman's stand.

The carriage drove up to the house. General Carter got out of it, and sent off in great haste for Mr. lartin, who had taken his gun and dog early that morning, and had been heating about the woods all day, in search of Thomas. In the mean time, General Carter ordered all the hands on the plantation to be collected.

At last Mr. Martin arrived. The moment General

Carter saw him, he cried out,

"Well, Sir, here is a runaway I have brought back to you. Would you believe it?—the fellow had the impertinence to come to Charleston with the story of his grievances! Even from his own account of the matter, he was guilty of the greatest insolence I ever heard of; snatching the whip from the hand of an overseer! Things are coming to a pretty pass indeed, when these fellows justify such insubordination. The next thing we shall hear of, they will be cutting our throats. However, I stopped the secundrel's mouth, before he had said five words; I told him I would pardon anything sooner than insolence to my overseer. I would much sooner excuse impertinence towards myself. And to let him know what I thought of his conduct, here you see I have brought him back to you; and I have done it even at the risk of being obliged to sleep here to-night, and catching the country fever. Whip the rascal well, Mr. Martin! whip him well! I have had all the hands collected, that they may see the punishment, and take warning by it."

Mr. Martin, thus invited, sprang upon his prey with a

Mr. Martin, thus invited, sprang upon his prey with a tiger's ferocity. But I have no inclination to disgust my reader with another description of the horrid torment of which the whip is the active and continual instrument. He who is curious in these matters, will do well to spend six months upon an American plantation. He will soon discover that the rack was a superfluous invention; and that the whip, by those well skilled in the use of it, can be made to answer any

purposes of torture.

Though Thomas was quite cut up by the lash, and whipped by two drivers, till he fainted from pain and loss of blood, such was the nerve and vigour of his constitution, and the noble firmness of his mind, that he stood it like a hero, and disdained to utter any of those piercing screams and piteous cries for mercy, which are commonly heard on the like occasions. He soon got over the effects of this discipline. Not so his wife.

She was naturally of a slender constitution, and perhaps had not entirely recovered from the weakness incident upon childbirth. Either the whipping she suffered, or her chains and starvation afterwards, or both together, had brought on a violent disorder, of which at first she seemed to get better, but which left her suffering under a dull nervous fever, without strength or appetite, or even the desire of recovery. Her poor baby seemed to sympathize with its mother, and pined from day to day. At length it died. The mother did not long survive it. She lingered for a week or two. Sick as she was, she had no attendant but a superannuated old woman who could neither see nor hear. Thomas, of course, was obliged to go to his tasks as usual. He returned one night, and found her dead.

One of the drivers, a mean-spirited fellow, and Mr. Martin's principal spy and informer, was the only person allowed to preach at Loosahachee, and to act as the leader in those mummeries to which the ignorant and superstitious slaves give the name of religion. He paid a visit to the afflicted husband, and offered his services for the funeral. Thomas had so much natural good sense that he was not, like many persons of his way of thinking, imposed upon, and taken in, by every one who chose to make use of the cant of sanctity. He had long ago seen through this hypocritical fellow, and learned to despise him. He therefore declined his assistance;

and, pointing to me, he said, that he and his friend there should be sufficient to bury the poor girl. He seemed about to add something more, but the mention of his wife had overpowered him; his voice was choked, his eyes filled with tears, and he was constrained to be silent.

It was a Sunday. The preacher soon left us, and poor Thomas sat the whole day watching his wife's body. I remained with him; but I knew how useless any attempt at consolation would be, and I said but little.

Towards sunset, several of our fellow-servants came in; and they were presently followed by most of the plantation people. We took up the body, and carried it to the place of burial. This was a fine, smooth slope covered with tall trees. It seemed to have been long used for its present purpose. Numerous little ridges, some of them new, and others just discernible, indicated the places of the graves.

The husband leaned over the body, while we busied ourselves in the sad office of digging its last resting place. The shallow grave was soon finished. We all remained silent, in expectation of a prayer, a hymn, or some similar ceremony. Thomas attempted once or twice to begin; but his voice rattled in his throat, and died away

in an inarticulate murmur. He shook his head, and

bade us place the body in the grave. We did so, and the earth was soon heaped upon it.

It was already growing dark, and the burial being finished, those who had attended at it hastened homeward. The husband still remained standing by the side of the grave. I took his arm, and, with a gentle force, would have drawn him away. He shook me off, and raising his hand and head, muttered in a low whisper, "murdered! murdered!" As he spoke these words, he turned his eyes on me. There gleamed in them a spirit of passionate and indignant grief. It was plain that natural feeling was fast gaining the mastery ever that system of artificial constraint in which he had been educated. I sympathised with him; and I pressed his hand to let him know that I did so. He returned the pressure, and after a short pause he added,

"Blood for blood; is it not so, Archy?"

There was something terrible in the slow, but firm and steady tone in which he spoke. I knew not what to answer; nor did he appear to expect a reply. Though he addressed me, the question seemed only intended for himself. I took his arm, and we walked off in silence.—From the Life of a Slave.

BANKING FOR THE POORER CLASSES.

THERE has been from time to time a considerable expenditure of ingenuity to discover some characteristic of human nature which cuts off mankind by a conspicuous distinction from all other descriptions of animals. Dr. Johnson thought he had hit the mark very effectually, when he said that man was a cooking animal—and so he had, for certainly our natural history has yet to receive the addition of a race of creatures curious in boiled and baked meats of their own concoction. We will venture, however, to make an addition to the doctor's distinction by saying that man is a borrowing animal. Among all the inferior species the transfer of property is only effected by the most shameful larceny, or by a most barbarous process of inflicting grievous bodily harm. Man is the only animal who practises a system of temporary accommodation: and although it has the art of of a paradox, it is, nevertheless, not a paradox, to sa, that the gradual refinement of the art of borrowing in a community is a very good index of the degree in which its primitive helplessness and brute force have been outgrown. To suppose that

debt will ever be extinguished out of the world is much the same thing as to suppose that all men will become perfect, and that calamity and wisdom can be averted and invoked at pleasure.

Now there is no country in the world where the art of borrowing is so well understood, and so scientifically practised, as among the opulent and "respectable" classes of England; and the consequences are very conspicuous. While the farmers of France are overjoyed to pay 10 or 12 per cent for the loan of a few hundreds, to eke out a bad crop, or a losing speculation, and while the ryots of Hindostan are mercilessly fleeced at the rate of 40 and 50 per cent, our own agriculturists, in all ordinary times, can fix their own limits, if they will give 5 per cent. Our credit system so admirably diffuses the stream of capital, that, for all commercial purposes, a borrower in the Hebrides is scarcely in any respect worse off than a borrower in Middlesex. This is very good as far as it goes. But, unfortunately, the art of borrowing, like sadly too many other arts and advantages in this country, is only to be seen in perfection among the people who, in one sense, stand the least in need of it. We have banks and insurance offices without end for the people who deal in hundreds—and very properly so,—but we have only the pawnbroker for people whose transactions in the money market do not often exceed the small change of a five-pound note.

We have long had an idea that something might be done to remedy this great evil, and this fruitful source of villanous extortion. We do not mean done in the way of charity, but in the regular way of trade. Done by a scheme of operations acting upon the same basis of profit and loss as the great social mechanism which finds its centre in Lombard-street; and also done by the working classes for the working classes—not invidiously,

but fairly and with a free hand.

At present the banking institutions for the poorer classes consists of the savings banks, the loan societies founded under the Acts of Parliament, the money clubs or private loan associations, mainly held at publichouses; and the ancient fraternity of "mine uncle," the pawnbroker.-The savings banks are every way excellent in design and influence as far as they embrace the space to be covered—as banks of deposit we do not think that at present, at least, they can be improved. The legal loan societies also are very praiseworthy, but then they are of necessity of limited means, because they depend almost exclusively on charitable funds. money clubs, as a class, we most emphatically condemn as unsafe in principle, and imminently liable to every serious vice that can befall a commercial undertaking. The pawnbroker we are afraid is a necessary evil at present, but an evil which we hope and believe will diminish pari passu with gin palaces and beer shops. If a man once gets himself fixed between the tender mercies of the lender who advances him cash at the rate of about fifty per cent, and the publican who sells him liquor at an equal or a greater rate of imposition, it certainly is possible that he may escape from the connexion through some other avenue than the gaol or the workhouse-but if he do his case almost amounts to a miracle.

There can be no easy and efficient system of borrowing unless it proceed upon the bases of security and character, supposing the supply of capital to be adequate; the expense and facility of the loan will depend upon these two circumstances in the borrower. If a working man have a good character, and, in addition to his own liability, can give moderate collateral security, there is no reason against, but every reason in favour, of its being quite as safe and profitable to lend him 10t. or 15t. as to lend as many thousands to a rich merchant who in point of fact brings only a comparatively larger portion of one of the elements of assurance

-property—equally presented by the working man. If it be possible, therefore, to form an institution, or a series of institutions, which shall occupy up and down the country the same relation to the working classes that banks occupy to the mercantile and wealthy class, the problem will be solved. The business of banking consists in lending money to borrowers in the exact proportion justified by their integrity and their means. Upon a smaller scale, and with the needful variations, it certainly seems to us that the causes which render this system successful in large matters, may be safely and without much difficulty extended over the humbler

concerns of life.

All Benefit or Friendly Societies, of any standing, possess an accumulation of funds over and above their current needs, of several hundreds, frequently of several thousands of pounds. This money they lend out on mortgage, and in other shapes, and we are sorry to say that the security is sometimes so badly chosen that the societies "gain a loss." The contributions to friendly societies are mostly made once a month. If, therefore, a man be a member of one of these bodies for a moderate length of time, the managers have a very excellent means of judging of his habits and character by the tenour of his connexion with the club. If a man be regular in his instalments, and orderly and punctual in his behaviour, there is good reason to believe that according to his station he will be a trustworthy person. But in addition to this indirect inference, there is the positive knowledge which a prolonged intercourse of this nature necessarily engenders as to the circumstances and families of the members. Now, this is precisely the description of evidence upon which all tanking operations proceed, from the Bank of England downwards. Our proposition, therefore, is this—That friendly societies, instead of lending their surplus funds on mortgage, should employ them in small loans to such of their own members as can offer adequate security.

This is the broad principle, and we will endeavour to fortify it by some further reasons of detail. In the first place, it cannot be said that the new plan would intro-duce a new element of risk. There is risk already in the choice of the security upon which the money is lent: and, in point of fact, friendly societies are no strangers to heavy losses in the employment of their The alteration would merely change the shape of the risk, and we certainly do not think that it would increase it. Secondly, in addition to the direct security for each loan, the society would have a lien upon the borrower's membership, and upon his interest in its funds. Suppose that a working man has subscribed for a year or two to a benefit society, and that his calculations proceed in a very intimate degree upon the resource it affords him in the event of casualties, and you can hardly have a stronger guarantee that he will do his best to avoid a default of repayment which will deprive him of all his privileges. Thirdly, as character would be everything with the managers of the loan fund—as the idler, the drunkard, and the dissolute, would be most emphatically marked as persons to be avoided—there would be a further and a powerful motive awakened in behalf of all the domestic virtues. Fourthly, working men, with honesty, industry, and a good name to refer to, would not have to suffer extreme privations, or to incur humiliating obligations as they have at present, to obtain the temporary accommodation of a few pounds. They would have their own banks maintained by their own money, managed by their own class, and their wants would be considered as a matter of business, and not as a matter of charity or favour. They would have attained to that greatest of all blessings, independence, and an ability to help themselves in one of the most important concerns of life. course, before the plan could be practically tried, there must be a very careful consideration of details, and

there must be a mature and searching discussion as to the regulations which will best define the maximum and minimum of each loan—the security to be required the terms of repayment—the system of business—and the effectual check, by a frequent periodical audit, of all the transactions. But there is nothing so formidable in these preliminaries that perseverance cannot

There would be a slight impediment in the present enormous disproportion of the stamp duties on promissory notes, but we think that might be avoided by adopting a well contrived expedient of current accounts, resting upon specific vouchers, and secured by ordinary forms of guarantee. At all events, this would do for a beginning: and if the scheme prospered the House of Commons could hardly refuse a special Act granting reasonable facilities.

The scheme should first be tried among the wealthiest and best organized of the friendly societies, and then, when once a model is obtained, it will be an easy matter to form counterparts wherever there is room for them.

Let us only add, as a final sentence, that the scheme is not suggested as any idle or indefinite wish, but as a plan which it appears to us is capable of becoming, under vigorous hands, a help of no insignificant moment to the Progress of the People. W. N.

THE MOMENT OF DEATH. BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by Mary Howitt.

Wenn die unbekannte Hand den letzten Pfeil an das Haupt des Menschen sendet, so blickt er vorher das Haupt, und der Pfeil hebt bloss die Dornen-krone von seinen Wunden ab.— JEAN PAUL.

What can it be that shines so ! it purifies my sight ; I feel my eyes are opened in the glory of this light; Before the strength within my soul my head bows like

And from each bond of meaner kind my heart is gently freed.

In death wings plume our shoulders, so did our youth

believe; Yes, then the wings which lift from change our panting souls receive.

Amid the starry systems, beyond earth's farthest reach, I see a godhead's greatness surpassing human speeca. I see a vast eternity in all, even in my heart

And every cloud dissolves in light as this world's shores depart.

Now for the first time can I read my brother's heart aright:

We all of us are poor and weak, but none are evil auite.

Oh, if we could, while yet on earth, as plainly others

As we are known unto ourselves, we should not grieve them so !

In great things and in small alike myself I truly scan, But 'tis in death that first we learn to know our brother man!

-My faith is clear, I am so light, am of such bliss

I feel a strife, an impulse, and yet a heavenly rest!

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

Free Baths and Wash-house Establishment in Glasshouse Yard, Glasshouse Street.—We are glad to see, by the second annual report of this most useful institution, that its value is so fully

appreciated by those for whom it is intended.

The second years of the association ended on the 31st of May last, during which year the bathers were 34,843; the washers and dryers of clothes 38,445 (who washed 254,446 articles); and the ironers 11,296—making a total of 82,604 persons. Their poverty is evident from the small average number of articles (less than seven) washed by each individual, although one person often washed for a whole family. These facts prove that the benefits of the Charity can rarely have been misapplied, and that the endurance of dirt by the very poor is more from necessity

In addition to the bathing and washing, many hundreds of the poor in the neighbourhood, assisted by the gift of whitewash and the loan of pails and brushes, were induced by the association to purify their wretched and unwholesome dwellings during the

summer and winter.

Every bather has had an ample supply of clean, warm water, a clean towel, and a small piece of soap; and 38,445 persons have had a sufficiency of hot and cold water; and soda and soap to wash more than a quarter of a million of articles, the greater part of which were dried and ventilated in a chamber by means of a purifying current of heated air. The whole of this has been effected at an expense of

3171. 2s. 5d.

There is an increase of bathers, washers, and ironers over last year, 14,940. Decrease in working cost, 60%, 15s. 4d. 73,288 bathers and washers cost 305%. 7s. 1d, which is 1d. for 11,296 ironers, estimated to cost about \$\frac{1}{4}d\$. each, 111. 15s. 4d.

The only thing to be regretted is, that the benefit, great as it as been, has been much restricted by the want of ampler funds. This we trust will be remedied, especially when the important

facts added by the secretary are sufficiently known to the public.

"I may add, that I can bear testimony to the gratitude expressed by the recipients of our bounty, for I have heard them say, that this (the bathing and washing) is the best thing that has aver yet been done for the poor, as it not only made them feel stronger, and fitter for work, but much surer of getting it, than when they were so very dirty.' I have heard a respectable-looking woman say, 'that she never had a bath in her lifetime antil she came to Glasshouse Yard, but that now she would rather be without a meal's victuals than a bath, as it always did her so much good.' On inquiring whether she came often to Glasshouse Yard, I was told she did so regularly every week. I have seen women toiling unremittingly to wash their o their children's clothing, who had been compelled to sell their hair to purchase food to satisfy the cravings of hunger:—I have seen persons there who had walked from Greenwich, Ascot, and places miles distant from the metropolis, to enjoy the benefit conferred by our institution,—and I have known at least one instance in which the saving of life itself was, under the blessing of God, directly owing to the aid which we were enabled to afford."

Subscription for the family of Dr. Lynch.—A meeting for the purpose of setting on foot a subscription for the widow and three children of this gentleman, who fell a victim in the prime of life to breathing the poisoned atmosphere of localities which he visited in the course of sanitary reform, was held lately at Mr. John Hunter's, 11, Hart-street, Bloomsbury. A committee was John Hunter's, 11, Hart-street, Bloomsbury. A committee was fearmed consisting of the following gentlemen, with power to add to their number: Thomas Wakley, M.P.; Edwin Chadwick; Dr. Southwood Smith; Dr. Neil Arnott; James Hunter; James Andetton; G. A. Walker; John Hunter; Robert Blair; T. H. Jolley; G. W. Smith; and William Simpson. To any of whom subscriptions may be sent. Mr. Chadwick, in a letter read at the meeting, said, "The majority of those who have entered frequently and closely on the spot into such investigations as Dr. Lynch undertook voluntarily, have suffered more to less superply in their health. He is the third contleman or less severely in their health. He is the third gentleman out of some twelve or fourteen active investigators to whom, I believe, their investigations in ill-conditioned districts were attended with fatal results. The last preceding Dr. Lynch

was Mr. Dyce Guthrie, a surgeon who had devoted himself to these investigations (with important results, of which he had given evidence before the Commission of Inquiry). His health had been impaired, and he died of an attack which followed some investigations in Beliast, where he had been called to suggest means of prevention. He has left a widow and children unpro-vided for. Dr. Lyon Playfair suffered in his health after his investigations; Dr. Southwood Smith himself has had three severe attacks of fever, in one of which he was given up for lost by Dr. Birkbeck and Dr. Clutterbuck. Ministers of religion, medical practitioners, relieving officers, and others engaged in the service of alleviation in the worst-conditioned districts have lately suffered very severely.
"I am very certain that such a service as that to which Dr.

ynch devoted himself, against ravages greater than the ravages war, is now attended with dangers greater than those of military service. The public provision for the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in that service is doubtless just, though the service itself is often attended with devastation; but public attention should be called to the necessity of a provision for the widows and children of those who fall as Dr. Lynch has

"The City of London will owe more to him than to many others to whom municipal honours have been paid.

Estate given to the Leeds Co-operative Society.—Since we mentioned this munificent offer, the estate has been officially visited. As soon as this offer, as generous as it was unexpected, was made to the Society, the Executive met to consider the proposal, and the result of their deliberations was a resolution to despatch Mr. Green, who, from being President of the Society, and also an agriculturist, was the best qualified for the task. Mr Green accordingly visited the estate, which is aituated near Caermarthen, in South Wales; and we cannot do better than give the account of his visit in his own words:—"The principal estate consists of about 160 acres, of which 90 acres may entered upon immediately, and the 70 acres will be no doubt at liberty before the Society will require them. There are besides included in the donation to the Society two smaller estates, included in the donation to the Society two smaller estates, subject to a small mortgage, the whole being about 220 acres. Most of the soil is a rich loam,—not deep, but capable of producing good crops. Only part of it is at present under cultivation, the rest growing nothing but gorse, which serves as fodder for cattle. The estate is well provided with water, having several springs. The water is pure and limpid, and would probably be suitable for printing in which the quality of the water. bably be suitable for printing, in which the quality of the water is a material object. There is also a waterfall of from 6 to 9 is a material object. There is also a waterfall of from 6 to 9 fect, and which, notwithstanding the dry weather, was in full flow, showing that it was not merely top water. This might be useful for manufacturing purposes. There is within a mile of the estate a seam of coal 9 feet thick, and it may probably extend to the estate. Limestone suitable for building, and clay, are all within the estate. The timber upon the land is small, but this may be brought to within three miles of the estate by canal, and we understand that a railway is in progress at no great distance. Being a hilly country, the roads are steep, but great distance. Being a fully country, the reason is each, out they are in good condition. The scenery is very fine, and the locality very healthy. Land situated as this is, is more subject to the vicissitudes of the seasons; but the communitive system here presents a compensating advantage over the individual system,—as all persons on the estate could be enlisted on an emergency, a crop would often be saved which would be lost to the farmer. On the whole, the estate seems very suitable for both agricultural and manufacturing purposes." The observa-tions of Mr. Green were illustrated by a plan of the estate, which rendered a clearer idea of it than any mere verbal deposition could do.

Birmingham Co-operative League.—We hear that this society progresses satisfactorily, and we have read with great satisfaction an able address delivered before it by its intelligent secretary, Mr. J. A. Langford, "On the Advantages of Co operation."

These are so well pointed out, as conducive every way to the elevation of the working classes, both morally and socially, that they cannot be too widely circulated.

Rural Fête and Proposed People's Library at Aberford.—On Monday, the 5th of July, this quiet little town, or rather village, was the scene of unwonted gately and animation. A number of the more spirited young farmers and others invited their fair friends to participate in a rural festivity to be held on Hook friends to participate in a rural festivity to be held on Hook Moor, in the vicinity. They met at two o'clock, some arriving in procession from the town, others in merry companies from the neighbouring villages and farmsteads. The number exceeded one hundred. A king and queen were elected, and a wreath of flowers culled from the hedges placed on the head of the latter. Then dry sticks were collected, three stakes driven into the example of the made and a large hottle slung over it. Music ground, a fire made, and a large kettle slung over it. Music, dancing, and walks through the woods and lanes formed the amusements of the party. The place seemed fitted by nature for the purpose—a wild secluded nook, covered over with short grass, whins, and shady clumps of trees, and almost surrounded by woods. The afternoon was charmingly fine; a scent of honeyby woods. In a neutron was chain might may a control monthly suckles, wild roses, and new-mown hay perfumed the air; the spirit of merry Maypoled Old England seemed to have risen again; every face beamed with cheerfulness, every limb sported with joyous life. Delightful it was to stand awhile a mere spectator, joyous life. Designiful it was to sain a wine a mere speciator, and observe the various picturesque groups. Mothers, with their infants, resting beneath the cool twilight of elms and beeches, children rolling and tumbling down the hills, and merry dancers tripping it "on the light fantastic toe." A more innocently delightful afternoon was never spent, and long will

it exist a pleasant memory in the minds of all present.

But this small rural town which has been asleep for ages is not awaking to a sense of graceful recreation only, but is beginning to think seriously of its higher wants also; and the same young men, chiefly, who promoted the fête, are endeavouring to establish a library and courses of lectures. We trust they will We trust they will J. W.

Youths' Nonconformist Society. - Several youths residing in the metropolis, having taken into consideration in what manner they could best disseminate, cherish, and encourage the principles of Nonconformity among their fellow youths, have resolved to organise a Society bearing the above name, to be composed of youths residing in all parts of the United King-dom; they propose to effect their object by the following

First .- By offering, at stated times, prizes for the best Essays on some given subject, connected with Nonconforming principles, such Essays to be decided by not less than three competent gentlemen, to be before agreed upon, and afterwards printed for circulation.

Second.—By sending to every Member, at least every three months, tracts, handbills, etc.

Third.—By affording Members the opportunity of carrying

on a controversy, through the medium of the post.

Fourth.—By defraying one half of the expense of any lecture, on a Nonconformist subject, delivered by a Member, and by forwarding Members books, on Nonconformist subjects, at one fourth less than cost price.

The funds necessary to carry out this undertaking, it is pro-posed to raise by subscriptions of not less than two shillings

per year.

All youths desirous of co-operating in the above object are requested to communicate, without delay, with Robert W. Hanford, Honorary Secretary, 5, Emerson-street, Southwark; E. Neville, Albert House, Royal Hill, Greenwich; or F. Mordaunt, 22, Bucklersbury, Cheapside; by whom subscriptions will be thankfully received.

Early Closing Movement.—It has been proposed, in further-ance of the efforts of the committee of this movement which ance of the emoris of the commutee of this movement which now has been very beneficially agitated five years, that the services of a number of popular men be secured to deliver courses of lectures on some highly interesting subjects, on the first Priday of the months of October, November, December, January Friday of the months of October, November, December, January, February, and March, in Exeter Hall, or other suitable place. The proceeds of these lectures, if averagely successful, would, it is hoped, enable the committee to distribute some millions of tracts, as well as to circulate extensively the Prize Address of last winter. The cause is one that deserves every encouragement, closely connected as it is with social and intellectual pro-The following facts will serve to show how much so:-

In Scotland, in the corn and provision shops and warehouses, the assistants are the worst paid class in any trade. They work from twelve to fourteen hours every day, exclusive of meal-times, and on Saturdays from sixteen to eighteen hours; and where the sale of spirits is added, two or three hours more.

Grocers and tea-dealers twelve hours, and on Saturdays fourteen, summer and winter alike. Drapers and mercers twelve hours in winter, eleven hours in summer, and then close, but conin winter, eleven hours in summer, and then close, but con-tinue to work in replacing goods and making up orders for several hours more. Ironmongers and booksellers ten to twelve hours, except on Saturday; for eight months in the year they are at liberty after five o'clock in the evening. Assist-ants in spirit-cellars work almost day and night, and often on Sundays too, frequently, indeed, from eighteen to twenty hours ner day.

Robin Burne's Defence of Whisky and Wer.—The better a man reasons the sooner will be involve himself in absurdities man reasons the sooner will be involve minimal in account in his premises are unsound. As new patching on an old garment brings into bolder relief the loss of its pristine brilliancy, so does heaping arguments on a bad subject, the sooner betray their fallacy. As an illustration :-

their fallacy. As an illustration:—
Many years ago a heavy tax was laid on whisky, and "poor Robin Burns," who, alas I loved whisky, flew to the rescue. He threw off some powerful lines in favour of the "auld Scotch drink" that finally ruined him. He reasoned, and his reasoning was correct—he drew a picture, graphic in the extreme—his praise, for concentration of thought and beauty of diction, was perfect. Let us quote, and, undezzled by the blaze of his genius, mark the result of his labour. Oh, we blush for the author of "a man's a man" as we copy his words!—

But bring the Scoteman free his hill. Clap in his cheek a highland gill, Say such is royal George's will, And there's the foe,—
He has nae thought but how to kill
Two at a blow.

Nae cauld faint-hearted doublings tease him, Death comes, with fearless eye he sees him, With bluidy hand a welcome gies him, And when he fa's His latest draught of breathing lea's him

In faint huzzas. Is that a defence of whisky? Stepney.

G, L

To Correspondents.—We beg once more respectfully and gratefully to state that such are the quantities of manuscripts offered for the Journal, that we are compelled to adopt the fol-lowing plan:—all articles sent are carefully read, and so far as our space, the need of variety, and their merit, will allow, are accepted without favour; but we cannot undertake to return articles unless the requisite number of stamps is inclosed, or the authors will send for them to our office, where long articles, properly scaled and addressed, lie for them. All authors of manuscripts accepted, will be immediately informed of the fact by letter. Those who do not hear within a fortnight will under-stand that we have not been able to avail ourselves of their favours. But in no case can we undertake to correspond respecting them.—Eus.

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HENRY V. AS PRINCE OF WALES, TRYING ON THE CROWN-BY JOHN CALGOT HORSELEY.

HENRY V. AS PRINCE OF WALES. TRYING ON THE CROWN.

BY JOHN CALCOT SCHOOLST.

Our illustration this week is from one of the prize pictures exhibited in Westminster Hall. No description of it is necessary, the scene in Shakspere's King Henry IV. part second, is so familiar to all reiders.

Prince Henry, believing the king to be dead, takes the crown from the cushion:—

Thy due from me In tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and fillal tenderness.
Shall, O dear tather, pay thee plenteously;
My due from thee is this imperial grown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to see To the The Control of t Derives itself to me .- Lo, here it site,

(Putting it on his head.)

Which Heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength Into one giant arm, it shall not force This lineal honour from me. This from thee Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

MEMOIS OF HENRY CLARKS WRIGHT. BY MARY HOWITT.

Ir is now my grateful task to make our readers acquainted with a good man. Among the remarkable men who have sojourned in this country on a mission of love from America is Henry Clarke Wright. For the last three years he has been going through the length and breadth of the United Kingdoms, and in the spirit of the Christian precept which teaches above all things humility and self-renunciation, making himself subordinate to some of his other distinguished sountrymen, and apparently taking as much pains to keep his extraordinary endowments out of sight as most other men do

to make theirs conspicuous.

The most beautiful and the most promising characteristic of the better life of America is that combination of the better life of America is that combination. terratic of the better life of America is sussection of original talent, scholastic knowledge, high moral tone of spirit, and that earnest simplicity of mind which combines, as it were, the man and the child, and which is the best assurance of the innate strength and undeveloped greatness of a young, Christian country. Henry Clarke Wright is a specimen of this better and purer life in America. We feel kindred to it ourselves, and nothing is more agreeable than that we, from time to time, should have the pleasing duty of presenting such men and women to the public and saying, see what noble kindred we English have on the other side of the Atlantic! We and they are all children, as it were, of the same home; time and space sundered us for awhile, but new bonds are springing up between us which shall bind us closer than ever,—the bonds of love and good fellowship —the true kinship of mind and heart. The Henry Wrights, the Elihu Burrits, the Lydis Maria Childs, and many a strong, brave hearted poet, as well as their Channings and Emersons, shall do more to cement the hearts of the two nations than all the treaties that ever left the cabinets of all the statesmen.

The following memoir has been drawn up from this excellent man's autobiography just written under happy circumstances in the midst of some of the most beauti-ful scenery in the United Kingdoms. This autobiography is, we understand with great pleasure, likely to be published before long, and we are glad that we have been permitted to draw up this transcript of a most

interesting and valuable life from such authentic documents, our only regret being that a spirit so truly Christian is about to leave our country before, as it seems to us, he has been sufficiently known to the public.

The following extracts from letters addressed to our mutual friend William Lloyd Garrison, at whose express wish this life has been written, and which are prefixed to it, will not only describe the scenes in which it was written, but will, we are sure, give great interest to the portrait which accompanies this, as it will make the public familiar with the features of that beloved child who filled Henry Wright's residence in Scotland with affectionate and imperishable memories.

" Rochane Cottage, Roseneath, " June 8, 1847.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"DEAR FRIEND,

"O I expect to spend a few weeks here on the shore of Gare Loch amid the impressive scenery of the highlands of Scotland. I am surrounded by the bold mountains of heather that rise over Loch Long, Loch Lomond, Loch Eck, Loch Fine, Loch Katrine and Holy Loch. These lochs are all within a few miles of the cottage where I now am. In company with a bright, joyous child, my 'wee darling' Catherine, I daily wander along the silent shores of Loch Long or Gare Loch, or around the hills behind the cottage towards the west, and look up the Clyde to Glasgow some twenty-five miles; the beautiful vals of Clyde with its teeming population, busy in farming and manufacturing, and through which winds this beautiful river, on whose bosom float hundreds of stemmers and ships from every clime and and through which winds this beautiful river, on whose bosom float hundreds of steamers and ships from every clime and country, lies spread out before me like a land of anchantment, a fair Eden. To the north and west I look apon the bold, desolate, gloomy highlands; to the south I trace the flowing Clyde for forty miles—Alian Crag, the Isle of Arran with its towering mountains and deep glens, and the Isle of Bute with its green pastures and flowing hyles or inlets, through which the steamers run into Loch Fine to Inverary, appear in the distance. This is a lovely apot, and endeared to me by a thousand pleasing ties. This is the third season which I have spent amid this greet and solorious workmanship of an Almighty Hand. It is a region alorious workmanship of an Almighty Hand. It is a region into which a man would wish to retire for reflection—to inquire who he is? What he is? Whonce he somes? Whither he is going ?"

In this beautiful scenery he employed himself for three weeks in drawing up the above-mentioned memoir of his life; his mode of spending each day, from his rising at early dawn each morning to his evening rambles, are charmingly described in a second letter to his friend, and from this I will quote so much as refers to the child which contributed so much to his happiness.

"* Our sweet tambles upon the mountains would delight you. My 'wee darling,' as she calls herself and as I call her, is always my companion, with others of the family as circumstances may allow. See us climbing up the hills covered with heather and sheep, I in my blue eap and grey light overcoat, and my little companion—her hand in mine—in her straw hat tied by a ribbon under her chin, and her neat frock and pinafore. Thus we toil up, up, up, by the sheep tracks or on the heather. Every now and then sitting or lying down to rest and roll about on the heather, to sing, and laugh, and shout, and play with our shepherd dog Thusty which often accompanies us. Up, up we go again, hand in hand, tooking back new and then upon beautiful dark Gare Loch, and the light steamers that pass over its now smooth and now rough, now rising and sow ebbing waters. We reach the nountain-top, beyond the night and hearing of man, and there in the presence of Gare Loch, and Loch Long. man, and there in the presence of Gare Loch, and Loch Long, and Loch Gail, and the wild, far-aweeping Frith of Clyde, and in the presence of the dark, bold, gloomy, frowning mountains all around us, and under the dome of blue sky, we run, we laugh, we drop down upon the heather, look down upon the flowers and grass, and up into that mysterious, unexplored con-cave above us, then up and seize hold of hands, and whirling round in a rapid dance, sing in the merry words of a play

⁽¹⁾ We regret that from unavoidable circumstances these portraits must be delayed to our next number.—Ens.

common to the children of Scotland, 'Here we go by jing-a-ring, by jing-a-ring—here we go by jing-a-ring—round about merry matanza!'

"Dear Friend, I am glad no mortal eyes are upon me as I thus yield my whole heart up to glee with that dear child, with her bright, blue eyes, her rosy cheeks, her flowing hair, curling down her shoulders, her clear, merry voice, her joyous laugh, and her firm elastic step and graceful movements; and so completely am I a child in these sports that she seems entirely to forget the difference between us, the difference which age, size, and eireumstances might suggest; she simply looks upon me as a child and playmate, and talks to me as such. As to myself, I love that sweet child of five years old with an affection stronger than that which binds me to life. I love to feel her soft little hand in mine as we climb those hills and wander by those lochs; and I look forward to a day, now so near, when I shall no longer feel that soft hand in mine, nor hear that sweet voice mingling with mine with a sinking and deadlet heart.

voice mingling with mine, with a sinking and desolate heart.

"I said, I was glad no mortal eyes were upon us in our merry sports. Why? Not that I find there is anything wrong or silly in this affection for a child, in thus throwing my whole soul into her sports. No, heaven forbid that I should be ashamed of the best part of my nature. Dear Garrison, I know that you will not despise nor ridicule fondness for such pure and innocent communings with childhood. I am not ashamed that these lofty mountains and the bright sun should look down on my sports with this child of nature. Why then should I fear the eyes of my fellow-beings? We were all children once, and should be so still in simplicity, gentleness, and confiding affection, had not human customs and institutions educated our childhood all out of us. Mortal eyes may jeer at such childlike amusements, but I glory in my capacity to join in and enjoy them. I am willing that the eyes of all the issuorials should be on me and my "wee darling in our rambles by dark lochs and over hills of heather, and see our dancing, and hear our song 'round about merry matanza,' for they would see nothing but joyous innocence in them, and would, methinka, sometimes be glad to join us."

Having made these abundant extracts, I will hasten to the memoir itself, being assured that the above glimpses into his beautiful spirit will only have filled the reader with a deeper interest for the subject of it.

In the year 1797, Seth and Miriam Wright, a worthy couple, directly descended on both sides from the Pilgrim Fathers, lived in the state of Connecticut, at the neat and beautiful village of Sharon, which stood on the top of a lofty and sterile chain of hills, whose base was washed by the wild Indian river Housatonuck. These good people, who inherited the religious faith of their ancestors in its unabated severity, valued themselves highly on being the lineal representatives of the character and principles of the New England puritans. The English nobles pride themselves on a descent from the Norman invaders. Not less proud is the American, who traces his line from the staunch and severe Presbyterian exiles, who sought freedom of opinion amid the perils and hardships of a new land.

Miriam Wright was the mother of eleven children, the tenth of whom is our friend. Like the sons of all the settlers in New England, Seth Wright had been brought up to manual labour, and with habits of industry and self-reliance. He was a farmer, and worked on his own land; and besides this he was a joiner or builder of wooden houses, a trade in good estimation, and one of high importance in a scantily populated district, where houses and barns are built only of wood.

Seth Wright, house-joiner and farmer, was a man of substance and reputation, and his wife was in every sense of the word a worthy and true helpmate. Besides enriching the house with eleven children—positive riches these, in young America—she was skilled in all the arts of domestic labour; and beyond the usual domestic endowments, spun and wove the clothing of this numerous family. The sons grew up, and trod in the footsteps of their parents; and the family lived together in plenty, and in true affection, although the rule of the house was somewhat of the severest, the father having inherited, not only the religious opinions,

but the inflexible, severe spirit of his Calvinistic ancestors. The children, from their carliest infancy, were drilled into the doctrines and practices of that particular church; every so-called religious ordination was acrupulously adhered to—prayer, meeting-going, and the observances of fasts, and the sabbath, were made of such vital importance, that the omission of any one became a crime. As in the old sectarian families in Scotland, and the more primitive parts of England, all the marriages, births, and deaths of the family were recorded in this sacred volume; it had its own especial place, from whence it was lifted with the utmost solemnity and reverence. Every morning, and morning and evening on every Sunday, was a chapter read; chapter by chapter, till the whole of the scriptures, without any single omission, was gone through; no word or comment were bestowed upon these family readings, it being believed that such were needless alike to the converted or to the unconverted.

This rigid disciplinarian parent, although naturally of a joyous and cheerful turn of mind, was extremely stern and determined in the government of his children, especially of his sons. He never allowed any familiarity towards himself, nor a laugh nor merriment in his presence, nor were they allowed to address him with any pronoun, but solely by the important and authoritative word father, in which the stern ruler, rather than the tender parent, was understood. He was a strong-built, powerful man, and seen by his young som Henry, with all these attributes of strength and severity about him, attired in regimentals, with a cocked hat on his head, and a drawn sword in his hand, for he served in the Revolutionary war, the boy saw before him the embodied ideal of a warrior. There were, however, other characteristics of the man which failed not to make an equally deep, and certainly a much more beneficial, impression on the mind of the child. The father was strictly and severely just.

At one time there was a great scarcity of corn; the utmost want prevailed through the whole district, and the only man who possessed plenty was Seth Wright. One morning a person came from ten miles' distance to his house to purchase a bushel of corn; it was measured out, and put into the bag. Three dollars, or 12s., the customary price, was handed to him by the man. Seth Wright took it, and then returned 7s., saying that 5s would give him a just remuneration for his labour, and his conscience would not allow him to enrich himself by the distress of his neighbours. The boy Henry was present on this occasion, and deeply felt and admired the disinterested justice of his father; it impressed his mind with a deeper reverence and respect for him than all his religious observances had ever done.

Whilst Henry was yet a little child, his family removed still further west, and into what was then a comparative wilderness. Not a house was in sight of their location, which was a farm of about 160 acres, half of which only were cleared. The nearest neighbour lived at a considerable distance, and all around them, excepting towards the north, they were hemmed in by the dark primeval forest. The house was of wood, and stood upon the banks of a beautiful little stream; to the east was a grove of huge pines, and beyond these lay the unbroken forest, extending up the side of a mountain, a mile high; another mountain equally lofty, at the base of which ran the Otsego creek, hemmed them in on the other side. Nothing could be more secluded, and yet more beautiful. than this new home. The forest contained trees of the most magnificent growth, hemlock, pine, larch, sugar maple, and others peculiar to the native woods. At the distance of some miles lay scattered here and there the dwellings of other settlers, who had made small clearings, and lived in temporary houses of logs. ambition of all settlers is, as soon as possible, to displace the log hut for a framed house; and in these operations

the labours of Seth Wright, and four of his elder sons, who likewise followed the trade of house-joiner, were much in demand. Henry often went with them: he had many friends among the settlers, to say nothing of the delight which he experienced in the wilderness, with

its strange sights and sounds.

At ten miles distance was Cooper's-town, so called from the father of James Fennimore Cooper, who, at the rom the father of James Fennimore Cooper, who, at the close of the Revolutionary war, had come into possession of a vast tract of land in Otsego, and here fixed his residence. The situation of this town, or village as it was in those days, was extremely beautiful. It stood on the shores of the Otsego lake, which is about twelve miles long, and embosomed in mountains, and from the south end of which issues the Susquehannah river. Cooper's-town was the capital of the district, and nothing could equal the delight of Henry when allowed to go there with his father on business; it was the only town he had any knowledge of, and the impression which it made on his mind can never be effaced.

When he was five years old, a great and sorrowful event occurred in the family. It was on a Saturday evening, the father had just returned from a week's absence. All sate at the support table full of health and joy. Suddenly one of the sisters, a woman grown, exclaimed, in a voice of agony, gazing the while on the mother, "Mother, what is the matter?"

"Don't be alarmed. All is well with me!" replied the mother, in a sweet and almost angelic voice.

After that she never spoke, but being laid on her bed, died calmly and beautifully. Henry, whose heart was deeply attached to his mother, stood at the bedside, amazed and appalled at this strange mystery of death. the cried bitterly. The neighbours came for miles round to offer consolation and help to bury her. One neighbour alone remained in the house to take charge of Henry, who was too young to attend the funeral; but though his heart was almost crushed by the sense of his desolation, he brooded over his grief in silence. desolation, he brooded over his grief in silence. There is, however, hardly any affliction that does not bring with it its compensation: this came to the boy in the affection of his grown-up sister, who became to him a second mother; to her he opened his aching heart, and in return received sympathy and consolation. mother was buried in a solitary place at the foot of a cliff, in a grove of beech-trees, and this remained ever after a sacred place, and was often visited by him in after

Before twelve months were over, the stern disciplinarian father brought a second wife into the house, whom Henry was told to call mother. This was a great difficulty to him; it seemed to him a falsehood, for she was a stranger, and not his mother; it was a hard lesson, more especially as she was a woman of a strong, un-broken temper. But again the angel of affliction came companioned by the angel of mercy—the step-mother became the mother of three children, all girls, and these were links of love to the boy, and as sunbeams in his path. The greatest happiness he had was in nursing and playing with these half-sisters; it was joy to come home from school, because they were in his father's house; and his step-mother grew fond of him because he loved her children; so true is it that love, in any form.

begets love.

The three daughters of the first wife, Henry's own sisters, were married away from home, and, in lack of female help, he became the domestic assistant of the step-mother; all the younger boys, indeed, were 'employed more or less in indoor labour; but in spite of Henry's fondness for all kind of active bodily exercise, he found pleasure not only in being the nurse, but in cooking, spinning, weaving, milking, churning, chopping wood, and, in fact, being a help in the truest sense of the word. It never occurred to him that he was doing anything mean or servile, or derogatory to the dignity

of his growing manhood. All he knew was, that as a boy, a son and a brother, he was useful, and every occupation became thus ennobling as well as delightful. No one laughed at him, or looked down upon him, because he performed menial or servile offices: he knew not, indeed, that they were considered so; to him they were services of love and helpfulness, and they could not degrade him.

But his employments were not solely of a domestic kind; he attended, likewise, to the horses; yoked and drove the oxen, fed the cattle, and became so great an adept in their management, that he could always control them, and not only control, but he gained so singular an influence over some of them as almost to approach the miraculous. Morning and night he drove the cows to and from their pastures, and was the little shepherd of the flock which was allowed to wander about in the woods with a leader, wearing a bell; nothing was more delightful to him than to hunt up his scattered flock,

running and shouting, and hearing the echo of his voice

amid the deep forests.
Such a life as this, full of affection, activity, and usefulness, was sure to produce its results in a strongly developed moral and physical being. The boy stood erect before God and man, and feared nothing; and the year, as it went round, brought with it its cheerful and ever-varying occupation. Indoors, or out of doors, the work was never done. Among other things in which Henry prided himself, were moving and reaping; and in these he excelled, and had such delight, that he worked regularly at them with an elder brother, even after he began his studies at College. There is something truly Arcadian in the following passage, which we extract from the manuscript before us, in which our friend speaks

of these pastoral labours :-

"The smell of new hav is more delicious and refreshing to me than the choicest perfumery in the world; and the sight of mowers mowing down a meadow in the dewy morning, and of children tossing the grass; or of reapers reaping down harvest-fields, and binding up the corn, is to me more picturesque and charming than the sight of a gala or coronation day. I love those rural scenes; I know what they are. I have been a part of them myself, and I would rather go and be a part of them again than be a mover in the proudest show of the most sumptuous aristocracy and royalty on earth. I would rather know how to till the earth, and to mow down a meadow, and reap down a harvest-field, than be an adept in all the games and the amusements that ever were invented for the pastime of the wealthy and the idle. Sincerely do I thank my Maker for the desire to work, and for committing me in childhood to those who taught me how to work, and to feed and clothe myself by the labour of my own hands.

One of the pleasant events of this life of nature and labour was the making of maple sugar in the woods. The farm of Seth Wright abounded with the sugar maple, and all the sugar which the family consumed was made by themselves; there is something delightfully rural in the whole business, and we can well understand why Henry took so much pleasure in it. In the early spring, when the sap began to circulate, a place was selected in the woods where a number of fine healthy maple trees grew conveniently for the sugar camp. The trees were tapped, and the sap conducted by little spouts placed in the openings to the troughs; from fifty to a hundred were thus tapped; the sap was carried from the troughs in buckets or pails to some central place and turned into hogsheads, or very large troughs dug out of the trunks of trees like an Indian's canoc. Not far off large kettles were swung on a sort of gallows, and here the sap was boiled over large fires which were kept burning day and night till the whole process was completed, which generally required three or four weeks. A little shed was built near the place of boiling, where the children and persons attending the

sugar-making could rest by day or night.

The sugar camp was a most attractive place to Henry, not only on account of tasting sweet syrup and making candy, but because of the kind of life which was led there. He was often sent to carry provisions from home to the sugar-makers; he was proud of the trust thus confided in him, but, above all things, did he enjoy the spirit of the primeval forests. He loved to wander alone in them by night or by day—he loved to feel the gathering gloom of night settling upon them, and to feel himself shrouded in the blackness of darkness in the woods far from the footsteps of man. He had no terror; he would sit for hours by the fire alone, looking into the impenetrable gloom which seemed to wall him in, thinking of the wild beasts or the wild Indians that lived within those leafy solitudes; or he would look upward through the lofty tree tops to the moon and stars into the dark blue immensity above him, and in that silence and solitude impressions of God, of himself, and his destiny were received into his soul, which were more cheering, exalting, and purifying than any lessons he ever received from any human teacher.

His pleasures, however, were not all of this sublime character; he had great enjoyment in the acquaintance of many of the settlers scattered about, and nothing pleased him more than to hear the old people tell stories of Indian wars and massacres, and of ghosts and witches. At that time the central parts of New York State were still covered by forests, in which lurked the wild beast and the Indian; all the children of the settlers grew up with more or less of hatred towards these unfortunate aborigines. Tales of Indian tomahawks, and scalping-knives, of Indian revenge, long-cherished and terrible, of ambush and tortures, were in the mouths of all the mothers and nurses throughout the

settlement.

In the summer season, companies of Indians of various tribes were constantly seen in that region, hunting in the woods, fishing in the rivers and creeks, or wandering from house to house to sell their baskets and mocassins of deer skin. These Indians had great dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow, and the boys of the settlers learned from them how to make and use them. Henry, although he had heard nothing about them except in connexion with tales of horror and bloodshed, had nevertheless no fear of them in actual life. To him they were always kind and trustworthy; he often also heard them tell of the cruelties, murders, and outrages perpetrated on themselves by the white settlers, and his sympathies were enlisted in their favour. Their warriors were grave and dignified men, and their wild, wandering life, and personal independence, filled his childish soul with a feeling of deep respect.

respect. This, however, was by no means a universal feeling; wild beasts, Indians, and goblins furnished material for the fireside stories of the district. The principal narrator of such stories was an old crone called Aunt Huldah, who lived in a little log but about half a mile from his father's. This old woman was an implicit believer in witches and ghosts, and she perfectly revelled in stories about them. She sat in a low chair with her chin resting on her hands in the true attitude of the Märches Frau, her head shaking with palsy, and her eyes fixed on the huge blazing wood fire which lit up the room, as if she drew her inspiration therefrom. Often would she be telling her stories while the storm was howling without or the cold moon and stars shining in the frosty sky, and as she grew interested in her own relation she grew perfectly eloquent; her eyes became larger and wilder, and her head shook more rapidly. Aunt Huldah's stories were calculated to produce a lasting impression; she told likewise of encounters with wild beasts in dark nights in the depths

of the woods, of hair-breadth escapes in dreary swamps and swollen rivers, of children which had strayed away from home and been lost and starved to death in the woods; and these naturally enough furnished excitement and interest to the boy. Yet, however much they operated on his imagination, they did not deter him from rambling in the forest. He had a large black dog of a fierce and daring character, and in company with this faithful creature he feared neither Indian, wild beast, nor goblin. They two clomb the hills together, and pushed their way through swamps and thickets; and, as might be expected, this daring and independent life produced as beneficial an effect on his character as on his physical frame; he was bold, hardy and resolute, with a strength and activity of body scarcely to be surpassed.

Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" Henry Wright, whilst yet a boy, felt the truth of this, and acted in its spirit. Strong and bold as he was, and great as was the pleasure he took in an encounter with danger and difficulty, his best enjoyment was in the company of his little step-sisters; his affection for them was intense; he wandered with them about the home-fields, gathering for them fruits and flowers. Their soft and gentle natures wound themselves about his very soul, and called forth in him the beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice and love; proving the words of the divine Master to be

true.

School days came. The school was kept in an old log building open to the roof, with two little holes for windows, and a loose floor of unplaned boards which moved at every step. The house stood on the banks of a stream close by a dark grove of hemlock trees; it was very dreary and desolate, and enough to frighten any children out of their wits. But there was no choice; this was the only school of the district, and hither this was the only school of the district, and fitther came all the children from far and near, both boys and girls, to be taught. Many strange things occurred; among the rest it happened one day, to the great astonishment of both master and scholars, that a huge black snake poked his head out of one of the many large holes in the floor, and drawing out his body two or three feet, lay calmly looking around him with his sagacious eyes as if making his observations. As the black snake is harmles, although when irritated he is fierce in his demeanour, he was allowed to make his observations in quietness; from this time he became a constant visitor; he lay coiled up on the floor by his hole with his head erected, and apparently listening with great satisfaction to the hum of the school. He was known amongst the children by the name of the learned snake.

All the school influences were not good. At one time the master was a famous preacher among the Baptists; he was called Elder Woolcot, and was renowned for his faculty in prayer. He prayed in the school, morning and evening, and the parents thought, therefore, that their children must be well taught. Besides praying, he drank, and his whisky bottle stood in a cupboard near his deak. The school-house was small, and the children were all within reach of his long pliable stick, which was of beech, and made hard and tough at the thin end by fire. The description of this sehool and its ruler remind me of Blake's words—

"But to go to school in a summer morn, Oh, it drives all joy away; Under a cruel eye out-worn, The little ones spend the day In sighing and dismay."

It was thus the master prayed in the school. He stood up in the middle of the room holding by his heavy chair. He was a large, strong-built man, with a broad face and small venomous eyes which glared from under shaggy eyebrows; he pushed his spectacles on

the top of his head, and with his eyes open and fixed upon the children, and his terrible rod, which had been steeped in fire, brandished in his hand, he began his prayer by telling God what depraved little beings they were that atood trembling all around him, and how they had more pleasure in wickedness than in goodness, and all the while his eyes were fixed on them with a drunken ferocity, and if any one happened to move or look askance, down came the long rod upon his devoted shoulders, and he would pray all the more vehemently that such hardened hearts might be converted.

Henry's father, who, as I have said, was himself a stern man, would never listen to complaints from his children about their treatment at school; in the schoolhouse the teachers were the masters, and he whipped his children for complaining of ill-treatment at the master's hands. This kept Henry silent under all his sufferings; but his sufferings made not the less impression, and the master's cruelties, under the guise of religion, disgusted him with this sacred sentiment even in

good men.

Like the family of Hutchinson, the family of the Wrights were singularly musical. Of the twelve children who grew up to man's and woman's estate, there was but one who could not sing, and most of them

played on various instruments.

The father himself was a fine singer, and had a powerful bass voice; the instruments played upon in the family were the flute, the bugle, the hautboy, the clarionet, the baseoon, the kettle-drum, and the violoncello. These family concerts, as may be imagined, were of the most delightful character.

At eight years old Henry attended a singing school, and was remarkable for his beautiful voice, and the ease and rapidity with which he could read music; his voice was a clear contraito, and he very early learned to play on the flute; at the age of thirteen he frequently accompanied his elder brothers to play in the military band, on parade days, for which he alone received two dollars

a-day.

At this time the wars of Napoleon were convulsing Europe, and exciting a world-wide attention. father was a Federalist, and sided with England against the conqueror; the elder brother, who had the management of the farm while the father was from home on his house-building expeditions, was a determined De-mocrat, and upheld Napoleon in all his usurpations and overturnings. When they were together many warm debates took place on these subjects, and Henry, who had from his earliest childhood a martial tendency, sided with his brother and triumphed in the victories of Napoleon and the overthrow of the old dynasties. The daring energy of the conqueror fired the heart of the boy, and in idea he too was a warrior, leading on his army to battle and victory. Historics of war and conquest were then the aliment of his mind. He was intensely interested in the contests between the Indians and his Puritan forefathers, as well as in the events of the revolutionary war which severed America from the mother country; for this reason it was perhaps that he enjoyed so greatly the pomp and show of those parade days, when, with his fife to his mouth, he took his stand by his brother's side, and blew forth the martial airs which had so infinite a charm for him.

Whilst I am speaking of Henry Wright's boyish love of martial glory, and his great admiration of Napoleon, I may mention the singularly striking resemblance there is in the outline of the head, and particularly in the formation and expression of the lower part of the face, to the busts and portraits of Napoleon. So striking indeed is this resemblance, as to have excited general attention on the continent, and among military men, to whom Napoleon's living countenance had been familiar.

(To be continued.)

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

XI. - DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON FOOD.

(Continued from p. 58.)

As in Plants, so in Animals, the development of the bodily structure is the first or original source of the demand for Food. From a germ, too minute to be seen without a microscope, is to grow up the gigantic Elephant or the mighty Whale; and for this growth various materials are required, which the Food must supply, or the process must cease. The demand for Food hence created is nowhere more remarkable than in the class of Insects; in which the young animal, when it comes forth from the egg, is less advanced in its development, and is of smaller bulk in proportion to its adult size, than the young of most other animals with which we are familiar, at the time of their coming into the world. The larva or caterpillar of the common Silk-worm weighs, when hatched, about 1-100th of a grain; but when the caterpillar is full grown, it weighs about 95 grains, or 9,500 times its original weight. The increase is yet greater in other caterpillars, as that of the Goat-Moth, which weighs, when full grown, no less than 72,000 times as much as when it crept out of The bodily fabric is thus constructed at the the egg. expense of the nutritive materials supplied by the leaves upon which these caterpillars feed; and as these materials form but a small part of the entire substance of the leaves—far more being rejected by the caterpillar as indigestible, than that which is retained within its body as aliment-it is obvious that the voracity of these Insect larvæ, when they are developed in large numbers, must have a very important influence upon vegetation. recognize their wholesome control in the restraints they impose on the multiplication of some of our rankest weeds. The Nettle, which scarcely any beast will touch, supports fifty different species of Insects; but for which check it would speedily annihilate all the plants in its neighbourhood. And those larves which feed upon decaying animal matter are no less useful as scavengers, in removing that which would otherwise become increasingly offensive and injurious. It is a common idea that the appearance of "maggots" in meat, cheese, etc., is the cause of the taint which is always found when they present themselves; but it is just the contrary, for the odour caused by the commencing decay is that which guides the parent-insect to the deposition of its eggs in situations where its offspring will find congenial nourishment, and where they will exert a beneficial influence, by re-converting into living structure much that would otherwise pass into utter decay, and by thus diminishing, if not entirely checking, the noxious effluvia that would be given off during the process. That this is the true account of the cause of the appearance of maggots in tainted meat, etc., we have a curious proof, in the fact that the Flesh-fly has been known to lay its eggs in the fleshy petals of the Stapelia, or carrion-flower, which has a similar disagreeable odour, although the vegetable substance is not adapted for their nourishment. The voracity of these larvæ is enormous; and the rapidity of their growth and complete development most wonderful. They have been found to increase in weight as much as two hundred times in the course of a single day; and a few days are sufficient for them to go through all their stages of growth and transformation, and to produce another generation. Hence Linnseus made the assertion, which (however strange it may at first sight appear) is based on actual observation and calculation, that three Flesh-flies and their immediate progeny (each female giving birth to at least 20,000 young)

would devour the carcase of a dead horse with greater celerity than a Lion could accomplish the same feat.

These destructive propensities of the larvæ of Insects, however, are not always restrained within such limits as to be useful to Man. Some of the most common and destructive pests to the farmer are the larvee of the Cockehafer and of the Elater or Skip-jack Beetle (which last is known in its imperfect state as the Wire-worm); these live entirely beneath the ground, and devour the roots of corn, grass, etc.; and they are especially disposed to multiply, when the Rooks and other birds, by which they are naturally kept in check, are foolishly destroyed by the farmer. Of the destruction caused by the voracious operations of other larvæ above ground, no instances that have occurred in this country have been more remarkable than the loss of almost their entire turnip crop, which the farmers in some parts of England (especially in the southern and eastern counties) suffered a few years ago. The parent-insects were seen buzzing over the fields, and depositing their eggs on the plants, which they do not themselves use as food; and in a few days all the soft portions of the leaves were destroyed, and nothing was seen over entire fields of what had been previously a luxuriant vegetation, but the withered and blackened stalks, like skeletons on a battle-field, marking the extent of the devastation.

In most of these cases of extremely rapid growth, the necessity for food is so constant, that death takes place if it be withheld for even a single day; and the same is observable, though to a less extent, in all young animals, which show a closer dependence upon a regular supply of aliment, than is manifested by adults of the same species. Hence, if children and adults be shut up altogether, and be deprived of food, the youngest will usually perish first. The Italian poet Dante has given a terrible picture of such an occurrence, in his account of the imprisonment of Ugolino and his

children.

But we do not usually find that in Animals, as in Plants, the greater proportion of the food taken in during the period of growth becomes permanently incorporated with the bodily fabric; so that the same materials continue to form part of it from its first development to its final decay. Were this the case, a very much smaller portion of food would be required by the growing Animal, than we find to be really necessary. Thus, a child who requires a pound of solid food per day, or 365 pounds in a year, may not increase in weight during that time more than 10 pounds; so that the proportion of that food which has been actually retained in his body, and which has contributed to its development, is really quite trifling when compared to the whole. What, then, are the sources of demand for the large remainder? And what are the sources of demand in the adult Animal, which, although it has attained its full bulk (instead of continuing to increase without limit, like the tree), still requires nearly the same supply? In answering these questions, we shall have to refer to explanations which have been already given; and to avoid needless repetition, the general facts only will be here recapitulated.

In the first place, then, a continual decay is taking place in the fabric of Animals, as a necessary consequence of its peculiar chemical composition. This decay is more rapid in the softer tissues than in the harder, and at high temperatures than at low (vol. i. p. 297). The products of this decay are carried off in great part by the process of respiration, and in part by other channels of excretion: but to repair its effects, a fresh supply of food will be required; and the demand thus created will of course be proportional to the amount of Animal tissue which needs replacement. Hence, in the cold-blooded Animal, the temperature of whose body is dependent upon that of the surrounding air or water, the demand for food originating in this source will vary

with the temperature; and thus we find that Frogs, Snakes, etc., which take a large amount of food during the summer, can endure a long abstinence from it in the spring and autumn, and pass the whole period of their torpidity without needing any fresh supply-even though that torpidity be prolonged (as it has been, for the sake of experiment, by the artificial cold of an ice-house) for years instead of months. And when certain warmblooded Animals pass for a time into the condition of cold-blooded, as in hybernation, - the temperature of their bodies being no longer maintained at a high fixed standard, but sinking with the air even nearly to the freezing point,—we find that they can endure a similar deprivation of food (vol. i. p. 159). Hence, the renovation of those parts of the Animal fabric that are subject, from their peculiar constitution, to continual decay, is a source of demand for food, which, in Man and other warm-blooded Animals that do not hybernate, is constant in all states of the system. The union of Nitrogen with Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Carbon, in most of the Animal tissues, gives them a much greater tendency to decay than that which exists in most of the Vegetable structures; for it is a general fact in Chemistry, that substances into which Nitrogen largely enters are peculiarly unstable in their character, or liable to have their composition changed by slight causes. And we find, moreover, that a very large proportion of the Animal fabric is made up of soft tissues, which, on account of the large quantity of water they contain, are much more liable to decay than the denser and drier parts of the fabric. The bones, the hair, and the nails, are the most durable parts of the human body; and these form but a small part of it, when comp red with the mass of softer substances which the bones protect, or with which they are enclosed. In the Tree, on the other hand, the soft tissues of the leaves and flowers constitute but a very small part of the entire mass; the greatest part being composed of the woody structure, which, when placed in circumstances not unfavourable to its pre-servation, is among the most durable of all organized substances. Hence we see why this continual decay should be a much more important source of the demand for food in the Animal than it is in the Plant; the composition of the Animal tissues rendering them more prone to it; and the larger proportion of soft tissues in their fabric giving increased activity to the

But, secondly, there are two parts of the Animal fabric, constituting in the higher animals a very considerable proportion of the whole, which are subject to a decay that is proportional to the use that is made of them; these are, the Muscular flesh, and the substance of the Nerves. There is strong reason to believe, as of the Nerves. There is strong reason to believe, as already stated (vol. i. p. 298), that every operation of the Animal powers of sensation, thought, emotion, reason, will, etc., involves the death and decay of a certain amount of the Nervous tissue; and that every exertion of mechanical force, however trifling in degree, involves a like change in the substance of the Muscles. Hence we find that the demand for Food bears a close relation to the activity of these Animal functions; so that a diet which would be superfluous and injurious to an individual of inert bodily and mental habits, is suitable and beneficial to one who is leading a life of con-tinual exertion; and this difference manifests itself in the wants of the same individual who makes a change in his habits,—the indolent man acquiring an appetite by vigorous exertion, and the active man losing his disposition to hearty feeding by any cause that keeps him from his accustomed exercise. We see precisely the same contrast between Animals of different tribes, whose natural instincts lead them to different kinds of life. The Birds of most active flight, and the Mammals which are obliged to put forth the greatest efforts to obtain their food, need the largest and most constant

supplies of nutriment; but even the least active of these classes stand in remarkable contrast with the inert. Reptiles, whose slow and feeble movements are attended with so little waste, that they can sustain life for weeks and even months, with little or no diminution of their usual activity, without a fresh supply of food. In the state of hybernation, however, the torpidity of the former is almost as profound as that of the latter; and the nearly complete suspension of all the operations of the Nervous and Muscular systems together, under the influence of the winter cold, occasions a corresponding suspension in the decay of their substance, and consequently in the demand for food arising from that cause.

For the renovation of those parts of the body, then, which have suffered from decay, whether that decay be the simple and necessary result of the action of Oxygen on organized substances in general, or whether it be the consequence of the peculiar changes taking place in the Nervous and Muscular systems as a condition of their activity, a continual new development of tissue must take place; and this is effected by processes of the same kind as those which are concerned in the first buildingup of the fabric. Hence, however strange the statement may appear, the growth of the body never ceases, although its increase has a limit; for, during the whole period of life, a continued growth or new production must take place to compensate for the continual decay. In youth the growth is more active than the decay; and the bulk of the body increases up to a certain point.
When this limit has been attained, the adult fabric having been developed, the processes of growth and decay remain for a time nearly balanced; so that little increase or decrease takes place for a long period. As years advance, however, the waste or decay of the body goes on more rapidly than its renovation; and the fabric gradually loses its once fair proportions, and shrinks into the attenuated and decrepid form of extreme old

Now, in the growth of the Animal fabric, an immense number of operations are involved, some of which we may hereafter trace; but it is a fact as general in the Animal as we have seen it to be in the Vegetable kingdom, that, the more rapid the process of growth, the shorter is the duration of the fabric produced by it; and that the construction of the more permanent and elaborate parts is effected through the agency of others of simpler and more transitory character. The decay and fall of the leaves, which have been the instruments of obtaining and preparing the materials for the growth of the stem and branches, is the type of many similar changes that are continually taking place in the Animal body, for the same purpose; the internal parts, which are concerned in the preparation of the new matter obtained from the food and in the conversion of them into living tissues, being in a state of change so constant as to present to us almost daily (if we could scrutinize all that is taking place within us) the very same phenomena, as we see upon a larger scale and occupying a longer period of time, in the shedding and renewal of the leaves of a vast forest. The active exercise of the Animal functions, involving as it does a greater activity of the Vegetative or nutritive opera-tions, thus creates another source of demand for food; since the very machinery (so to speak) which is concerned in its preparation and conversion into the Animal fabric, is itself requiring continual renovation according to the use made of it.

But there is another most important cause of demand for food amongst the higher Animals, which is totally distinct from the preceding, and which does not exist either amongst the lower Animals, or in the Vegetable kingdom. We have seen (vol. i. p. 159) that Mammals and Birds, and we may add, to a certain extent, Insects also, are able to sustain the heat of their bodies at a fixed standard, and thus to be independent of

variations in external temperature. We have further seen that they are enabled to do this by a process We have further strictly analogous to the ordinary combustion of fuel; the Carbon and Hydrogen which has been supplied by their food, or which has been set free from their own bodies after having been employed for a time in the composition of the living tissues, being made to unite with the Oxygen introduced by the respiratory process, and thus giving off the same heat as if the same materials were consumed in a furnace (vol. i. p. 199). And it has been further shown, that the immediate cause of death in a warm-blooded Animal from which food has been entirely withheld, is the inability any longer to sustain the temperature which is requisite for the performance of its vital operations (p. 200). Hence we see the necessity for a constant supply of aliment in the case of warm-blooded Animals, for this purpose alone; and the demand will be chiefly regulated by the external temperature. When the heat is rapidly carried off from the surface by the chilling influence of the surrounding air, a much greater amount of Carbon and Hydrogen must be consumed within the body, to maintain its proper heat, than when the air is nearly as warm as the body itself; so that a diet which is appropriate to the former circumstances is superfluous and injurious in the latter; and the food which is amply sufficient in a warm climate, is utterly destitute of power to enable the body to resist the influence of severe cold. This is a fact continually experienced; both in the ordinary alternations of our own summer and winter; and, still more remarkably, when the same individual is subjected to the extremes of heat and cold, in successively visiting the tropical and frigid zones.

Thus we find that, in the Animal body, food is ordinarily required for five different purposes. First, for the original construction or building up of the fabric. Second, for the renovation of that which is lost by its continual decay, even when in state of repose. Third, for the replacement of the Nervous and Muscular substances, which are used up in every exertion of the peculiar Animal powers. Fourth, for the frequent renewal of the parts concerned in the reception of the food, and in its application to the purposes just named. And Fifth, for the supply of the materials of the heat-producing process, by which the temperature of the body is kept up. For the first four of these, the same kind of aliment is required; that, namely, which corresponds in its chemical nature with the substance of the body itself; and this we shall call tissue food. But for the last, the preferable materials are substances containing no Nitrogen, but a large proportion of Carbon and Hydrogen; and these may be distinguished as combustion food. It will be shown in our next paper, of what fundamental importance this distinction is; the true economy of food being dependent upon the proper adjustment of these two kinds respectively to the wants of the bodily system.

These wants are made known to us by the sensation

of hunger, which prompts us to take measures to satisfy them. Though we are accustomed to refer this sensation to the stomach, yet there is good reason to believe that it is not so much connected with the empty state of that cavity, as with the demand for nourishment existing in the body generally. Thus it has been found that the attempt to allay its pangs, when food has not been obtainable, by filling the stomach with substances not capable of affording nourishment, is only successful for a time; the feeling soon returning with increased violence, and continuing until the wants of the system are supplied. It is extremely important to bear in mind this fact; because the disregard of it is one of the most common causes of that injury, which a large proportion of those who live in plenty are continually doing to themselves, by taking into the stomach much more than the system requires. The quantity of food

which is really necessary for the wants of the body, is less than that which, when hastily eaten, is required to satisfy the appetite; for it is only when the digestive process has commenced, that the system feels that its wants are being supplied; and the old precept of "leaving off with an appetite" has, therefore, like many other wise old saws, a good philosophical foundation.

THE SQUIRES LAMENT.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

THESE times—let knaves and radicals delight in them—I sing The good old times—the golden days when George the Third

was king;
When change was never talked about, except by Whigs for place;
When not a radical dared show 'mongst gentlemen his face;
When " our glorious constitution" was not a butt for wit,
But was toasted without asking what it was with "Pilot" Pitt.
To see how Tories ruled the roast was then a happy sight,
Then gentlemen were sure of place, and everything was right;
But place or pension, now, alsa! we're sure of no such thing,
As we were in the good old times, when George the Third was
king.

When demagogues then preached reform and all their horrid

To call them thieves and Jacobins was answer held enough; No honest country gentleman had need to task in vain, For arguments that wouldn't come to prove them wrong, his

Drain;
Oh those were blessed times—the jail, the pillory, the fine,
Proved Bishops all as pure as Paul—the Tory rule divine;
No Times with awful leaders then our party thundered down,
No Punch then made us week by week the laugh of every clown;
Ah, fools of title now from all no old respect can wring!
Ah, good old times, it was not so when George the Third was
king!

What does one gain by talking now of altar and of king?
If one now cry "No Popery!" alsa, what will it bring?
Ah, Protestant and placeman still in those good times were one,
And he who deepest damned the Pope the best promotion won!
Fierce bigot hate in those good times met favour, not disgrace,
Dissent was then a blessed bar across the path to place;
It's almost now enough to make a man his Church forswear,
To see how Papists gain the loaves and fishes everywhere—
To see them get what we so want, a Churchman's heart must
wring—

Ah, Popery and want were one when George the Third was king!

Alas! alas! for titled fools where is the old respect?

Now knaves, alas! however high, no reverence must expect;

Coats-of-arms are at a discount, and Norman blood's the scorn

Of men who work—low men, who but to drudge for us were

Instead of being bowed to as the porcelain of earth,
One now is forced at least to show some mind and moral worth;
Mechanics' Institutions are up in every town,
On hustings and at veatries mere tradesmen talk us down;
Ah, we'd no need of character, and sense, and all that thing,
When Tory votes and rank were all—when George the Third
was king!

And still as year goes after year, we're shouldered to the wall,
Till searce a single good abuse we nowour own can call;
Emancipated Catholis—the Test Acts all laid low—
Our snug old pocket Boroughs all struck from us at a blow;
And last and worst—ah, worst of all!—the blessed Corn Laws,
meant

To swell from others' earnings our rent-rolls, from us rent; And pensions too, and sinecures, their fate will be the same, And men they won't allow us long to rate below our game; Ah, poachers by the thousand we sent to jail, nor heard A word about their ruin, in the days of George the Third!

The devil take immortal Boz, and Jerrold too to boot, Who make us think the poorest man a brother, not a brute—A plague on Colonel Thompsons, on Cobdens and on Brights, Ou Foxes and on Elliotts, who prate of poor men's rights; Your Howitts and your Martineaus—a pest on all, I say, Who preach to rank its duties in their unpleasant way;

Alas! alas! the Quarterly, and Croker, and abuse,
That put such down in good old times are now of little use;
And good will on, in spite of us, and mind, and all that thing—
Ah, good old times, it was not so when George the Third was
king!

A WEEK ON THE RIVERS OF NORFOLK.

PART THE SECOND.

THE sands hereabouts are exceedingly dangerous. Some of them are doubtless of very ancient elevation. The Hasborough sand, north of Yarmouth, shows its former elevation above the level of the ocean by the number of the grinders of elephants found there during the last century. Yet with this strong tidal influence in the amassment of vast deposits of sand, the encroachment of the sea is visible along the full extent of the coast. Years before geology had become a science, and men merely wondered and surmised where they now investigate and ratiocinate, many of the then scientific conjectured that Britain had not always been insular, but had formed a north-western portion of Europe. Verstegan, who published his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," in Holland, at about the close of the sixteenth century, mentions the fact as one of certainty; as if some light of modern geological science had already shone upon studies of the learned. An eminent geologist and antiquarian, the late Mr. Woodward, was of opinion, that in an early geological age Britain was joined to the continent, and that in the part now covered by the German Ocean, lying between Norfolk and Holland, there existed extensive fresh water lakes sur-rounded by vast forests, the trunks of whose trees are to this day found embedded in the alluvial soil, particularly on the sea-coast about Brancaster; and that these forests were inhabited by herds of deer and oxen is apparent from the bones and horns found in their stratum.
"These remains," he further says, in his Synoptical
Table of British Organic Remains, "of the submarine forests of our eastern coast are found in the greatest perfection on the beach at Palling in Norfolk; these are bouldered fragments strongly impregnated with the oxyde of iron, the pores and fibres remaining perfect. That this county is situated on the great chalk formation which is the substratum of all Europe is evident, whilst we can further see that this extensive marine deposit, emerging from the waters of the ocean, became inhabited by herds of elephants, together with the mastadon, hippopotamus, and other tenants of the forest. It seems this chalk was subsequently disrupted, separating this country from the continent, at the same time forming the valleys of East Norfolk and the drainage of the county. From the number of grinders of elephants found on the oyster bed of Hasborough, we are warranted in concluding that upwards of five hundred animals were deposited in that limited space. This bank was discovered in 1820, and during the first twelve months many hundred specimen of the molar teeth of elephants were destroyed by the fishermen, who were amused by breaking them; their wonder being excited by the grinders separating into laminse. Off the Knole sand was dredged up, some years ago, the finest tusk of an elephant that this country has produced; it measured nine feet and a half along its curvature, and weighed ninety-seven pounds."

It was a lovely morning, and the sea unusually calm for a coast against which, even in slight gales, the ocean beats with iron waves. Clearing the passage between the Holm and Barnard Sands, we passed the spot of one of Van Tromp's disastrous defeats during the Civil Wars. The villages that stand at intervals along the low cliffs of Suffolk were once situated far inland. One that, some centuries ago, possessed a weekly market, contains now only two houses, and the whole parish of but an acre or so of land. The village of Cove Alcs, pointed out by the pilot, was once a considerable fishing town. possessing a most magnificent church, the ruins of which yet attest its former grandeur. It was the birthplace of John Bale, the celebrated Carmelite friar, and author, amongst other works, of "Illustres Majoris By mid-day we lay to off Dunwich; our jolly-boat, as it went in to shore, sweeping over the foundations of the engulphed city. At this place the encroschments of the sea are seen in their wonderful extent; for now a mean village of about forty houses, and a few ruins, are all that is spared of a royal city. the city of Saxon kings and prelates, and the early bishops' see of Angles, possessing a mint and royal chace. The latter is now entirely covered by the ocean, though remnants of its gigantic oaks are thrown upon shore after a storm. It extended about seven miles out into the present sea; church after church has been swept away, and the graveyards tumbling downwards and exposing the relics of the dead. About 1677 the sea reached the market place, suddenly overwhelming that and the great church, since which time the engulph-ment has gone on piecemeal. The few remaining houses stand upon a cliff of some height, though of so friable and loose a soil as to be pervious to land springs, and no protection against the actions of the tides. Land springs are the great destroying agent of these eastern shores; week by week the cliffs round Cromer in Norfolk are undermined and swept away; and it is not improbable that in another seventy years, or less, the great eastern valleys of Norfolk will be once more filled by the ocean tides. It is almost a matter of absolute certainty, unless art can raise some barrier of defence.

After we had rambled about the ruins of Dunwich, and seen the relics of the last of its splendid churches, we returned on board to dinner, after which the anchor was heaved, and the sails set to the north. We passed some few cobles going out to the fishing stations. They are chiefly manned by a half-agricultural population, who after the fishing season draw their boats on shore, and turn to the business of the spade or plough. In a great agricultural county like Norfolk, the times of wheat sowing and marsh drainage are those that require the full strength of the population. Till the Reformation the fisheries of Britain gave employment to a great portion of its people, and looking at the decayed villages and towns along its whole extent of sea-coast, one would be led to believe in a decrease of population. But the staple food of a Catholic people was fish; to procure this in sufficient quantities necessarily employed large bodies of men, who by reason of their importance were bound together, by peculiar privileges, into guilds and corporate bodies. Scarcely a monastery or abbey but had its fishing-house upon the nearest coast; or else traded largely with these privileged and, often, wealthy companies.

We passed Lowestoft, with its pretty hanging gardens on the ness towards the sea; next Yarmouth, and just as the moon had risen to its full the anchor was cast off Caister beech. The coast here is as unbroken as the opposite shores of Holland. On the side nearest the sea it is covered with little heaving patches of forze; whilst inland it offers a great extent of marshes, that in winter is mostly overflowed. Though there was little of the picturesque in sand banks, and scanty vegetation,—for even the few trees spread their branches inland,—we landed upon Caister beach not only with curiosity, but interest. This Caister (Castrum), as its name bespeaks, was a Roman station, and supposed summer camp to that of Burgh on the opposite shore of this northern branch of the estuary of the Gariensis.

remains of walls are on record, though Roman implements and urns have been found at different periods. But Caister owes its memorable associations to Sir John Fastolf, the owner and builder of its castle, and the pro-totype from whence Shakspeare is said to have drawn his famous Sir John. Some of the early editors of Shakspeare affirm that the original name was Oldcastle, but changed into Fastaff at the suggestion of Queen Elizabeth. As far as books may be evidence, there seem few points of similarity between the original and copy; yet possibly minute peculiarities in the character of the real Sir John may have been matter of verbal tradition in the time of Shakspeare, though lost to the next age. The real Sir John fought at Agincourt with memorable bravery, was seneschal of Normandy under the Duke of Bedford, and led the celebrated battle of the "Herrings;" still he did fly from the field of Pataie amidst the panic of the whole English army in their superstitious dread of the supposed spiritual prowess of Joan of Arc. In this, at least, was some foundation for the poet's witty satire in the fourth act of Henry the Sixth, and even the matter of the sack may not have been wholly imaginary, even when allowance is made for an author's exaggeration.

For his share in the disasters of this battle, Fastolf was deprived of the garter; but his character for courage and ability was so well established that it was soon restored, and he was preferred to various posts of honour and command. After governing Normandy for about four years, he made his final return home in about 1440, when he was near sixty years of age, and spent the remainder of his life at this castle, which it

had been his pride to erect and adorn.

We walked onward to the ruins which stand about a mile and a quarter from the sea, on a slight elevation of soil. In its original state it was a building of much magnificence, with two courts and an inner and an outer most; but more than four hundred years had passed since its erection, and for full half that time it had not only been allowed to fall into gradual decay, but to afford building materials for the hall and cottage. A long list of its apartments is preserved in Sir John's Inventory in the 21st volume of the Archeologia, but we now looked in vain for any vestiges of them. tower of considerable height was still partially entire, and the various floors into which it was divided were yet to be distinguished by the intersecting beams; an ancient flagstaff mouldered in the winds, though the banner of Agincourt or the bearings of the Fastolfs no longer waved upon its summit. The inner most was still entire; but all traces of pleasaunce or garden were

utterly gone.
Sir John died immensely rich, and the extraordinary inventory of his moveable wealth is, as I have said, preserved. In it are mentioned "consecrated candellstikkes allegilt," a pix and cross, a ewer and chalice, "likewise allegilt." Besides the plate in his house in Bermondsey and the Abbey of St. Bennet's at Holme, this at Caister alone, without mentioning gold plate, weighed 13,400 ounces. Amongst the articles was a saltcellar "like a Bastell (Bastile) allegilt with rosys," weighing seventy-seven ounces; a spice plate "welle gilt," of one hundred and ten ounces, a flagon weighing three hundred and sixty-eight ounces, which when filled according to the measure of Sir John's hospitality, might have made a draught for one of those Scandinavian heroes supposed to quaff mead in the Valhalla of the gods. There were a hundred and eleven other drinking vessels of silver; two hundred and fifty-one silver dishes and platters; and more curious than all, a gigantic toasting fork of silver thus noted, "Item, 1 Roste Iren with 7 staves, and 1 foldyng stele of silver weing" seventy-three ounces. Next is an account of the this northern branch of the estuary of the Gariensis. wardrobe Of its "canvass, fine linen, and clothis of It was probably merely an earthwork (Astiva), as no divers sortes." "It would appear," says Mr. Amyot,

"from the abundance of the material given under this head, that it was the practice in houses remote from the metropolis, to hoard up large stores of such articles in The furniture of all classes is next readiness for use." described in the order of the respective rooms in which it was arranged. In the steward's room I find "three grete brasse pottys of Frenche fascion," and other articles. It is evident that French fashions and many of the luxuries which are now prevalent, were then equally prized. Not only are feather beds found in most of the chambers, even down to the porter's, but pillows of down and lavender appear in all the principal rooms, except that occupied by Sir John. The old warrior himself, however, did not disdain to repose on a feather bed covered with blankets of fustian, and his cook slept under a coverlet of "roses and blood hounds' heads."

There is, however, an entire absence of books, except three religious missals, and a Martyrology in the chapel. This is the more strange as Sir John had for his friend and secretary William of Worcester, whose studies he encouraged, and who is known to have searched for Norman and French chronicles with all the passion of a modern bibliomaniac. Though printing was not introduced into England till some few years later, one might have expected to find, if not the Roman classics, at least, manuscripts of the popular English poetry of the day, as that of Chaucer and Gower; but as we have notice of two books, in the Paston Letters, given by Sir John to his secretary, there is some probability that there were others, though removed from Caister at the death of Sir John and before the taking of the inventory. Though Fastolf was twice married, he died childless in 1459, and his great wealth caused a lengthened litigation amongst the parties claiming heirship. He was a great benefactor to both universities, particularly to Magdalen College, Oxford, to which, amongst other wealth, he left the "Boar's Head" in Southwark. It was the deep winter season when Sir John died, and he was buried in the Abbey of St. Bennet's in the Holm, fifteen miles from this manor of Caister. causeway was the only road across the flooded and desolate marshes that lay between his old house and his lengthened train of priests, kinsmen, soldiers, and retainers, bending to the keen ocean blast and bearing on the body of a hero of Agincourt, not to be immortalized by his valour or good deeds, but by the satire of a great poet yet unborn, and in one of the most de-lightful and witty characters of the comic stage.

The pig-sties, cart-sheds, and dove-cotes of a modern farm, now nestle in the wide fire-places and chapel windows. At this hour they were partly hidden by the deep shadows of the walls; and where the illusive beauty of the moonlight fell, there age and mouldering decay seemed stripped of half its desolution. From the summit of the old avenue we gave one last look, and bidding farewell to my friend, whose jolly-boat waited for him on the shore, I hastened to my shelter for that night at an homestead in the marshes of the Bure.

My solitary way was long, so that it was late before I arrived; but there awaited the hospitable welcome of a substantial supper that soon smoked on pewter as bright as silver. The kitchen in which my host received me —for the place was too primitive to have a parlour—formed the very beau-ideal of such ancient halls and butteries as we see in prints representing the granges of the middle ages. Its vast old stone fire-place, its rude carved oaken settles on either side, its timber roof, its flagged, yet exquisitely clean floor, its piles of pewter ranged on skeleton-dressers, its high backed chairs three centuries old, were all in keeping. My host, bhough old, was exceedingly intelligent, and had adopted most of the improvements in agriculture. "Look out," he said, "from your window in the morning, and see my herd of two hundred Galloways, up to their knees in

grass and clover, and remember that the whole was a swamp thirty years ago, producing only a few boat-loads of reeds for thatching, or litter, and that will show you what drainage and top dressing can do."

Of my chamber of that night I might have said with Tennyson,

" Dear room, the apple of my sight, There is no room so exquisite;"

for it had white walls, white bed, white chairs, white floor, with a great jar of lavender on the window-sill, with the window itself half imbedded in a luxuriant vine, through which came resolutely in the next morning the gladness of as bright a sun as ever shone on earth. It was yet early when my host tapped at my door, and after a ramble with him amidst his favourite herd, we passed into the garden full of old country flowers and herbs, and, more delightful still, into his old monkish apple orchard, the mossed trees bending under their load of beefin apples, which are considered such a luxury when dried with care. This is an apple that appears peculiar to the light sandy soil of Norfolk, though of that kind now becoming very rare, yet still found in the vicinity of conventual buildings. It is evidently a relic of the "monks' apples," and though elsewhere the shrivelled pip shows signs of degeneracy, the dark red and green of this peculiar autumn apple is still here-abouts the pride of many a homestead orchard. After breakfast and the despatch of a farm labourer to the boat with a store of good things, my host proposed to accompany me, and led the way, through the feathery alders that fenced in the homestead, to the marsh. We were often knee deep in the grass, the whole marsh stretching before us like a green sea, and the wild convolvulus garlanding the moist banks and bending with its weight of blossom. At last the white sails of the cutter came in sight, as they feathered up the tall spars against the blue skies. After good bye with my host we crept a few miles lazily up the Bure that sunny afternoon, the south wind lightly filling the sails, and lengthening out the ripple at the bows. Except a passing wherry or a herdsman on the marsh, nothing disturbed the intense stillness of the scene; and the beautiful champaign land that shuts in this valley seemed to close around and hide me from the living world. We lay to before sunset, to pitch the tent upon the green shore of a little bight partly fenced in with reeds. Whilst Jemmy prepared the evening meal, and stewed a fowl with a few of the mushrooms that in this place absolutely whitened the more elevated banks of the river, I baited the night lines for eel fishing. There are vast quantities of fish in these deep streams and during the middle ages many mills and marshland homesteads were held of the monasteries by the feerent of so many eels annually.

On the morrow about noon we reached the site of the celebrated abbey of St. Bennet's at Holm, the bishop of Norwich still holding his right as a spiritual lord in Parliament by the title of its mitred lord abbot. The only portion of the ruins now left is a part of the beautiful gateway now converted into a draining mill. Like Croyland it was fenced in by desolate marshes, crossed by causeways now nearly obliterated; and the walls, strongly fortified, dipped to the estuary and encircled the holy precincts of the island. I could just trace the probable boundary of the outer walls; but not one stone is left upon another of the chapel where finally rested Sir John Fastolf. There was food enough here for the most excursive imagination. This place populous in a des rt; its trains of monks and soldiers, its embassies from kings and commons, its abbots lords of whole counties, its serfs and feoffs, its chapels and its shrine, its noble scriptorium, its world care and secular ambition, passed as a dream; and a wayf rev stood as humbly on the scattered ashes of the world's pomp and diligence, as once did those poor and persecuted Saxon Christians, who here on this "holy isle," already holy from Scandinavian myth, raised their humble sheiling where had fallen the blood from the altars of Thor and Odin.

In the afternoon the sails were set for Wroxham Broad. Our boat was brought to in a pretty cove, the anchor thrown over, the sails furled, the yards, that stretched their enormous shadows, lengthened out almost across the Broad by a ray of the setting sun, were hauled down and stowed away, and the fire lighted for the teakettle. Whilst we were at tea, several friends whose boats were on the Broad came to talk over the water frolic of the morrow. I was up so early next morning that, when I got outside, the Broad lay enveloped in a dense mist, so thick as to be quite impervious to sight, and hiding the twenty or thirty boats anchored upon the lake. Some rain had fallen, and the sails were drenched. Whilst Jemmy and the boy shook them out and placed things in order, I got into the jolly-boat and sculled to the end of the Broad into the river, and tying the boat to an alder jumped on shore. I climbed the heights of Hoveton and turned to look upon the Broad, river, and valley that lay be-neath shrouded in mist. Not a sound of life stole up from below; not a breath of air stirred the foliage. There was a sublimity in the misty repose of nature which was heightened, rather than disturbed, by an occasional rook flitting across like some grey shade startled at the approach of dawn. Even as I looked the sun upsprung from the clouds, shooting its rays through the mist like arrows. The fleecy rack rolled over and over in enormous billows; then it waxed fainter, leaving for the instant little clouds, like islands floating amidst the trees; and as they vanished, Broad, river, valley, woods, glowed in the warm light spread across the azure of heaven. The sheet of water that lay before me was about two miles in length; gently curving like a stringed bow, one end as if beneath my feet, the other lost in mazy bights and woodland nooks. Hall, village, church-tower just peeping from the trees, and helping to lengthen out the shadows of leaf and branch, as they fell across the naked spars and shrouds of the little fleets of boats, cradled in the green nooks of the lake.

At eleven o'clock I returned from the village with some friends, and sculled on to the Broad. A southeast wind blew with delicious freshness, for the sun now glanced hot upon the water. The boats so still in the morning were rolling before the wind, some with their jibs hauled to windward, some keeling down to the impulse of the fresh gale, some bending round the green promontories, others yet moored with their crews busily employed in hoisting the tall sails. There were already wherries and one small steamer, the "Lady of the Yare," filled with holiday folks and connoisseurs of the coming chase. Our boat was in high order, and once on board, we scudded merrily towards a reed-house, built upon piling in the upper arc of the bow. Upon the outside balcony was now gathered the beauty and fashion of the county to witness this annual and most recherché water frolic of Norfolk. A gun was soon fired for the boats to prepare and take their stations, a second gun as a signal to place themselves in a line, and a third for the start. When the whole got under weigh they stood so close, that a casting net might have covered the tips of their yards. As the lake has a great and equable depth, stakes were placed in various angles, so as to insure its being traversed in every direction, as well as to show all the points of a boat's speed, on a wind, close hauled, running free, or beating. The wind continued fair in the south-east, blowing across the Broad, so that the boats in the direction of the reed-house being to windward had to veer half round in order to reach the stake on the leeward. The confusion amongst the boats was

apparent in the struggle which should get round the stake first, and lead the way clear to the next. The foreyard of a lateen showed first round, with the bowsprit of a cutter close upon her. The others followed. From the next stake the cutter led the way, kept in advance, and flung the ripple in broad foam from her bows so as to wash the lee quarters of the boats in the rear. Her mainsail, however, got lulled under the headlands, in the second circuit of the lake; and in the third heat, and after a severely contested race, even to the last fifty yards, a lateen rounded the last stake first, though the bowsprit of the cutter was on her weather beam, and instantly passed her—but too late. In a minute after the cup colour floated from the mast of the

conqueror. We had sat under the awning which protected us from the sun, enjoying the delicious air that rustled among the reeds of our little bay, and watching the contest with anxious faces. It was now between four and five o'clock. Suddenly every sail was lowered, and every bay resounded with the noisy mirth of parties addressing themselves to their baskets of provisions.
Our own little bay might be taken as a sample of the rest. It was an indentation surrounded on three sides with reeds that grew up like a wall from the water here quite twelve feet deep. In the middle we lay at anchor with our yards lowered; directly astern, with her head-rope fastened to our stern, was a flat-bottomed shapeless affair of a boat used for navigating the dykes and bringing home the reed crops in this land of waters. This had now two or three boards nailed from gunwale to gunwale, on which sat the old ditcher and his family. He in the storn with a cup of ale, his wife sitting a little further away, cutting up a huge pic, and distributing it to various sized boys and girls. In the shade of the rushes was a four-oared gig, the rowers lazily smoking and passing round a rummer of wine. There was the music of knives and forks, though none of the feasters were visible, in the cabin of a small boat on the edge of the bay; and as all joy has probably a foil in some shape or another, here it was that of a solitary urchin, who, having played truant from a field of ripening corn, where he had been placed to frighten away crows, now sat in a little punt hungry and fearing to return. I hailed him, and turned him over to Jemmy for some food. We afterwards sailed down the Broad, and dined with the winner of the cup and some twenty of his friends under a tent. A dance on the sward by moonlight closed this happy day.

On the morrow not a boat swept these lonely waters. I was riverward seventy miles from home; by land seven. On that same evening I walked there to my sabbath eve's supper; my man and boy remaining with the boat till my return on Monday morning.

the boat till my return on Monday morning.

I have now given an account of one week on these lonely waters; but description can ill express the joy-ousness of spirit, the health of mind and body, the appreciation of the true, in opposition to the conventional, which has ever arisen from those simple, yet delightful, River Hours. Farewell.

Literary Notices.

Beggars, Criminals, Fevers, and Ragged Schools. Leeds: David Green.

Ms. Green, who is, we believe, not only the printer and publisher, but the author of this little pamphlet, has opened up by a scene sufficiently alarming to the inhabitants of Leeds, and to every other large town; for if what he brings forward be true of Leeds, it is equally true of every other populous place. He calculates that

there are not less than 860 beggars in Leeds, a great proportion of them children, and he takes us into their habitations, and displays to us their mode of life:—

Let us first examine their parentage. These will be found mostly persons of intemperate and debauched habits, frequenters of gin and beer shops, and in a state of constant destitution; many of them widows and widowers, and not a few of these parsiahs of civilization will be found to have neither mothers nor fathers; not a few of these parents are keepers of houses of ill-fame; of course many of them are persons reduced from want of work, loss of husbands, etc., and endeavour to lead an honest life by sending out their poor offspring to beg, hoping for better times; but alsa, they have got into an atmosphere where virtue and honesty have a poor chance. Such are mostly the parents of these beggars; of course to expect anything either in the shape of religious or moral training, is to expect figs of thorns and grapes of thistles. They cannot give to their children that which they have no practical conception of, or should a remnant of such feeling remain in a parent, of what use is it when the every day actions of the teacher must give the lie to the precept?

We will now look at their habitations; these are of the lowest description generally, both in respect to ventilation, closeness of street, yard, or alley, dampness, etc.; and in these dens of filth are crowded as many as can be stowed away, like herds of cattle. They are totally unacquainted with the advantages that pure air and cleanliness confer, and of course they exist in an atmosphere fetild with their very respiration, and tainted by missmic vapour arising out of their filthy uncleanliness. Such are the homes of these ragged wanderers of our streets; of course the picture

arising out of their filthy uncleanliness. Such are the homes of these ragged wanderers of our streets; of course the picture may be varied, some are better, and others, if possible, worse. There is another feature or two yet to be described. We must not forget that the means of both parents and children are of the most precarious kind; they are ever on the verge of existence, and they may be justly said to wage a perpetual war with famine; for though these small marauders levy considerable contributions upon the inhabitants, yet such is the waste and want of economy in their parents, and such their desire for ardent spirits, that they sell what might sustain them in food a whole day, for a glass of gin.

It must not be supposed that the children are willingly engaged in their calling; in the first place they are painfully taught that

It must not be supposed that the children are willingly engaged in their calling; in the first place they are painfully taught that their existence depends upon what they can collect, and their parents soon learn to depend upon them besides, both for their food and gis, and of course children are soon instructed not to go home empty handed. Perhaps there is no practice more common than to punish the beggars that go home empty handed, or even with an insufficient quantity. No one can fail to see what this must lead to; provided no other means of instruction or temptation existed, this single practice is quite sufficient to convert all into thieves that have the least possible inclination in that direction; nay, we may go further, and say, we cannot well see how a child with strong leanings to honesty can long resist this corrupting and inhuman practice. Let it be borne in mind, too, that this class of parents will never inquire how anything is come by that the child may bring home, only the more he may bring, and the better his reception; he is soon called a clever boy or girl, as the case may be, and his compeers are eager to know how it is managed, and thus bands of almost infant criminals are formed.

This is bad enough as it concerns the poor creatures themselves, but Mr. Green shows you that the mischief does not stop here. This mass of filth, crime, and discase, is diffused by the very necessities of these people throughout all society. Typhus in its worst form, as well as all the moral taint, with other diseases in their most aggravated aspect, that are a securge to man, here wanton and fester in undisturbed malignity; and when these wretched creatures step out of their dens to go their rounds of theft or mendicancy, do they leave their diseases at home? Do the malignant Typhus and the baneful Scarlatina bid them good bye? No, the writer shows that they are carried by these neglected objects as conductors to every street and almost every house. The wealthy denizens of our drawing-rooms, observes Mr. Green, little dream, even when their doors are shut against them, that they are exposed to the contagion which they carry everywhere. They come about their doors, under their windows, and beset the entrances to

churches and other public places, as well as hovering near them in the streets.

The borough of Leeds, he tells us, expends annually about 8,300L in the punishment of crime, exclusive of the cost of the police force. Children are sent out by their parents to thieving as early as six years of age, and to prostitution at the earliest age possible. Those of the beggar class are continually before the magistrates, and nearly one half of their time is spent in prison.

Mr. Creen proposes that instead of punishment there should be prevention; instead of prisons the children should spend their time in ragged schools. The annual convictions for crime at the Quarter Sessions he states at about 534, of which 120 are under the age of fifteen; and that Mr. Lancaster, the Leeds' gaoler, computes the begging and bone-gathering class, taking them from the age of six to thirty, furnish fifty per cent of this crime, for which the borough, therefore, pays about 4,408.

Now what would probably be the effect of ragged schools sufficiently comprehensive? Aberdeen may afford a tolerable guess.

Before the institution of Ragged Schools, the half-yearly calendar of Aberdeen amounted to 30 in the Old and New City. After two years' operation, or in 1846, we find the number reduced to 6. In the whole county, including the city, the entire convictions in this class was 300; in April, 1845, we find them reduced to 105, and in April, 1846, to 14; we must take the 14 to mean convictions at the sessions. "Crime is stated to have nearly disappeared, and the duties of courts of justice reduced to a sinecure." How a town, borough, or corporation, after becoming acquainted with such facts as these, can permit the thing to continue, surpasses our comprehension.

Mr. Green proposes that schools for this class should be established and supported by a rate. That the remedy should be co-extensive with the disease, and not intermittent, but regular, permanent, and powerful. That a building in an open and healthy situation should be selected for the school, and a large garden should be attached for vegetables, to be worked by the scholars. He calculates that in Leeds not less than 400 children would have to be permanently taught and maintained from six to fourteen, and that trades or the rudiments of them might be taught in them under a proper system; and expensive as this may seem, that there would be a saving to the town of upwards of 4,000*l.*, besides of a great amount of property now purloined from individuals.

The scheme deserves a trial at the earliest possible period. There can be little or no doubt of its success, and once carried out to a national extent would absorb the great volume of our crime and misery at its very source, and give to society a healthy and a sound foundation in its very lowest places. We are much indebted to Mr. Green for the delineation of so salutary and comprehensive a plan of juvenile culture where it is most of all needed.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER TOURISTS, MTC.

Sylvan's Pictorial Hand-Book to the English Lakes.
London: Johnstone, Paternoster Row. Glasgow:
Bryce. Dublin: M'Glashan.

Rambles in the Isle of Wight. By JOHN GWILLIAM. Second Edition. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

Norris Castle; or, Recent Tramps in the Isle of Wight. By John Gwilliam. London: Effingham Wilson.

First Impressions of England and its People. By Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," etc. London: Johnstone, Paternoster-row; and Edinburgh: Prince's-street.

THESE works may be styled Guide-Books, and Companions to the Tourist. We have carefully perused them,

and can pronounce them such as will be found both useful and entertaining to the summer ramblers now so numerous.

Sylvan's Hand-Book to the Lakes was much wanted. We had before no regular hand-book, but were dependent on the expensive and imperfect brochures to be picked up at Keswick, Ambleside, and the neighbouring towns. With Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes, and Dr. Mackey's, Sylvan's Hand-Book will be found all that is needed. It gives the routes, inns, places of note, and a summary of the various facts. We still, however, should recommend the tourist to accompany it by the volumes mentioned, for the sake of their details.

First impressions of England and its People, contains a curious mixture of Scotch presbyterianism, geology, and poetical criticisms, by Hugh Miller, originally a working quarryman. Making abatement for the author's educational notions, which in Scotchmen are strongly ingrained, and his consequent love of doctrinal dissertations, the views he takes of us and our affairs are generally sound and well worth reading. He gives us very good accounts of the Leasows and Hagley park, the one-time abodes of Shenstone, and the poetical Lord Lyttleton; of the haunts of Cowper, with visits to York, Birmingham, Manchester, London, etc., all of which may amuse the traveller; and winds up with a chapter on Puseyism, Independency, Erastianism and the like, which we leave to those who like them, all, however, marking the features of the times.

Mr. Gwilliam's volumes on the Isle of Wight are really most entertaining ones. They are half prose, half poetry, abounding with evidences of a buoyant, shrewd, rightly toned, and independent mind. While praising nature with the spirit of an enthusiast, he does not omit to tell you plainly to take care of your pockets amongst the hotel and lodging-house keepers. He puts down the disagreeables as well as the agreeables, so that we think no one could find himself deceived in trusting to him. Nor does he flatter those who are the most likely to purchase his books. He has a keen vein of satire in him; take a specimen,—these are some of the visitors to Ryde:—

Behold, just landed, smoking his cigar, Puffed up with pride, as all such fribbles are, Behold, I say, you dandy pale and thin, Whose trash without, denotes the mind within! See, how he throws his scented curls aside, And struts towards the grand hotel of Ryde. How much he doats upon his satin vest, And deems himself as mighty as the best! He's one of London's useless, booby beaux, Whose mind can soar no higher than his clothes, His paltry rings, pink kids, and silk cravat, His tasselled cane, and D'Orsay fashioned hat! He, like the rest, impatient for a sight, Has oome to loiter through the Isle of Wight—To waste his cash, or, what is just the same, Return as big a blockhead as he came, Without one new conception in his brains, And fit but to be laughed at for his pains.

But who is that emaciated thing,
Whose locks are darker than the raven's wing;
Who looks dejection's self, and seems to be
The fleshless outline of Nonentity?
She's one of Fashion's miserable crew,
Whose dissipation has suppressed the hue
That once adorned her features—on her cheek
The tints of death are gathering, and her weak,
Attenuated frame appears to freeze
Before the freshness of the summer breeze!
Oh! what a wreck of elegance is there! etc.

That portly fellow leaning o'er the pier,
Is one whose house is reckoned "rather queer,"
"A little shakey,"—somewhat " on the go,"
And " not worth trusting," as too many know.

Mr. Gwilliam's larger volume is illustrated with steel plates.

Caldwell's Musical Journal. Parts I. II. Edinburgh: Caldwell Brothers.

This new candidate for public favour contains no less than four good songs, in each part, well printed and every way handsomely got up at the amazingly low price of nine-pence. Formerly one song alone would have cost nearly three times the money. We cannot do otherwise than heartily commend all such undertakings, of which the evident purpose is to benefit the public, and more especially to enable the poor student of music to possess good words set to good music, at a price suited to his small means; and we sincerely hope that a large sale will encourage these spirited publishers to continue their issue.

Memoirs of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with extracts from her Journal and Letters. Edited by two of her daughters: In two volumes. Vol. 1. London: Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street; and Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

We here merely briefly mention this work, which will prove deeply interesting to a public which is so well acquainted with the philanthropic labours of Elizabeth Fry, and holds her memory in so much honour and affection. We shall take a more extended notice of it at our leisure; at present we may say that her daughters who have undertaken the task of issuing her Memoirs to the world, appear to have discharged their office so far with great ability and judgment. Such a life abounds in matter of truest attraction to the wise and good, and the fair editors have done well to let their mother tell much of her own story by her journal and letters. At the same time they have connected the whole by general views of the peculiar connexion of Mrs. Fry with the Society of Friends, of the circumstances of her early life, and afterwards of the growth of her great public work in prison reformation, which gives the life a clearness and a unity which it could possess only through such a family agency. We shall, however, now advance no farther into the work than quote the description of Earlham, where she passed her youth till her marriage, and which was afterwards the seat of the late Joseph John Gurney.

"Earlham has peculiar charms from its diversified scenery. The house is large, old, and irregular; placed in the centre of a well-wooded park. The river Wensum, a clear winding stream, flows by it. Its banks, overhung by an avenue of ancient timber trees, formed a favorite resort of the young people! there in the summer evenings they would often meet to walk, read, or sketch. On the south front of the house extends a noble lawn, flanked by groves of trees growing from a carpet of wild flowers, moss, and long grass. Every nook, every green path of Earlham, tells a tale of the past, and recalls to those who remember the time when they were peopled by that joyous party, the many loved ones of the number, who, having shared with one another the pleasures of youth, the cares of maturer age, and, above all, the hope of Immortality, are now together at rest."

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

Miseries of the Poor-MADAM AND SIR-Your excellent Miseracs of the Poor—MADAM AND SIR,—Your excellent Journal sets forth the state of the country and condition of the poor well and truly; the cause of the evil, and its remedy also, could not be exposed by a better hand than your own—it were well if it were oftener done; a political article of William Howitt would be read by men of all parties, and it is to be desired that the "tombstone" that seems to bury earth's blessings and the promises of Scripture together (for it is there written, "bread shall be given him him water shall be given. or corribute together (for its there written, " oread shall be given him, his water shall be sure,") should be worn away by the continual dropping of solemn truths, just thoughts, and strong indignation, rather than torn up and shattered by the earthquake of condensed and combined suffering. But removed it must and will be soon, in some way or other, for even the most careless can see how fast human desolation is now approaching that point where it will burst every barrier, and carry all before it. In the mean time, among other considerations that might be urged to rouse all to conscientious efforts to avert this calamity, there is one, I think, that would have great weight with the merciful and peace-loving—it is this: that every national stagnation, fluctuation, or whatever else commercial phrase may call it, that periodically throws thousands out of bread, throws thousands also into the ranks of misery and crime. The avenues to vice that lie in the path of the destitute, and the temptations towards them, are so numerous and well-known, I need not point them out here; but let it ever be borne in mind, it is not the parent, nor the youth entering upon man, or womanhood, that are most in danger from them-in all of these we may suppose the light of conscience and knowledge of God burning bright enough to direct their steps; but the babe emerged from its mother's arms is drawn into the vortex of infamy before it can tell its right hand from its left. The vicious will easily purchase the services of the starving child for a penny worth of bread. Made sharp by hunger, it will learn to snatch and steal wherever its suffering and helplesaness gain it admittance and opportunity, it will be detected and punished, detected and branded, before it knows the meaning of crime, and when its usefulness to its tumpter has passed away, will continue the cureer on its own account, until crushed and trodden in our path like a vile and noxious reptile. The parents, meanwhile, perhaps have rested their weary heads in the grave, bowed down by want, and shame, and sorrow. Those who have considered the poor will bear me witness this is no imaginary picture, but of common and frequent occurrence, and there is a cloud of wit-nesses pleading their wrongs before the throne of eternal justice, nesses pleading their wrongs before the throne of eternal justice, and denouncing all who mutely consent unto such things. I well remember, a few years ago, when provisions were unusually cheap, nearly at one third the price they have been lately, and no "rotten potato" turned up to bear the blame, the destitution in this country was as great and more universal than at this last crisis. It would be sickening to relate the sorrows I heard of then, the ratio of familiar parting with every article that preserved the ruin of families parting with every article they possessed the gathering of years, and then driven from their home and neighbourhood of comparative comfort, into those sinks of human misery where purity of any kind seems impossible, and out of which they never raised their heads again; and grievous on which they never raised their heads again; and grievous and disheartening to reflect that those who have regained their footing will probably be overtaken by a coming storm, with increased families, and enfeebled frames, and thus be swept to total destruction. There were two accidents occurred within a short time and distance of each other time. total destruction. Inere were two secuents occurred within a short time and distance of each other, that impressed me more with the utter misery and desolation of heart endured by the poor than I can express by language. Charity was doing much, food and fuel were regularly distributed to the families of those who were laid on the bed of fever, or laid in the bed of death. One day, hurrying home, a crowd stopped me; on trying to pass through, I came upon the cause of it, a lovely child of four or hung over either arm of the man carrying him. He had fallen a height of five stories into the street, his mother was waiting turn for her share of meal and potatoes, she had two infants in her arms, more could not be admitted, and had locked her eldest in their miserable home "to keep him frae learning ill,—he's awa frae a' that for ever noo;" the little creature, cold and hungry, was probably trying to look into the street, and watch

her return. What a trial for a mother! yet she was calm, satisfied, almost thankful, under the affliction. A few evenings after this took place, a Friend, who had been engaged in distribution that day, related, that on leaving the place that afternoon he was stopped by a woman, one of the last he had served; she was requesting further aid, a coffin and grave for her first-born. He went with her to the place, and said it was fearful and melancholy to see a few cold ashes in the fireplace, and the child a hideous blackened mass, terrible to look at. In similar circumstances, and for the same reason as the first mentioned, she had left the little creature locked up, and the fire she thought completely out. It appeared to have been trying to rekindle it with the straw of their wretched bed; in a riotous, reckless neighbourhood its cries were unheeded, and thus, alone with agony and terror, through that fiery trial, the little lamb had passed into the fold of the Redeemer. The mother bore this calamity some would have said with apathy; the child has escaped present misery, and the much dreaded evil to come, and the only comfort her bitter lot afforded lay in these reflections. These are not ordinary trials, nor can ordinary minds retain their proper balance under them; let "Penny Wisdom" (capital wisdom it is too) reflect on the trials of the poor when he makes reflections on their bitterness and brutality, and let us all reflect upon the share of blame we may bear in what at present we only condemn and deplore.

I am, Madam and Sir,
With sincere respect,
Your obedient Servant,
Edinburgh, July 9/h, 1847.
J. B.

Diminution of the hours of labour amongst the masons of the metropolis.—We are informed that the master masons of the metropolis have acceded to the request of the workmen, that they shall cease labour at four o'clock on Saturday afternoons. For the accomplishment of this object, an agitation has for some time been going on, and, as our informant well observes, its success furnishes another proof of the power of moral force. The men will now work 58½ hours per week instead of 60, and will be able to lay out their money to greater advantage, through the earlier hour at which they can go to market. The members of the masons' society throughout the country amount to from aix to seven thousand; and it is to be hoped that the privilege conceded to the metropolitan workmen will be speedily extended to the provincial ones.

The public charities of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—MR. HOWITT, SIR,—I take the liberty of calling your attention to the recent settlement of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

By the original foundation, an annuity, of six pounds per annum, was provided for six poor men, with twenty pounds a year for a master, who was required to be master of arts in one of the universities. For the effecting of this, lands were bequeathed, principally in Newcastle and Northumberland, which, by the development of wealth and industry in this country, are now of immense value. These lands have been let to parties for building and other purposes, on lease, for three lives, renewable on nument of fines, generally averaging one year's rent.

immense value. These lands have been let to parties for building and other purposes, on lease, for three lives, renewable on payment of fines, generally averaging one year's rent. Previous to the appointment of the late Rev. Hugh Moises as master, the entire management of the property was vested in the corporation of Newcastle, who paid out of it the above annuities, the surplus being accounted for as other corporation property. On his appointment, he demanded of the corporation the surrender of the documents and management of the hospital, which, it appears, were given up to him, and it continued from that time under his management. The six poor men receiving their former annuity, while, it appears, he appropriated the surplus, amounting in the former part of his mastership to 300% or 400%, per annum, with a very considerable increase in the amount in the latter part of his life. About eighteen years ago a commission was appointed, to inquire into the charities of England, and, from THEIR REPORT, these facts have been collected.

Since the death of the late master, a change has been made in the management, and application of the funds. The original number of members has been adhered to, but their annuity has been increased from six to twenty pounds per annum, while that of the master (who must be a clergyman, and hold no other living) has been fixed at three hundred pounds, and will be five hundred pounds if the funds of the hospital will furnish that amount—an amount at which it may be safely esti-mated, as the funds are of undoubted and ample value for all purposes contemplated in the arrangement.

By this proceeding, it will appear that the income of the poor brethren has been increased to somewhat above THERE poor brethren has been increased to somewhat above THERE TIMES its original amount, and the income of the master to TWENTY-FIVE TIMES its original amount. By this arrangement, the great bulk of the available revenue of the hospital, viz., more than three-fourths of its whole amount, is transferred to a clergyman of the Established Church, in direct contradiction to the design and will of its benevolent founder, in violation of the solemn trust and responsibility of the Corporaviolation of the solemn trust and responsibility of the Corpora-tion of Newcastle as guardians of the property. In short, an act of injustice and iniquity has been perpetrated, to which we shall hardly find a parallel, even in that most atrocious part of English history—the history of its charities.

I have directed attention to this subject, with a view to ascertain whether the Council might not be induced to recon-cidential whether the Council might not be induced to recon-

ascertain whether the Council might not be induced to reconsider its strange, and, I believe, hasty proceedings in this business, with a view to the adoption of some settlement, less at variance with the original design of the institution, and more in accordance with the just and honourable character which they have hitherto maintained.

Newcastle, Aug. 4, 1847.

The writer of the above has done well to bring the subject before the public. There are none of the myriad public abuses existing in England, which demand a more immediate and existing in England, which demand a more immediate and searching redress than the abuse of its public charities. There is an amount of property belonging to the educational charities alone, which are now and have long been divested entirely from their ligitimate object, and monopolized by individuals, which would go far to educate the whole of the people. We would recommend to some of the able and patriotic men, who have obtained seats in the new Parliament, to take up this great subject where it was left off by Lord Brougham's inquiry, and the deject where it was sets on by Lord Brougham's inquiry, and the details of which will be found in the Report of the Commissioners of 1828, and agistate for a thorough reform in all our chartered charities, and an appropriation of their revenues in accordance with wills of the donors interpreted by the wants and spirit of

Popular Pêtes at Plymouth.—Plymouth, July 28th, 1847.— Sir.—On Monday, June 28th, the friends of temperance enjoyed a rich treat. The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe kindly placed his magnificent park and gardene at the disposal of the Devonport Total Abstinence Society, who admitted the public at sixpence each; the weather was delightful, and every one was as much charmed with the beauty of the domain as was the admiral of the Spanish Armada, who, when he saw it from the offing, determined to take it for his own residence! About 7,000 persons availed themselves of this cheap pleasure, and by doing so realised 100% for the society's funds.

realised 100s. for the society's funds.

On Tuesday, 13th July, the Plymouth Mechanics' Institute took a trip up the Tamer, one of the most beautiful of our western rivers. The fare was to members and their friends 1s. 6d.; strangers 2s. They left Plymouth at six A.M., and passed rapidly the victualling-yard, dock-yard, gun-wharf, and steam-yard, (in progress.) at Morice-town; then through the Hamoaze, where a great number of war ships are "laid up," and a succession of beautiful scenes on the river. They arrived at eight at Cotchele, where they landed and dispersed to the various objects of interest: many went to Cotchele house an various objects of interest; many went to Cotehele house, an ancient seat of the Edgecumbe family, which still presents, within and without, all the marks of feudal days. The house, with its hall and gloomy rooms, decorated with arms and armour, with its hall and gloomy rooms, decorated with arms and armour, brilliant tapestry, and antique furniture, has a very interesting appearance. Other parties went to the Weir-head, the mines, and the Morwell rocks, which rise to an immense height over the river, and command its windings for many a mile. The steamer left Cotehele at six in the evening, and after retracing the upward course, went round some men-of-war in the Sound, which, with three cheers for the British Navy, concluded the excursion. It is a pity that this trip, instead of being (as was expected) a source of profit, has been a loss of several pounds to the society. Hoping this may find a place in your Record,

I remain, yours respectfully,

T. M. B.

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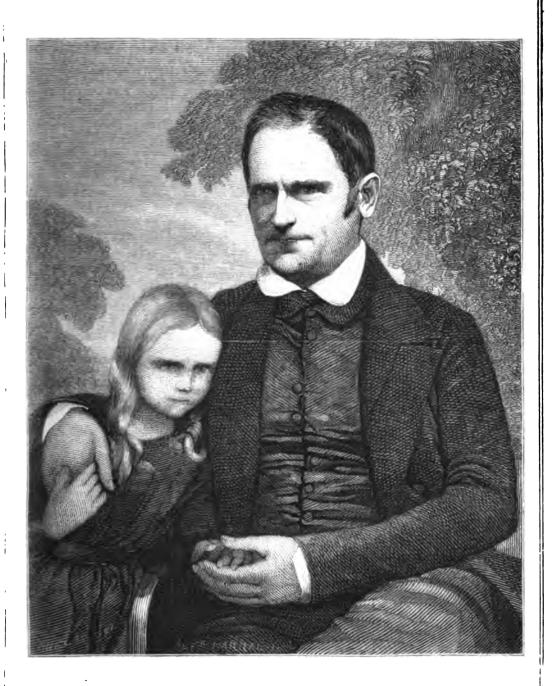
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To CORRESPONDENTS.—We beg once more respectfully and gratefully to state that such are the quantities of manuscripts offered for the *Journal*, that we are compelled to adopt the following plan:—all articles sent are carefully read, and so far as our space, the need of variety, and their merit will allow, are accepted without favour; but we cannot undertake to return articles unless the requisite number of stamps is inclosed, or the authors will send for them to our office, where long articles, properly sealed and addressed, lie for them. All authors of manuscripts accepted, will be immediately informed of the fact by letter. Those who do not hear within a fortnight, will undertand that we have not been able to avail ourselves of their favours. But in no case can we undertake to corresporting them.—Eds.

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HENRY CLARKE WRIGHT.

MEMOIR OF HENRY CLARKE WRIGHT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

(Continued from p. 102.)

We have now seen Henry Wright at home and at school; nurturing in his heart the deepest human affections and the purest love of nature. The genuine religious feelings of his ardent and active mind had been repressed by cold and rigid sectarian observances; and the stern father and the still sterner schoolmaster made him early aware that their teachings of God, and the teachings of his own loving, childlike heart, were utterly at variance.

Whilst a child Henry went to summer schools, but as he grew to a youth, when his labour would be useful on the farm, he left these, and attended school merely during the winter months, when his services were not

required on the land.

The father's notions were as peculiar with regard to education as in many other ways. He would not allow his children to learn arithmetic before they were fourteen; he thought until then that their minds were not sufficiently matured. Physical strength and hardihood were his first aim, and in that he was not wrong altogother, although there was no need to debar the mind from the higher kinds of cultivation. However, arithmetic, when the boy was allowed to understand it, afforded pleasures beyond what he had ever had any conception of. The mere demonstration of a truth, even as simple as that two and two were four, which the elementary rules of arithmetic enabled him to obtain, afforded him such intense pleasure that he would often shed tears of joy. It was a new sense which he had discovered, that of being able to ascertain a something, by his own powers of mind, about which there could remain no doubt. His delight in arithmetic at this time knew no bounds; the dormant powers of his mind now first sprang into conscious life with an energy and joyousness of which he had hitherto no ides. His was the happiness of a discoverer; a new world was revealed to him, the world of his own mind; he stood yet, as it were, with but one foot on the shore; out of the mists of an early morning shone forth the peaks of mountains and the verdure of groves, and an ardour and ecstacy urged him forward. Well may he speak thus of that memorable time—"As yet, though I knew that I had immense physical energy, and that I had, at times, felt wild with the joy of my mere outward life, yet I now experienced a feeling of pleasure far deeper and more absorbing, as I now sate perfectly motionless with my slate in my hand, demonstrating some simple arithmetical proposition; the undeniable certainty of which gave to my mind its value. were no perplexing guessings, supposings, or imaginings; all was positive. As I went on step by step, I could say positively, this is so; that is so; this is true; that is false; and in this consisted my enjoyment. Arithmetic met a deep, settled element of my being; I had found a something which could be proved, without the possibility of doubt or contradiction."

For three or four winters he continued to attend school for about three months each year, devoting himself principally to arithmetic; during the summers he worked on the farm, but even in three months of active out-of-doors employment the winters' study was not abandoned, a "sum," as it was called, was always in his head; he cared less for active sports, even for the company of his little step-sisters or for music; this one mental process had taken such entire possession of him. Like many other country schools, both in England and America, nothing was taught in those which Henry

attended but reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, or "cyphering," as it was called, and yet knowledge of many kinds crept into his mind as if it were intuitively. About this time there was a total eclipse of the sun, which made a deep impression on his mind, and led him to inquire into the laws and incidents of the

planetary world.

For weeks before it occurred he heard people talking of the great eclipse of the sun, but what it was he did not know, excepting that it would produce darkness at noon-day. The day came, hot and bright, and he was set to hoe Indian corn with his clder brothers; just before the time of the eclipse, he was sent off an errand through the woods. As he went along he perceived a gloom stealing over the scene; he had about a mile to go: on his return birds and beasts began to be in a great state of excitement; the woods were almost dark. He was in the very midst of them, and night seemed to have dropped down on the landscape in the midst of day. The sun, which had presented the strange appearance of being cut away by slices, now disappeared, and all was intense gloom. Henry had no fear; he knew that it was the long-talked of celipse, but a feeling of sublimity was in his soul. He stood still and contemplated the scene with intense interest and wonder. The daylight returned and he set forward on his way, but it was a long time before the awe which it had inspired passed from his mind.

When he was seventeen his stepmother died; the hard, stern woman who, to a certain degree, had remained an alien in the family all her days, and whose children, to all but Henry, had been regarded somewhat as the children of the strange woman. To him the little step-sisters became now doubly dear; they were motherless, as he had been; they were very desolate, and seemed to cling to him as to their sole earthly friend. His heart bled for them, and now more than ever he loved to be with them, and to devise a thousand means not only for their amusement, but to divert their minds from the memory of their loss and their sorrow.

Blessed is the human heart which can thus devote itself to the sorrowful, to deeds of love and mercy; it is indeed doubly blest in what it gives and in what it

receives!

The spring after his stepmother's death, Henry left the home of his childhood and his youth to go apprentice to a hatter. It was his father's plan that his sons should not only learn thoroughly how to cultivate the land, but also that they should have some "good trade in their fingers," that happen what would in after life, they might have resources at their command. He considered that the best fortune he could give his children was habits of economy and industry, and a knowledge of useful labour which would feed and clothe them, so Henry was put apprentice to a hatter in the village of Norwich, thirty miles west of his home. His father and the next day the father returned alone, leading the horse which his son had ridden. Henry, who had never left home before, hardly knew what it meant, except for the distress he felt on leaving the little motherless step-sisters; the father, however, who till now had never exhibited emotion as regarded his children, seemed to feel the separation deeply; he wept and his countenance was

Henry lived with his master three months on trial, before he was bound apprentice; he had made up his mind from the first not only to like the business but to excel in it, and at the end of the three months the indentures were signed, and he was bound for four years. These three months had, nevertheless, been painful to him in many ways; his master was a hard, coarse minded, brutal man, and the horror that Henry felt, the shock and disgust which many practices and principles peculiar to his master's low moral standard occasioned to his

mind, made him miserable, and had caused a state of feeling which was totally new to his experience. He was oppressed with home-sickness, "a feeling," says he, "of wretchedness, of utter misery, the like of which I had never felt before nor since. I found," he continues, "that my local attachments and home affections were intense and enduring. I knew nothing about myself till I was taught it by these three months' experience. I knew not how I loved my father, my elder brothers, nor had I any conception of the boundless affection which I had for my three little motherless half-sisters. Every remembered instance of disobedience to my father, of neglect or unkindness to my step-mother, or of want of attention to any of my brothers or sisters, rose up before me, and, seen through the magnifying glass of my home sickness, appeared to me like heinous I was very desolate and wretched, and many a time did I walk alone at night in the woods near the shop, or sit on the banks of the Chenango river, which flowed about three quarters of a mile off, and there weep like a child, for very sickness of heart and longing for the home of my childhood."

I have given the above affecting passage entire, because, when I remember the hundreds of youths who are put apprentice every week in this shop-keeping England of ours, I am sure there must be many a one whos heart suffers at the first rending of his home ties as did Henry Wright's, and I would willingly stir up the hearts of masters and mistresses to treat all such with kindness and consideration, and to remove from the path between the tenderness of home and the hard realities of life, some of the thorns and thistles with

which it must of necessity abound. But Henry Wright had, beyond this natural homesickness, other causes of suffering. Drunkenness, blasphemy, and the coarse vulgarity of those among whom he was thrown, outraged his soul and caused him the bitterest anguish. But of all this he said nothing to his father or his brothers. The indentures were signed, and with a heavy heart, laden with the anxieties and

sorrows of experience, he now consented to wear a yoke which he knew would be galling.

Months went on, and Henry Wright had soon mastered all the mystery of the hat-making business, and begun to feel a pride and pleasure in being able to turn out a really good hat. It was a satisfaction to him to carry a hat through its various stages, and when it was finished he had no little pleasure in contemplating the work of his hands. His master was one of those traders who make bad goods for a distant market, and this practice through the whole of his apprenticeship was a constant cause of annoyance to his conscientious

apprentice.
In process of time he became the eldest apprentice, and his sterling steady character could not fail of producing the most beneficial effects on his companions. There were nine apprentices gathered from various and distant quarters, but as most, if not all, had been born and brought up as children of the forest, they were familiar with the same objects, had many feelings in common, and were all accustomed to the same active and hardy life. There was, however, a great difference in their religious opinions; there was amongst them almost every variety of religious faith, and even of no faith at all, and many were the discussions among them on religious matters, each advocating the opinions in which he had been brought up. Equally different, of course, were their tempers and dispositions, and, as might be expected, his influence over them was very great. Wild and unbroken, and in some instances unprincipled as they were, there were none who were insensible to the moral arce of his character, and as, just above, I have introduced a few words on behalf of the home-sick young apprentice, let me here say a few more as an example to the "oldest apprentice," that he in the village, more especially as the singing-master,

may understand, if he do not already by his own experience, how it is a possible and an easy thing to gain a great influence for good over others and for happiness to himself.

In character of "oldest apprentice," it was Henry Wright's duty to have a general care over the work and wrights duty to have a general care over the work and to the interests of the shop; to keep all in order, and to see that the business was done at the right time and in the right way, as well as to see that all was safe from fire and other danger at night. All this he scrupulously attended to. But it was not this rigid regard to his own personal duties which won for him the love and cordial respect of his fellows. They were circumstances of a different nature which caused these to be felt for him, and were in great measure the result of his own conduct towards them. He made it a rule from which he never swerved, not to scold or tease or deride them for any fault or peculiarity. Let them say or do what they would to him; whether by accident, or carelessness, or purposed mischief, they had disarranged his work or otherwise annoyed him, he took all patiently and in silence, although he might know who was the one in fault. When any thing was done by the others of which he had to bear the blame, he bore it and suffered for their fault and let them escape. When extraordinary work had to be done, he never exacted help from them if he could do it alone; but, on the contrary, if the duties of the business afforded any extra pleasure, such as a walk into the country, or a ride, he took care that others rather than himself should enjoy it. He was independent of help from others; he waited on himself, nor ever used the privilege of the oldest apprentice to make the younger ones his servants. This mode of conduct not only won their esteem, but inspired them in some degree with the same independence and uprightness of conduct. Another little circumstance contributed likewise in obtaining their good will; he invariably shared with them whatever indulgences of fruits or otherwise were sent to him or purchased by his own money; and even in the matter of money, if he had it and any of them wanted, they had the benefit of his store. Such was his invariable conduct towards them, and such was the influence of it, that, whatever their dispositions might be towards others, to him they were kind and generous.

Let all apprentices who read this, read it to their profit, and let others do the same too,—love begets love; kindness, kindness; and a meek and forbearing and forgiving spirit disarms wrath. Henry Wright's influence over his companions was unbounded; and though their master was an example to them of almost perfect depravity, yet so strong was the effect of this one youth's example, that it in great measure counteracted

the evil of the other.

Henry's fondness for music was still unabated: his flute or his fife beguiled many a solitary or otherwise anxious hour; and in the winter, while many of his fellow-apprentices attended a dancing school, he went to a singing school. This school was kept by a man who was reckoned very religious; he opened and closed his school by prayer, and busied himself greatly about the souls of his pupils. He wished very much that Henry's soul should be converted, but that was a subject about which the youth did not trouble himself at present; what he cared for was the beautiful voice of the master, and his fine skill on the harp. With him Henry studied the science of music. After some time the singingmaster left the place, and Henry then conducted, for several months, a singing school every Sunday evening, in which he taught young men and women, many of them older than himself. This school, and the instruction which he gave, and which was gratuitous, produced a powerful effect on his feelings; it made him in some sort a public man, and gave him considerable influence

before he left, had told every one that Henry knew more about music than he did himself.

For some time he was the leader of the choir at the meeting, and this he delighted in; before long, however, it was discussed in the congregation whether it was right for him, an unconverted person, to sing in the meeting, much more be the leader of the singers, and this troubled and perplexed him no little. These very people would often come to the school to hear him sing, and sing with him there; he felt in himself often a sincere sentiment of religion, as he sang in the woods and fields under the open canopy of heaven; how, then, should it be wrong for him to sing in the meetinghouse?

As a child, Henry had been brought up in the most rigid observance of the sabbath; his father had permitted neither laughter, mirth, nor amusement of any kind on that day, and that day was the only one in the seven which brought weariness with it; but his father's religious notions taught him that this day must be kept holy, and this was his way of keeping it so. Now, on the contrary, the master hat-maker troubled himself not about the sabbath, nor the manner in which his people kept it. Whether they read the Bible, or the jest-book; whether they slept or woke; whether they were merry or sad, mattered not to him. All he cared for was, that when they went out they should be well washed, and in their Sunday clothes, and that they

should not molest their neighbours.

Spite of the old habit, which made Henry feel as if it were wrong, in some way or other, not to go twice at least to meeting on the sabbath, and to read his Bible, and say prayers, and wear a grave and sad countenance, he very frequently strolled away alone down the beau-tiful valley in which the village of Norwich stood, and along the banks of the Chenango river. Many a quiet and soul-sanctifying sabbath did he spend on the banks of that river; under the shade of the large old appletrees which were scattered here and there, and which were planted by the Indians. Sometimes he would take one of his young apprentice-companions with him; then they would bathe in the clear river, and gather wild berries and apples from the trees, no one questioning their right to them; sing, laugh, and inhale copious draughts of the fresh air, which seemed doubly invigorating after a six days' confinement over the hatter's block and furnace.

The elder apprentices had their day's work assigned them, and when that was done they could either work at overwork, for which they received journeymen's wages, or they could have their time to themselves. Henry spent his overtime in reading and study. The older he grew the more he found his own want of knowledge. His first study was in English grammar, of which, when he was perfectly master, he entered deeply into the philosophy of language generally. His study was his bed-room, a little garret in the roof, and this became to him a perfect college; and here he studied profoundly geography, history, and astronomy.

After spending most of the day occupied in shaping hats, he would retire to his garret, and betake himself to his books. Astronomy had infinite charms for him, and, with his coat still off, and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his mind would ascend to the heavens, and wonder and revel amid the planets, and explore the mysterics of the universe; this was to him unspeakable happiness; nor did he even now abandon arithmetic; it never lost with him its first charm of certainty.

The wife of Henry's master was a truly good woman, whose religion was the governing principle of her life; she had an acquaintance by the name of Snow, a poor old woman who used often to visit her. She was a kind of mother in the town, the oldest inhabitant, and had seen the village, thriving as it now was, grow up in the wilderness. She could tell the history of the

past, when few beside Indians dwelt on the banks of the Chenango river, or fished in its waters. Henry was greatly attached to this old woman, and she took the warmest interest in him; and much as he disliked that other people should talk to him about religion, and "the state of his soul," he was glad to see her, and to hear her converse on these subjects. The truth was, that there was such a spirit of love and faith in her, as made it pleasant to hear her talk; she assumed no holy, sanctified manner, no austere look or tone, but entered at once into his feelings of doubt and uncertainty, infusing, in return, her own beautiful and consolatory faith. His acquaintance with her was a sort of bright sunny spot in his life; she instructed him first that religion is a living principle in the soul, and that God is an ever present, ever controlling guide,-she taught him in short to look up to God as a little child to a loving

The first time that Henry went home during his apprenticeship was for a visit of two weeks. As yet he had never thoroughly recovered from his home-sickness his heart ever pined for home. He was now to visit that endeared spot of earth, and to have daily intercourse again with his heart's beloved ones. His impatience was so great that, on the day of his departure, he could not be persuaded to wait for breakfast. It was in the month of August, and he was to walk the distance, thirty miles, on foot, eighteen of which were through the forest, where there was scarcely a road. It was a hot, and weary, and most fatiguing journey, and as he unfortunately had on a pair of new boots, his feet were blistered and in so miserable a state that he performed the latter part of the journey barefoot. But what did that matter?—he was going home. At length he reached the top of the mountain, whence he could look down upon the beloved home of his childhood. It was not yet evening, and so overcome was he with the right, that he sat down on the hill-top to feast his eyes with the familiar objects before him, and to calm his agitated feelings. All things looked as when he left; the forests, the hills, the brooks,—all were the same. He hastened down to the house with the bounding spirit of impatient love, but then he saw that a change really was come over all. On the threshold he met his father, his elder brothers, and his three young half-sisters, but there also was his father's third wife-his second step-mother.

Great as was the revulsion of feeling occasioned in the first instance by this change, he soon found that his father and elder children were made happy by this marriage, and that she was kind to his beloved half-sisters. With what intensity of interest did he visit all the familiar scenes about his home! every field and meadow in which he had worked, every little dingle and thicket in which he had plucked raspberries and straw-berries, and the wild cherries and plums in the woods, and every stream by which he had wandered, he visited now with a yearning sentiment of love. At that time his attachment to places was intense; the idea of home was associated with scenes as well as persons; it required years to deaden this sentiment. The time was to come reven to him, when duty would make his home; and nobler still, when his heart in sincerity could say, "where my God is, there is my home: the universe itself is my home—the beautiful, the magnificent, the illimitable home of my spirit." At that time, however, illimitable home of my spirit." the sweet little valley in which stood his father's house

seemed to him a paradise. He stayed for a fortnight in the full enjoyment of his

domestic affections, and then departed again on foot for his home at the hatter's. His elder brother accompanied him a few miles on his way, to the top of the hill looking down into the home-valley, and where he had sat on his way thither. Here he parted with his brother, and then going half-a-mile out of his way into the woods, he took out his flute and played a sweet, plaintive

air, while the tears were streaming down his cheeks. That parting was both a sweet and a bitter one-sweet because he had been at his home, bitter because he was again leaving it. The visit, however, had, after all, a soothing and satisfying effect upon his mind : from that

time the depressing home-sickness left him.

We are now arrived at an important period, in which an event occurred, which in the end turned the whole course of Henry's life. The Presbyterian church of the village had no minister. The minister of a neighbouring place was invited there for a few weeks as an evangelist. He was an extraordinary man, by name John Truair, a Spaniard by birth, middle aged, tall, erect, with long thin face and head thrown back; his complexion was dark with deep set black eyes; he was slovenly, and yet, at the same time, foppish in his dress and manners. He was a man of a determined will, with an emphatic voice, and thoroughly versed in the art of moving the feelings, and producing an excitement in society.

This man came, and began to hold meetings; he went from house to house, visiting families, and rousing up every one to a care of their souls. He had not been long there when rumours of a "Revival" were spread abroad.—Such eloquence as the minister's had never been heard before, and people flocked from all parts to hear him; and the subject of his discourse was ever that the Lord was about to visit his people, and gather the wheat from the chaff. The excitement was immense, and everybody began to wonder who would be the wheat, or the elect. The excitement grew more and more; and nothing was seen but people hurrying from house to care for his soul, and ever and anon tidings came that this person and that person were "under distress of mind," preparatory to their election being made. house, and from shop to shop, to warn every one to take and everywhere prayers were put up for them.

Before long the methodists and the baptists, unwilling to be behindhand, brought hither their effective preachers, and public and private meetings, prayers, preachings, and singing went forward on all hands thoughout the neighbourhood. The next event was the announcement that such and such persons who had been under this ominous distress of mind had now "found religion," or were "brought out," and then great was the exultation and joy, which was only completed by these telling their experience aloud, and exhorting

others to do likewise.

The prayers and the preachings, and the stern, dignified manners of the Rev. John Truair soon gained an influence over the young hatter; he was regular in attending his prayings and preachings, although he was so unwilling that any body should witness the effect they had upon him that he always placed himself in the darkest and most hidden corner of the meetinghouse, where he could sit and give way to his emotion unseen by the congregation. In the meetings which were held by Truair, unlike those of the ordinary Presbyterian body, no objection was made to the singing being entirely under the direction of Henry Wright. The most rousing and exciting hymns were given out, so that the singing was not much less effective than the praying and preaching. Before long the "Revival" had gone through the whole place like a whirlwind; nobody, whether rich or poor, talked on any other subject. All pastimes were discontinued, and the village both young and old flocked to the various meetings.

In the first instance all this excitement was a great amusement to Henry Wright; it was an intense enjoyment to him to see every body so very much in earnest, and to see also that he had it in his power, by his hymn tunes and his singing, to add to their enthusiasm. In process of time, however, the energetic and determined eloquence of the preacher affected him, and he then secluded himself in the darker places of

the meeting-house to hide his tears and his emotion; and then all mere amusement over the scene ceased; it was a stern, downright, and earnest affair, which he could as little explain as withstand. All that he knew was that he himself had never been converted, and without he were, without he were "brought under distress of mind," and enabled to find the thing called "Religion," whatever it might be, there was no hope for his salvation. This was an important view of the case, and in his then state he resolved to do his part

towards the saving of his soul.

His father had given him a Bible when he left home, and the father had written his name and his son's in it. He now determined to read this through carefully, and to make himself if possible the possessor of that hidden, mysterious, yet invaluable jewel called religion, of which he had heard so much from the days of his childhood. At the very commencement of his task his trouble began, and that in the fall of Adam and Eve, in which fall, according to the creed which he had learned in the catechism, all mankind had sinned. For days and nights he pondered on this mysterious and perplexing subject; but no light came to his soul; his little garret was no longer his cheerful study, but a dark and gloomy penance chamber, in which he suffered over his theological and polemical questionings the most exquisite distress of mind, principally because he was the descendant of a weak sinner like Adam, who had bequeathed to his universal and helpless children the consequences of his own failings.

All through the Old Testament he went, and then he

came to the New, which filled him with a longing that he might but be possessed of the glorious and noble spirit of self-sacrifice which runs through it. In a few weeks he had read the whole Bible carefully, but though he had heard young converts declare repeatedly that "they had found religion" in its pages, he could not say the same, for he was still in the same tossed and uncertain state of mind as at first. In the mean time the excitement went on in the village, several leading inhabitants of the place were "brought out," and at last the lawyer himself, a cool-headed and sedate man.

This was the crowning point, and of course produced abundant fruit of "conversion" in others.

In addition to the distress of soul which Henry Wright felt in having to suffer for the sin of his first parents, he now became livingly aware of his own individual sins, and in particular to a want of kindness which he had at one time shown towards a younger brother. He longed so carnestly to throw himself upon his knees before him and ask forgiveness both from him and from Heaven. He was now indeed "under distress of mind," that state of which from a child he had heard

so much and had feared so greatly.

He believed as he had been taught. He believed therefore that he was unconverted as long as this miserable state of mind remained, but that if he were to be accepted, a time would come, a moment of time, when all the burden of his sin would be taken from him. This was the experience of all the so-called converted whom he knew, and therefore he expected it to be his. At length one day as he lay reading in his little garret, overwhelmed by the same miscrable depression of feeling, all at once the deep anguish really did pass away, and there was a sudden revulsion from sorrow to joy. He had found deliverance, he was converted, he had laid hold upon religion. That was then, and remained long afterwards, his sincere belief.

Just at the time when Henry, as he believed it his duty, related in the presence of the congregation the wonderful change which was wrought within him, and a great rejoicing was made over it, several young men of the place who had resisted the contagion of this religious frenzy, and at the head of whom was the clerk of that very lawyer who had done so much honour to the Revival, determined to arrest its progress by giving a ball. The largest room in the place was hired, and the most famous fiddler engaged; their supper, too, was to be sumptuous, and their cards were issued. All this, however, was not done without the knowledge of the Rev. John Trusir, who announced a sermon for that night, to be preached as near to the place where the ball was to be held as possible. The sermon was a tremendous one; he called the ball an atheistical design to drive the Lord out of Norwich, and the young converts re-echoed the cry. The ball and the preaching were thus pitted against each other, and the ball was not only vanquished, but the discomfited lawyer's clerk was

obliged to quit the place.

Henry Wright was then nearly twenty, and the term of his apprenticeship had not yet expired, when he asked and obtained leave of absence for three weeks. He had a brother residing in Pennsylvania, and to him he resolved to go, to try whether in new scenes and among new people the excitement within him would pass awny. To a great extent it did, but still a great change had come over him, and he determined to lead "a religious life" as he then understood it. On his return to Norwich he found the excitement had gone off very generally; people again attended to their business, and things were beginning to fall into their ordinary course. After due examination, he and sixty other converts were admitted members of the Presbyterian Church, and that being the case, he thought it time to write to his father and inform him of all that had happened to him. This was the first letter that Henry had ever written to his father, but it was on a subject, and it contained tidings, which would afford his father's heart great joy.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY EDWARD YOUR

THE Golden Age is not behind. But in the forward, future mind : Ever onward lies a road Better than has yet been trod.

Swords shall rust in scabbards ere Golden Age be truly here: Neither twisted hemp, nor knife, Shall be aimed at human life.

No man shall his dogma yaunt : None shall be intolerant; None shall scorn me for my faith; None shall test with Shibboleth.

I may be papistical— I may be heretical— I may own what creed I list-Be methodist or pantheist.

Though I worship every saint, Not a man shall urge complaint; No man shall my peace assail, Though I doubt his miracle.

Patience,—we are journeying on; Golden Age will come anon ;-Evila, that disgrace to-day, One by one will drop away.

ORIGIN OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

THE Marseillaise retains the echo of a song of victory. and also of a cry of death; it is glorious as one, dismal as the other. Here is its origin:—

There was at that time (1792) a young artillery officer in garrison at Strasbourg. His name was Roujet de Lisle. He was born at Louis-le-Saulnier, in the Jura, a country of meditation and energy, as are all mountain districts. This young man loved war as a soldier, and the Revolution as a thinker; he beguiled by verses and music the weary impatience of the garrison. Much sought after for his double talent of musician and poet, he frequented familiarly the house of Dietrech, the mayor of Strasbourg and a patriot Alsatian. Dietrech's wife and daughters partook in his enthusiasm for patriotism and the Revolution. They loved the young officer; they gave inspiration to his heart, his poetry, his music. They were the first who performed his scarcely unfolded thoughts, full of confidence in the carly lispings of his genius.

It was the winter of 1792. Famine raged at Strasbourg. Dietrech's house was poor, and his table frugal, but hospitably open to Roujet de Lisle. The young officer seated himself there night and morning, like a son or brother of the family. One night there was only garrison bread and a few slices of smoked ham on the table; Dietrech, looking at De Lisle with a melancholy

serenity, said,

"There is a lack of abundance at our meals; but what matters it if there be no lack of enthusiasm at our civic festivals, or of courage in the hearts of our soldiers! I have still a last bottle of wine in my cellar. Let it be brought," said he to one of his daughters, "and let us drink it to liberty and our country. Straebourg will soon have to celebrate a patriotic ceremony, and De Liele must find in its last drops one of those

hymns which carry into the soul of the people that intoxication from which it has sprung!"

The young girls applauded his words, brought the wine, and filled the glasses of their old father and the young officer until the liquor was exhausted. It was midnight; the night was cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was affected, his head was heated. The cold seized upon him; with unsteady steps he entered his solitary chamber. He slowly sought inspiration, now in the beating of his citizen heart, now on the keys of his piano; now composing the air before the words, now the words before the air; and in such a manner associating them in his thought, that he could not himself say which was created first, music or verse, and until it was impossible to separate the poetry from the music, and the sentiment from the expression. He sang

all, wrote nothing.

Overpowered by this sublime inspiration, he fell asleep with his head on the piano, and did not awake till day. The song of the night returned to his memory with difficulty, like the impression of some dream. He wrote down words and music, and hastened to Dietrech. He found him in his garden digging up winter lettuces. The old patriot's wife and daughters had not yet risen. Dietrech awoke them, and sent for some friends like himself passionately fond of music, and capable of per-forming it. Roujet sang, Dietrech's eldest daughter accompanied him. At the first stanza, all their counte-nances grew pale; at the second, tears flowed; at the last stanza, the wildness of enthusiasm burst forth. Dietrech's wife and daughters, the old man himself, his friends, the young officer, threw themselves weeping into each other's arms. The hymn of the country was found! But, alas! it was also destined to be the hymn of terror. Unfortunate Dietrech, a few months later, walked to the scaffold, to the sound of those very notes

which had sprung forth at his hearth from the heart of

his friend and the voices of his daughters.

The new song, performed several days afterwards at Strasbourg, flew from town to town to all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the commencement and close of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseillais spread it through France by singing it on their way to Paris. From this came the name of Marseillaise.

The old mother of De Lisle, a royalist, terrified at this echo of her son's voice, wrote to him,-" What is this revolutionary hymn which is sung by a horde of brigands traversing France, and with which thy name is associated? De Lisle himself, proscribed as a royalist, shuddered as he heard it resound in his ears like a menace of death, when flying along the path-ways of the high Alps.

"What do they call this hymn?" demanded he of his

guide.

4

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"The Marseillaise," replied the peasant.

It was thus that he learnt the name of his own work. He was pursued by the enthusiasm which he had sown behind him. He escaped death with difficulty. The reapon turns against the hand which has forged it. The Revolution in its madness no longer recognised her own voice!—Lamartine's Histoire des Girondins.

Literary Notices.

Consuelo. By George Sand. In two vols. London: Sims and M'Intyre; and also in Belfast; being the fourth issue of the Parlour Library.

Wz regret to see any one entering the field against the spirited projector of a translation of George Sand's works. Miss Hays, with an enterprise of no ordinary daring, especially for a young lady, having announced, and being steadily in progress with a translation everyway worthy of the author, we should much have preferred to see the gallantry of publishers giving her a fair chance. Cheap as Miss Hays's issue is, this is somewhat cheaper, but we cannot deem the article of mere cheapness a sufficient compensation to the public for the damp which is cast on the efforts of an individual honourably engaged in an endeavour to transplant into our literature some work of foreign eminence. If we mistake not, this translation is an American one originally, executed by Mr. F. G. Shaw, of Boston, America, and published in that city. If so it costs nothing, and may, therefore, well be supplied at a cheaper rate; but we recat it, mere cheapness cannot recompense us for that disposition to break in upon any new enterprize, and ruin it by excessive competition.

We speak from experience on this subject. Having introduced the works of Miss Bremer to the English public at a time when no publisher would look at them, or at any translation; having run every risk, and spent about 4,000l on them in print, paper, and advertisements, we saw a host of cheap competitors rush in, hurraed on by the press, and after effectually swamping our enterprize, end by ruining themselves. So long, therefore, as we can wield a critical pen we shall protest against this species of interference, and demand fair play for all those who step forth in advance of public opinion, or public knowledge, to enrich our literature at their own risk. We notice this work of George Sand's, therefore, particularly for this purpose, and the more so as Messrs. M'Intyre have no need to enter into such competition, having so many excellent works in progress for their series.

Consuelo is not one of the works of George Sand that

is most to our taste, though a splendid and deeply fascinating romance. It is too wild and improbable; too much of the Ann Ratcliffe school. We are conveyed away to an old Bohemian castle, where we have a baron afflicted with mesmeric trances, or a sort of second sight, subterranean passages, dens, and retreats in the earth, an idiot, Zdenko, and the like. Then we have Consuelo the singer, the heroine of the story, meeting with Haydn the celebrated composer, then a youth setting out to seek his fortune, and they together, Consuelo in boy's clothes, run a career of extraordinary adventures before they reach Vienna, with bandits, and travelling nobles, Baron Trenck into the bargain; at one time travelling with a man tied hand and foot in the boot of their carriage, and discovered by his groans; at another, scaling the walls of an ecclesiastic's garden, and entering on fresh and romantic exploits.

These things are somewhat too melodramatic for George Sand, at the same time that her finer qualities everywhere pervade the work. The scenes in Venice, opening the volumes with the life of the children Anzoleto and Consuelo, in the street, are beautiful, and Consuelo herself is one of George Sand's favourite characters, full of genius, and the noblest nature. Old Porpora, her master, with his severe sense of the only true and beautiful in art, and the meretricious cantatrice, Corilla, are admirable representations from real life. We have the Empress Maria Theresa, and her monitor Kaunitz, figuring on the scene, certainly in very different fashions to those in which Austrian writers love to present them; and the scenes in the saloons of Vienna, and the criticisms on art, are the unmistakeable work of a master.

The work finishes in the midst of Consuelo's career, to be resumed under her new title of the Countess of Rudolstadt.

The Upland Hamlet, and other Poems. By SPENCER T. HALL. London: Orr and Co.

SPENCER HALL has made himself well known by his little volume as "The Sherwood Forester," and by his lectures on mesmerism. The amiable and sincere sentiments of the Forester must impress, one would think, every reader with the conviction of the amiability and sincerity of the man; yet we have seen him baited in public lecture-rooms for his belief and teaching of mesmerism, as if he were one of the most arrant impostors. This is a proof that Spencer Hall has at least somewhat of the spirit of the martyr in him, for what he deems truth and science. We have known him as boy and man, and are glad to bear our testimony to the simple truthfulness and disinterested single-mindedness of his character. Let those who have at any time imagined that he was capable of imposition for the sake of gain, sit down with this little book, and in the gentle and loving spirit of its pages disabuse themselves. If they find, amid the warm admiration of nature, the genuine poet's reverence of God, and attachment to man, some want of the stirring, wrestling, and combative spirit of the age, let them go and oppose thim in his defence of knowledge, and they will find there that he has vigour and nerve enough. But in the there that he has vigour and nerve enough. field and forest, by the side of the Trent at Wilford, or wandering with Richard Howitt in the lanes of Farns-field, with Elliott in Rivelin, or Bernard Barton at Woodbridge, he delights to give himself up to the spirit of a peaceful affection, to speculate on the fairer side of humanity, to dream that earth has but a fleshly division from heaven, and that the spiritual eye may at least catch glimpses of divine natures around us through "chinks that time has made." In this little volume we have renewed our recollections of hours when Charles Pemberton taught the people great truths, and many

other spiritual men who have now stepped into the spiritual daylight of life, were discussing what they now know; and we more and more recognize the Spencer Hall who then would sit in some quiet nook in silent enthusiasm, as one who was made to dream with Bunyan, muse and worship with Isaac Walton by grassy river-sides, and imagine the realities of the hidden life with the grasping faith of a Swedenborg; an Israelite in whom there is no guile, a teacher who values his inculcations more than the gain they may bring, an earnest believer in all that is most deserving of belief, and as earnest a worker in the great work of the people's regeneration.

In the present little volume, we are greatly pleased with the tone of the whole, and gratified to mark a decided improvement in rhythmical skill. The Spenserian stanzas which open the volume are full of harmony, and we are tempted to select a specimen from a visit to the birthplace of Richard Howitt, and, of course, of ourself. They display a spirit of genuine friendship as well as of poetry:—but we are reminded by our space that brevity is also a beauty, and therefore select

THE RECTORY.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM A VISIT IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

How pleasant here in these calm days,
When autumn in the landscape lingers;
When skies are melted by her gaze,
And leaves turn golden by her fingers;
When morning dews are loth to go,
And noontide sounds are few and tender,
And the far western uplands glow
More bold in evening's glowing splendour!

Lo! where old trees you lordly seat
Half screen from these fraternal neighbours.
The Church and Rectory, quaint and neat,
Where the good pastor lives and labours;
Sure love and peace and hope dwell here,
Though haply not unmixed with sorrow;
For hearts that reign in that glad sphere
From woes beyond it oft will borrow.

Come but with me in winter time,
When all the seene has lost its glory,
Save where the woodlands rise sublime
And silent in their mantles hoary;
When earth is shrouded by the snow;
When heaven by one vast cloud is hidden;
When thy own spirit's fire burns low,
And thou to hope hast been forbidden!

Come then, and thou shalt solace share,
Within that pastoral home so pleasant,
That soon will banish wintry care,
And to thy soul make summer present!
For here—though priests too oft are found,
Whose lives their zest from luxury borrow—
Is one whose parish has no bound,
Except the bound of human sorrow!

A Voice from the Millions! Reasons for Appealing to the Middle Classes on behalf of their Unenfranchised Brethren. By a Norwich Operative. London: Houlston and Stoneman. Norwich: Jarrold and Sons, and Josiah Fletcher.

This is a modest but strongly stated plea by a working man for the right of the million. He quotes by way of motto Sir William Jones, who says: "It is a mockery to call a man free, whom you deprive of a voice in making the laws he is called upon to obey;" and he respectfully, but with an honest candour, reminds the middle classes that all the arguments by which they urged their claim to the admission to the franchise, apply with equal force to the working classes. He quotes the following facts to show how inadequate is the present exercise of the franchise to the right and necessity of the nation.

We have before us a list of 150 cities and boroughs, selected from the whole number, as being in some measure open to popular influence. Their representatives exceed 250. We find, upon consulting the returns presented to the House of Commons, that these 150 boroughs contain a total constituency of 300,000 electors. Our list comprises 13 places sending 28 members as the representatives of 140,000 electors; and 137 places, sending 222 members as the representatives of not more than 160,000 electors. The former consist of the city of London and the metropolitan boroughs, and the towns of Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, and Leeds. We think that the decision of these constituencies upon any great question which is to be carried solely by the pressure of a popular movement, can hardly be doubted. Under an effective system of organization most of those seats may be scenred for the people; and the only practical question remaining to be considered is, whether it is possible to arouse the other 137 places, with only 160,000 electors divided amongst them all, to an assertion of their own freedom, and that of their fellow-countrymen. A trifle above 80,000 votes would give us a majority; the question would then be left to be decided by the votes of Ireland and Scotland, and in their hands it might be safely left, without the smallest fear of the result. Upon the will of no larger a number than 80,000 electors is suspended the future destiny of Britain.

He adds that the city of Westminster, with a constituency amounting to nearly 15,000, is equalled in the representation by Thetford, with a constituency below 200. The united constituencies of Finsbury and Liverpool, amounting to upwards of 20,000, return four members to parliament; while 66 boroughs, the united constituencies of which do not exceed 27,000, return 105 members!

On the ground of this glaring defect in the very foundations of all good government, our Operative urges his reasons with telling effect on the middle classes. Because the inequality and severe pressure of taxation—the pension list—an enormous standing army—the existence of bribery and corruption—intimidation in the exercise of the franchise—the power of the aristocracy in the House of Commons—all remain just as they did before the reform bill. To these he adds many other cogent reasons why the middle classes should come forward and assist the working classes to obtain their right. He combats very successfully the objections usually brought forward against universal suffrage; and makes out in every respect a case deserving the most serious attention of the whole community. The question of the extension of the elective franchise is, in fact, the great question of to-day, and includes in itself an economy of time, labour, and expense in the business of reform that is beyond calculation.

Six Weeks in Ireland. By WILLIAM BENNETT. London: Charles Gilpin. Dublin: Curry & Co.

Mr. Bennert spent his six weeks in Ireland in distributing small seed, such as turnip and flax seed, to the peasantry that otherwise would not be able to procure it. Besides this he was entrusted with money and clothing from the London Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, and the Ladics' Irish Clothing Committee, and he made good use of them. He penetrated into the most obscure mountain districts of the West and South West. His accounts of the extreme destitution, starvation, and death, agree entirely with those by all other parties, and cannot be read without a most painful interest. We are glad to see that he agrees with us, that the Times Commissioner went somewhat out of his way to attack O'Connell, whose estate has not only been considerably improved, but his good nature in allowing people driven from other lands to take refuge on his, merited praise rather than blame. Mr. Bennett is also quite right in condemning the present extensive emigration. The population is all wanted to bring into cultivation the wild land at home.



VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

GLAMMIS CASTLE.

1st Witch.—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis! 2d Witch.—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor! 3d Witch.—All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

Macbeth.—Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind!

Macbeth, Act I., Scene II.

The words of Shakspere start into the mind in many a place in the British Isles like the voice of some spirit reminding you that you are on historic or romantic ground. It was thus, as wandering some time ago in the North, I came near the town of Forfar, "Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!" I was not more than six miles from the ancient castle of Macbeth, a castle which came into his hands, only to lose it, by treason to his monarch. Glamis, or Glammis Castle, as it is now spelt, and Glamms as it is pronounced, lies in the beautiful vale of Strathmore, which gives its title to the family of Lyon, to whom Glammis belongs. The Lyon family is very ancient; it was allied in blood to the throne, and still ranks high in the Scottish peerage. The castle of Glammis stands in one of the finest parts of the vale, is a noble object, and is greatly visited, not only on account of its antiquity and its once commanding character, but as the scene of a royal murder, which time has invested with the interest of an old mystery.

I walked from Forfar through a very pleasant country to Glammis, and as I lay under a tree by the road-side, leaning on my knapsack, a party of gay ladies passed me in a light cart, whom I judged to be travellers bound to see the castle: and it proved so. I caught glimpses of this old house amid its woods as I went on again, standing in a stately solitude well according with its age, and traditionary fame. It is surrounded by a park of one hundred and sixty acres. It is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and one of the finest of its extent, though a part of it has been pulled down. It is still, however, a fine object as you approach it, being lofty, and built in a noble baronial style, with projecting lantern-towers at the top, and the front emblazoned with various coats of arms in stone. It stands rather low, amid a great extent of woods, and must formerly have been a desperate solitude. The woods have within the last generation or two been a good deal thinned out to pay the enormous debts of its possessors, the Earls of Strathmore, the present earl being a descendant of the

countess who married the notorious Stoney Bowes, whose history, and strange treatment of his lady, may be found in the second volume of my Visits to Remarkable Places. I believe he is her grandson.

After passing from Macbeth, Glammis castle returned to the crown, and was granted to another party, and afterwards, by Robert II., to John Lyon, who married the king's second daughter by Elizabeth More, and became the founder of the family of Strathmore. But the estate did not descend undisturbed in the family to the present time. It was forfeited, in 1537, by the young and beautiful Lady Glammis, who was accused of witchcraft, condemned, and burnt on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, in the midst of a vast crowd, a victim to the only witchcraft of youth and beauty. The great popular fame of the castle, however, is derived from the murder of king Malcolm Canmore, or Malcolm II., of which anon.

The approach to the castle, after passing the lodge gates, is through the spacious park, which gives a fine effect to the old fabric which stands at the end of a straight avenue of half a mile in length. This avenue appears to have been of lime-trees, but you see, as you advance, how much the park has been robbed of its old wood to pay the enormous debts incurred by a late lord. The fine old limes are gone, and their place is supplied by younger ones, till you get within a few hundred yards of the end. Here the full-grown, noble limes were not only remaining, but in full flower. Imagine the difference of date from their flowering-time in the south. A month before, when I left London, their blossoms were over in that neighbourhood—here, on the 20th of August, they were in full efflorescence, and diffusing their odour far and wide.

Here the castle, standing on its open lawn, presented itself to the eye in all its ancient dignity, very lofty, grey, and impressive. The old courts and gardens, by which it was surrounded, have been removed,—a thousand pities,—and there are now only two low, grey turrets, and a fence of palisades, stretching from one to the other, to separate the lawn in front of the castle from the park. Within this enclosure, the only object is a singular sort of stone ornament, consisting of four sitting lions, holding lyres in their paws, and on their heads other stone work, terminating in a point, and forming a strange sort of a pillar. The low door of the castle stands open, and as you approach, your eye wanders over the lofty front with all its sculptured escutcheons, its round projecting towers aloft, and its antique spircs which surmount some of these.

The low door admitted me to the interior, where

all seemed to be of solid stone, and all was plainly, but cleanly whitewashed. Here you at once become aware of the immense strength and loftiness of the place. The walls are in some parts fifteen feet thick, and the height of the building is such, that there are 143 steps in the spiral staircase, which leads to the very top of the house. The steps of this staircase are laid regularly round a hollow pillar, and occupy a large tower which was built on purpose to receive them. It is said that a boy, once playing at the top of the pillar, fell down feet foremost, through the whole profound cylinder to the bottom, and was not in the least hurt.

I found the party which had passed me in the cart about to make the tour of the house, and a lady came up to me, and in a very friendly manner, accosted me , the member for the city of London! I assured her that I had not the honour to be that gentleman, but she did not seem to credit me, for she was confident that she saw me write my namerecollected me quite well. She was a Londoner, going with some young ladies to every place in Scotland that their guide-book recommended, and I believe I passed with her for a very shrewd fellow, who would not be known, but still,—the representative of London!

The effect of being taken for a live member of parliament was to me very inconvenient, for the young ladies, and one in particular, were most assiduous in pointing out everything to me, much to my distraction, for I was obliged, out of politeness, to go frequently away from what I was noting down, to observe what they thought most worthy of attention; nay, I was led away by the arm repeatedly, or gently pushed forward to see things

that they feared I might miss.

Well, in such very amusing company did I traverse the ancient Castle of Glammis, first up the winding stone stair, to the very top of the building, and noticed the rude old mode of ringing the bell at the top of the castle, by a rope which descended the hollow central cylinder of the staircase to the bottom.

The house is but thinly furnished, and what is particularly interesting, entirely with the antique furniture. The room into which the visitor is first ushered," says Robert Chambers in his picture of Scotland, "contains a large trunk filled with the state dresses of the former lords and ladies of Strathmore. These consist chiefly of coats, vests, breeches, and ladies' high-heeled shoes, all richly adorned with gold and silver lace, and in a state of perfect preservation. Among those of other earls, may be seen the clothes of the amiable and unfortunate Earl Charles, who was stabbed accidentally by Carneggie, of Finhaven, in a drunken broil at Forfar, in 1728. Along with those of his betters, there are also shown the habiliments of the Fool of Glammis, who was the last of his class in Scotland, and living only about seventy years ago."

In the room called Lord Glammis' room, is a pretty

good picture of Christ replying to the question regarding Cæsar's Tribute, the artist unknown.

In the room in which Malcolm was murdered, or at least died, the ceiling is of stucco in compartments, with the crown, the lion, and the initials of King Malcolm; and on the fireplace, the escutcheon of the royal arms. The bed is of crimson velvet emblazoned with the royal arms. The walls here are fifteen feet thick.

The tradition of the murder is, that Malcolm was attacked by assassins on the Hunter's Hill, which overlooks Glammis, and making his escape there, was again encountered in the park at aspot included now in the minister's garden. At both of these places there are antique obelisks, carved with hieroglyphical figures of animals, etc., supposed to commemorate the event. But he still escaped into his castle alive, where he lived three days, and died in the chamber now shown. It would appear that the assassins followed him into the very castle which they plundered, and in the armoury they still

show you a sword said to be the king's, and various brazen dishes, and a Roman camp kettle, which were found in clearing the neighbouring lake, into which they had been thrown by the assassins in their flight, or had fallen out of their hands there, and had lain in the

water above 700 years.

They used to show you the stains of blood on the floor in the good old way, though the floor has been three times renewed since the event; but the present housekeeper is too modernized for that, and says, these were old ghost-stories," and that the original floor was of stone. There is also a tradition that the famous "Earl Beardie," of whom there is a portrait at Abbotsford, the Earl of Crawford, famous for his rebellion against James II., of Scotland, and popularly known as "the wicked laird," was playing at cards in the castle, and being warned to give over, as he was losing dreadfully, swore an oath that he would play till the day of judgment; whereupon the devil suddenly made his appearance, and as sudden disappearance with old Beardie and all his company. The room has never been found again, but the people believe firmly that old Beardie and his company are playing on, and will play till the day of judgment; and on stormy nights they are heard stamping and swearing in their rage over their

In the armoury, amongst various old arms, they show you a sword called that of Macbeth, and the shirt of mail which he wore after his criminal ascension of the throne, as well as the armour of the Earl of Strathmore. who fell fighting for the Chevalier at Sheriff-Muir.

The main room of the house, however, is the dininghall This has a vaulted roof, also stuccoed, and divided into compartments, filled with the heads of kings, the thistles, fleur-de-lis, lions, etc. The mantelpiece is one of those old stuccoed affairs of the date of the older Hardwick-hall, but not half so old as this castle itself, with a huge figure on each side, naked to the waist, and then cased in a square pilaster. In this room are many valuable paintings, as well as some very curious ones. There is at the head of the room a large family piece consisting of a gentleman in a close antique dress sitting; a young man standing behind him, and two boys of different ages before him, each with a dog, the younger one's a lovely Italian greyhound. Behind the group appears the view of the castle in its full and ancient extent, in the midst of its courts. This is a very curious old painting, and no doubt contains a curious family history; but we could learn nothing of it.

Amongst the pictures, besides family ones, are those of several of the Scottish kings. There are also portraits of the Earl of Lauderdale, a grim-looking fellow, well cut out for a persecutor; Lords Ormond, Middleton, and Dundee, of the same era, that of Charles II. There is a very fine portrait of a Countess of Cassillis and Is a very fine portrait of a Countess of Cassins and Johnny Faa, both in gipsy habits, and referring to a common gipsy love story. The countess, whose portrait is said to be by Vandyke, must certainly have been a woman with a history. The expression of the countenance indicates great will and little conscience, but it is a master-piece of painting. There is a portrait showing Clare house. Since leading follows with house of the leading follows. as Claverhouse, a fine-looking fellow, with brown flowing locks, but still very different to the portrait at Abbotsford, and to Scott's description. I fancy that the housekeeper shows the wrong one, and that a smaller one, hanging below this, is the right one. In the drawingroom, she showed Charles II., with Nell Gwynne on the one side, and the Duchess of Cleveland, if I recollect right, on the other, as Bloody Mary, (poor Nell Gwynne,) and the Countess of Chesterfield. I was obliged to set and the Countess of Chesterheid. I was obliged to set her right, and she said they had been the subject of great dispute with many gentlemen, and that that very day, Sir James Dean Paull, a London banker, and trustee to the estate, had been questioning with some gentle-men about the identity of these ladies. There need be

no question, they are pictures too well known. Nell Gwynne is fellow to the one at Abbotsford, and a very

beautiful thing.

This drawing-room they were just fitting up with tapestry that has been in the house for centuries. Besides these things, there are old chairs, and cabinets, and the like, said to belong to King Malcolm, and such ancients, but probably many of these ascriptions are apocryphal. There is an old bed, said to have been occupied one night by Prince Charlie, and the following one by the Duke of Cumberland, in pursuit of him. But the house itself, its general air and associations, are the most

impressive and curious.

The chapel is a curious relic of the papal times, so rare in Scotland. Except for the work of time, it remains much as it was left at the Reformation. It is divided into singularly strong old latticed seats, or pews. The apostles are painted on the walls, and around the ceiling are square compartments, each containing a painting from the life of Christ. But one of the most singular things to be seen anywhere, is a representation of the Divinity, consisting of a triangle having a circle in each corner, and another in the centre, inscribed with the word Deus, with lines communicating with each, and connecting the whole into one general mystery. This hung in one corner, over an altar. Besides these. there are various other attributes of a Catholic chapel, and the tatters of the chaplain's gown, which has never been removed from the chapel since he last took it off.

The view from the leads is vast and noble. On the north rear the wild Grampians; westward you are said to see as far as Stirling; and amongst other objects was pointed out the hill of Dunsinnane, which shows its reen and flat top between other hills at seventeen miles distance. The blue hills of Athol mingle with the far sky, and only six miles off stands the castle of Airlie, where the Ladie of Airlie, as the ballad has it, was pulled out of the house by the Macgregors, in the absence of her husband, and the castle set fire to. This is the lady from whom, on the mother's side, claimed to be descended that old Jamie Stuart of Berwick,—the old man whom I found near there, at the age of 112, and who lived to be 115, having, meantime, in his last days, through my notice of him, I am glad to say, received a good deal of public attention, and various presents from different noblemen and gentlemen, including 5l. from the queen.

Such is Glammis Castle. Around it lie many places of interest, but none of greater than itself, and you may imagine that this old haunt of royal murder and other tradition is an awful place to the common people. Few of these that I conversed with in the neighbourhood had ever ventured to visit it, or even to enter its old

park and embosoming woods.

Yet perhaps the most singular thing of all is the abrupt manner in which the active and unceremonious tide of modern progress has dashed itself up to the very park walls of this old place. Close behind this wall, at within less than a quarter of a mile from the castle itself, is a railway station. This is the Dundee and Newtyle railway, the oddest of all speculations, and of all railways. It runs from Dundee to this park-side, ten miles or so, and ends here, that is, nowhere, and in nothing. It sets out by mounting the highest hill above the town, to get to the level, they tell you, but you never find any level at all, for you are constantly reminded of the old nursery rhyme,—"here we go up, up, up; and here we go down, down, down, O!" They drag you up the steep hill at Dundee, by means of a stationary engine. You go on, and find no place that it goes to, except a very small hamlet called Newtyle. In this short course it has four steep inclined planes, where you are dragged up or let down by ropes and stationary engines. From Newtyle to the park-side of Glammis, a horse conveys the train of one carriage—for, of course,

the engine at the top of the Newtyle inclined plane cannot offer its services to Glammis.

So, in the wood at the back of Glammis park I found about half-a-dozen passengers waiting for this train, sitting in very Arcadian style on some green knolls under some fine larch trees. They were hoping for, rather than expecting the carriage, for they said it sometimes did not think it worth while to come! here we sate, and I chatted with the country people, the hoping-to-be passengers, and we became very merry. We taked of the habits and food of the peasantry, and I told them of having once made my breakfast off their oatmeal porridge, and slept all day after it. This sent them into fits of laughter. They said they should be prettily off if that were the case with them, and they must then eat it only to supper. We also congratulated ourselves on there being no danger of an explosion, our train having to be only drawn by a horse; and over this, too, they were very merry. Good, simple souls, sitting in a wood by way of station, waiting for the arrival of a horse train, that might possibly come, how easily were they diverted. But this pastoral scene came to an end. A horn, and not the whistle of the engine, announced the approach of the carriage, and presently a dark object discovered itself on the line, afar off, preceded by a white speck, which gradually grew, not into a column of steam, but into a white horse. On the carriage, when it arrived, stood emblazoned—so that no simple soul might be imposed on—1st Class, one shilling; 2d Class, cightpence, s. c. to Newtyle; and the Arcadians all merrily entered, and so adieu to Glammis!

FREE TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. M.P.

No. VII. - JEREMY BENTHAM.

How small a portion of the honours done to Free Traders have been associated with the name of Jeremy Bentham ! Yet he was one of the earliest labourers,one of the most untiring in that great field of usefulness It would be difficult indeed to point out any region of philosophical thought unvisited by him. His discursive mind took up every topic in turn which was pre-sented, either by the political controversies of the age, or by the inward solitary musings of a powerful and really inventive intellect. True, for most of the speculations in which he indulged, the harvest-time has not arrived to gather in the produce of the seed he has sown. But he has sown it-and it has not perished. Now and then it may have been scattered in stony places, and among thorns and briers,-but much has been deposited in good ground. Some of it has sprung up,—some is springing. In the reforms of the law—both civil and criminal;—in improved judicature lessening delay, expense and vexation; -in the changes introduced into prisons and workhouses; -in the newly awakened attention to the social and domestic condition of the people;in the extensions of popular rights; -in the improved state of international intercourse;—in the spread of popular principles;—in the gradual abolition of slavery;—or, to use a comprehensive phrase, in all the triumphs over abuse and oppression, the world has been following the guidance—however little they have recognized the services—of one of the most illustrious of reformers, of Jeremy Bentham.

Napoleon said a brilliant thing of Bentham-Bentham's influence. I think it was from Talleyrand I heard it. At all events, it was from high authority—"His light will enlighten libraries,"—his wisdom will not only instruct generations of men, but will illuminate those depositaries in which the experience of men

is gathered together,—in which is collected whatever is worthy of being saved from the wreeks of time. "Books," as Wordsworth has beautifully and profoundly said, "are a world—a world both true and good"—a world of amusement, and instruction, and felicity. To shine on such a world,—to irradiate such a creation,—is the highest pride and noblest privilege of man.

But it is of Bentham's services in the cause of Free Trade that I am about to write. If in the sphere where I have been called upon to act it has ever been my good fortune to render any service to that cause, let me own that to Bentham I owe my present convictions, and from him I received my strongest impulses. He was accustomed to trace the whole current of his thoughts to some great truth,—some concentrated aphorism,—some clear fountain from which they flowed. Among the most influential were those which he found in the works of Bacon,—such as, "Respice finem," Look to the end—"Fiat experimentum," Try the test of experiment—"Let reason be fertile,—let custom be barren;"—and that phrase originally used by Beccaria, but which found its way into the writings of Priestley—"The greatest good of the greatest number,"—and which I have lately traced in more than one country of the world circulating in a Latin dress—Maxima plurimorum felicitus. These, and similar condensations of philosophy and ethics, were the foundations of the structures which he raised.

Bentham, who had travelled much in his youth, was greatly interested in the travels of others. It was a very pleasant amusement to go with him over tracts of country which he had visited half a century before, and to compare the state of things as they existed in two successive generations. With Russia Bentham had been very familiar, and all that he had seen of Russia served to show that a considerable improvement had taken place since he had been an inhabitant. Bad as matters now are in many respects, the social condition of the people has been much ameliorated. But his recollections of Turkey—especially of Constantinople and Smyrna—conveyed to my mind the impression of rapid deterioration between the period of his observations and mine. I had much familiarity with one country, however, which Bentham had never visitedthe Spanish peninsula. Spain had many charms for him. Next to France, where, introduced by Dumont, Bentham's writings had obtained for him a wide—nay, universal popularity-Spain was the European country where his doctrines were most extensively known, and his authority most generally recognised. He had, in-deed, received from the assembled Cortes the thanks of the representatives of the Spanish nation—these representatives then elected by universal suffrage, for the services he had rendered to popular legislation. His system of prison discipline—the Panopticon system, which has to some extent been adopted in almost every improved plan of prison-architecture—was made the ground-work of the prison-legislation of Spain. His works—of which there are two Spanish translations—were introduced into the Spanish Universities as the text-books for jurisprudential studies. And the example of Spain re-acted on her former colonies in Central and South America. Bentham's correspondence was extensive with the Presidents and official representatives of most of the South American Republics. He had been on torms of friendly epistolary communication with Bolivar,—one of whose later overt acts of dishonour and despotism was the prohibition of Bentham's writings in the University of Bogota. Bentham led somewhat of a hermit's life—and was always fond of calling his abode in Queen-square-place, Westminster, the hermit's cell. He peremptorily excluded visitors whose visits were mat-ters of mere curiosity. His friends who knew him best avoided plaguing him with letters of introduction

which were not likely to obtain for their bearers a personal reception. It was his common colloquial excuse—"I have nothing to say to him—what can he have to say to me?—I have no time for vague-generality-talk—I have no moments to throw away." And, indeed, every moment was hoarded to some important use—a few for exercise—for "anti-prandial circumgy rations" in Milton's garden—his own pleasant garden, in the shadow of the linden trees,—or among the lilacbushes and the varied flowers (for Bentham was a great lover of flowers, and a botanist too)—but many for intellectual labour,—for composition which occupied

him nine hours at least in every day.

For Spaniards then,-whether European or American, he felt a peculiar interest, and they were more readily admitted to his presence than foreigners of other nations. The habits of some of them did not fail to annoy him; he was beyond all other men distinguished for extreme neatness—cleanly in all his habits to an extraordinary degree. Snufftaking was offensive to him,-smoking still more so,-and Spaniards are much addicted to both. There is one trick of theirs which twenty or thirty years ago was common—as it is now said to be in the United States,—the trick of spitting and spitting even upon the carpet. I remember well being present on one occasion when this trick was performed by Senor R—, who was then the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Buenos Ayrean Republic. Without saying a word Bentham rose from the table, ran into his bedroom, brought out a certain utensil, placed it at the Schor's feet, and said somewhat sharply, "There, Excellency! there." The minister had the sagacity to understand, the good sense to forgive, and the wisdom to profit by the emphatic lesson. The carpet was exposed to no farther perils.

The frequent conversations respecting the smugglers in Spain,—whose proceedings I had often witnessed during the progress and after the close of the Penin-sular war,—led Bentham to busy himself by writing the notes which are embodied in the pamphlet, entitled, "Observations on the restrictive and prohibitory system. Questions of political economy were both familiar and attractive to him,—and among his most intimate friends were some of the most distinguished writers in that department of literature. "I invented Mill," said he, "and Mill invented Ricardo." But Bentham thought that most of the political economists narrowed too much the sphere and the action of the science that occupied their attention. In him there was one paramount end and object,-one to which every other was subject and subordinate. That end and object he contended ought to be pursued through every department of reflection and action,—the increase of man's felicity. He attached no value to any study which had not a bearing upon this result. He would not consent to narrow the inquiries of the political economist to the production of wealth alone—though he saw that was a very important portion of the matter,
—but he required that his investigations should be carried onward to the distribution, to the diffusion of the wealth produced,—to its influences on human happiness,—which, he contended, was after all the far more important question. For if political economy could be dis-associated from its influences upon human weal and woe,-if in any way the growth of wealth was incompatible with the progress of happiness,—still more if its growth were creative of mortal misery,—then the act of producing it might fail to be a blessing; but applying to the whole system what Bentham called the "exhaustive" principle, and tracking wealth not only in the progress of its augmentation, but in its re-distribution,—the association of political economy with philanthropic philosophy becomes obvious,—the science is elevated at once into the highest regions of usefulness and beneficence.

Adam Smith, strong as he was, had many weaknesses.

He defended the usury laws. He hated and attacked "projectors." Bentham thought both usuries and pro-" projectors. jectors had much to say for themselves—and manfully has he pleaded their cause and vindicated their merits. The usury laws ought to be maintained, argued the philosopher of Kirkcaldy; "they prevent money being lent to prodigals and projectors"—and "they furnish money to sober people." Adam Suith was wrong in the fact,—as well as weak in the argument. Bentham's Defence of Usury is a masterly—it is an irresistible piece of reasoning; it has overthrown the usury laws notwithstanding Adam Smith's authority, and the objections of country gentlemen. I am not aware that any man has alleged their abolition to have proved mischievous in any respect. After having completely overwhelmed Adam Smith by weapons furnished from his own armoury, Bentham gives an explanation so instructive of the manner by which so great a master was betrayed into error and inconsistency, that I cannot refrain from transcribing it as a warning against similar aberrations,—and as a means of giving effect to those emphatic instructions which close the Fragment on Government,—in which he speaks of the noble mission he had undertaken, "to do something to instruct, but more to undeceive, the timid and admiring student: to excite him to place more confidence in his own strength, and less in the infallibility of great names: to help him to emancipate his judgment from the shackles of authority:" "to warn him not to pay himself with words:" "to dispose him rather to fast upon ignorance than feed himself with error."

"You heard," says Bentham in his letter to Adam Smith, "the public voice, strengthened by that of law, proclaiming all round you that usury was a sad thing, and usurers a wicked and pernicious set of men; you heard from one at least of those quarters that projectors, were either a foolish and contemptible race, or a knavish and destructive one. Hurried away by the what everybody said must have some ground for it, you have joined the cry, and have added your suffrage to the rest. Possibly, too, among the crowd of projectors which the lottery of occurrences happened to present to your observation, the prejudicial sort may have borne such a proportion to the beneficial, or shown themselves in so much stronger colours, as to have given the popular notion a firmer hold on your judgment than it would have had, had the contrary proposition happened to present itself to your notice. To allow no more weight to examples that fall under our eyes than to those which have fallen at ever so great a distance,—to suffer the judgment on no occasion to indulge itself in the licence of a too hasty and extensive generalization—not to give any proposition footing there, till after all such defalcations have been made as are necessary to reduce it within the limits of rigid truth:-these are laws the complete observance whereof forms the ultimate, and hitherto, perhaps for ever, ideal term of human wisdom.

"You have defended against unmerited obloquy two classes of men—the one innocent at least, the other highly useful; the spreaders of English arts in foreign climes, and those whose industry exerts itself in distributing that necessary commodity which is called by way of eminence the staff of life. May I recommend to the same powerful protection two other highly useful and equally persecuted set of men—usurers and projectors? Yes!" The whole epistle sparkles with eloquent wisdom, and confidently anticipates the removal of prejudices which courageous philosophy was even then beginning to root out,—and dwells on a golden age not belonging to the past, but to that portion of human existence which is yet to come.

But Adam Smith was a man who could afford to confess an error. His reputation was not to be damaged by his

own honesty. He acknowledged that Bentham was right, and that he was wrong. He had dwelt too much on the mischiefs which a speculative and projecting spirit may entail on its possessor, but he had forgotten that all invention is but the development of a project—in other words, that the invention of to-day is but a project of an earlier day. Adam Smith had forgotten, in his haste to condemn incautious and dishonest projectors, that the great discoveries of philosophy,—the great advance of all the arts and all the sciences,—were in their first conceptions only projects of improvement. Adam Smith had his prejudices, and his infirmities. His truths were for the most part novelties which did not seriously shock the opinions of the age. They were discoveries which overthrew, and were meant to overthrow, some of the accepted convictions of his generation. He built mainly on unoccupied ground. He created much,—and little did he destroy. The weaknesses of his position may be attributed to his deference to existing institutions. Hence his admiration of the Navigation Laws—hence his abhorrence of usurers,—and his quarrel with projectors. He accepted most of the conventionalities of the time in which he lived. He had a reverence for authority. If he moved forward, it was in paths where he was likely to meet with little or no opposition. Far different was the turn and temper of Bentham's mind. He respected no authority. He grappled boldly with all opinions. He took nothing upon trust. He adopted no man's creed, and submitted to no man's judgment. He recognised nothing which was not proved,—and always doubted when any thing remained to be demonstrated. His experience taught him to be sceptical. He saw mankind following in gregarious subjection the trackway of this or the other leader,—believing upon trust, and obeying, as if by instinct. He found error propagated by slavish servility. The timidity of some,—the inertness of others,—the docility of the rest,—making the many the servants and the slaves of the few. Mind enchained by mind,-will subjected to will,-and the human race, with rare exceptions, imprisoned in the narrow circle of ancient creeds, and exhausted controversies. But Bentham's intellect broke down the barriers that had limited the advance of thought. Alike in the judicial, the social, and the political field of reform, he attacked old abuses, however consecrated by long observance,-and proclaimed new truths, however abhorrent to existing interests. He never was deterred by the risks or the dangers to which he was exposed. Again and again did Wilson and Romilly warn him of the perils which, in their judgment, he unnecessarily confronted. In their conversations—in their correspondence—they pointed out to him the sometimes libellous, sometimes seditious character of his writings,—"For this you will never be forgiven—this will never be forgotten —that will consign you to prison." Bentham never published any thing that at this time would have subjected him to prosecution—nothing, perhaps, which would now be considered either unpardonably bold, or offensive. But thirty or forty years ago, the temper of the ruling powers was persecuting and malignant. The arm of the Law—or what was called the Law—was constantly appealed to—constantly applied to frighten and to punish "disaffection." How Bentham passed through a long life—thundering against every species of abuse—unmolested—is, and always has been, to me a mystery. Perhaps, there was an apprehension that the publicity which state prosecutions give would have strengthened his influence,—perhaps, there was in the minds of the ruling powers some sentiment of respect and reverence for the man who, in a solitude almost inaccessible, was but indulging in the reveries of, in their judgment, an impracticable and therefore not mischievous philosophy. I know that, on many occasions, atrong efforts were made to induce him to be silent when he thought he

ought to speak; and I know, too, that these efforts uni-

formly failed.

Bentham's Manual of Political Economy (part nine of his collected works) contains in a few pages a com-plete development of the doctrines of Free Trade. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the successive demonstrations, in which he exhibits what is or may be useless, pernicious, or beneficial to commerce, as far as legislation is concerned. He shows that loans from Government—though, perhaps, the least pernicious mode of assistance—open the door to a variety of abuses—and that the presumption must be against that direction of capital which does not of itself invite the capital of individuals,-that no new enterprise justifies the application of the public money,-but that the only case when such need can be at all defended is, where a temporary loan will aid an enterprise through a temporary difficulty. Government gifts he pronounces to be far worse than Government loans, these are the produce of taxation, not to be returned to the taxed,—the receiver released from the responsibility as to repayment is released from the restraints upon his carelessness and prodigality,—and he proves such assistance to be so radically bad as to be indefensible in spite of all the securities, which inspection, recognizance, or any other fancied guarantee could offer. Bounties on production he declares to be more pernicious than loans or gifts. They are absurd alike in end and in means—the end being the support of something that cannot beneficially support itself,—the production of something that will leave no profit. He very amusingly and truly says that "bounties have been given for all sorts of contradictory reasons—to branches of trade on account of their novelty, and on account of their antiquity; because they were flourishing, and because they were decaying; because they were advantageous, and because they were burthensome; because there were hopes of improving them, and because it was feared they would grow worse." And all these reasons he effectually demolishes; and he thus sums up the argument :-

"The natural course of things gives a bounty upon the application of industry to the most advantageous branches—a bounty of which the division will be made in the most equitable manner. If artificial bounties take the same course as the natural, they are superfluous, -if they take a different course, they are injurious. Exemption of a particular production from taxation is a bounty disguised,—the favour granted to one is an injury done to all competing productions, and the exemption from taxation brings with it the necessity of providing for that exemption by other taxes. Bounties upon exportation are even less to be defended than bounties on production. In both cases the money is lost,-but what is paid in one case goes to your countrymen,-what you pay in the other is to strangers,an ingenious scheme for inducing foreigners to receive tribute from you. No bounty produces a farthing of profit. It lends support to a disadvantageous trade—it is a pure loss,—the more extensive the export trade which is dependent on bounties, the greater the lossand in the proportion to your anxiety to have such a trade will be the mistrust of foreign countries. you deem so advantageous to yourselves, they will deem necessarily disadvantageous to them. The Englishman necessarily disadvantageous to them. who laid and won a wager that he, standing on the Pontneuf, would offer a crown to bystanders for a purse of twelve sous, and that few would accept the bargain, knew well the distrustfulness of human nature. bounty-giving nation offers in vain to the importing country the crown for the twelve sous, -and the importing country generally repeats the same folly in some

Prohibition of most home productions cannot be productive of good, but may of evil. Some such prohibi-

tions are merely useless, such as those which prohibit what nobody would produce, of which there are many examples on our old statutes, which Bentham says are about equivalent to what the prohibition of phoenixes would be, whose admission by law certainly need not disturb the tranquillity of any rearer of poultry, any more than need the prohibition to produce pine-apples in the open fields, or the manufacture of cloths from spider webs, alarm either agricultural or manufacturing interests. But when the prohibition sacrifices a superior to an inferior article, it creates the mischief of monopoly. "You enable the monopolist to sell at a higher rate,— you diminish the number of enjoyments,—you grant them the singular privilege of manufacturing inferior articles, or of ceasing to improve them, -you weaken the principle of emulation which exists only where there is competition; in short, you favour the enriching of a small number of individuals at the expense of all those who would have enjoyed the benefit; you give to a few bad manufacturers an excessive degree of wealth, instead of supplying the wants of ten thousand good ones; and you wound the feelings of the people by the idea of injustice and violence attached to the partiality of the measure." Again, after exhibiting the fact that exclusion means the refusal to participate in advantages which somebody else enjoys, he says:—"You prefer what costs you more capital and labour; you employ your workmen and your capital at a loss, rather than receive from the hands of a rival what he offers of a better quality or at a lower price."—"The greatest of errors is to suppose that by prohibition, whether of foreign or domestic manufactures, more trade can be obtained. The quantity of capital, the efficient cause of all increase, remaining the same, all the increase thus given to a favoured commerce is so much taken from other branches.

And then the collateral evils—expense, vexation, crime. Loss of the unproductive labour of the amuggler, and of all employed to prevent smuggling. "To destroy foreign commerce," he says, "it is only necessary to sell everything and to purchase nothing,—and this is the folly which has been called political wisdom, —it is this covetousness which would possess more than it can hold,—it is this malevolence that would rather punish itself than benefit another. The prohibition of foreign articles is a tax equal to the difference of their price compared with that of home produced articles, but not a tax that goes to the Treasury,—not a tax re-lieving you from other taxation,—it is a tax collected at a heavy cost,—and then wasted,—thrown into the sea. Taxation upon rival branches of home manufactures, taxation of rival imports, are mischievous to the extent in which they influence the misdirection of capital; as taxes they may do good if standing instead of worse taxation; however, if they stand in the way of what is less burthensome,—if the taxation is prohibitory,—it is associated with all the evils of absolute prohibition." Of drawbacks Bentham avers, that they are instruments of double loss the loss connected with the collection of the tax, and the loss connected with its return-a loss to the state in useless employment of public func-tionaries—a loss to the individuals who pay the money and receive it back again." The artificial aid of Govern-ment in the protection and extension of commerce and manufactures is utterly repudiated by our philosopher. Service indeed Government may render, but not by a protective (as the term is generally used),—not by a protective,—still less by a prohibitory system. What then can Government do? What action remains for the statesman and the legislator! Simply this-and well worthy of sober meditation-to maintain security — to remove obstacles—to disseminate knowledge. Functions these high and noble enough for the most elevated ambition, and offering a limitless field for the exercise of philanthropic philosophy.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

The New Parliament.—The people have gained some great victories during this election. Besides the mere general amount of what are called liberal members—good easy souls, often—there is a phalanx of men of the true sort returned, which cannot fail to tell on the parliament and the country. Let them be careful to act in unison, and let no petty distinctions or shades of difference in opinion on minor points, cause any want of full, hearty, and instant action for all that concerns the great question of progress and reform. Let them remember what a mass of business the nation yet wants doing. Reform is yet only beginning its course, and we could and probably shall, about or before the opening of the first session of this new parliament, present them with a list of the triftes that are yet undone for the nation. In the mean time, let us felicitate ourselves in the names of W. J. Fox, George Thompson, Dr. Bowring, Colonel Thompson, Thomas Duncombe, Thomas Wakley, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Talfourd, Villiers, Fergus O'Connor, and others of full-length principles, as entitled now to declare their principles, and decand the article of the control of the c demand the application of them in the greatest legislative assembly in the world. There has been no such parliament, no such brilliant proof of the actual advance of the popular power for the last century. There never was a more striking proof of the growth of this power than in the Nottingham election. We have, indeed, heard good people who regretted that it returned have, indeed, heard good people who regretted that it returned Fergus O'Connor to parliament, a great chartist leader. But we ask, ought not every great body of subjects to have their representatives? And are not the chartists a great body? But Fergus O'Connor is a physical-force man? It is not in parliament that he can use physical force, were he so inclined; but at Nottingham he declared himself a convert to moral force, because, he caid he and his Friends found that it could do what physical said, he and his friends found that it could do what physical force could not. Let Fergus O'Connor, like any other man, stand or fall by the manner in which he discharges his duties as a representative of the people. Over the defeat of Sir John Hobhouse all good men rejoice. That man has done more to corrupt the constituency of Nottingham, than any man who ever entered that borough, and that as a minister of the crown. When a man goes down to a borough, and says,—" I must have this election, cost what it will," that man of all others should be repulsed and rejected as a traitor to the constitution, and the worst enemy of both political and moral reform. Hence the great triumph of the public over the defeat of Sir John. But it is with other feelings that we regard the absence of Roebuck, Vincent, Miall, and others from this new parliament. Let the people watch for their entrance into it through the first

Important Remarks regarding the Donglass Subscription.— SIR,—It appears that when Frederick Douglass returned to America, he found that instead of a newspaper with a coloured editor being a novelty, there were already four in the field. The gentlemen who have been most active in collecting money to procure him a steam-press, feel a difficulty in knowing how far to benefit Douglass, and at the same time fulfil the ostensible object of the subscription. They propose that the money be invested, to be drawn out at any time that he may wish to establish a newspaper; else, the principal is to remain for the benefit of those of his family who may survive him; and, " the interest be payable to F. Douglass during his life, and that, in return, he shall devote a portion of his time, equal to one day per week, in writing gratuitously for one or more newspapers conducted on

writing gratuiously for one or more newspapers conducted on anti-slavery principles by coloured editors."

This arrangement is liable to serious objections:—

First.—The interest of 500% would be perhaps 25% per annum, and this would not be a proper remuneration for the services of such a man as Douglass, as it would be only paying him at the rate of 150%, per annum, for the best part of his time.

Second.—In this way we are transferring our present from Douglass, whom we care about, to persons of whom we know nothing. We pay him stingily for his labour, and give that labour as a free present to the coloured editors.

Third .- It seems a sort of bondage, to which Douglass is the last to be subjected, to require him to spend his time in a parti-cular way, however irksome to him, and for the good of persons in whom he may feel little interest.

If we clogged our gift with any stipulations, would it not be sufficient to say: "That the interest be payable to F. D., during his life, to enable him to devote some of his time to the gratuitous advocacy of the principles of freedom."

tous advocacy of the principles of freedom."

Knowing the value of your space, I omit other considerations. I, and all to whom I have spoken, would be happy for Douglass to have our gift without any conditions whatever, and should much object to any that would seem to degrade, or which might harass and annoy him. I think that if this is the general feeling of the subscribers, the gentlemen who manage the matter would have no difficulty in altering their proposed arrangement.
Your obedient servant,

We perfectly agree with our valued correspondent. No stipulations whatever ought to be connected with the gift, or it cea intions whatever ought to be connected with the gift, or it ceases to be a gift, and becomes the payment for a bargain. Besides, why should we, for the poor present of about 4004., require Frederick Douglass to give his future labour, or any of it, except what is agreeable or convenient to him? Has he not already more than earned the sum named? If the amount were as many thousands, we might, with a good grace, make these stipulations; but we are certain that the benevolent friends who proposed them will, on considering the remarks of our correspondent, be the first to withdraw them.

Co-operative Corn-mills.—The rules of the Leeds District Co-operative Corn-mill, which have been duly certified and enrolled by Mr. Tidd Pratt, may now be had gratis and post free by applying to Mr. D. Green, 166, Briggate, Leeds. We are desired to add that the members of the above corn-mill continue steadily to pay the instalments; and from the character of the men who have undertaken this work, there is every appearance of its being completely successful. Working men!! six to eight per cent. can be saved in purchasing flour upon the above principle.

Edinburgh Mechanics' Institution.—To WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITI.—Respected Friends,—The Committee of the Institution have assigned to me the honour of thanking you for the very prominent and hearty notice which you gave of us in your patriotic and esteemed Journal of date February 13th. Many of our members were first apprised of the existence of our Insti tution through your Journal, and many of our countrymen in England were incited through the same means to inquire regarding our constitution, principles, and progress. In the name of the members and committee. I therefore tender you our heartiest thanks and good wishes, and long may you both be spared, with your strong sympathies, and vigorous genius, to battle for the uprising people.

You invited us to write to you an account of our progress; and with some little pride that I have the privilege of directly communicating with you, I take the earliest opportunity, after the close of our first session, of complying with your kind invitation.

The establishment of our institution was the effort of a few working men to create an idea of independence even in the acquirement of knowledge. We wished to demonstrate to our brethren that there was more intelligence employed at the hammer and mallet than was generally supposed, and that by a combination of several intelligences, and the harmonious interchange of individual ideas and knowledge, we might be educationally of great service to each other. The preses opened this hopeful little society with an address on the benefits of Mechanics' Institutions. He was followed by Mr. Anderson, vice-preses, with an eloquent essay on the tastes, pursuits, and future prospects of the people; and Mr. Henry, the treasurer, read a most instructive essay on Micros, illustrating his subject with diagrams and a microscope constructed by himself. Mr. J. B. Syme, a literary gentleman who is connected with one of our most popular periodicals, kindly delivered a gratuitous course of five lectures to the Institution, "On the Rise and Progress of British Literature;" "The Influence of Literature upon Morality;" "Literature and True Liberty;" "The Poet's Mission;" and the last, which closed our first quarter, was upon "Physical Geography." brethren that there was more intelligence employed at the

The institution was now organized; the interior committee

MEMOIR OF HENRY CLARKE WRIGHT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

(Concluded from p. 118.)

WE have now arrived at the year 1815, when peace was made between Great Britain and America. Henry Wright, according to his warlike and democratic feelings, war, rejoicing in every triumph of his country over "the proud Britishers," whom he hated abundantly. The conclusion of the war produced an effect much nearer home than the good hatters of Norwich had looked for; the price of hats, which had been very high during the war, now fell; the English hat-maker rejoiced that a new and extensive market was opened for his goods, still the American hatter bewailed his fate as a rulned man, Henry Wright's master among the rest. He complained that his apprentices were a burden to him, and on this, four of them, among whom was our friend, proposed to leave him; Henry's principal reason, however, being that he might have an opportunity of pursuing his studies in a higher and better school than any to be found in Norwich.

In writing to his father respecting what he called his conversion," he had found a defect in himself, of which "conversion," he had found a defect in himself, of which till then he had been unaware; this was, difficulty in expressing himself foreibly and clearly; for this he found he wanted study, and to school, therefore, he de-

termined to go.

His parting with his fellow apprentices, whom he loved, and between whom and himself there had so long been an interchange of good offices, and with his mistres and her little children, who likewise were very dear to him, was in a high degree painful. And even when the hour of departure came, his master—the hard, brutal man-accompanied him a short distance on his way, entered into conversation with him on religious matters; encouraged him to persevere in the upright, honest course he had hitherto pursued, and, begging him to forget and forgive all his ill-temper and unkindness, bade him farewell with tears in his eyes. Such was the effect of goodness on what appeared a hopelessly brutal nature.

The events which Henry had communicated to his father had afforded him unmingled pleasure; they met on common ground, and conversed, not as the stern father and the timid child, but as friend with friend. To his pleasure and surprise, he found that his father had already formed plans for his future; he should devote himself to steady preparation for being a minister, and in this his good step-mother was a zealous co-operator, and undertook to mraish his wardrobe; the brothers, too, had adopted the idea, and urged it warmly; there was nothing for him to do, but to acquiesce. Again he was at school with books but to acquiesce. Again he was at school with books and writing materials about him, no longer the child learning merely the task required from its memory, or the youth rejoicing over the proving of a sum, but the inquiring, active-minded young man, gifted with that fine moral sense which made him deeply aware that his influence for good upon others depended solely upon himself, and that he could be wise, good, great or learned, only by his own efforts. A deeply ingrafted consciousness of this fact is the noblest foundation for a sterling and many character.

a sterling and manly character.

The energy and industry with which he applied himself to study were astonishing to every one. Study was an all-absorbing passion; he applied to it with all his mind, and all his strength, and so completely did it employ his entire faculties, that although there were forty students beside himself, he hardly became accounted with their newscard, are hardly became acquainted with their names, and scarcely allowed him-

self time to eat or sleep.

"Life was," says he, "at that time a glorious boom to me, for though, even while amid my fellow beings, I was in solitude, yet I was very happy; I felt that it was an infinite privilege to live, and this, I believe, was owing to the impulse given to my intellectual being by the excitement and interest I felt in my studies.

As a student for the ministry, it was necessary that he should become acquainted with the classics. He bought, therefore, a Latin grammar and dictionary, a copy of Cicero and Virgil, and other such works as were considered necessary for the study of that language. He had no master, but that was of small consequence to a determined scholar like himself, and in about three weeks he commenced reading Virgil. In three months weeks he commenced reading Virgil. In three months time he had gone through the whole of Virgil and Cicero, and at the same time studied composition and public speaking. He soon after commenced the Greek, in the same way, without a master, and very soon was reading the gospel of St. John, the whole of which he carefully committed to memory. His delight in the study of these languages was beyond any thing which he had experienced before; he perfectly revelled in them, and the still and randitive with which he wrote the and the skill and rapidity with which he wrote the Greek character were most remarkable.

For three years he pursued his studies in the Greek and Latin; he studied during this time sixteen hours a day, with an interval in each summer of six weeks, when he worked on his father's farm. On these occasions he laid aside his classical studies—astronomy, logic, and philosophy, and took in hand the scythe and the sickle. Again, I say there is something perfectly Arcadian—there is a healthy, fresh, invigorating spirit in this simple life of rural labour, combined with the

highest littlelectual cultivation.

His home, too, at that time was singularly happy: the elder brothers and sisters were married aw excepting one brother, who, living in a house on his father's farm, attended to its management. The stepmother was an smisble and excellent woman, and made her husband and his children happy; the three step-sisters whom Henry loved so dearly, were growing up great girls, whilst the present wife's own daughter by a former husband, who lived with them, was equally beloved by all.

It was a happy home—a simple, one-storied house, with stumps of trees and primeval forest around it, but thad many claims on his heart; he even now cherishes the hope of one day revisiting it. May this hope be realized, and may it fill his heart with unmingled happiness, is my own wish, and will, I am sure, be the

wish of every one of my readers.

After s long debate with himself, whether he should enter as a student of Andover college, near Boston, and there study some years longer, preparatory to taking upon himself the duties of a minister, or whether he ahould go out as a missionary to Owyhee, he finally decided for the college, principally because it would afford him an opportunity of prosecuting his studies, and more especially enable him to gain a knowledge of Hebrew, about which language he was greatly interested.

Spite of all the captivating prospects of study which lay before him, it was with a sorrowing heart that he again separated himself from the beloved inmates of whence he was to proceed by coach. The father was now an old man, erect in person, and of the same stern, determined temper as had characterized his life; but there was now a bond of union between the parent and the child, which had not existed formerly. The two walked together on the banks of the Otrego Lake till sunset, the father having the firm belief that it was the last time Le should see his son in this world. The hour came when they must part; he took his son's hand in his, and held it long, gazing on him with the deepest affection

and sorrow, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Henry, who was unused to such emotion in his stern parent, felt awed. Neither father nor son exchanged a word, but their silence spoke to each other's heart. So parted they on the banks of the beautiful lake, in the bright month of September. Henry watched his father as he went on his homeward way, and that was the last time he saw him. He died suddenly, about three years afterwards.

"Stern, inflexible, just, but loving author of my being?" says he, "I cherish thy remembrance with deep felt, undiminished filial love and respect; somewhere in the

universe we shall meet again!

On his way to Andover, Henry Wright passed through the town of Northampton, which was the birth-place of his mother, and where her brother and other of her relatives still lived. Her name also had been Wright, and to the house of her brother Seth Henry now went. These relatives were all personally unknown to him, and this uncle was a man of wealth and reputation, and moreover, having lived some years in Boston, he and his family were Unitarians, and members of Dr. Channing's church. After having been in the family a few days, they gave him Dr. Channing's Discourse on Unitarian Christianity to read, which was just then published. He read it with great interest; he was struck with the candour and boldness with which the writer states his own views, but he was shocked at those views which appeared to him adverse to the truth, as he then believed it.

During his stay in this family, his uncle took him to the house in which his mother was born, and from which she was married; that beloved affectionate mother, the memory of whom lived in his heart with the brightness and beauty of an angel! Half a century had passed away since she left, yet he was told that things remained in it much as when she was a child there. This affected him much; he went into the room where she was born; sate where she had sat, and it seemed to him as if she lived and breathed in all around him. There was another surviving brother of hers in the place, a very old and infirm man, who received him with abundant affection for her sake, and when they told him that he was the son of his beloved younger sister Miriam, he blessed him, bowed his head over him, and wept.

But these pleasant traits of affectionate life delay us

perhaps too long.

Henry's feelings at the commencement of his coflegiate life were such as might be expected. It was late in the autumn, dreary and dark weather, and his feelings were like the weather. He felt himself doubly solitary, and in a sphere that was quite novel to him. He had as yet never come in contact with literary men; he had now to enter on an untried career with a hundred young men, all of whom had enjoyed the benefit of public, collegiate education; he knew nothing of the habits of the life there; they did; he was country-bred, and had been used to the labour of his hands, they all had enjoyed eight or nine years of scademical training, and with these, he who had only studied three years, and that in solitude, must commence the race, and keep up with them; he resolved to do that, or to perish in the attempt.

He said down for himself a system of severe study and mental discipline accordant with his conscientious and ardent mind, and to this he rigorously adhered. His principal studies for the first year, according to the rules of the college, were connected with biblical learning, and hence he was enabled to gratify his wishes respecting the Hebrew language, in which he became a profound scholar, and so great was his delight in it, that he pursued it assiduously many years afterwards, and even till his health failed under it, while in this

country.

As a child, and as a youth, Henry Wright had

regarded the bible, not as a book merely, but as a secred something which he was not permitted to treat lightly. He was accustomed to handle it in the feeling of its being "God's book, the word of God," and to read it only in a spirit of implicit and devout belief—attaching a sacred meaning to its lightest word. We can well understand, then, the extraordinary effects produced upon his mind from the rules of the college requiring that with regard to the study of Hebrew and Greek, the bible was to be treated as any other book; the laws of philology applied equally to it; and its ancient man-ners, natural history, geography, etc., were as much legitimate matters of inquiry, and even of speculation, as the works of any profane author whatever. His educational feelings and scruples could not exempt him from the rules of the college; he must and he did submit, and from that time his superstitious reverence of the book ceased also; he took it up, read it, and interpreted it freely as any other book, with this difference only, that it had just claims to a divine inspiration, which others had not, and unless the reader were possessed of the spirit he could not fully interpret its language -and indeed, is this not true as regards all works whatever? the enlarged poetic mind can best read aright the world's Shaksperes and Miltons;—and the truthful spirit, unfettered by sect or party, and enlightened by knowledge, which in truth only brings us nearer to God, can best understand His works of His revelation.

Although Henry Wright had suffered so much at the commencement of his college life, from the supposition that he should find himself inferior in knowledge and experience of life to his fellow students who had enjoyed all the advantages of an academical education and training, to his great surprise, and even disappointment, he soon found that he himself was a long way before the greater number of them in intellectual attainments, in energy, application, and thirst after knowledge. There were very few who, like himself, would not receive even the opinions and assertions of the professors with implicit faith, but required that they should search deeply for themselves, in order to ascertain whether these very

opinions and assertions were based on truth.

His first year closed. It had made a strong impression upon his mind; it had overturned some of his old

opinions and staggered many others.

Among the principal lectures were those on the existence and attributes of the Deity, in which the lecturer's object was to shew what were the evidences which did not prove the being of a God, and in so doing, he demolished, portion by portion, all the old educational fabric of belief in his mind, for on the basis of these non-evidences his belief was founded. He was thus left utterly miserable, and—an Atheist. God seemed blotted from the universe; his child-like conviction that he had a Fisther in Heaven, to whom he could lift up his soul in sorrow for consolation, and to whom he could pour out the fulness of a thankful spirit, was taken from him; the consciousness of a glorious something within him that had seemed kindred to God himself, was all a mockery—he was in darkness, and utterly forlorn. Other lectures followed, intended to advance positive arguments on the subject; but these seemed weak in comparison with the other. If erroneous opinions had been pulled down, a great truth had gone with them; and now it was not in the power of man to re-establish it.

The long vacation which closed this first memorable year, and which the other students without exception spent in recreation, he passed in the closest seclusion and study, desirous, by intense application, to lose the miserable sense which crushed him, as it were, to the

dust.

The second year was devoted to the study of theology, and here again all his old educational opinions were shaken by the very means which, in an ordinary way,

were taken to make men orthodox believers. It is impossible in our short space to go into all the operations of this truthful and strong mind on these subjects; we become too families to think that the whole paragritum of rejoice to think that the whole narrative of from which we have derived so much, will she before the public, and from this circumstance cipate much good. The year went on, and the and wretchedness of his mind only increased; time would he return from the lecture-room, and himself into his chair, exclaim in utter mi believe that I exist, and that is all I believe. this very thought, however, arose the light the him at length to truth and peace.

His atheism had been a matter of the hea than of the heart, of speculation rather than feel in his darkest moments, although his reason ha his heart had refused to give up its trust. and that is all that I know," whispered despair son to him night and day; "But how dost th son to him night and day; "But how dost the that?" asked the voice of the doubter; and the suffering human heart answered, "Because I scious of it; and this very consciousness is the

of a God."

So spoke the yearning and trusting heart, intellect listened to its words, for what reason, could be given for a belief in his own existence did not equally apply to the existence of a Deit

This simple process brought him back to God, and with faith returned light and peace not long before his mind became perfectly set he could say with good Mrs. Snow, whose spiriloved in the days of his apprenticeship, "I ke there is a God, because I feel that there is one!

One of the greatest sources of solace to him, the darkest periods of these two first years, was nexion with a singing club which held its once every week, and where he first became ac with the Messiah of Handel and the Creation o He spent much time also over Euclid, in the of which he found great comfort, as he had done in Arithmetic; because here he could

something incontrovertible.

Henry Wright went to Andover College to the ministry; but though he was most truly a his wish to become a Christian minister, the fi advanced in study, the greater was the distance him and the object of his going there. We I the darkness of doubt into which he fell; and his mind had cleared itself of this, other cor based on a truth which never could be over that of the purity and spirituality of God-before him like impassable barriers; for inst true knowledge which was dawning to perfe his mind showed him the inefficacy, not to s: blasphemy, of what George Fox called "a r ministry;" the spell was broken which hith given a sacred meaning to the terms, "Divine "religious exercises," "Divine service," e

' eu.. appeared to me"—I quote now from his own words—
" an absurdity to speak of beginning to ' serve God' at a given time and place; it appeared sheer nonsense when a minister said, 'Let us begin the worship of God,' or, 'Let us close the worship of God'—and how? Not by any act of justice or benevolence; not by restraining or abandoning evil passions or practices; but by singing a psalm or saying a prayer. It was made clear to my mind that Christianity sets apart no time or place to worship God, nor does it confine the idea of worship to praying or singing; but it teaches us to do all we do as acts of worship; to worship without ceasing; to make the whole of life one act of worship." He could not see that a "man-made minister," who is educated to pray, and preach, and to marry, and baptize, and to administer the sacrament etc., and in whose breast still remain evil passions

ought to be called a divine, and his profession sacred. scenes too much; he had nght to

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appearance of these books. It is to be something different from that of children's books generally. I remember, when a boy, being much pleased with a variety of little volumes published by 'the good MR NEWBERY, at the corner of St Pauls Churchyard.' I intend to revive MR NEWBERY'S style of publication. His books were not thin soft covered things, but real volumes with hard boards, brilliantly ornamented with figures in colour and gold. These are the sort of books which I am going to prepare; only they will be much more beautiful; and each will be illustrated with a frontispiece. It is proposed to publish only a small number; one to come out every month till all are issued. The price of each will be a shilling. The first book will appear towards the end of December: so as to be adapted for a Christmas and New-Year's gift. Perhaps your papa or mamma may present you with a copy, and also order a volume to be afterwards sent home every month; by this means a row of elegant little books, at a small expense, will be procured for the nursery library.

W. C.

EDINBURGH, October 15, 1847.

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W. S. ORR, AMEN CORNER, AND 147 STRAND, LONDON; D. CHAMBERS, 98 MILLER STREET, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN: AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

ror six years he remained in this office; but during those six years some important changes occurred in his opinions, which led ultimately to still greater changes. He set out in his pastoral life with the determination to produce, by his own influence and example, a high state of moral purity among his people; hence, among other things, his attention was turned to the Temperance Movement. His was not a mind to enter into things by halves; and no sooner had he begun to see how productive of good Temperance was, not only to families, but to society at large, than he conceived it his indis-pensable duty as a Christian minister to make the advocacy, not merely of Temperance, but of Tetotalism, one of his own especial missions. The history of the introduction of Temperance in his own township is most interesting. He paid domiciliary visits, and drew up a sort of statistics of drunkenness in the place. All his congregations were more or less a drink-

ing people; drinking not only made a feature of all merry-makings, but of all social and family events and gatherings whatsoever; and when neighbour called on neighbour, the gin or the rum-bottle was invariably brought out; nay, indeed, so prevalent was the custom of dram-drinking at that time, that it was with the generality of people not only indulged in through the day, often to frightful excess, but was the first thing in the morning, and the last at night, whether in company, or alone. Such were the people amongst whom his crusade began, and Sunday after Sunday he issued his invitations for them to come and hear him discourse on Temperance.

The wife whom Henry Wright had married was a strong-minded, high-principled woman, who needed no persuading in this or any other good cause; she encouraged him against all opposition, and strengthened his heart where it might otherwise have failed; and thus Sunday after Sunday his discourses went on. He was earnest, eloquent, and irresistible. At first a Temperance Society was formed; but this not being found adequate to the reformation needed, the Abstinent principle was introduced, and all then went well. Three years afterwards, when he left the place, intoxicating liquor could not be bought within ten miles of it; all were sober, harmonious, and prosperous. It was like a

little heaven upon earth.

But temperance was not the only object which occupied him. He soon became deeply interested in the all-important subject of education. Throughout the six New England states, district-schools are established by Government, in which teachers are placed for nine months in the year: for girls five months in the summer, and four months for boys in winter. There were five such in the township of West Newbury. At these schools every child is instructed free of all expense, the money required for carrying on and mainpense, the money required for carrying on san arrange training these useful institutions being raised by a tax on each town; nor is any tax, we are told, so cheerfully paid as this. The schools are under the care of two committees, one of which is appointed by the town. The township of West Newbury did wisely in electing their minister as superintendent of their five schools, and furnishing him with a horse and gig that he might visit them at his ease, as they were somewhat scattered. In this way he gained a perfect knowledge of every child in his township under fourteen years of age; and they who have had the happiness of seeing him among children will well understand what an influence for good he would soon gain, and what a joyful, affectionate spirit he would infuse among them.

The children of those district schools became extremely dear to their pastor. It was then, he says, that the fact was made plain to him, that children constituted so influential a portion of the community. He loved these children, not because he was their pastor, but because they were children-young human beings; he loved to be a child with them, and to enter into all their joys and sorrows. It was with them that his social affections came into the most delightful and healthful activity, and they returned his love without coldness, suspicion, or affectation. Many affecting and beautiful anecdotes are told of these children's attachment to him; and however much the parents might differ from him in some respects, still he was always welcome for the children's sakes, and through them the

parents were influenced.

In July, 1833, to the sorrow of West Newbury, Henry Wright ceased to be its minister; and being appointed agent for the Sunday School Union, he travelled, in less than two years, upwards of seven thousand miles in the service of the Society. In every place where he spent a Sunday, he addressed a congregation of children, often as many as three thousand, either in the open air or under a roof, and everywhere he made them his friends.

During this journey, and indeed during the time of his almost daily intercourse with children, he kept a journal of all facts connected with them, bearing upon Peace, to which subject his mind was now beginning to turn itself. Of this valuable record I shall have more to say presently. Wherever he went he was known by the name of the "Children's Friend;" and his addresses to them on the subject of "living together in love" produced the most striking effects.

It was in the year 1831, that Henry Wright first heard the name of William Lloyd Garrison, and of his efforts on behalf of the down-trodden slave. Slavery ras a question which American ministers of the gospel did not meddle with, and Henry Wright at that time had not quite shaken off the fetters of educational bondage, although from the first his conscience had said, "This man is right, and his firebrand Liberators are right; though I, as a minister of the gospel, have nothing to do with the subject." His conscience, however, was of that indomitably upright character, that it would not be silenced by party interests; it made itself heard; and even while travelling on his school mission, circumstances tended more and more to turn his mind to the iniquities of slavery, though he everywhere heard nothing but the vilest and bitterest reproaches against

Garrison and his party.
In 1834 he settled in Boston as children's minister, and had the care of six hundred children, whom he addressed three times in the week; besides which, his office as one of the superintendents of the district school brought him into familiar intercourse with upwards of eight thousand others. Wherever he went, the nods and smiles of children met him; they thronged about him in the streets, and in the country he was ever accompanied by troops of these loving and admiring Friends, whose greatest happiness was to be with him. He joined in their sports; he solaced them in their sorrows; and he added to the happiness of their lives by more firmly implanting a spirit of cheerfulness and love. For two happy years he devoted himself to this divine employment,—two years, as he has been heard to say, the happiest and most useful of his life.

It was during this time that George Thompson came over to America, and, associated with his friend Garrison, roused such a spirit of hostility in the minds of the slavery party as threatened even their own lives. The nobler sentiments of Henry Wright's nature, as I already have said, were enlisted in favour of the slave; but the clergy to whom he belonged regarded with disapprobation the movements of these men, who seemed about to turn the world upside down; they saw not only no sin in slavery, but a divine ordination; and in Henry Wright's case, as in many others, the man as yet was subservient to the office. He stood aloof, and looked on; and in the meantime a little circumstance dragged him at once into the midst, and converted him into one

of the staunchest of the anti-slavery heroes

A young coloured woman taught an infant school among the poor Irish of Boston. This school, among severe, he wished to visit the poor parents of the children; and as the mistress of the school was well acquainted with them, she accompanied him. On their way the thoughtless minister of Christ offered his arm to his dark-complexioned sister. The visits of mercy were paid, and Henry Wright returned to his boardinghouse to supper; but the scandal was there before him. On his entering the room, the fifteen men who sate at table overwhelmed him with wrath and indignation; he had committed a crime against American honour; he had walked with a coloured person; he was not worthy to sit at meat with them; he must leave the house; he was not fit to associate with gentlemen! Abuse and ridicule were heaped upon him; and that was just what was needed to give nerve to the feeble purpose in his own breast. From that moment conscience spoke louder than interest or education. felt that the black man and the white are alike children of one Father; and come what would, from henceforth he would identify himself with the maligned Abolitionists, and the sorrows and sufferings of the slaves should be his also.

Blessings — eternal blessings — be on such noble hearts as these! Let us thank God that even out of oppressions and outrages human nature stands forth in all the greatness of which it is capable. It is suffering and sorrow-it is the meek endurance even of the triumph of evil men-which calls forth the heroic nature. Let us then bear patiently, and strive resolutely, for sooner or later God will help us!

It was not long before a gallows was erected in front of Garrison's house, and effigies of himself and George Thompson hung upon it. The perpetration of this outrage sent Henry Wright to the very house which was intended to be thus insulted; and two of the best of men then met as brothers for the first time. From that day they have worked together side by side, and will do so as long as their Father needs their labour!

Henry Wright had now taken a decided step, and as from which there was no going backwards. The one from which there was no going backwards. The hearts of all his former friends—his clergy-brethren and his jus-milieu acquaintance—cast him off for ever.
All censured him, all looked coldly on him, except the little children; they clung to him to the last. Boston, however, was no home for him now; he must go; but many a tear did his parting from his children cost him. His last meeting with them was almost too much even for him. "Dear, precious beings!" says he, in writing of that time, "they had introduced me into the holy of holies of humanity! I loved all men the better for my Intercourse with them !"

During the year 1837 he travelled as an anti-slavery agent, and his object everywhere was to assemble com-panies of children, and enlist their young sympathies on behalf of this great cause of humanity. In this way he was preparing a future generation of right thinkers and noble actors. He was now, as we have seen, a toto-taler, and one of the stoutest champions of the antislavery cause; still he had not yet arrived at the high standard of Christian virtue which was intended for him. He had not acknowledged the unlawfulness and anti-christianity of all war; and on this subject his eyes

also were opened suddenly.

Our space will not permit my giving the particulars of his conversion to these Christian opinions; they are to be found in his able work on Defensive War, which we cannot too highly praise, or too warmly recommend,

to all advocates of peace, or even of war.

His sentiments thus changed, it did not require long before a resolute, truthful spirit like his was ready and willing to carry out his convictions to the utmost. In 1838 he was the means of establishing the "Non-Resistance Society," which was based on the principle of its being wrong to take human life for any cause whatever. Great opposition was raised against this by the so-called "religious world." They maintained that wars were the ordinations of God, and that revenge and bloodshed were not only permitted, but enjoined upon the follower of Christ; and for this opinion they were almost ready to fight. But men of a purer mind were abroad, who interpreted the words of Christ in the spirit of Christ; who promulgated as our most sacred and perished,—"Let me suffer and die, rather than be the cause of suffering and death to a brother;" and it found an echo in thousands of noble hearts. Henry

Wright was one of the most ardent apostles of this purely interpreted gospel. He travelled as its unpaid advocate, having a conscientious acruple against receiving hire for the promulgation of this or any other

righteous object.

This broad sentiment of Christian love, however, which embraced all mankind, of whatever creed, colour, or clime, required a still wider expression; and in 183. Henry Wright proposed at Boston that a convention should be called on the universal principle of HUMAN BROTHERHOOD, "in which every human being, by virtue of his membership in the great human family, might be represented, and where a league or association might be formed which should supersede all sectarianism and nationalism, and recognize the brotherhood of all man-kind, and the paternity of one God." He maintained that "all human institutions were but appendages to man, and not man to them; men being prior and superior to them; and when these cannot exist without detriment to man in his physical, social, intellectual, or moral nature, that they should be abrogated, and some-thing better instituted." From this time the principle of Human Brotherhood became incorporated with Non-Resistance and Anti-Slavery. Would to Heaven that it could become incorporated with all our institutions, both political and social; and then, once acknowledging that every human being is a child of God and our brother, we should not only do no violence to him, but we should respect the Divinity in whose image he is made.

In 1842, having made up his mind to visit Europe on a mission of peace, he published a little book to defray the expenses of his undertaking, in order that he might be chargeable to no one. This little volume was a collection of incidents from the journal which he kept during his ministry among the children. It breathes forth in every page the divine spirit of love and forbearto the messenger of peace and brotherly love. In October of the same year, he landed in this country, where, and on the Continent, he has laboured industri-ously, although, as I have said, unostentatiously, promul-gating everywhere the angelic annunciation, "Peace on

earth, and good-will to man.'

At the close of 1843 the health of Henry Wright At the close of 1843 the health of Henry wright gave way. Twelve years of public speaking, incessant study and labour in the great causes of Temperance, Anti-Slavery, and Peace, had entirely prostrated his strength. To attempt the recovery of this, he left England for Gracfenberg, where he remained for six months under the care of Priessnitz, whose hydropathic treatment fortunately completely restored him. While at Graefenberg he was not idle; he devoted himself to the spread of his Peace and Non-resistant principles, and on his return published his "Six Months at Graefenberg, with Conversations in the Saloon on Non-resistance and other subjects." The work is an extremely interesting one, full of the life of the place, and of that bold, uncompromising advocacy of great principles for which the author's character is distinguished.

The discussion which arose in consequence of the Free Church of Scotland having received money from the blood-stained hands of the American slave-holders, originated in the uncompromising spirit of Henry Wright. For a moment this apostle of peace aroused a

^{(1) &}quot; Defensive War, proved to be the Denial of Christianity and of the Government of God, with Illustrative Facts and Anecdotes." By H. C. Wright. London: Charles Gilpin.

⁽¹⁾ This little work, "A Kiss for a Blow," ought to be in the hands of all parents and children. A large edition was published in America, where it is universally esteemed; in Ireland also, Of this work and latterly in London, by Charles Gilpin. and latterly in London, by Charles Gitpin. Of this work it is impossible to speak too highly—it is the reflex of the spirit of childhood, full of tenderness, pity and love, quick to resent, and equally quick to forgive. The author dedicates it " to all children;" we wish that all children could imbibe its spirit; then indeed would the world be happier and better. - EDS.

spirit of discord and indignation, but the end will be for great good, "and there seems now," writes a gentleman well acquainted with the subject, "to be no doubt but that this agitation, and the discussion of questions which have grown out of it, (such as the sabbath, the church, and the ministry,) have produced a powerful effect in promoting in Scotland religious liberty and genuine Christianity, as distinguished from mere theology."

As to the man himself, and his influence on individuals, much might yet be said, and I need perhaps only mention that since it has been known that I have been writing this inadequate memoir, I have received letters sufficient to fill many journals, all testifying to the truly Christian spirit in which he has been labouring, quietly but effectually, amongst us. I will quote only from one of these numerous letters—it will speak for all:—

My Dear Madan,

I have known H. C. W. ever since he came to this country; he has frequently made my house his home, and I have felt to him as a son to a father. We differ in theological sentimenta, and have been brought up under perfectly different circumstances; but there appeared something at our first interview, which drew us together with a bond that future intimacy has only drawn closer and yet closer. His lectures on the Peace question have been singularly useful. There are no words wasted; no quibbles about cases of conscience; no concealments of the trath for fear of going too far; but plain and foreible statements of the main argument, convincing appeals to the conscience, and abundant practical illustrations from the experience of himself and others. His lectures and writings on this subject are, to my mind, perfectly conclusive; and I owe him the warmest thanks for bringing me to a settled faith in this great principle of the gospel. His writings and addreases on the temperance and anti-slavery questions, have been equally conclusive. His expositions of the gospel, as a religion requiring love, purity, inwrought righteousness, and practical and faithful obedience, instead of belief in dogmas and observance of forms, have rejoiced and delighted me exceedingly; and though they have brought on him the usual charges of deism, atheism, Socinianism, blasphemy, and the like, this has only showed how nearly he has followed in the steps of other great reformers, even of our wherever I have gone, I have found that he has left a deep and most beneficial impression behind him. It is true that he has used strong language; but he has said nothing in anger or in passion. Whatever he has said, he has said because he believed it truth, and important truth; and it must not be rejected because it appears violent, but shewn to be wrong if it is wrong.

I do not hesitate to say that I have derived more Christian knowledge and encouragement from H. C. W. than from any other man living; and my prayer is that the seed he is leaving behind him, may take root in good soil, and bear a harvest unto eternal life.

Mrs. Hossitt.

When this is read by the English public, Henry Wright will be on the Atlantic. Good wishes, blessings, and the grateful remembrance of many affectionate hearts will accompany him to his home, and his residence amongst us will have been an additional cord in that great bond of love which is being knit between two kindred nations, and which ourselves will, with the

blessing of God, do something towards strengthening.

At the very moment when I was engaged in this memoir, the Anti-slavery Standard of June 24th was sent to us. It contains a gross and malignant attack upon ourselves. Little indeed does the editor of that paper know his duties as a Christian and an anti-slavery supporter, to put forth vulgar abuse against the men and women who conscientiously advocate their cause, and to whose hearts every good American, be he black or white, is a brother. The editor of that paper does not understand the subject on which he writes; he does not know that he is taking the side of the guilty against the innocent, the injurer against the injured. He believes he is doing a chivalrous piece of justice, but he is thrusting an arrow into deeply-wounded hearts. Besides which, it is an ungracous thing to malign and insult those whose endeavour it has always been to give Americaus a cordial welcome in this country.—M. H.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN CHARNWOOD FOREST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

One fine, blustering autumn day, a quiet and venerablelooking old gentleman might be seen, with stick in hand, taking his way through the streets of Leicester. one had followed him, they would have found him directing his steps towards that side of the town which leads to Charnwood. The old gentleman, who was a Quaker, took his way leisurely, but thoughtfully, stopping every now and then to see what the farmer's men were about, now and then to see what the farmers men were about, who were ploughing up the stubbles to prepare for another year's crop. He paused, also, at this and that farmhouse, evidently having a real pleasure in the sight of good, fat cattle, and in the flocks of poultry, fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys, busy about the barn-door, where the sound of the fiail, or the swipple, as they there term it, was already heard, busily knocking out the corn of the last bountiful harvest. Our old friend-a Friend: for though you, dear readers, do not know him, he is both, or rather was, at the time we speak of-our old friend, again trudging on, would pause on the brow of a hill, at a stile, or on some rustic bridge, casting its little obliging arch over a brooklet, and inhale the fresh autumn air, and after looking around him, nod to himself, as if to say, "Ay I all good, all beautiful I" and so he went on again. But it would not be long before he would be again arrested by clusters of rich, jetty blackberries, hanging from some old hawthorn hedge, or by clusters of nuts, hanging by the way-side, through the copse. In all these natural beauties our old wayfarer seemed to have the enjoyment of a child. Blackberries went into his mouth, and nuts into his pockets; and so, with a quiet, inquiring, and thoughtful, yet thoughtfully cheerful look, the good old man went on.

He seemed bound for a long walk, and yet he seemed

in no hurry. In one place he stopped to talk to a very old labourer, who was clearing out a ditch; and if you had been near, you would have heard that their discourse was of the past days, and the changes in that part of the country, which the old labourer thought were very much for the worse-and worse they were for him: for formerly he was young, and full of life, and now he was old, and nearly empty of life. Then he was buoyant, sang songs, made love, went to wakes and merry-makings; now his made love, went to wakes and merry makings; now his wooling days, and his marrying and his married days were over. His good old dame, who in those young buxom days was a round-faced, rosy, plump and light-hearted damsel, was dead, and his children were married, and had enough to do. In those days the poor fellow was strong and lusty, had no fear and no care; in these he was weak and tottering, had been pulled and harassed a thousand ways, and was left, as he said, like an old dry kex, i.e. a hemlock, or cow-parsnip stalk, to be knocked down and trodden into the dust some day. Yes, sure enough, those past days were very much better days than these days were to him. No comparison. But John Basford, our old wanderer, was taking a more cheerful view of things, and telling the nearly out-worn labourer, that when the night came there followed morning, and that the next would be a heavenly morning, shining on hills of glory, on waters of life, on cities of the blest, where no sun rose, and no sun set, and where every joyful creature of joyful youth, who had been dear to him and true to him and God, would again meet him, and make times such as should cause songs of praise to spring out of his heart, just as flowers spring out of a vernal tree in the rekindled warmth of the sun.

The old labourer leaned reverently on his spade, as the worthy man talked to him. His grey locks, uncovered at his labour by any hat, were tossed in the autumn wind. His dim eye was fixed on the distant sky, that rolled its dark masses of clouds on the wind, and the deep wrinkles of his pale and feeble temples seemed to grow deeper at the thoughts passing in him. He was listening as to a sermon, that brought together his youth and his age, his past and his future; and there was verified on that spot words which Jesus Christ spoke nearly two thousand years before—"Wherever two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." He was in the midst of the two only. There was a temple there in those open fields, sanctified by two pious hearts, which no ringing of bells, no sound of solemn organ, or voice of congregated singers, nor any preacher but the present and invisible one, who there and then fulfilled his promise and was gracious, one who was felt though not seen, could have made more holy.

As our old friend again turned to set forward, he shook the old labourer kindly by the hand, and there was a gaze of astonishment in the poor old man's face—the stranger had not only cheered him by his words, but left something to cheer him when he was gone.

The Friend now went on with a more determined step. He skirted the memorable park of Bradgate, famous for the abode of Lady Jane Gray, and the visit of her schoolmaster, Roger Ascham. He went on then into a region of woods and hills. At some seven or eight miles from Leicester he drew near a solitary farmhouse, within the ancient limits of the Forest of Charnwood. It was certainly a lonely place amidst the woodlands, and the wild autumn fields. Evening was fast dropping down; and as the shade of night fell on the scene, the wind tossed more rushingly the boughs of the thick trees, and roared down the rocky valley. John Basford went up to the farmhouse, however, as if that were the object of his journey, and a woman opening it at his knock, he soon disappeared within.

Now our old friend was a perfect stranger here. Had never been here before; had no acquaintance, nor actual business with the inhabitants. He stated merely that he was somewhat fatigued with his walk from the town, and requested leave to rest awhile. In such a place such a request is readily and even gladly granted.

There was a cheerful fire burning on a bright, clean hearth. The kettle was singing on the hob for tea, and the contrast of the indoor comfort was sensibly heightened by the wild gloom without. The farmer's wife, who had admitted the stranger, soon went out and called her husband from the fold-yard. He was a plain, hearty sort of a man; gave our friend a hearty shake of the hand, sate down, and began to converse. A little time seemed to establish a friendly interest between the stranger, and the farmer, and his wife. John Basford asked whether they would allow him to smoke a pipe, which was not only readily accorded, but the farmer joined him. They smoked and talked alternately of the country and the town, Leicester being the farmer's market, and as familiar to him as his own neighbourhood. He soon came to know who his guest was too, and expressed much pleasure in the visit. Tea was carried into the parlour, and thither they all adjourned: for now the farming men were coming into the kitchen, where they sate, for the evening.

Tea over, the two gentlemen again had a pipe, and the conversation wandered over a multitude of things, and people known to both. But the night was come down pitch dark, wild, and windy, and old John Basford

had to return to Leicester.

"To Leicester!" exclaimed at once man and wife.

"To Leicester!" No such thing. He must stay where he was,—where could he be better?

John Basford confessed that was true; he had great pleasure in conversing with them, but then was it not an unwarrantable liberty to come to a stranger's house, and make thus free?

" Not in the least," the farmer replied; " the freer the better!"

The matter thus was settled; and the evening wore on; but in the course of the evening the guest, whose simple manner, strong sense, and deeply pious feeling, had made a most favourable impression on his cateratiners, hinted that he had heard some singular rumours regarding this house, and that, in truth, had been the cause which had attracted him thither. He had heard, in fact, that a particular chamber in this house was haunted, and he had for a long time felt a growing desire to pass a night in it. He now begged that that favour might be granted him.

As he had opened this subject, an evident cloud, and something of an unpleasant surprise, had fallen on the countenances of both man and wife. It deepened as John Basford proceeded; the farmer had withdrawn his pipe from his mouth, and laid it on the table, and the woman had risen up and looked uneasily at their guest. The moment that he uttered the wish to sleep in the haunted room, both exclaimed, in the same instant, against it.

"No, never!" they exclaimed; "never, on any consideration! They had made a fair resolve on that point, that nothing would induce them to break through."

The guest expressed himself disappointed, but did not press the matter further at the moment. He contented himself with turning the conversation quietly upon this subject, and after a while found the farmer and his wife confirmed to him everything that he had heard. Once more then, and as incidentally, he expressed his regret that he could not gratify the curiosity which had brought him so far, and before the time for retiring had brought him so far, and before the time for retiring had arrived, again ventured to express how what he had now heard had added to his previous desire to pass a night in that room. He did not profess to believe himself invulnerable to fears of such a kind, but was curious to convince himself of the actual existence of spiritual agency of this character.

The farmer and his wife steadily refused. They declared that others who had come with the same wish, and had been allowed to gratify it, had suffered such terrors as had made their after lives miserable. The last of these guests was a clergyman, who received such a fright that he sprang from his bed at midnight, had descended, gone into the stable, and, saddling his horse, had ridden away at full speed. Those things had caused them to refuse, and that firmly, any fresh experiment of the kind

The spirit visitation was described to be generally this. At midnight the stranger sleeping in that room would hear the latch of the door raised, would in the dark perceive a light step enter, and as with a stealthy tread, cross the room, and approach the foot of the bed. The curtains would be agitated, and something would be perceived mounted on the bed, and proceeding up it, just on the body of the person in it. The supernatural visitant would then seem to stretch itself full length on the person of the agitated guest; and the next moment he would feel an oppression at his chest as of a nightmare, and something extremely cold would touch his face.

At this crisis the terrified guest would usually utter a fearful shriek, and often go into a swoon. The whole family would be roused from their beds by the alarm; but on no occasion had any trace of the cause of terror been found, though the house had been, on such occasions, everywhere diligently searched. The annoying visit was described as being by no means uniform. Sometimes it would not take place for a very long time, so that they would begin to hope that there would be no more of it; but it would, when least expected, again occur. Few people, of late years, however, had ventured to sleep in that room, and never since the aforementioned clergyman was so terribly alarmed, and that was two years ago, had it once been occupied.

"Then," said John Basford, "it is probable that the

annovance is done with for ever. If the troublesome visitant was still occasionally present, it would, no doubt, take care to manifest itself in some mode or place. It was necessary to test the matter, to see whether this particular room still was subject to so strange a phenomenon." The old man urged his suit all the more earnestly, and after further show of extreme reluctance on the part of his entertainers, finally prevailed.

The consent once being given, the farmer's wife retired as if to give orders for this mysterious room being prepared. Our friend heard sundry goings to and fro; but at length it was announced to him that all was ready; the farmer and his wife both repeating that they would be much better pleased if Mr. Basford would be willing to sleep in some other room. The old man, however, remained firm to his purpose; he was shown to his chamber, and the maid who led the way stood at some distance from the dreaded door, and pointing to

it, bade him good night, and hurried away.

Mr. Basford found himself alone in the haunted room. He looked round, and discovered nothing that should make it differ from any other good and comfortable chamber, or that should give to some invisible agent so singular a propensity as that of disturbing any innocent mortal that nocturnated in it. Whether he felt any nervous terrors, we know not, but as he was come to see all that would or could occur there, he kept himself most vigilantly awake. He lay down in a very good feather bed, extinguished his light, and waited in patience. The time and tide, as they will wait for no man, went on. All sounds of life ceased in the house; nothing could be heard but the rushing wind without, and the bark of the yard dog occasionally amid the soughing blast. Midnight came, and found John Basford wide awake and watchfully expectant. thing stirred, but he lay still on the watch. At lengthwas it so? Did he hear a rustling movement, as it were, near his door; or was it his excited fancy? He raised his head from his pillow, and listened intently. Hush! there is something !—no! it was his contagious mind, ready to hear and see—what?—There was an actual sound of the latch! he could hear it raised! he could not be mistaken. There was a sound as if his door was cautiously opened.-List! it was true; there were soft, stealthy footsteps on the carpet; they came directly towards the bed; they paused at its foot; the curtains were agitated; there were steps on the bed; something crept-did not the heart, and the very flesh of the rach old man now creep too i-and upon him sunk a palpable form, palpable from its pressure, for the night was dark as an oven. There was a heavy weight on his chest; and in the same instant something almost icv cold touched his face !

With a sudden convulsive action the old man flung up his arms, clutched at the terrible object which thus oppressed him, and shouted, with a loud cry, "I have got

him! I have got him!"

There was a sound as of a deep growl-a vehement struggle-but John Basford held fast his hold, and felt that he had something within it huge, shaggy, and powerful. Once more he raised his voice loud enough to arouse the whole house; but it seemed no voice of terror, but one of triumph and satisfaction. In the next instant, the farmer rushed into the room with a light in his hand, and revealed to John Basford that he held in his arms the struggling form of-a huge Newfoundland dog!

"Let him go, sir, in God's name!" exclaimed the farmer, on whose brow drops of real anguish stood and glistened in the light of the candle.--" Down stairs, Cassar!" and the dog, released from the hold of the Quaker, departed, as if much ashamed.

In the same instant the farmer and his wife, who now also came in, dressed, and evidently never having been to bed, were on their knees by the bed side.

"You know it all, sir!" said the farmer. "You see through it. You were too deep and strong-minded to be imposed upon. We were, therefore, afraid of this when you asked to sleep in this room. Promise us now, that while we live you will never reveal what you know,

They then related to him that this house and chamber had never been haunted by any other than this dog. mad never been naunted by any other than this dog, which had been trained to play the part. That for generations their family had lived on this farm; but some years ago their landlord, having suddenly raised their rent to an amount that they felt they could not give, they were compelled to think of quitting the farm. This was to them an insuperable source of grief. It was the place that all their lives and memories were bound up with. They were extremely cast down. Suddenly it occurred to them to give an ill name to the house. They hit on this scheme, and having practised it well, they did not want long an opportunity of putting it in practice. It had succeeded beyond their utmost expectation. The superstitious fears of their guests were found to be of a force which completely blinded them to any discovery of the truth. There had been occasions when they thought some clumsy accident must have stripped away the delusion-but no! there seemed a thick veil of blindness, a fascination of terror cast over the strongest minds, which nothing could pierce through. Case after case occurred, and the house and farm acquired such a character, that no money, or consideration of any kind, would have induced a fresh tenant to live there. The old tenants continued at their old rent, and the comfortable ghost stretched himself every night in a capacious kennel without any need of disturbing his slumbers by calls to disturb those of the guests of the haunted chamber.

Having made this revelation, the farmer and his wife

again implored their guest to preserve their secret.

He hesitated. "Nay," said he, "I think it would not be right to do that. It would be to become a party in a public deception. It would be a kind of fraud on the world and the landlord. It would serve to keep up those superstitious terrors which should be, as speedily as possible, dissipated.

The farmer was in an agony. He rose, and strode to and fro in the room. His countenance grew red and wrathful. He cast dark glances at his guest, whom his wife continued to implore, and who sate silent, and, as it

were, lost in reflection.

"And do you think it a right thing, sir, thus to force yourself into a stranger's house and family, and, in spite of the strongest wishes expressed to the contrary, into his very chambers, and that only to do him a mischief? Is that your religion, sir? I thought you had something better in you than that. Am I now to think your mild-ness and piety were only so much hypocrisy put on to ruin me ?

" Nay, friend, I don't want to ruin thee."

"But ruin me you will, though, if you publish this scovery. Out I must turn, and be the laughingdiscovery. stock of the whole country to boot. Now if that is what you mean, say so, and I shall know what sort of a man you are. Let me know at once whether you are an honest man or a cockatrice."

" My friend, canst thou call thyself an honest man in practising this deception all these years, and depriving thy landlord of the rent he would otherwise have got from another? And dost thou think it would be honest in me to assist in the continuance of this fraud?

"I rob the landlord of nothing. I pay a good fair rent, but I don't want to quit th' old spot; and if you had not thrust yourself into the affair, you would have had nothing to lay on your conscience concerning it. I must, let me tell you, look on it as a piece of unwarrantable impertinence to come thus to my house, and be kindly treated, only to turn Judas against us."

The word Judgs seemed to hit the Friend a great blow.

"A Judas!"
"Yes! a Judas!" said the farmer, still striding about. "Yes! a Judas! a real Judas!" exclaimed the wife.

Who could have thought it?'

"Nay, nay," said the old man. "I am no Judas. It is true I forced myself into it; and if you pay the landlord an honest rent, why, I don't know that it is any business of mine—at least, while you live."

"That is all we want," replied the farmer, his

countenance changing, and again finging himself by his wife's side on his knees by the bed. "Promise us never to reveal it while we live, and we shall be quite satisfied. We have no children, and when we go, those may come to th' old spot who will."

" Promise me never to practise this trick again," said

John Basford.

"We promise faithfully," rejoined both farmer and

"Then I promise, too, that not a whisper of what has passed here shall pass my lips during your lifetime."

With warmest expressions of thanks, the farmer and

his wife withdrew, and John Basford, having cleared the chamber of its mystery, lay down and passed one of the

sweetest nights he ever enjoyed.

The farmer and his wife lived a good many years after this: but they both died before Mr. Basford; and after their death he related to his friends the facts which are here detailed. He, too, has passed, years ago, to his longer night in the grave, and the clearing up of greater mysteries than that of the Haunted House of Charnwood Forest.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. P.B.S.

XII.—DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON FOOD.

(Concluded from p. 105.)

Wz have thus found that the wants of the body of the warm-blooded animal, are two-fold;—it needs tissue-food, or material for the development and renovation of its own substance, which is continually undergoing decay; and it needs combustion-food, or fuel for the production of the heat requisite to keep up the proper temperature of the body. The quantities of these which will be respectively necessary, depend upon very different conditions. Where active bodily exertion is being put forth, a large supply of tissue food will be required; and if the temperature of the surrounding air be moderately high, no special combustion-food will be necessary, since the formation of carbonic acid and water from the carbon and hydrogen set free by the decay of the tissues, is sufficient to maintain the heat of the body. This is the case with the Carnivorous tribes of beasts and birds, which, in their wild state, live upon nothing else than animal flesh and blood; but they are in a state of almost constant activity, so that a great demand for tissue-food is created, and a great deal of matter is set free from the tissues that have done their work, to be carried off by the respiratory process. And thus we see that these creatures, even when in a state of confinement, are impelled by their natural instinct to keep up a continual restless movement, which is in striking contrast with the tranquillity of the Herbivorous (or vegetable-feeding) animals, on which they habitually prey. In the latter, on the other hand, the amount of bodily activity being comparatively small, a far smaller amount of tissue-food will be required; but a supply of combustion-food will be needed, in addition; since the quantity of carbonic acid and water formed by the waste or decay of the tissues will not of itself be nearly sufficient to keep up the heat of the body, except (it may be) when the surrounding temperature is unusually high. This mixture of tissue-food and combustion-food we find in all the vegetable substances which are usually employed as articles of diet by Man and other animals; but their proportions vary considerably, as we shall

presently see.

All the tissues of Animals, except Fat and Nervous matter, are composed of substances containing the four elements, Oxygen, Hydrogen, Carbon, and Nitrogen or Azote; and as the presence of the last of these is their distinguishing peculiarity, they are commonly spoken of as azotized compounds. Of these compounds there are two principal kinds; of one of which, Albumen, or the white of egg, may be taken as the type; whilst the other is represented by Gelatine, such as forms jelly or glue. The most characteristic property of Albumen is that with which every one is familiar, as it is manifested in the simple act of boiling an egg; being its coagulation by heat, or the conversion of the fluid white of egg into a solid mass, after a short exposure to a temperature which may be considerably beneath that of boiling water. The same change takes place in the yolk also; but the coagulum is not so firm, the albumen being there mingled with oily particles and some other matters. It is of a material, termed Fibrin, which scarcely differs from Albumen in its composition, that the substance of Muscles (or animal flesh), as well as of many other portions of the body, is almost entirely composed; and when animal fiesh is introduced into the stomach as food, and is dissolved in the gastric juice, it is brought back to the state of Albumen.

The tissues, which are chiefly made up of Gelatine. are for the most part those which have some merely mechanical purpose to perform: such as Gristle or Cartilage, which, when hardened by an earthy deposit, forms Bones; the Ligaments, which bind together the several bones of the skeleton; the Tendinous cords which communicate the force produced by the contraction of the muscles to the distant points on which it is to act ; the Membranes which line the internal cavities of the body; the Skin which encloses and binds together the external parts; and a vast quantity of delicate Fibrous tissue, which runs in amongst nearly all the elementary parts of the other tissues and holds them together, allowing at the same time the requisite freedom of motion. From all these substances, Gelatine may be obtained by boiling; the well-known property of this substance being, that it can be dissolved in hot water, but that it forms a jelly or coagulum on cooling. Now it is a very remarkable fact, that Gelatine can rarely, if ever, be detected in the blood; and none whatever exists in the egg. The gelatinous tissues must therefore be capable of being formed from Albumen; since we find in the incubation of the Chick, that all its tissues, -- its bones, cartilages, ligaments, tendons, membranes, etc., as well as its muscles and nerves,—are formed at the expense of the Albumen, which, with a little fatty and mineral matter, constituted its entire previous contents. And further, although Carnivorous animals take in Gelatine when devouring the flesh, etc., on which they feed, there is no substance at all resembling Gelatine in composition in all the products of the Vegetable kingdom; so that Herbivorous animals can never so receive it.

We thus see that all the Animal tissues, save those into which Fat enters, may be formed from Albumen; and this may consequently be regarded as the staple article of tissue-food,—the power of different kinds of aliment to supply materials for the nourishment of the body being thus capable of being estimated by the quantity of Albuminous matter they respectively contain.

It is one of the most interesting discoveries of modern Chemistry, that substances which are identical with Albumen in their composition, exist largely in the Vegetable kingdom; being formed by Plants, as it would appear, not so much for their own use, as for the support of Animal life. If a handful of wheaten flour be held beneath a gentle stream of water, and the doughy mass be well worked between the fingers until the water runs from it quite clear, we shall retain in the hand a very tenacious substance, capable of being drawn out into long strings, which is called Gluten; whilst if the water with which it has been washed be allowed to stand, a white powder will gradually subside, which is Starch. Now the Gluten of wheaten flour is a type or example of a large class of Vegetable substances, differing but very little from each other in composition, and all having nearly the same proportions of the four elements as exist in the Albumen of Animals, but slightly varying in properties. Some or other of these are found in larger or smaller proportion in almost every part of the Vegetable structure; but it is in the seeds or grains that they chiefly abound. They do not form part of the actual fabric of the Plant, which is made up of substances destitute of Nitrogen and closely resembling Gum and Starch; but they are stored up in its minute chambers, ready to be applied to the use of the Animal creation. And it is upon these that all Animal life depends; for the Animal has no power of obtaining food from the elements around him; and although some tribes never have recourse to vegetable food, but are sustained entirely by the flesh of others, yet it is obvious that these last must have some great and constant source of food that serves for their continual reproduction, otherwise the whole Animal population of the globe must be speedily swept from its surface. It was formerly supposed that the stomachs of Animals possessed some transforming power, by which the materials supplied by the Vegetable kingdom were converted into those required for the nutrition of the Animal tissues. But the discoveries just alluded to show that we need not look for any such power; for when articles of Vegetable food are being digested in the stomach, the albuminous sul stances they may contain are simply dissolved out. being introduced into the blood precisely in the same state as if the food had consisted of Animal flesh, eggs, milk, or blood.

We thus see that the sources of tissue-food exist alike in the Animal and in the Vegetable kingdom; but whilst in the former the whole of the parts commonly eaten, save the fat and the nervous matter, are made up of azotized compounds, these usually exist in but small proportion in vegetable substances, which are chiefly composed of starchy and other non-azotized matters.

We now turn to consider the sources of Combustionfood: which may be more varied, since it is not necessary that it should have the same uniformity of composition as the tissue food must possess. Still, however, most of the articles which commonly serve this purpose may be ranged under two principal groups, the oily or fatty, and the farinaceous or starchy. The former are not confined, as we might suppose, to the Animal kingdom; since oily matter exists in small quantity in nearly all the Vegetable substances commonly used as food, and is found in considerable amount in some of them: thus Potatoes contain a small proportion of it; Maize, or Indian corn a much larger; and linseed-cake (much used for fattening cattle) a greater still. The latter class of substances is supplied by the Vegetable kingdom, exclusively; and it forms the chief bulk of almost every Vegetable substance used as food. place all the forms of sugar under the same head; for starchy substances are readily convertible into sugar by chemical action; and indeed there is good reason to believe that this conversion takes place during the digestive process, sugar being the form in which

starchy substances are commonly introduced into the blood.

Now, as formerly remarked, Oily matters are the most efficient articles of combustion-food; for they contain but a small quantity of oxygen, so that their conversion into carbonic-acid and water involves the union of oxygen with the greater part of their hydrogen as well as with their carbon, and a proportionably large amount of heat is given off. On the other hand, the farinaceous and saccharine (sugary) substances already contain as much oxygen as forms water with their hydrogen; so that when they are burned-off in the respiratory process, the carbon alone is newly combined with oxygen, and the amount of heat produced is therefore less. It is, consequently, from the use of oily or fatty matters as food, that the most efficient power of resisting cold might be expected to be derived; and this expectation is fully borne out by actual experience, for the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, who live in great part upon the fat of whales and seals, feel no more inconvenience from a temperature of sixty or seventy degrees below the freezing point, than we do from a moderate winter's cold. Most persons feel a much greater relish for fat bacon, butter, cocoa, and other oity articles of food, in cold than in warm weather; and indeed the attempt to make use of them in summer, in any large quantity at least, is attended, in many persons, with a speedy derangement of the Digestion. But by making use of a sufficient quantity of starchy or saccharine matters, the requisite amount of heat may be produced under almost any cir-cumstances, provided the digestive power be good. They are capable, indeed, of being converted into oily matter within the body; and thus when more of them is taken in than is required for the maintenance of its heat, the surplus may form the material for fat. well known to those who are engaged in the fattening of cattle, at how much less expense of food this process may be carried on, when the animals are kept in a warm enclosure, than when they are exposed to cold in the open air; and the reason is obvious, since the surplus that can be spared for the formation of fat will be the greater, in proportion as the amount required for sustaining the heat of the body is less.

It is very interesting to remark that in Milk, which is the sole nutriment of young Mammals during the period immediately succeeding their birth, and which may be regarded as a type or example of that combination which the food should contain at all periods, we have an admixture of albuminous, oily, and saccharine substances. The Casein, curd, or cheesy matter of milk, agrees with albumen in its composition; and differs from it only in not being coagulated by heat, whilst it is coagulated by certain very weak acids. The Butter, which, when floating about in detached oily particles, constitutes Cream, differs but very little from ordinary fat. And the Whey, from which both curd and cream have been removed, contains a considerable proportion of sugar. Now, the relative proportions of these ingredients in the milk of different animals generally correspond with the relative demand for tissue-food or for combustion-food in the young, for whose nourishment it is destined. Thus, the amount of casein in the milk of the Cow, whose offspring soon gets upon its legs and puts forth a considerable amount of muscular activity, is much greater than that in the milk prepared for the Human infant, which passes most of its time in sleep, and in which the demand for tissue-food is comparatively small. On the other hand, as there is but little of the waste of tissues occasioned by exercise in the human infant, the respiration must be almost entirely maintained at the expense of combustion-food; and, accordingly, we find a much larger proportion of sugar in the milk supplied to it, than in that of the Cow. Where it is necessary, therefore, to substitute the latter for the former, the nearest resemblance is obtained by adding a little water and sugar. The quantity of Cream in milk of any kind is extremely variable; depending in great part upon the amount of oily matter in the food, and in part upon the warmth of the surrounding atmosphere. For only that amount can pass into the milk, which is not required as fuel for the combustion process; so that the hardy mountain cows of Switzerland, when pasturing in exposed situations, give very little butter; but if brought down and fed in warm stalls, the very same animals will yield a great deal more. This change of habit has just the contrary effect upon the amount of Casein; for the milk of the mountain pastures yields a stronger and more abundant curd than that of the warm stalls.

Under all ordinary circumstances, the diet of Man should be such as to combine the three alimentary principles which are contained in his earliest food. be only when he is using an immense amount of muscular exertion, and when he has not much heat to produce,—that is, when he is leading the life of a Carnivorous animal, in a moderately warm climate,—that the diet of a Carnivorous animal, consisting of animal flesh or other azotized compounds alone, can be requisite. As farinaceous substances are those which are supplied in the greatest abundance by the vegetable kingdom, the most ready supply of the non-azotized compounds will always be derived from them; and health and economy will be alike consulted by introducing them into our diet as largely as it may be safe to do. Thus, as Prof. Liebig has remarked, a pound of meat and four pounds of starch are capable of supporting a man as long as five pounds of meat; because, whilst he is using up one pound of tissue-food, he usually requires four pounds of combustion-food. Now, the quantity of land necessary to grow a pound of fari-naceous matter is very much smaller than that which is required to produce a pound of animal flesh, so that a most important saving is thus effected; and we see vast tracts of land, which scarcely sufficed for the maintenance of a few hunters that supported themselves entirely upon animal flesh, afford ample nutriment to a large population, when its resources are properly developed by a scientific agriculture. But, on the other hand, we must not run into the contrary extreme, and suppose that starchy substances alone can supply the required nutriment to the body. In rice, potatoes, and other articles of food which are chiefly made up of such, there is yet a certain amount of albuminous matter; but to obtain the amount of this which is required as the tissue-food of a hard-working labourer, so large a quantity of potatoes or rice must be taken at a meal, that there is a great waste or overplus of the starchy part. Hence it may be very much doubted whether putting aside all the other disadvantages of the culture of potatoes as the staple article of food, it is not really a most uneconomical proceeding; for a pound of meat and four pounds of potatoes would probably go as far in really supporting the system for the endurance of hard labour, as would fifteen or twenty pounds of potatoes. Good wheaten bread is probably, of all single articles of food, that which contains the mixture of azotized and nonazotized substances best adapted to supply the wants of the human body under ordinary circumstances; and accordingly, we find that amongst all nations which are civilized enough to cultivate it, provided their climate is adapted for its growth, it is regarded as the "staff of

The following table represents the relative quantity of Nitrogen in several of the principal articles of food; and thus shows their relative value as tissue-food. Those which are poorest in Nitrogen are richest in Carbon and Hydrogen, and are therefore of the most value as combustion-food. Thus rice and potatoes stand the lowest as regards the former purpose, but the highest as regards the latter. In this table, it should be

stated, all the articles are supposed to be dried by the loss of their whole water; so that allowance must be made for the different proportionals of water contained in different substances, in estimating their respective values when equal weights are compared. The quantity of azote contained in human Milk has been taken as a standard for comparison, being set down at 100; but it must be borne in mind that this substance is not adapted in its composition for the support of the frame, when much bodily exertion is being demanded. We might more rightly take Bread as the standard by which our dietetic arrangements should be made.

VEGETABLE.

Rice		81	White Bread .			138	
Potatoes		84	Carrots			150	
Turnips			Brown Bread .			166	
		106	Mushrooms .	2	DÖ	-289	
		-125	Peas			239	
Barley			Lentils		-	276	
Ooto	• •	138	Haricot beans.		•	283	
Oats				•	•		
Wheat	119	-144	Beans			320	
ANIMAL.							
Human Milk .		100	Herring			910	
Cow's Milk .		237	Haddock			920	
Ovsters						893	
			Lamb, raw			833	
Charact Legs .					•	773	
Cheese	331		Mutton, raw .		•		
Ox-liver, raw .		570	,, boiled			852	
Pork-ham, raw		539	Veal, raw			873	
" boiled	1.	. 807	"´boiled .			911	
Portable Soup	_	764	Beef, raw			880	
White of Egg.	•	845	" boiled .	•	•	942	
mine or ERR .		040	" Doneu .	•	•	014	

Many remarks might be made upon this table; but we may particularly direct attention to the su-periority of brown bread over white, and to the high value of the leguminous seeds, as tissue-food; also to the fact that, when dried, the flesh of fishes is found to contain as large a proportion of nitrogen as that of the higher animals, so that its inferior value as an article of food merely depends upon the larger quantity of water which it contains. In regard to soups, jellies, etc., in which Gelatine forms the principal ingredient, it is important to bear in mind that they can afford no nutriment except to the gelatinous tissues (the waste of which is inconsiderable); for although albumen can be converted into gelatine in the animal body, gelatine cannot be made to serve as the material for the muscular and other albuminous tissues. Hence it is a great mistake to suppose that a really economical soup can be made from bones alone; for an animal might almost as well be starved outright (as experiment has shown), as be fed on such a soup mingled with starchy matters alone. Even with the addition of bread, it cannot be regarded as such a highly nutritious article of diet, as to be adapted to the requirements of those who need a copious supply of tissue-food; and after a long course of inquiry, it has at last been given up by the directors of the Parisian hospitals, where it was long a staple article of the diet-scale. It must not be supposed, however, that Gelatine is useless as an article of food; every one accustomed to the observation of its effects upon patients who are recovering from exhausting diseases would testify to the contrary; and it is easy to account for the peculiar benefits derivable from broths, jellies, etc., under such circumstances. They can be absorbed at once into the current of blood, without needing preparation in the stomach; and they can therefore be taken into the system, when that organ is too weak to dissolve even the most digestible articles of solid nutriment. Being appropriated to the reparation of tissues that make up a large part of the fabric of the body, they aid in restoring its plumpness, although they

cannot contribute much to the renewal of the strength. These fluids, moreover, when prepared chiefly or entirely from meat instead of bones, contain no inconsiderable quantity of albuminous matter; and thus supply materials for the renovation of those most important tissues which Gelatine cannot nourish.

We have thus endeavoured to place before our readers the main principles upon which the regulation of the diet should be conducted. The quantity of tiesue-food that will be required will vary with the degree of bodily exertion employed; and the proportion of the articles whose numbers are highest in the above table should then be increased. On the other hand, the quantity of combustion-food required will vary with the external temperature; thus, two or three times as much is needed on a cold winter's day as in the sultry heat of summer, when the air is almost as warm as the body. For combustion-food, the substances whose numbers stand lowest are well adapted; but they ought always to be mingled with tissue-food derived from some other source, in order that the greatest advantage may be obtained from their use. About twenty ounces of dry food, mingled in proper proportions, is the lowest amount on which the full bodily vigour can be sustained for any length of time; and even this is not sufficient when the body is much exposed to cold, or is subjected to long-continued exertion. After what has been stated in the present paper and on former occasions, we need scarcely again remark that fuel and clothing are equivalent to a positive economy of food; since, the more completely the heat of the body can be kept up to its proper standard by other means, the less demand will there be for combustion-food to maintain the internal heat-producing process.

IRELAND AT THE PRESENT MOMENT.

As the great outcry regarding the famine in Ireland has ceased, people are apt to believe that the famine has ceased also. The potatoes are ready to dig for immediate use; the corn is ripening on the Irish plains, and therefore England dismisses its sympathy for the Irish pea-santry, as no longer needed. We regret to learn, how-ever, from the best sources, that the condition of the peasantry in many parts continues as unabatedly dreadful as ever, especially in the west, and that fever and death are carrying numbers to their graves, for whom potatoes grow, and corn ripens in vain.

We have lately read with intense interest a volume written by an American lady, which narrates her visits to the peasantry of Ireland in many quarters of the island. It is certainly one of the most extraordinary

books which has appeared for years.

Asenath Nicholson has, it seems, for a great many years, cherished the idea of visiting Ireland, and learning for herself what could be the real causes which sent over the Atlantic such swarms of the most wretched people under the sun, from the richest kingdom in the world. The ties of consanguinity being at length dissolved, and having left her, as it were, alone in the world, she has devoted the melancholy liberty thus afforded, to the great purpose of her life—this visit of inquiry and actual investigation to Ireland. With very slender resources, she has bravely wandered far and wide, visiting the abodes of both simple and gentle, and recording her reception, and what she has seen, with a pen of the most singular

independence. She seems, indeed, to delight to strip away all the self-complacency of human nature, and hold up a mirror to the rich, which, if true, ought to startle them from their present quiet, and rouse them while it is day, to do something for those whose blood will be required at their hands.

The book is quite a curiosity, and as nobody has, to our knowledge, ever before travelled among the Irish peasantry with the intention of describing what he saw, and without the means of travelling in any other style, her experience is of the strangest kind, and is, we are satisfied, related with perfect naivets, and the most sincere disposition to tell the truth. It is, therefore, such a picture of cabin life as never before was given to the world. She seems quite indifferent to the laughable and ridiculous air she gives to her own adventures, and is never afraid to censure those among the middle and upper classes who do not acknowledge her in her assumed office of Apostle of the Poor. She is, we feel persuaded, a most honest, right-minded, and devoted

We hear, that having printed her book, and probably having procured some pecuniary funds on its account, she is gone away again into the west, to minister any relief that she can to the wretched and dying, or at least to make known their misery to the public.

By thus drawing attention to her work and her labours we hope to promote her benevolent object; and to show that the need of help and sympathy still remain great for the poor of Ireland, we give a copy of a letter from this lady to a friend of ours, which opens up a lamentable view of their sufferings at this

" Templecrone, Donegal,

"August 3d, 1847.
"Dear Friend,—I must trouble you with another letter, though no response has been made to a former one. But a visit to Donegal, to Gweedore, Arranmore, one. But a visit to Donegai, to uwecus, and Templecrone, has so completely stirred my inmost soul, that I cannot conscientiously withstand the call to talk a little with you on the subject, knowing you will understand what I say.

"I must not spend time to dwell on the labours of Forster, Griffith, and Hewetson. You well know they have been untiring, and I am prepared to say, almost unparalleled; and they need not only supernatural wisdom, but supernatural strength, to withstand the mighty torrent that is pouring upon them. What they can do, I cannot devise, if something more efficient be are fainting and dying in the most heart-rending manner in Arranmore and Templecrone, and none come to their relief. The boilers have ceased operation; and the poor famished creatures are gathering chickengrass and turnip-tops, boiling them, and letting them stand till they get cold, and eating them for almost

their only support. "They cannot fish, but by sitting upon a rock, and taking a solitary crab, or the like, for they cannot man

a boat. "I went on Monday to the island of Arranmore, the kind Mr. Griffith for my guide; and shall I tell you what I saw? One of the boatmen was sent forward to say, that an American lady was coming to look at them, but would give them nothing that day, and they must not trouble her by begging. We entered their dark abodes: there, in groups, were they sitting or lying, with that emaciated, desponding, lifeless look of inanity, that nothing else but long starvation could give; and without uttering a syllable, gave us looks which never, never, can be effaced from my memory. I turned away, often begging Mr. Griffith to show me no more. I gave a little boy, whose shrivelled face and looks altogether had the appearance of a monkey's more than a child's—I gave him a biscuit; and the ghastly

⁽¹⁾ Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger; or, Excursions through Ireland, in 1844 and 1845, for the purpose of personally investigating the Condition of the Poor. By A. Nicholson, of New York. London: Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate Street. 1847.

smile which followed, to say the least, was horrid. I cannot now get away from the sight. We went to the grave-yard, saw a new-made grave, a straw rope lying by the side, and was told by a man who accompanied us that this was the grave of three children, whose father had carried them, lashed to his back, by this rope: and being unable, for want of strength, to bury the last, he

had put it in the dust for him.
"I went over the island, and saw here and there a little barley and oats waving in the breeze, which was the product of a little seed given them last spring, and now and then a small patch of potatoes; but the whole on the island would not feed them, as all say, more than six weeks, if all were in the most economical readiness for use. Mr. Griffith took me over hill and dale of that romantic island, and showed me immense tracts of mountain land, good for grazing, and much of it good for grain; and not a cow, horse, or sheep upon it, nor a patch of any thing estable to be seen.

"Now, my friend, you, with me, will say, 'What ought to be done—can be done?' And while in Britain or America there are means sufficient to put such a machinery as would relieve them into operation, bloodguiltiness will be upon the hands of such as neglect it.

Mr. Griffith showed me his road and pier, which the
poor famished creatures have finished with so much taste; and he testifies that it was done with the greatest cheerfulness and patience; though they worked in hunger and nakedness, not one, he said, complained. This little piece of work really does honour to the labourers, as well as to Mr. Griffith, who contrived it.

" I need not multiply facts. You have seen all these places, and your name is mentioned with much respect
"I am now at Mr. Forster's, and in an hour start for Gweedore, to meet Mr. Hewetson, and go on to Dublin, where I hope to find some supplies from America, for the poor, for my further distribution; and expect soon to visit the county of Mayo. Do not be angry at my long letter; I have not said half I have on hand about poor Donegal. And who will arise for her help, and those good men who are spending time and strength to mitigate their sufferings? The women are beyond all praise. Mrs. Hewetson, Mrs. Forster, and Mrs. Griffith have a twofold, if not a tenfold share; more, much more than any female should be called to suffer,

especially those who are mothers.

"I must stop, and may the God of all grace give us a disposition to act as we should act; so that we may meet Him at last, and receive his approbation when these poor creatures shall stand with us at his dread

tribunal

"Respectfully and thankfully,
"A. Nicholson."

SONNET.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH, OF NEW YORK.

On thou who once on earth, beneath the weight Of our mortality didst live and move, The incarnation of profoundest love; Who on the Cross that love didst consummate, Whose deep and ample fulness could embrace The poorest, meanest of our fallen race, How shall we eer that boundless debt repay?
By long loud prayers in gorgeous temples said? By rich oblations on thine alters laid? Ah no! not thus thou didst appoint the way: When thou wast bowed our human woe beneath, Then as a legacy thou didst bequeath Earth's sorrowing children to our ministry; And as we do to them, we do to thee.

DON QUIXOTE RECEIVING IMAGINED HONOURS AT THE DUKE'S.

(See the Illustration, p. 129.)

Ar last, Don Quixote being calm, and dinner ended, the cloth was taken away, when there entered four damsels; one with a silver ewer, another with a silver basin, a third with two fine, clean towels over her shoulder, and the fourth with her sleeves tucked up to her elbows, and in her white hands—for doubtless they were white-a wash-ball of Naples sosp. She with the basin approached, and with a genteel sir and assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote; who, without speaking a word, and wondering at the ceremony, believed it to be the custom of the country, instead of hands, to wash beards, and therefore stretched out his own as far as he could. Instantly the ewer began to rain upon him, and the wash-ball damsel hurried over his beard with great dexterity of hand, raising large flakes of snow—for the lather was not less white—not only over the beard, but over the whole face of the obedient knight, insomuch that he was obliged to shut his eyes, whether he would or no. The duke and duchess, who were not in the secret, sate in anxious expectation of the issue of this extraordinary ablution. The damsel barber, having lathered him completely, pretended that the water was all spent, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, observing that Signor Don Quixote would have the goodness to remain as he was till she came back, which he did, exhibiting the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable to the company, who, seeing him with a neck half an ell long, and more than moderately brown, his eyes shut, and his whole visage thus in the suds, had need of great discretion to abstain from laughter. The damsels concerned in the jest held down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord and lady, who were divided between anger and attempts to maintain their gravity, not knowing whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure their device had afforded. At last the damsel of the ewer came, and an end being put to the washing of the knight, she who carried the towels wiped and dried him with much deliberation; and all four at once, making him a profound reverence, were going off; but the duke, that Don Quixote might not smell the jest, called the damsel with the basin, saying, "Come and wash me too, and take care you have water enough." The arch and diligent wench obeyed, and putting the basin to the duke's chin, as she had done to that of Don Quixote, was washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, again dropping their curtaies, they withdrew.

Sancho, who was very attentive to the ceremonies, said to himself, "God he my guide! is it the custom of this place, I wonder, to wash the beards of squires as well as knights? On my conscience and soul, I need it much; and if they should give me a stroke of a razor, I should take it for a still greater favour." "What are you muttering, Sancho?" quoth the duchess. "I was saying, madam," answered Sancho, "that in the courts of other princes, I have always heard, that when the of other princes, I have always heard, that when the cloth is taken away, they bring water to wash hands, and not suds to scour beards; and, therefore, one must live long to see much; and he who lives a long life, must pass through many evils; not that I deem one of these same scourings an evil, for to my mind it must rather be a pleasure than a pain." "Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho," quoth the duchess; "for I will order my damesly to wash you also and lay you a buckorder my damsels to wash you also, and lay you a-buck-ing, if it be needful." "For the present I shall be satis-fied as to my beard," answered Sancho; "for the rest God will provide hereafter."-Life and Adventures of

Don Quisote, Vol. iii. b. 2, c. 15.

TO THE READERS OF THE PEOPLE'S AND HOWITT'S **JOURNALS**

A NUMBER of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt's friends have deemed it a matter of common justice to draw up and lay before the public the following statement. The indefatigable exertions that have been made everywhere, both by printed, written, and personal means to damage, and, if possible destroy Mr. and Mrs. Howitt's Journal, and at the same time, their characters, after having deprived them of a considerable portion of their hard-earned property, can only be duly estimated by a candid examination of the documents which Mr. Howitt has placed for public and permanent inspection. A long list of the names of those who, after such examination, have concurred in the drawing up of this such examination, have concurred in the drawing up of this statement, or are prepared to prove its entire truth, might, if necessary, be produced; for brevity's sake, it is at present deemed sufficient to lay before the public the following letters from eminent men who have known the whole case, from first to last; which is done with their full authority.

MY DEAR SIR, 5, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square. The impression made to your prejudice in many quarters, as to the dispute with Mr. Saunders, has occasioned me both regret and surprise. Probably I ought to modify both feelings, by the recollection of the effect on my own mind of the ex-parte statements which were all that I originally knew of the matter. That effect was completely destroyed by the facts which you brought under my notice; by inspection of the pretended ledger, and by the opportunities afforded me of watching the progress of a dispute, in which, for a time, I very unexpectedly found myself the means of communication between Mr. Saunders and yourself; and to a certain extent appealed to as a mediator. It would be a long task to detail the means by which my first convictions were changed,—auflice it to say that, on what appears to myself sufficient evidence, they terminated in the firm belief that you and Mrs. Howitt have been, and are still likely to be, cruelly injured in this affair.

Merely as one of the public, (and at the commencement, I was little more, in relation to yourself,) I feel that justice to character, and gratitude for services, alike require this declara-

William Howill, Esq., June 14, 1847.

DEAR SIR, 38, Finsbury Square, June 14, 1847.

I have no acquaintance with Mr. Saunders, and there-MY DEAR SIR, fore, of course, no knowledge of his character; but I think you were justified in breaking off all business connection with him, and indeed, that you were absolutely bound to do so at any cost, after you had once come to the knowledge of the manner in which he kept his accounts, as indicated by that page of his

account-book which you showed to me.

I cannot conceive how any one who has seen that single page, can doubt as to the course which it absolutely required you to take. At any rate, no consideration would have induced me to remain in connection for a single week, with any man who, undertaking to keep the accounts of the business, kept them in such a manner, and I regard your anxiety and determination at once to dissolve the connection, as a proof of the straightforwardness and integrity of your mind and heart, which I entirely believe to be incapable of a mean or sordid thought, much less of an action not consistent with the strictest honour and I am, uprightness.

With the most sincere respect and regard,
Very truly yours,

William Howitt, Esq. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.

MY DEAR SIR, DEAR SIR, Finckley, August 5th, 1847. I have carefully read and examined the documents laid before me with reference to the proceedings of Mr. Saunders in the matter of the recent partnership, and relating also to some things which have since occurred.

It seems to me that few people who read these can any longer entertain any doubts as to who must be the great losers in the affair, or fail to see that you and Mrs. Howitt have been trifled with in a preposterous manner. These documents show that you have not only been wronged throughout the period of partner-ship, but that the extent of these wrongs cannot be calculated or avoided. The fact of the very creditor who stepped forward at the commencement of the contest to declare that he was perfectly satisfied with Mr. Saunders's accounts, now sending you the dishonoured bills of Mr. Saunders, is in itself a most unanswerable argument. I do not care to speak of any thing beyond this; but if this can be forced upon your acceptance, the same fatal game may be played you with other bills and to any extent.

I have no sort of personal complaint against Mr. Saunders. In the slight literary dealings we have had, he invariably treated me with every courtesy, and the fair fulfilment of his agreement. I speak solely from the strength of my own impressions in this matter, and for the sake of truth and right.

That any body should entertain a doubt as to which of the That any body should entertain a doubt as to which of the two parties deserves sympathy, is extraordinary. So it is, however, and by virtue of cool adroitness, patient subtlety, garbled notes, and ingesious mystifications, the sympathy of some eminent individuals has been drawn over to Mr. Saunders. In fact, it seems to me, that if William Howitt should be flayed alive by the creditors of the "People's Journal," there will still be found somebody to say—"Poor Mr. Saunders!"

I fear that you and Mrs. Howitt must bravely look the prospect of ruinous demands in the face. I hardly see how you can escape it. If this must come, all the more shall I be anxious to declare and prove muself by according to the property of the same of the control of the same of the

escape it. If this must come, an one more summer to declare and prove myself by every means in my power,

Yours truly,

R. H. Horne.

Much misrepresentation having been made regarding the late withdrawal of Mr. Howitt from the People's Journal, and the within the state of the sta this kind, in the form of a narrative, are Howitt has deemed it mecessary to deposit the documents, on which his reply to Mr. Saunders was based, at the Office of Howitt's Journal, where they are now lying, and will continue to lie for public inspection. These Documents, to which Mr. Howitt earnestly solicits public attention, will be found on examination, to prove indubitably the following facts

following facts:—

I. That Mr. Howitt had made arrangements for the publication of a three-halfpenny People's Journal as long ago as 1840; that the execution of this design was delayed by Mr. Howitt's going to Germany, and that it was resumed again in 1845. Proved by DOCUMENT No. I., containing,—

(1.) Letters from Mr. Ball and Mr. Arnold, of the late from Mr. Ball and Arnold, of the late from Mr. Ball and Mr. Arnold, of the late from Mr. Ball and Mr. Arnold, of the late from Mr. Ball and Arnold, of the late from Mr. Ball and Arnold, between Ball and Arnold, Petersented and Arnold Petersented.

of Messers. Ball and Arnold, Paternoster-row, referring to arrangements with them to publish this Journal in 1840.

(2.) A letter from Dr. Smiles, of Leeds, in May, 1845.

(3.) The Deed of Partnership between Mr. Sanuders and Mr.

Howitt, which, in the 11th clause explicitly recognises the plane

for such a Journal as Mr. Howitt's, and gives power to him and Mrs. Howitt for working of them out.

II. That Mr. Saunders endeavoured, not to present Mr. Howitt entering into this partnership, but streamously endeavoured to prevail on him to enter into it by false representations of the prosperity and prospects of the concern, namely, that the journal would pay at 18,000 circulation, and that it already, in the fourth month from its commencement, reached nearly 20,000 was likely to pay from 4,000l. to 7,000l. per annum! Proved by

Document No. II.

(1.) A letter from Mr. Saunders to Mr. Howitt, the language of which is extraordinary: declaring that Mr. Howitt's money was absolutely not wanted, except for advertisements; and that with these, the Journal would "go up like a balloon," and never "collapse or come down again."

(2.) The balance-sheet, drawn up by Messra. Quilter and Ball, the accountants, appointed by the arbitrators, showing that at this very time, the concern had suffered a dead loss of 1,2211.! III. That although the fundamental conditions of the partner-

hip were, that, besides editing the Journal, Mr. Saunders should keep the accounts of the concern, for the performance of which duties he was to receive, and did receive, 300%, per annum, with a prospective allowance of 400%, per annum, and a quarter share of the concern; yet that, for four months during the partnership, as well as during the whole period previous, he kept no accounts whatever, except on loose papers, and that subsequently, when urged to keep his accounts in a regular manner, he framed a false ledger, and made fraudulent entries of money. Proved by DOCUMENT, No. III., containing,—

(1.) A letter from Mr. Beaduall, for many years manager of

the bank of Messrs. Smith and Payne, expressing his conviction, from the inspection of the pretended ledger, of its thoroughly fletitious character, and advising instant measures for Mr. Howitt's

(2.) The Report of Messrs. Quilter and Ball, the accountants appointed by the arbitrators, stating the utter want of a system of book-keeping capable of exhibiting the affairs of the concern;

the perfectly fictitious character of the pretended ledger; and total want of authority for the alleged agreement to dispose of or charge certain sums of money there so charged and disposed of.

(3.) Specimens of fraudulent entries.
(4.) The fabricated statement, in Mr. Sanuders's own hand, sent privately to the Messrs. Turners, solicitors, who drew the deed of partnership, on Mr. Howitt's demanding, and Mr. Saunders's agreeing, that all the partners should go together to take the opinion of those gentlemen on these fraudulent entries; this statement, which professed to be a transcript from the aforesaid ledger, being obviously intended by its false construction to procure a false answer from the Messrs. Turner for Mr. Saunders's vindication; and which statement, declared in Mr. Saunders's accompanying note (in his own hand) to be sent at the request of accompanying note (in his own hand) to be sent at the request of the partners, not only introduced a perfectly new and fictitious share into the concern, but studiously omitted the fraudulent entry made in favour of Mr. Saunders, on which it professed to ask advice, while it asked the Messrs. Turner to pass over in silence in their answer the fraudulent entry made against Mr. Howitt.

(5.) Copy of the said ledger, showing subsequent alterations in this memorable statement, so soon as Mr. Saunders found that his attempt on the Messrs. Turner had failed.

IV. That this mode of conducting business by Mr. Saunders

was no novelty. Proved by

DOCUMENT, No. IV., containing,—

(1.) A letter of Mr. Valentine Stevens, law-bookseller, of Bellyard, respecting "the game played" by Mr. Saunders on his brother, William Stevens, printer; and on himself and his partner, (Mr. Pardon, utterly and to this day ruined by these transactions of Mr. Saunders.) This letter shows that Mr. Saunders. ders was kept out of his bankrupt's certificate for nearly three years, for not producing any account of the expenditure of the many thousands of their money by him; with Mr. Saunders's own letter to Mr. Valentine Stevens, confessing his having kept no account of it, and pledging himself, if allowed to get his cer-

tificate, never to go into business again.

(2.) Letter of Mr. Bourne, stating that Mr. Saunders bought the Apprentice of him, to convert into the People's Journal, for 100/., to be paid on that Journal reaching a weekly circulation of 17,000 copies; and of Mr. Saunders having refused, and continuing to refuse, to pay this money, notwithstanding his many public statements that his Journal (paying at 18,000) had reached a weekly circulation of from 35,000 to 40,000 copies, and being "commercially established and perfectly safe."

(3.) A letter from a gentleman of Lincoln, announcing Mr. Saunders's failure there, and his having sent lawyers' letters to intimidate the subscribers to a book of his there into paying from 8l. to 10l. each, towards his loss on his own book!

(4.) A letter from Mr. Dix, a man paid by Mr. Saunders 2l. 5s.

to malign Mrs. Howitt.

(5.) Mrs. Howitt's simple answer to this charge of Mr. Saunders, showing that the article attributed to Mr. Dix was an extract from an anonymous American work, made by Mrs. Howitt; and that the practice of inserting such selected matter in the Journal was begun by Mr. Saunders himself, with "The Lyttle Geste of Robin Hood," for which Mr. Saunders charged the firm between 91. and 101.

(6.) An extract from the Northern Star of June 3d, 1847, headed "BEWARE OF A SCOUNDREL," describing the character and daily practices of the said Mr. Dix, by Thom, the weaver poet, and others.

V. That Mr. Howitt has retired from this so-called flourish-

ing concern, with losses much larger than his investment (8001.), of which Mr. Saunders yet retains in hard cash 7001., add to this, Mr. Howitt's heavy expenses, and the loss of a whole year's literary income, of himself and Mrs. Howitt; with, worse than all, liabilities to which he can see no end. Proved by

DOCUMENT, No. V., containing,—

(1.) The balance-sheet made up by Messrs. Quilter and Ball, showing a dead loss on the concern, up to Christmas last, of

upwards of 3,000%.

- (2.) Messrs. Quilter and Ball's bill for making intelligible the concerns of the People's Journal—371, 15s., of which Mr. Saunders refused to pay a farthing; although in his second public statement he positively asserted that he never refused to have an accountant appointed, and brought his arbitrators to do the
- (3.) The deed of dissolution, showing the amount of Mr. Howite's loss, notwithstanding Mr. Saunders's continual statements to the public of a circulation of from 35,000 to 40,000, and therefore of a yearly income from it (besides his salary of 81.

per week), according to his letter-Document, No. IL-of from 1,1001. to 2,0001.

(4.) A letter from Mr. Saunders to a gentleman in the country, confessing that, although he and Mr. Turrell, his brother-in-law, had covenanted (on Mr. Howitt's resigning his investment) to discharge all liabilities, he (Mr. Saunders) had since made arrangements with Messrs. Venables and Co. to leave the large liabilities in their hands lying over against Mr. Howitt.

(5.) Circulars and printed statements of Mr. Saunders, of various dates, from early in 1846 to April 17th, 1847, declaring the weekly circulation, as above stated, from 35,000 to 40,000 weekly; and his own letter—Document, No. II.—showing the profits on such a circulation to be from 1,100l. to 2,000l. a-year! and that, THEREFORE, IF THIS WERE TRUE, INSTEAD OF COM-PELLING MR. HOWITT TO RETIRE WITH THE LOSS ALREADY STATED, HE OUGHT TO HAVE PAID HIM NOT ONLY HIS WHOLE INVESTMENT BACK, BUT A HANDSOME SUM FOR THE BRAL.

VALUE OF HIS HALF SHARE OF THE PROPERTY.

(0.) A letter from Messes. Venables, Wilson, and Tyler, the stationers of the People's Journal, received by Mr. Howitt since the dissolution of partnership, announcing dishonoured bills, of Mr. Saunders, to the amount of 8771., and demanding payment of them by Mr. Howitt:—these Messrs. Venables and Co. being the same by Mr. Howiti :—these Messrs. I enables and vo. very inc some who wrote a note for Mr. Saunders to print on his second public statement, contradicting Mr. Howiit's account of the affairs of the People's Journal, when he warned both them and the public; contradicting also the official statement and balance-sheet of Messrs. Quilter and Ball, and asserting that they had themselves examined the state of Mr. Saunders's accounts, and were perfectly satisfied.

jectly satispea.

(7.) A second letter from Messrs. Venables and Co., dated July 15th, 1847, demanding payment from Mr. Howitt for another dishonoured bill of Mr. Saunders of 2481., making a total of 9221; and, to use their own words, calling his immediate with the control of "allention to this unsatisfactory position of our account with

your late firm."

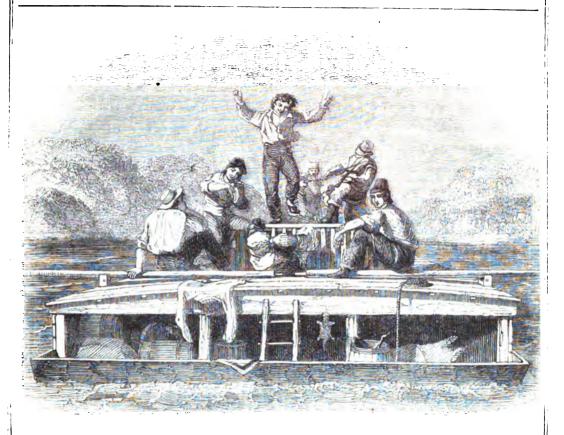
(8.) A third letter of Messrs. Venables and Co., just received, August 18th, announcing another dishonoured bill of Mr. Saunders, of 2791. 12s. 6d., amounting now to 1,2011.1

To these important and decisive documents it will not be necessary to add more than the following observations. Mr. Howitt has been blamed by some parties for the apparent warmth of his Reply to Mr. Saunders; but what honourable man could avoid warmth on finding himself first entrapped into a ruinous concern, and then being, to use a plain but proper term, robbed to a heavy, positive, and probably to a ruinous extent, and maligned into the bargain? It is only due to Mr. Howitt to say that, on referring to his public statements, every one of them is only too completely supported by the documents here enumerated, and to which the inspection of the public is most earnestly solicited by him.

It should also be kept in mind that Mr. Howitt had from It should also be kept in mind that Mr. Jawate has Journal—that Mr. Saunders came to him in November, 1845, and adroitly made himself master of his plans—and that the People's Journal, as stated by Mr. Howitt in his Reply, was in reality founded by him: founded on his information, co-operation, and procuration of agents, coadjutors in all the large towns, and the most eminent of its contributors; while the names of and Mary Howitt were assiduously used all over the kingdom, not only in print, but by paid canvassers for the establishment of that Journal.

Finally. As Mr. Saunders has stated that an appeal has been made to the press, and that there has been but one opinion—that in his favour—it is necessary on behalf of Mr. Howitt to state that no appeal has hitherto been made by NIM to the press. That Mr. Saunders has importuned the editors of the newspaper press by numerous letters and lithographed circulars; but that, while a few of the country editors, imposed on by his plausible statements, incautiously expressed an opinion, more than 150, including nearly the whole of the London, and the most influential of the provincial press, steadily refused to notice his appeals; and that Mr. Howitt, having since had an opportunity of submitting the documents to the inspection of many of them, there has been but the comments to the inspection of many of them, there has been but one general acknowledgment amongst such, that the public had been grossly imposed on, and Mr. and Mrs. Howitt cruelly maligned.

RINTED by RICHARD CLAY, of Nos. 7 and 8, Bread Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, at his Printing Office at the same place, and published for the Proprietor by William Lovett, 171. (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand. Saturday, August 28, 1867.



JOHN BANVARD'S GREAT PICTURE.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

In the year 1840, a young man, hardly of age, took a small boat, and, furnished with drawing materials, descended the river Mississippi, resolved to gain for his country a great name in the kingdom of art. It had been said that America had no artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery, and John Banvard, now in his little boat, sets sail down the Mississippi and the statement of the scenery and John Banvard, now in his little boat, sets sail down the Mississippi and the sceneric statement of the scenery.

sissippi, to prove how unfounded was this assertion.

We will now say something of his former life, which, with its hardships, disappointments, and privations, had fitted him for the accomplishment of his great undertaking. He was born in New York, and welleducated by his father, who was the pastor of Harvard Church, Boston. Being of delicate health in childhood, he was unable to enjoy the active out-of-doors sports of other boys, and accordingly amused himself by drawing, for which he very early showed a decided talent. Besides drawing, he devoted himself also to natural philosophy, and made some clever instruments for his own use, one of which was a camera obscura. His room was a perfect laboratory, or museum. He constructed a little diorama of the sea, on which he exhibited moving ships, and even a naval engagement. The money which was given him, he spent, not in toys and sweetmeats, but in the purchase of types for a little printing-press of his own construction, at which he printed hand-bills for his juvenile exhibitions.

The child was truly father of the man, in this, as in so many other cases. But he had much to pass through yet, before the promise of the boy could be developed in the accomplishments of the man. Banvard's father, like many another honest and unworldly man, entered into a partnership in trade, and soon after found himself pennyless; this unfortunate connexion swept away all the frugal earnings of his life; his family were turned adrift upon the world, and with this heartbreaking knowledge he died. John was then fifteen, and, taking leave of his family, he set off into Kentucky, to seek his fortune; he tried first of all with an apothecary, but being detected drawing portraits on the wall with chalk instead of making up prescriptions, the apothecary dismissed him.

He then took to painting in earnest, but unluckily, there was not sufficient taste for the fine arts in the West to maintain him; so meeting with some young men of his acquaintance, they took a boat, and set off down the river in search of adventures, and of these they had no lack-among others, narrowly escaping wreck during a storm. We next find him at the village of New Harmony, on the Wabash river, where, in company with three or four other youths, he built and fitted-up a flat-boat, with some dioramic paintings of his own preparation, and then started down the Wabash, with the intention of coasting that river into the Ohio, and so down the Mississippi to New Orleans, exhibiting by the way their works of art to the scanty population of the wilderness. Although their boat was of their own manufacture, they were too poor to complete it entirely before they set out on their extraordinary expedition, but hoped to finish it out of their proceeds as they went along. They took with them such a supply of provisions as their means would afford, and this of course was small enough. The river was low, and none of them having descended the Wabash before, they were consequently ignorant of its navigation; they, therefore, were

beset with all the perils of American river travelling, and at last found themselves fast on a sand-bar, and, at the same time, reduced to their last peck of potatoes. For two days they laboured to get their boat off the bar, but in vain, and to add to their dilemma, over-exertion, together with being too long in the water, without food, threw poor Banvard into a violent fit of

"The bar upon which they were," says the narrative before us, "was called the Bone-bar, because the bank of the river, immediately opposite, was full of organic remains. Some of the large bones were then protruding out of the side of the bank, in full view, and, as Bau-vard lay on the soft sand of the bar, which he found a more comfortable couch than the hard planks of the boat, his head burning with fever, and his limbs aching with pain, he looked at these gloomy relies of an ante-diluvian race, and felt as though his hones would soon be laid with them. At sunset, however, by good luck, the rest of the company got the boat over the bar, took Banvard aboard, and landed in the woods almost cxhausted. Food was as scarce here as on the bar, and the weary party went supperless to bed. Next morning they started early, less anxious to exhibit their dioramicwonders, than to obtain something to eat. But they were on Wabash island, which is uninhabited, and where they only found some paw-paws, which, although his companions are voraciously, Banvard, who was consumed

with violent fever, could not touch."

Next day they sent their hand-hills to the village of Shawnectown, about seven miles inland, inviting the inhabitants to come down and see the wonderful exhibition that evening at the wharf; and, to their great joy, on coming within sight of the appointed place, they saw a large company assembled. Full of the hope of a good supper at last, they unfortunately made more haste than good speed, and ran their boat on a ledge of rocks at a short distance from the shore. The efforts of those on land, as well as of the luckless company on board, were ineffectual to free the boat, and the good people of Shawneetown went back to their homes without seeing the show, and, not much to the credit of their hospitality, the poor showmen again went to bed without a supper. Fortunately, a steamer passed them in the night, and the swell which it occasioned in the river lifting them off the rocks, they found themselves next morning eight miles below Shawneetown, and aground on the Cincinnati bar. Here, luckily, provisions were plentiful, and according to the American law of barter, the dioramic-exhibition was opened, and a bushel of potatoes, a fowl, or a dozen of eggs, sufficed for the admission fee. They now ate and drank, and made merry, and poor Banvard found, as we so often do, that adver-sity has its blessings; his long fast had starved the fever out of him, and in a few days he was quite well.

When the good people of Cincinnati were satisfied with seeing, and the exhibitors had laid in good store of provision, they again continued their voyage, stopping at the towns and villages along the shore, and amusing and astonishing the people by their show, and everywhere the people paid in kind for their amusement. It was no unusual thing for a family to come to see "the Show-boat," the father with a bushel of potatoes, the mother with a fowl, and the children with a pump-kin a-piece as the price of their admission. This was a time of plenty and prosperity, but unlooked for misad-ventures even there befell them. One night a mischievous fellow, while they were exhibiting, and the little boat was full of visitors, set it loose from the shore, and it thus drifted down the stream with its unconscious load, who were at length landed, to their inconceivable astonishment, several miles off, in a thick

Their next adventure was at Plumb-point, where the

large organized banditti, who infested the country for miles around, and here Banvard nearly lost his life, Several pistol-shots were fired at him, but being in the dark, none of them took effect, although several lodged in the deck of the boat within a few inches of him. After a desperate resistance, during which one of the robbers was shot, the boat was rescued, but one of the company received a severe wound with a bowie-knife.

Banvard continued with the boat till it arrived at the Grand Gulf, and then, finding no profit accruing to him from the expedition, he sold his interest in the company, and devoted himself to painting. He successively tried his fortune in New Orleans, Natchez, Cinciunati, and Louisville, and, having made some money, removed to St. Louis, where he lost every penny he had, but by what means we know not. This was a great blow, and affected his spirits so much, that once, at Cincinnati, he took a small boat, and started down the Ohio, without a farthing, living for several days upon the nuts he collected in the woods. After a series of many other atrange adventures, he managed to gain three thousand dollars, and with this capital, he commenced his grand project of painting the panorama

of the Mississippi.

And now, in the spring of 1840, when hardly more than twenty years of age, he set out with this capital, which he had gained by so much patient endurance, in a little boat, as we have said, with the implements of a little boat, as we have said, with the implements of his art around him, resolved to transfer to canvas the glorious river-scenery with which he was so familiar, and, at the same time, to redeem his country from what he thought a severe charge against her. The idea of gain, we are assured, never at that time entered his mind; he was actuated alone by a patriotic and hongurable ambition of producing for America the largest able ambition of producing for America the largest painting in the world; one which would represent on canvas the whole extent of the scencry of the Missisippi-a gigantic idea, which seems truly kindred to the illimitable forests, and vast rivers of his native land. The first step towards this great undertaking, was to make the necessary drawing. "For this purpose," we are told, "he had to travel thousands of miles alone in an open skiff, crossing and recrossing the rapid stream, in many places above two miles in breadth, to select proper points of sight from which to take his sketch; his hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather. He would be weeks together, without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river. When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cotton wood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his supper. Having killed his game, he would return, dress, cook, and from some fallen log would eat it with his biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him. Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night-dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the har for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning; when he would arise from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humid mist from the surface of the river—then would he start fresh to his task again. In this way he spent above four hundred days, making the preparatory drawings. Several nights during the time, he was compelled to creep from under his skiff where he slept, and sit all night on a log, and breast the pelting storm, through fear that the banks of the river would cave upon him, boat was attacked by a party of the Murell robbers, a and to escape the falling trees. During this time, he

pulled his little skiff more than two thousand miles. In the latter part of the summer he reached New Orleans. The yellow fever was raging in the city, but, unmindful of that, he made his drawing of the place. The sun the while was so intensely hot, that his skin became so burnt, that it peeled off from the back of his hands, and from his face. His eyes became inflamed by such constant and extraordinary efforts, from which unhappy effects he has not recovered to this day. His drawings completed, he erected a building at Louisville, Kentucky, to transfer them to the canvas. His object in painting his picture in the West was to exhibit it to, and procure testimonials from, those who were best calculated to judge of its fidelity—the practical rivermen; and he has procured the names of nearly all the principal captains and pilots navigating the Mississippi, freely testifying to the correctness of the scenery."

The following letter from an American gentleman, the bearer of government despatches to Oregon and California, addressed to his friend, General Morris, at New York, introduces the reader to the artist in his

study, and will be read with interest.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—Here I am, in this beautiful city of St. Louis, and thus far "on my winding way" to Oregon and California. In coming down the Ohio, our boat being of the larger class, and the river at a "low stage," we were detained several hours at Louisville, and I took advantage of the detention to pay a visit to an old school-mate of mine, one of the master spirits of the age. I mean Banvard, the artist, who is engaged in the herculean task of painting a panorama of the Missisippi river, upon more than three miles of canvas!—truthfully depicting a range of scenery of upwards of two thousand miles in extent. In company with a travelling acquaintance, an English gentleman, I called at the artist studio, an immense wooden building, constructed expressly for the purpose, at the extreme outskirts of the city. After knocking several times, I at length succeeded in making myself heard, when the artist himself, in his working cap and blouse, pallet and pencil in hand, came to the door to admit us. He did not at first recognise me, but when I mentioned my name, he dropped both pallet and pencil, and clasped me in his arms, so delighted was he to see me, after a separation of sixteen years.

was he to see me, after a separation of sixteen years.

My fellow-traveller was quite astonished at this sudden manifestation, for I had not informed him of our previous intimacy, but had merely invited him to accompany me to see in progress this wonder of the world, that is to be, this levinthan panorama. Banvard immediately conducted us into the interior of the building. He said he had selected the site for his building, far removed from the noise and bustle of the town, that he might apply himself more closely and uninterruptedly to his labour, and be free from the intrusion of visitors. Within the studio, all seemed chaos and confusion, but the life-like and natural appearance of a portion of his great picture was displayed on one of the walls in a yet unfinished state. Here and there were scattered about the floor piles of his original sketches, bales of canvas, and heaps of boxes. Paint-boxes, brushes, jars and kega, were strewed about without order or arrangement, while along one of the walls several large cases were piled, containing rolls of finished sections of the painting. On the opposite wall was spread a canvas, extending its whole length, upon which the artist was then at work. A portion of this canvas was wound spon an upright roller, or drum, standing at one end of the building, and as the artist completes his painting, he thus disposes of it. Not having the time to spare, I could not stay to have all the immense cylinders unrolled for our inspection, for we were sufficiently occupied in examining that portion on which the artist is now engaged, and which is nearly completed, being from the mouth of Red river to Grand Gulf. Any description of this gigantic undertaking that I should attempt in a letter, would convey but a faint idea of what it will be when completed. The remarkable truthfulness of the minutest objects upon the shores of the rivers, independent of the masterly style, and artistical execution of the work, will make it the most valuable and variety of interest, by any work that has

gines and the settlers—the modes of cultivating and harvesting the peculiar crops—cotton, sugar, tobacco, etc.—the shipping of the produce in all the variety of novel and curious conveyances employed on these rivers for transportation—are here so vividly pourtrayed, that but a slight stretch of the imagination would bring the noise of the puffing steamboats from the river, and the songs of the negroes in the fields, in music to the ear, and one seems to inhale the very atmosphere before him. Such were the impressions produced by our slight and unfavourable view of a portion of this great picture, which Banvard expects to finish this summer. It will be exhibited in New York in the autumn—after which, it will be sent to London for the same purpose. The mode of exhibiting it is ingenious, and will require considerable machinery. It will be placed upon upright revolving cylinders, and the canvas will pass gradually before the spectator, thus affording the artist an opportunity of explaining the whole work. After examining many other beautiful specimens of the artist's skill, which adorn his studio, we dined together in the city. As our boat was now ready to start, I shook hands with Banvard, who parted from me with feelings as sad as they had been before joyful. His life has been one of curious interest, replete with strring incidents, and I was greatly amused in listening to anecdotes of his adventures on these western rivers, where for many years past, he has been a constant sojourner, indefatigably employed in preparing bis great work.

Of the river-scenery which is thus represented in this wonderful picture, we may perhaps be allowed to say something; this we quote from a pamphlet before us:—

The Mississippi commences in many branches, that rise, for the most part, in wild rice lakes; but it traverses no great distance, before it has become a broad stream. Sometimes in its beginnings it moves a wide expanse of waters, with a current scarcely perceptible, along a marshy bed. At others, its fishes are seen darting over a white sand, in waters almost as transparent as air. At other times it is compressed to a narrow and rapid current between ancient and hoary limestone bluffs. Having acquired, in a length of course, following its meanders, of three hundred miles, a width of half a mile, and having formed its distinctive character, it precipitates its waters down the falls of St. Anthony. Thence it glides alternately through beautiful meadows and deep forests, swelling in its advancing march with the tributes of a hundred streams. In its progress it receives a tributary which of itself has a course of more than a thousand leagues. Thence it rolls its accumulated, turbid, and sweeping mass of waters through continued forests, only broken here and there by the axe, in lonely grandent to the sea. The hundred shores laved by its waters; the long course of its tributaries, some of which are already the abodes of cultivation, and others pursuing an immense course without a solitary dwelling of civilized man being seen on its banks; the numerous tribes of savages that now roam upon its borders; the affecting and imperishable traces of generations that are gone, leaving no other memorials of their existence, or materials for their history, than their tombs, that rise at frequent intervals along its banks; the dim, but glorious anticipations of the future—these are subjects of contemplation that cannot but associate themselves with the view of this river.

After the junction of the Mississippi with the Missouri, the character of the river changes; it loses its majestic calmness, and rolls onward with a wild impetuosity. From Missouri to Balize, it is a wild, furious, whirling river, never navigated safely, except with great caution.

There is something very grand in the following description of this kingly river:—

If it be in the spring, when the river below the mouth of the Chio is generally over its banks, although the sheet of water that is making its way to the gulf is perhaps thirty miles wide, yet finding its way through deep forests and swamps that conceal all from the eye, no expanse of water is seen but the width that is carred out between the outline of woods on either bank; and it seldom exceeds, and oftener falls short of, a mile. But when he sees, in descending from the falls of St. Anthony, that it swallows up one river after another, with mouths as wide as itself, without affecting its width at all; when he sees it receiving in succession the nighty Missouri, the broad Ohio, St. Francis,

White, Arkansas, and Red rivers, all of them of great depth, length, and volume of water; when he sees this mighty river absorbing them all, and retaining a volume apparently unchanged, he begins to estimate rightly the increasing depths of current that must roll on its deep channel to the sea. Carried out of the Balize, and sailing with a good breeze for hours, he sees nothing on any side but the white and turbid waters of the Missisippi long after he is out of sight of land.

The natural scenery of the river presented rich material for Banvard's pencil; he was borne along by wild rice lakes and swamps, limestone bluffs and craggy hills; through deep pine forests and beautiful prairies, where the sole inhabitants were the elk, the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, and the wild Indians that pursue them.

This immense line of river forms a means of commercial intercourse between the country and New Orleans.

The boats of the Mississippi are so various in their kinds, and so curious in their construction, that it would be difficult to reduce them to specific classes and divisions. No form of water-craft so whimsical, no shape so outlandish, can well be imagined, but what, on descending to New Orleans, it may somewhere be seen lying to the shore, or floating on the river. The New York Canal is generating monstrous conceptions of this sort; and there will soon be a rivalry between the east and the west, which can create the most ingenious floating river-monsters of passage and transport.

But the boats of passage and conveyance, that remain after the invention of steamboats, and are still important to those objects, are keel-boats and flats. The flat boats are called, in the vernacular phrase, "Kentucky Flats," or "Broad Horns." They are simply an oblong ark, with a roof slightly curved from the centre, to shed rain. They are generally about fifteen feet wide, and from fifty to eightly, and sometimes a hundred feet in length. The timbers of the bottom are massive beams; and they are intended to be of great strength, and to carry a burden of from two to four hundred barrels. Great numbers of cattle, hogs, and horses are conveyed to market in them. We have seen family boats of this description, fitted up for the descent of families to the lower country with a stove, comfortable apartments, beds, and arrangements for commodious habitancy. We see in them ladies, servants, cattle, horses, sheep, dogs, and poultry, all floating on the same bottom; and on the roof the looms, ploughs, spinning-wheels, and domestic implements of the family.

family.

Much of the produce of the upper country, even after the invention of steam-boats, continues to descend to New Orleans in Kentucky fats. They generally carry three hands, and perhaps a supernumerary fourth hand—a kind of supercargo. This boat, in the form of a parallelogram, lying flat and dead in the water, and with square timbers below its bottom planks, and carrying auch a great weight, runs on a sand-bar with a strong headway, and ploughs its timbers into the sand; and it is of course a work of extreme labour to get the boat aftoat again. Its form and its weight render it difficult to give it a direction with any power of oars. Hence, in the shallow waters, it often gets aground. When it has at length cleared the shallow waters, and gained the heavy current of the Mississippi, the landing such an unwieldy water-craft, in such a current, is a matter of

no little difficulty and danger.

All the toil, and danger, and exposure, and moving accidents of this long and perilous voyage, are hidden, however, from the inhabitants, who contemplate the boats floating by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky of this country, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the romantic bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward, present delightful images and associations to the beholders. At this time there is no visible danger, or call for labour. The boat takes care of itself; and little do the beholders imagine how different a scene may be presented in half an hour. Meantime, one of the hands scrapes a violin, and the others dance. Greeting, or rude defiances, or trials of wit, or proffers of love to the girls on shore, or saucy messages, are scattered between them and the spectators along the banks. The boat glides on until it disappears behind the point of wood. At this moment, perhaps, the bugle, with which all the boats

are provided, strikes up its note in the distance over the water. These scenes, and these notes echoing from the bluffs of the noble Missisippi, have a charm for the imagination, which, although heard a thousand times repeated, at all hours and positions, present the image of a tempting and charming youthful existence, that naturally inspires a wish to be a boatman.

We have given at the head of this article an engraving of one of these peculiar boats, with its "jolly flat-boat men," for which we are indebted to a kind American friend, who has also furnished us with the material for the present article. In speaking of these boats, who does not immediately call to mind the well-known songs of the boatmen on these American rivers, with their merry and yet half-melancholy airs, and which, like all music which is truly national, have grown out of the life of the people, and are imbued with the spirit of the scenery in which they have sprung.

These boats come from regions thousands of miles apart. They have floated to a common point of union. The surface of the boats covers some acres. Fowls are fluttering over the roofs as invariable appendages. The piercing note of the chanticleer is heard; the cattle low; the horses trample as in their stables; the swine utter the cries of fighting with each other; the turkeys gobble; the dogs of a hundred regions become acquainted. The boatmen travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries and acquaintances, agree to "lash boata," as it is called, and form alliances to yield mutual assistance to each other on the way to New Orleans. After an hour or two passed in this way, they spring on shore, to "raise the wind" in the village. If they tarry all night, as is generally the case, it is well for the people of the town if they do not become riotous in the course of the evening; in which case, strong measures are adopted, and the proceedings on both sides are summary and decisive. With the first dawn, all is bustle and motion; and amidst shouts, and trampling of cattle, and barking of dogs, and crowing of the fowls, the fleet is in half an hour all under weigh; and when the sun rises, nothing is seen but the broad stream rolling on as before. These boats unite once more at Natchez and New Orleans; and although they live on the same river, it is improbable that they will ever meet again on the

These, however, are not the only boats which navigate the river; the steam-boats of the Missisippi are remarkable for their immense size, as if built to correspond with the magnitude of the river; their style is also that of extreme elegance and splendour, and nothing, we are assured, can surpass the delights of a trip in one of them.

Such is the scenery, and such the life, on the river which employed Banvard for upwards of a year. Returning now to the time when this undaunted young man was transferring his sketches to his wonderful canvas, we have still a few words to say. His money fell short just before he had finished, and he could not get credit even for a few pieces of canvas to complete it. He, therefore, took other work, and painted insignia for a club of Odd Fellows, to furnish him with the means. During the whole time, indeed, he was obliged to practise the most rigid economy. He could not afford to hire a menial assistant, and, therefore, after it was too dark to paint, he was obliged to split his own wood, and carry water for his own use.

The history of the exhibition also, when the three miles of picture were finished, is curious, and furnishes another illustration of the necessity there is never to despair. When first it was opened, not a single person thought it worth while to visit it. The weather too was bad, and the poor artist met with ill omens on every hand. The tide, however, turned, as it most assuredly will turn, in all cases where success is deserved, and the young artist is now reaping a golden harvest as his least

reward.

TO A REDBREAST SINGING IN AUGUST.

BY RICHARD BOWITT

On! Redbreast, why that early trill? The very leaves will feel alarmed, And at that strain so autumn-chill, Will be of summer strength disarmed.

Nay, from this hoary apple-tree, Large yellow leaves fall to the ground, As, Robin Redbreast ! stind by thee, They sympathize with that old sound.

These mists which on the morning hang Awake such notes before their time, For even now the Cuckoo sang A bird that loves no chilly clime.

Then, Robin, cease awhile that song Till swallows thick of flight confer, Nor do September grievous wrong, As it the month of August were.

I love thy song, but sing not now, Lest all the birds of summer riso From heath and meadow, dome, and bough, And plume their wings for southern skies.

The Glow-worm yet is on the grass,
The leaves the dark, as yet are green; The flowers - not all yet from us pass, But even now, it spring has been.

It seems but yesterday that we Were gazing on pale primrose flowers, On greening field, on leafing tree; And thou dost hail autumnal hours!

O, sing not yet! but let the leaves Grow russet with a slow decay; For yet its nest the skylark weaves, And sings-It is a summer's day.

Robin! the autumn all is thine 'Midst falling leaves to pipe thy fill: And it will come, with sure decline; Then cease, and 'twill be summer still.

Summer supreme! matured from spring, More matron-like in grace and worth, Of heavenlier mould, a holier thing As God and Angels homed on earth!

SONNET TO THE CASTLE OF DONEGAL.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

CASTLE of Donegal, both green and gray, Like an old poet,-where thine outworks lay, A sessions-house, and barrack for police, Lie in thy shadow: if from ivied peace We could restore thee; and revive to day The men whom thy crazed walls, their offspring, cease Almost to recollect,-how we and they Would wonder! and how wonder would increase!

For if they were to rise,—those chiefs of yore,— With their old ways,—how soon they would be driven To feel those unromantic forms of power Police and Statute-law! Therefore still riven And roofless be thou! Strength is law no more The times that suited thee are gone-Thank Heaven!

THE SEXTON'S HERO.

BY COTTON MATHER MILLS, ESO.

The afternoon sun shed down his glorious rays on the grassy churchyard, making the shadow cast by the old yew-tree under which we sat seem deeper and deeper by contrast. The everlasting hum of myriads of summer insects made luxurious lullaby.

Of the view that lay beneath our gaze, I cannot speak adequately. The foreground was the grey-stone wall of the vicarage-garden; rich in the colouring made by innumerable lichens, ferns, ivy of most tender green. and most delicate tracery, and the vivid scarlet of the cranes' bill, which found a home in every nook and crevice,—and at the summit of that old wall flaunted some unpruned tendrils of the vine, and long flowerladen branches of the climbing rose-tree, trained against the inner side. Beyond, lay meadow-green, and mountain-grey, and the blue dazzle of Morecombe Bay, as it sparkled between us and the more distant view.

For awhile we were silent, living in sight, and murmuring sound. Then Jeremy took up our conversation where, suddenly feeling weariness, as we saw that deep green shadowy resting-place, we had ceased speaking, a quarter of an hour before.

It is one of the luxuries of holiday-time that thoughts are not rudely shaken from us by outward violence of hurry, and busy impatience, but fall maturely from our lips in the sunny leisure of our days. The stock may be bad, but the fruit is ripe.

"How would you then define a hero?" I asked.

There was a long pause, and I had almost forgotten my question in watching a cloud-shadow floating over the far away hills, when Jeremy made answer,

"My idea of a hero is one who acts up to the highest idea of duty he has been able to form, no matter at what sacrifice. I think that by this definition, we may include all phases of the abstrate was transfer. may include all phases of the character, even to the heroes of old, whose sole (and to us, low) idea of duty consisted in personal prowess.'

"Then you would even admit the military heroes?"

asked I.

"I would; with a certain kind of pity for the circumstances which had given them no higher ideas of duty. Still, if they sacrificed self to do what they sincerely believed to be right, I do not think I could deny them the title of hero.

"A poor, unchristian heroism, whose manifestation consists in injury to others!" I said.

We were both startled by a third voice,

"If I might make so bold, sir,"—and then the speaker stopped.

It was the sexton, whom, when we first arrived, we had noticed, as an accessory to the scene, but whom we had forgotten as much as though he were as inanimate

as one of the moss-covered head-stones.

"If I might be so bold," said he again, awaiting leave to speak. Jeremy bowed in deference to his white, uncovered head. And so encouraged, he went on.

"What that gentleman" (alluding to my last speech)

" has just now said, brings to my mind one who is dead and gone this many a year ago. I may-be have not rightly understood your meaning, gentlemen, but as far as I could gather it, I think you'd both have given in to thinking poor Gilbert Dawson a hero. At any rate," said he, heaving a long quivering sigh, "I have reason

to think him so."
"Will you take a seat, sir, and tell us about him, said Jeremy, standing up until the old man was seated. I confess I felt impatient at the interruption.

" It will be forty-five year come Martinmas," said the sexton, sitting down on a grassy mound at our feet, "since I had finished my prenticeship, and settled down

⁽¹⁾ Resembles a passage in Fuller:—"The pyramids, doting with age, have forgot the names of their founders."—w. A.

at Lindal. You can see Lindal, sir, at evenings and mornings, across the bay; a little to the right of Grange; at least, I used to see it many a time and oft, afore my sight grew so dark; and I have spent many a quarter of an hour a-gazing at it far away, and thinking of the days I lived there, till the tears came so thick to my eyes. I could gaze no longer. I shall never look upon it again, either far-off or near, but you may see it, both ways, and a terrible bonny spot it is;—in my young days, when I went to settle there, it was full of as wild a set of young fellows as ever were clapped eyes on; all for fighting, poaching, quarrelling, and such like work. I were startled myself when I first found what a set I were among, but soon I began to fall into their ways, and I ended by being as rough a chap as any on em. I'd been there a matter of two year, and were reckoned by most the cock of the village, when Gilbert Dawson, as I was speaking of, came to Lindal. He were about as strapping a chap as I was, (I used to be six feet high, though now I'm so shrunk and doubled up,) and, as we were like in the same trade, (both used to prepare osiers and wood for the Liverpool coopers, who get a deal of stuff from the copses round the bay, sir,) we were thrown together, and took mightily to each other. I put my best leg foremost to be equal with Gilbert, for I'd had some schooling, though since I'd been at Lindal I'd lost a good part of what I learnt; and I kept my rough ways out of sight for a time, I felt so ashamed of his getting to know them. But that did not last long, I began to think he fancied a girl I dearly loved, but who had always held off from me. Eh! but she was a pretty one in those days! There's none like her now. I think I see her going along the road with her dancing tread, and shaking back her long yellow curls, to give me, or any other young fellow, a saucy word; no wonder Gilbert was taken with her, for all he was grave, and she so merry and light. But I began to think she liked him again; and then my blood was all afre. I got to hate him for every thing he did. Afore-time I had stood by, admiring to see him, how he leapt, and what a quoiter and cricketer he was. And now I ground my teeth with hatred whene'er he did a thing which caught Letty's eye. I could read it in her eye that she liked him, for all she held herself just as high with him as with all the rest. Lord God forgive me! how I hated that man.

He spoke as if the hatred were a thing of yesterday, so clear within his memory were shown the actions and feelings of his youth. And then he dropped his voice,

and said.

"Well! I began to look out to pick a quarrel with him! for my blood was up to fight him. If I beat him, (and I were a rare boxer in those days,) I thought Letty would cool towards him. So one evening at quoits, (I'm sure I don't know how or why, but large doings grow out of small words), I fell out with him, and challenged him to fight. I could see he were very wroth by his colour coming and going-and as I said before, he were a fine active young fellow. But all at once he drew in, and said he would not fight. Such a yell as the Lindal lads, who were watching us, set up! I hear it yet; I could na help but feel sorry for him, to be so scorned, and I thought he'd not rightly taken my meaning, and I'd give him another chance; so I said it again, and dared him, as plain as words could speak, to fight out the quarrel. He told me then, he had no quarrel against me; that he might have said something to put me up; he did not know that he had, but that if he had, he asked pardon; but that he would not fight no-how.

"I was so full of scorn at his cowardliness, that I was

vexed I'd given him the second chance, and I joined in the yell that was set up, twice as bad as before. He stood it out, his teeth set, and looking very white, and when we were silent for want of breath, he said out loud, but in a hoarse voice, quite different from his own,

"'I cannot fight, because I think it is wrong to quarrel, and use violence.

"Then he turned to go away; I were so beside myself

with scorn and hate, that I called out,
"'Tell truth, lad, at least, if thou dare not fight,
dunnot go and tell a lie about it. Mother's moppet is
afraid of a black eye, pretty dear. It shannot be hurt, but it munnot tell lies.

"Well, they laughed, but I could not laugh. It seemed such a thing for a stout young chap to be a coward, and

afraid!

"Before the sun had set, it was talked of all over Lindal, how I had challenged Gilbert to fight, and how he'd denied me; and the folks stood at their doors and looked at him going up the hill to his home, as if he'd been a monkey, or a foreigner,—but no one wished him good e'en. Such a thing as refusing to fight had never been heard of afore at Lindal. Next day, however, they had found voice. The men muttered the word 'coward' in his hearing, and kept aloof; the women tittered as he passed, and the little impudent lads and lasses shouted out, 'How long is it sin' thou turned out of the passed of the long that the land had a such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good has Longthan Broad hair and such as 't' (Good hair and such as 't') (Good hair quaker?' 'Good-bye, Jonathan Broad-brim,' and such

like jests.
"That evening I met him, with Letty by his side, coming up from the shore. She was almost crying as I came upon them at the turn of the lane; and looking up in his face, as if begging him something. And so she was; she told me it after. For ahe did really like him; and could not abide to hear him scorned by every one for being a coward; and she, coy as she was, all but told him that very night that she loved him, and begged him not to disgrace himself, but fight me, as I'd dared him to. When he still stuck to it he could not, for that it was wrong, she was so vexed and mad-like at the way she'd spoken, and the feelings she'd let out to coax him, that she said more stinging things about his being a coward than all the rest put together, (according to what she told me, sir, afterwards,) and ended by saying she'd never speak to him again, as long as she lived ;she did once again though,—her blessing was the last human speech that reached his ear in his wild deathstruggle.

"But much happened afore that time. From the day I met them walking, Letty turned towards me; I could see a part of it was to spite Gilbert, for she'd be twice as kind when he was near, or likely to hear of it; but bye-and-bye she get to like me for my own sake, and it was all settled for our marriage. Gilbert kept aloof from every one, and fell into a sad, careless way. His very gait was changed, his step used to be brisk and sounding, and now his foot lingered heavily on the ground. I used to try and daunt him with my eye, but he would always meet my look in a steady, quiet way for all so much about him was altered; the lads would not play with him; and as soon as he found he was to be slighted by them whenever he came to quoiting, or

cricket, he just left off coming.
"The old clerk was the only one he kept company with; or perhaps, rightly to speak, the only one who would keep company with him. They got so thick at last, or perhaps, rightly to apoea, all only one that keep company with him. They got so thick at last, that old Jonas would say Gilbert had gospel on his side, and did no more than gospel told him to do; but we none of us gave much credit to what he said, more by token our vicar had a brother, a colonel in the army; and as we threeped it many a time to Jonas, would he set himself up to know the gospel better than the vicar? that would be putting cart afore the horse, like the French radicals. And if the vicar had thought quarrelling and fighting wicked, and again the Bible, would he have made so much work about all the victories, that were as plenty as blackberries at that time of day, and kept the little bell of Lindal church for ever ringing; or would he have thought so much of 'my brother the colonel,' as he was always talking on.

"After I was married to Letty I left off hating Gilbert. I even kind of pitied him—he was so scorned and slighted; and for all he'd a bold look about him, as if he were not ashamed; he seemed pining and shrunk. It's a wearing thing to be kept at arm's length by one's kind; and so Gilbert found it, poor fellow. The little children took to him, though; they'd be round about him like a swarm of bees—them as was too young to know what a coward was, and only felt that he was ever ready to love and to help them, and was never loud or cross, however naughty they might be. After a while we had our little one too; such a blessed darling she was, and dearly did we love her; Letty in especial, who seemed to get all the thought I used to think sometimes she wanted, after she had her baby to care

for.
"All my kin lived on this side the bay, up above that lies buried near you Kellet. Jane (that's her that lies buried near you white rose-tree) was to be married, and nought would serve her but that Letty and I must come to the wedding; for all my sisters loved Letty, she had such winning ways with her. Letty did not like to leave her baby, nor yet did I want her to take it; so, after a talk, we fixed to leave it with Letty's mother for the afternoon. I could see her heart ached a bit, for she'd never left it till then, and she seemed to fear all manner of evil, even to the French coming and taking it away. Well! we borrowed a shandry, and harnessed my old rey mare, as I used in th' cart, and set off as grand as King George across the Sands about three o'clock, for you see it were high water about twelve, and we'd to go and come back same tide, as Letty could not leave her baby for long. It were a merry afternoon, were that ;last time I ever saw Letty laugh heartily; and for that matter, last time I ever laughed downright hearty myself. The latest crossing time fell about nine o'clock, and we were late at starting. Clocks were wrong; and we'd a piece of work chasing a pig father had given Letty to take home; we bagged him at last, and he screeched and screeched in the back part o'shandry, and we laughed, and they laughed; and in the midst of all the merriment the sun set, and that sobered us a bit. for then we knew what time it was. I whipped the old mare, but she was a deal beener than she was in the morning, and would neither go quick up nor down the brows, and they're not a few 'twixt Kellet and the shore. On the Sands it were worse. They were very heavy, for the fresh had come down after the rains we'd Lord! how I did whip the poor mare, to make the most of the red light as yet lasted. You, maybe, don't know the Sands, gentlemen. From Bolton-side, where we started from, it's better than six mile to Cartlane, and two channels to cross, let alone holes and quicksands. At the second channel from us the guide waits all during crossing time from sun-rise to sun-set; but for the three hours on each side high water he's not there, in course. He stays after sun-set if he's forespoken; not else. So now you know where we were that awful night. For we'd crossed the first channel about two mile, and it were growing darker and darker above and around us, all but one red line of light above the hills, when we came to a hollow (for all the Sands look so flat, there's many a hollow in them where you lose all sight of the shore). We were longer than we should ha' been in crossing the hollow, the sand was so quick; and when we came up again, there, again the blackness, was the white line of the rushing tide coming up the bay. It looked not a mile from us; and when the wind blows up the bay, it comes swifter than a galloping horse. Lord help us! said I; and then I were sorry I'd spoken, to frighten Letty, but the words were crushed out of my heart by the terror. I felt her shiver up by my side, and clutch my coat. And as if the pig (as had screeched himself hourse some time ago) had found out the danger we were all in, he took to

squealing again, enough to bewilder any man. I curred him between my teeth for his noise; and yet it was God's answer to my prayer, blind sinner as I wis. Aye! you may smile, sir, but God can work through many a scornful thing, if need be.

"By this time the mare were all in a lather, and trembling and panting as if in mortal fright; for though we were on the last bank afore the second channel, the water was gathering up her legs; and she so tired out! When we came close to the channel she stood still, and not all my flogging could get her to stir; she fairly groaned aloud, and shook in a terrible, quaking way. Till now Letty had not spoken; only held my coat tightly. I heard her say something, and bent down my head.

"'I think, John-I think-I shall never see baby

again!

"And then she sent up such a cry-so loud, and shrill, and pitiful! It fairly maddened me. I pulled out my knife to spur on the old mare, that it might end one way or the other, for the water was stealing sullenly up to the very axle-tree, let alone the white waves that knew no mercy in their steady advance. That one quarter of an hour, sir, seemed as long as all my life since. Thoughts, and fancies, and drams, and memory, ran into each other. The mist, the heavy mist, that was like a ghastly curtain, shutting us in for death, seemed to bring with it the scents of the flowers that grew around our own threshold;—it might be, for it was falling on them like blessed dew, though to us it was a shroud. Letty told me at after, she heard her baby crying for her, above the gurgle of the rising waters, as plain as ever she heard anything; but the sea-birds were skirling, and the pig shricking, I never caught it; it was miles away, at any rate.

"Just as I'd gotten my knife out, another sound was close upon us, blending with the gurgle of the near waters, and the roar of the distant; (not so distant, though:) we could hardly see, but we thought we saw something black against the deep lead colour of wave, and mist, and sky. It neared, and neared; with slow, steady motion it came across the channel right to where O God! it was Gilbert Dawson on his we were.

strong bay horse.

" Few words did we speak, and little time had we to say them in. I had no knowledge at that moment of past or future—only of one present thought—how to save Letty, and, if I could, myself. I only remembered afterwards that Gilbert said he had been guided by an animal's shriek of terror. I only heard, when all was over, that he had been uneasy about our return, because of the depth of fresh; and had borrowed a pillion, and saddled his horse early in the evening, and ridden down to Cart Lane to watch for us. If all had gone well, we should ne'er have heard of it. As it was, old Jonas told

it, the tears down-dropping from his withered cheeks.
"We fastened his horse to the shandry. We lifted Letty to the pillion. The waters rose every instant with sullen sound. They were all but in the shandry. Letty clung to the pillion handles, but drooped her head as if she had yet no hope of life. Swifter than thought, (and yet he might have had time for thought and for temptation, sir :- if he had ridden off with Letty, he would have been saved-not me.) Gilbert was in the shandry by my side.

"'Quick!' said he, clear and firm. 'You must ride before her, and keep her up. The horse can awim. By God's mercy I will follow. I can cut the traces, and if the mare is not hampered with the shandry, she'll carry me safely through. At any rate, you are a husband and a father. No one cares for me.

"Do not hate me, gentlemen. I often wish that night was a dream. It has haunted my sleep ever since like a dream; and yet it was no dream. I took his place on the saddle, and put Letty's arms around

me, and felt her head rest on my shoulder. I trust in God I spoke some word of thanks: but I can't remem-I only recollect Letty raising her head, and

calling out,—
"'God bless you, Gilbert Dawson, for saving my baby from being an orphan this night.' And then she

fell against me, as if unconscious.

"I bore her through; or, rather, the strong horse many bravely through the gathering waves. We were swam bravely through the gathering waves. dripping wet when we reached the banks in-shore; but we could have but one thought—where was Gilbert? Thick mists and heaving waters compassed us round. Where was he? We shouted. Letty, faint as she was, raised her voice and shouted, clear and shrill. No answer came. The sea boomed on with ceaseless, sullen would not get up, though I offered him more than I was worth. Perhaps he knew it—the cursed old villain. At any rate, I'd have paid it if I'd toiled my life long. He said I might take his horn, and welcome. I did, and blew such a blast through the still, black night, the echoes came back upon the heavy air; but no human voice or sound was heard; that wild blast could not awaken the dead.

"I took Letty home to her baby, over whom she wept the live-long night. I rode back to the shore about Cart-lane; and to and fro with weary march did I pace along the brink of the waters, now and then shouting out into the silence a vain cry for Gilbert. The waters went back, and left no trace. Two days afterwards he was washed ashore near Flukeborough. The shandry and poor old mare were found half buried in a heap of sand by Arnside Knot. As far as we could guess, he had dropped his knife while trying to cut the traces, and so had lost all chance of life. Any rate, the

knife was found in a cleft of the shaft

"His friends came over from Garstang to his funeral. I wanted to go chief mourner, but it was not my right, and I might not; though I've never done mourning him to this day. When his sister packed up his things. I begged hard for something that had been his. would give me none of his clothes, (she was a rightdown having woman,) as she had boys of her own, who might grow up into them. But she threw me his Bible. as she said they'd gotten one already, and his were but a poor used-up thing. It was his, and so I cared for it. It were a black leather one, with pockets at the sides, old-fashioned-wise; and in one were a bunch of wild flowers, Letty said she could almost be sure were some she had once given him.

"There were many a text in the Gospel, marked broad with his carpenter's pencil, which more than bore him out in his refusal to fight. Of a surety, sir, there's call enough for bravery in the service of God, and to show love to man, without quarrelling and fighting.

"Thank you, gentlemen, for listening to me. Your words called up the thoughts of him, and my heart was full to speaking. But I must make up; I've to dig a grave for a little child, who is to be buried to-morrow morning, just when his playmates are trooping off to school.

"But tell us of Letty; is she yet alive?" asked Jeremy. The old man shook his head, and struggled against

choking sigh. After a minute's pause, he said, "She died in less that two year at after that night. She was never like the same again. She would sit thinking, on Gilbert I guessed; but I could not blame her. We had a boy, and we named it Gilbert Dawson Knipe; he that's stoker on the London railway. Our girl was carried off in teething, and Letty just quietly drooped, and died in less than a six week. They were buried here; so I came to be near them, and away from Lindal, a place I could never abide after Letty was gone."

He turned to his work, and we, having rested suf-

ficiently, rose up, and came away.

HOW MAY WAS FIRST MADE.

FROM THE PORTICAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

As Spring upon a silver cloud

Lay looking on the world below, Watching the breezes as they bowed The buds and blossoms to and fro, She saw the fields with Hawthorns walled; Said Spring, " New buds I will create." She to a Flower-spirit called, Who on the month of May did wait, And bade her fetch a Hawthorn spray That she might make the buds of May.

Said Spring, "The grass looks green and bright, The hawthorn hedges too are green, I'll sprinkle them with flowers of light. Such stars as earth hath never seen; And all through England's girded vales, Her steep hill-sides and haunted streams, Where woodlands dip into the dales, Where'er the Hawthorn stands and dreams, Where thick-leaved trees make dark the day, I'll light each nook with flowers of May.

Like pearly dew-drops, white and round, The shut-up buds shall first appear, And in them be such fragrance found As breeze before did never bear; Such as in Eden only dwelt, When angels hovered round its bowers, And long-haired Eve at morning knelt In innocence amid the flowers; While the whole air was every way Fill'd with a perfume sweet as May.

"And oft shall groups of children come,
Threading their way through shady places,
From many a peaceful English home, The sunshine falling on their faces; Starting with merry voice the thrush, As through green lanes they wander singing, To gather the sweet Hawthorn-bush, Which homeward in the evening bringing, With smiling faces, they shall say, 'There's nothing half so sweet as May.'

"And many a poet yet unborn
Shall link its name with some sweet lay, And lovers oft at early morn Shall gather blossoms of the May. With eyes bright as the silver dews
Which on the rounded May-buds sleep; And lips, whose parted smiles diffuse
A sunshine o'er the watch they keep, Shall open all their white array Of pearls, ranged like the buds of May."

Spring shook the cloud on which she lay, And silvered o'er the Hawthorn spray, Then showered down the buds of May.

Literary Notice.

The Pianista, or Promenade Concert Magazine.
Pianista Office, London.

Or this work upwards of eighty numbers have already been published, which of itself may be taken as a guarantee of its favour with the public, but having ourselves only seen a few numbers, we cannot speak of it from our own actual knowledge.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT-SEPTEMBER.

EY WILLIAM HOWITT.

AUTUMN is stealing on us. The great, long, and sultry heats are past. Rain has refreshed the air and the parched earth, and given a new verdure to the pastures, where the cattle in thousands, admitted to fields and meadows that have been for some time cleared of their hay, present in their well-fed beauty scenes of peaceful animal life and plenty that do us good to look on. The air, which seemed to slumber for weeks in an electric sleep, now awakes, and begins to shake the thick leafy masses of the trees, and with a refreshing voice to sing its rushing song of health and enjoyment. The shadows of the year begin to fall upon us. A gloom, pleasant and soothing after the glare of past days, hangs in the air; and morning and evening there are a coolness, a moisture, a peculiar sensation, that make us feel in every sense that it is once more autumn.

Again the veil of clouds is drawn away by the hands of the high-soaring winds, and through the sky are trailed thin airy lengths, as of gossamer drapery, amid the intense azure of the lofty immensity; and the sun comes up once more to brilliant days of the calmest and most impressive beauty.

And beneath this sun the children of men, scattered over the nations, are out on field and hill, gathering with songs and joy the annual abundance of God. Woe to those who shall gaze on this abundance, and think not of the good, and the comfort, and the happiness, that it shall minister to the millions of human creatures sent hither to learn the first rudiments of life, the first steps in an eternal pilgrimage, the first need of leaning on each other and on God; but who, with a sordid feeling, worthy of a worse than brute nature, shall think only how much of this good they can, by speculative cunning, heap around themselves, though it be at the cost of the peace and the lives of thousands. Such men are the Gouls and Afrits of these times. They lie concealed in their dens of corruption, and pull down are what the plague was formerly, the constantly-recurring scourge of society; they walk about in the garb of honourable men, and are nevertheless the worst demons that "go about seeking whom they may devour." But their hour is come. Man was too corrupt and effeminate to denounce them, but God has put forth his finger and destroyed them. Clearly as when he lured the callous-hearted Egyptians into the Red Sea, and then brought all his waves over them, has God whelmed the

grinders of the faces of the poor in gulphs of their own devices.

First came rains, long and deluging, and midsummer frosts, which injured corn and destroyed potatoes, and broke down the cannibal bulwarks of the corn-laws; and now comes an abundance that catches the men grown blind in the brightness of their own successes, and they are erushed like insects, beneath the weight of sheaves, and the piles of abundance that are raised on the earth by a gloriously-avenging God, from end to end of the world. May the lesson be an eternal one! for this race of speculators in the bread of man is a curse, whether they stand or fall. Their standing is starvation, and their fall is ruin. Let us leave them to eternal ignominy, and walk out into the midst of that plenty which they can no longer intercept.

On all sides there is joy and gathering in of stores. It is the month of boundless abundance. Corn. and hops, and fruits of all kinds, are soliciting the hand of man. The trees are beginning to change colour, indicative of ripeness in their produce, and the orchards The hedges are affluent in pears, plums, and apples. are filled with the abundance of their wild crops, crabs, black, glossy clusters of privet, buckthorn, elderberries, which furnish the farmer with a cordial cup on his return from market on a winter's eve; and blackberries, reminding us of the Babes in the Wood. The hedgerows are brightened also with a profusion of scarlet berries, of hips, haws, honeysuckles, viburnum, and briory. The fruit of the mountain ash, woody nightshade, and wild service, is truly beautiful; nor are the violet-hued sloes and bullaces, or the crimson, mossy excrescences of the wild-rose tree, insignificant objects, amid the autumnal splendours of the waning year.

Notwithstanding the decrease of the day, the weather

Notwithstanding the decrease of the day, the weather of this month is for the most part splendidly calm; and Nature, who knows the most favourable time to display all her works, has now instructed the geometric spider to form its radiated circle on every bush, and the gossamer spider to hang its silken threads on every blade of grass. The sportsman is abroad amid the stubbles and the heathy hills; and thousands of people, from city and town, are climbing the mountains, or strolling along the breezy shores, warned by the shortening days to enjoy themselves while they may. The poet and the contemplative man never feel the country more delightful than at this season. The woods and trees are thick and shadowy; the deep green on them and on the grass

contrasts with corn and stubble-fields, and the tints that begin to break out here and there, are splendid

warnings of the passing year.

There is a solemn, yet calm, mood in nature, that induces the same in the human mind; and the thoughtful spirit now finds on the sea-shore, by the forest side, along the banks of the rushing river, or across rich atretches of meadows, bounded by the sight of luxuriant hedges, soft willow plots, the shocke of hamlets, and the points of village spires rising above the distant woodlands,-enjoyments, deep, tender, and delicious. Every object speaks of the season that is, and that is coming, when rains and floods shall chase us away from the field to the fireside. The flower amid the meadow grass is the autumnal crocus; in the woods, the splendour of the fungi is astonishing. These are of every size, shade, and hue, according to species and situation, from the slender scarlet or bright yellow filament upon some decaying stump, to the bold, broad agaric, of a foot in height and diameter, standing in the forest as a fitting table for King Oberen. Some are broad, tabular, and flecked with brown; some, in the shade of trees, of a pearly whiteness, others of a brilliant rose-colour; some whose delicate surfaces are studded with dark embossments; some fashioned like a Chinese parasol, others gibbous and grotesque; the massy puff-ball, which, before it becomes dry, has been known to weigh several pounds; the pestilent, scented, and ginger mushrooms, for all the world like Simnel cakes; and out in the old meadows, the snowy mushrooms are springing hour by hour.

Amongst the most striking signs of the season this month are the arrivals of birds that winter here, and the departure of numbers that came to enliven our summer. Curlews, sandpipers, snipes, the bean-goose, the fieldfare, and the Norway thrush arrive; and fernowls, dotterels, swallows, some kinds of plovers, flyowis, dottereis, swallows, some kinds of plovers, ny-catchers, white-throats, warblers, reed-sparrows, wheat-ears, and many others bid us good-bye till next April or so. In the garden we see autumnal crocuses, autumnal snow-flakes, meadow saffron, grounsels, asters, and chrysanthemums. They all nod to us in a solemn beauty, as the last of those gaudy little actors who have ployed out the gay pantomime of the summer

garden.

But all is not sombre and meditative in September. The hop-field and the nut-wood are often scenes of much jolly old English humour and enjoyment. In Kent and Sussex the whole country is odorous with the aroma of hop, as it is breathed from the drying kilns, and huge waggons, piled with towering loads of hops, thronging the roads to London. But not only is the atmosphere abroad perfumed with hops, but the very atmosphere of the dining and drawing-room too. Hops are the grand flavour of conversation, as well as of beer. Gentlemen, ladies, clergymen, noblemen, all are growers of hops, and deeply interested in the state of the crop and of the

market.

But of all places at this season, give me the nut-wood and the old umbrageous lane with its tall hazel thickets and hedges. How many delightful days spent in these places with young hearts and congenial souls, come back on the memory! The set-out, a-la-gipsy in a common cart; the ride through the fresh, clear air with mirth and laughter. The arrival in the wood, or thicket, the rushing away to pull down the brown clusters with some dear companion; the meeting to show plunder, and take dinner on the grass by the clear brook, or the adjournment to tea to the village inn,—what pleasures of our city and artificial life are worth one day of this description? It is the food of poetry for years. Alas! that the game-laws should have thrown their baneful interdict on even the pleasures of nutting ! Alse! that in thousands of wood and woodland places throughout this kingdom, the nuts should fall and rot by bushels, lest pheasants

should be disturbed. Yet so it is, and, amid much oppression that it occasions, there are sometimes scenes ludicrous enough occurring from it, with one of which I will conclude this article.

My brother, Dr. Godfrey Howitt, and myself, once passing a solitary farm-house, near Oxton, in Notting-hamshire, belonging to Sir John Sherbrooke, saw a huge man thatching a stack in the yard. Somewhat farther on we passed a gate leading into a wood, and saw an immense quantity of nuts hanging just within the wood. We passed the gate, and were gathering some of these, when suddenly there seemed to come an elephant, tramping and crashing through the wood, and presently the huge country fellow, hot with his chase, leapt forth from the underwood, exclaiming "That is not allowed, gentlemen! That is not allowed! Nobody is allowed to nut here; I must take your names to Sir John!

The man had observed us from the top of the stack turn into the wood, and desperate must have been his run, for he was red as a lobster, and puffed like a grampus. "I must take your names," repeated he, as he could catch his breath; and 1 said, coolly: "Very well, then take out your book."

"I have no book, but I can carry them in my head

till I get into the house."
"Your head, my friend, is certainly a very capacious one," I replied, "but then our names are very uncommon ones—you will never remember them right—few people ever do."

"Well, I'll be bound to remember them, be they as

queer as they may.'

"You won't remember them rightly, I tell you, but that is your concern. Mark then-my name is Don Quixote, and that is Sancho Panza.

"I wish it may be true," said the fellow, in a good

deal of astonishment.

"Well, repeat them now, my friend, and we shall see whether you have them right."

"Oh! I've got 'em right enough, I warrand ye; your'n is Dan Quicksett, and this gentleman's is Francis

Tansy."

"Well, that is famous!" we exclaimed, "mind you have in your book at keep them right till you put them down in your book at

And so we bade him good-day,-hastening off as fast as we could to give vent, at a proper distance, to our laughter, which was getting too much to hold; and not daring more than once to look back at the great huge fellow who stood gazing solemnly after us, with his straw hat taken off, and wiping his reeking brow on his shirt-sleeve. He nodded as we gave this single reprospective glance at some few yards distance, with another quiet but dubious "I wish it may be true!" and the look we dared not repeat-it was too ludicrous. Issuing out on the neighbouring forest of Sherwood, we gave vent to our pent-up mirth, and only regretted that we had not written down our assumed names, that Sir John Sherbrooke might have enjoyed the surprise of finding two such old friends from a foreign country set down amid the trespassers on his woods.

SIGHTS IN SOUTH GERMANY.

BY AREL PAYMTER.

No. VII.-Life among the Lakes.

Hallstadt, Sept. 1844. My river pilgrimages, dearest received a most important accession since we met.-I have been on the Traun, and in its neighbourhood, for the last four days, and I must talk to you a little about it. That our world has many things more beautiful to show, I can hardly believe.

One leaves Linz for Gmunden by a railroad:—a thing to throw———into fits, with his exact notions of engineering business! This poor, innocent tram-way passes modestly through the middle of villages-across emerald green meadows, with no defence to keep off the cows, save Crombie's own sagacity-amid farmyards, where cocks and hens disdain to flap a wing as the wagon cresks along, drawn by no Austrian Spitfire or Vulcan engine—but by meek horses, driven by substantial men of the country. If one pleases, too, one may be let out to stop and see the falls of the Traun. Never was a railroad less peremptory, or slower, therefore more picturesque—and never, I make bold to say, was railroad enjoyed in a more picturesque fashion by a party of bizarre Englishmen. Steady in the body of the carriage sat --, consulting a carte de pays: -in its hinder coupé (if such phrase be admissible) was my Pauza, as restless as a magpie—scrambling hither and thither—laughing, singing, smoking, and joking to himself, when other company failed him. On the roof, above the luggage, lolled --, and your humble servant, devouring (the word is not too strong for one of the pair) the pleasant land. For pleasant is this country with all its grandeur—a combination of what is beau-tiful, and rich, and prosperous, with all that is most sublime and varied. You must believe in the perpetual recurrence of the most glorious foreground meadows of smooth turf, filled with noble sycamore and walnut, and elm and plane trees—in a background of mountains and hills, of every magnificent and irregular form—but so swathed and draperied with green, in the shape of accidental pasture land and plantations, as to lose that bleak savagery which some profess to enjoy, but which I am too old and cold to relish.—You must believe in clean, cheerful towns, niched in along the side of the streams, and under the shelter of these same friendly rock-giants. Perhaps (to borrow --'s familiar epithet) they are a little too universally in "half-mourning;" owing to the exquisite whiteness of the walls, and the tender gray of the roofs. But then we have the yellows and browns of early Autumn to warm the landscape. You must believe in a people for this Arcadia-the finest peasantry I have ever seen: strong, clean-limbed, bright-eyed fellows, with a picturesque costume, and free bearing-and fresh, frank-looking girls, whose bright cheeks and clear eyes it is a blessing to turn to, after the faded complexions and vacant smiles of Vienna—and children with whom one could fill a aketch book a hundred times over-little angels in tiny Tyrolese peaked hats! In such a framework of beauty is my dear friend, the Traun, set. I shall not again count the items which make up the charm, to avoid tediousness. But this is the land of lands for a weak body, and a weary heart-and as I sit writing with one of its glorious lakes at my feet -and the sun striking diamonds out of the water, with every oar-stroke of the canoe that is crossing to yonder tufted promontory—and an air to breathe that is "milk and honey," nourishing without one single breath of chill or bleakness to wither one, by its prophecy of Winter-how can I choose but say-and

with no fantastic or foolish use of language—God bless it?

The first very lovely point of the Traun, where all is lovely, is its waterfall: where, hard by a mill, with all its picturesque apparatus, (is there such a thing as an ugly mill?) the river hurries over a rock, pouring its sparkling foam into a caldron:—whence the arrowy green water, as clear as the clearest of crystal, rushes down into the valley below. Try your hand at such a scene, if you want "to realise," as the Americans say, the poverty and meagreness of language. But with all its beauty comes a curiosity, a pain, and a yearning.—One longs to bid the current stop for one instant—to hold it enchanted, that eye and heart may take full possession of every beauty—one is vexed by crazy wishes to stay beside the stream, and watch its fall for ever—or to

dash down its waters with the bells and beads of glittering light, which every instant are flung up, caught again, and then go madly careering seaward.—Did I not tell you I should rave? Be sure, there is no man who enjoys scenery so intensely, as he, to whom it is rarely vouchsafed: and whose life lies perpetually among human faces! Well, this is enough and more than enough: feeble and pale picture of the truth though it be.

Then-tracking the river upwards-comes the lake of Gmunden, which we crossed, too soon, in a little steamer. There is a touch of Italy in the town, containing a house or two built with a verandah after the southern fashion—and in the promontory Ort which juts out into the lake half-way - with a chateau, and a church, and a legend—the last merely a newer version of Hero and Leander's story. But the vases, and the balustraded terraces, and the lemon-trees of Italy are not there. The Princess or Archduchess Sophie (I forget the precise style and title of our little steamer) is commanded by a Scot: a bonny, fat man, with a roaring red throat, and orange beard—who read Guy's Geography—article, The British Isles, all the way across: "to console himself," as said, for the landscape. into this home-love, and travel all the more willingly in his company, should she ever stretch out so far! From Ebensee one goes to Ischl by omnibus. Ours was driven by a small dare-devil in black shamoy breeches, and a peaked hat—a sort of Salzkammergut tiger:—some of us walked the last half hour, a proceeding most commendable to all who travel with a harbinger. Evening was down ere we got in: owing to which, a block of stone which springs up in the midst of the Traun, crowned with a large crucifix, looked all the more solemn and striking.

Who has not heard of Ischl as the most beautiful and the most aristocratic of watering-places?—The first, at least, is true: and if there be more Durchhuuchts and Hoheits in any one nook of the world than have been there collected this summer, I pity the spot so heavily weighted with human dulness and inanity! One personage, however, I should much like to have seen: the Grand Duchess of Parma, Napoleon's Maria Louisa—on the principle of caring something for the Clay which the Rose had touched! My l'anza, who always falls on his feet, did see her take her departure on the Sunday morning: and describes her as an old, inanimate-looking woman. And so it must be, or her thoughts must have eaten her into her grave twenty years ago!

We have been "netted" at every step in this Traunland by the beauty of the country: and stayed a day at Ischl to make an excursion: the tale whereof, when we came home at night, was treated as a veritable Munchausen chapter! Generally, the Germans have no notion how far the English can walk. I have tired out more than one guide, though but a shabby pedestrian: and
—, who is "a first-class man" in that exercise, ought,
I think, to bequeath his leg and foot to some foreign museum—with befitting attestations and certificates.

First, we walked through "the misty morning fog"—to the Branntweinhaus—some five miles along the road to St. Wolfgang: and then turned up among the hills to find the Schwarzer see and the Kessel Fall: the first a small lake at the foot of the Schaff berg,—though lonely, by no means meriting its gloomy title: rather is it a mere of deep and sequestered loveliness-guarded, but not over-crowed, by one or two striking mountain peaks. -And one of these, belonging to the Schaffberg aforesaid, looked so clear, and so winningly promised its renowned prospect of eight lakes to us—that it was determined to ascend the same:—the ascent alone being rated as a stiff day's work. So we pushed on over the hills (I am not going to detain you at the Kessel Fall, while a party of grown children throw trees, logs, and

stones over.-to see them whirled down by the rapids, or to hear their booming plash in the caldron) to St.
Wolfgang:—where we arrived about noon—this making with circuits, etc., some fourteen miles from Ischi. The descent to the village showed us its lake larger and gayer than the one we had left; but unless it had run beer and milk—and the flocks and herds on its banks already taken the form of braten—some of us would have passed them over with the indifferent "Very fair!" of those ravenous for their dinner. The cry for eggs, bread, milk, cheese, and malt liquor, which ran through the "White Horse," was astounding. Did you not hear it?—And the justice we did these viands when ministered, only less egregious than their cheapness, or the simple elegance of the Hostess of that clean little inn. She was a sad stumbling-block in --'s way: who sccs, as Artistought, "a subject" in every thing—with her placid features, and wild-rose complexion; so capitally foiled by her black handkerchief head-dress, and her necklace of silver chains-with its deep filagree clasp. But we must needs tear ourselves away: and up the mountain we began to climb at the tearing pace of a first day. The second brings its reckoning of stiff joints, and seats from which there is no rising: the third its common sense of a more moderate march. There is a new "improvement" to these facts well known to foot-roamers, which I beg you to recommend to all the young persons of our acquaintance!

Alas! who knows better than yourself, that I was not made to climb?—It would not do. After trying to race after my companions for about an hour in the hot sun, certain warnings at my heart compelled me to make over the rest of the adventure to my luckier mates; and, while they were laughing and sweating up the side of the mountain, I covered myself with my ear, (the brim of my hat serving for the same,) after the fashion of the savages described in Peter Wilkins: and dozed, with the lake and the white spire of St. Wolfgang's church drowsily before my half-shut eyes—and in my ears the pleasantly mingled sounds of bees among the thyme, a tinkling cow-bell or two from the lower pastures, and the measured dip of oars in the lake far below. My dreamy pleasures turned out to be more complete after their kind than my companions'—who, from all I can gather, had the pleasure of peeping into a cloud for their pains, and enjoying, at best, a very imperfect and mutilated view. The St. Wolfgangers do not believe that they ever mounted at all, so rapidly was the descent accomplished: the expedition usually occupying some six hours. Then came the eight miles' walk into Ischl, which was voted as nothing by all concerned in it: and it is curious how soon such miles slip away when traversed in good company. But I won't deny that I was glad to make the next, a Sabbath morning,

Our next move was to Aussee. I will spare you the pass over which we crept to reach our night quarters: the gleams of two lakes, the Aussee and the Hall-stadt See, revealed far down through the pine-trees, and the grand forms of the mountains that frown above the road. But a merry group we overtook must not be forgotten: a handsome young Tyroler—with his arm round the neck of a handsome lass, according to the merry fashion of his country—who began, as we passed, to play a Styrian air on his pipe. The wild, flutey tones were prettily joined by the damsel's clear laugh. It was one of the most primitive bits of mirth I have ever fallen in with. But another, far grander in scale, was to come.

one of complete rest.

Fancy our figuring at a Ball at Aussee! But on arriving at Häckl's capital inn, we were met by the liberal intelligence that the Berg-rath (mining councillor) had hat day been joined in the bands of holy matrimony to a

second wife,—and that, in the truly hospitable spirit of Camacho, and Magnus Troil, he had sent to bid all the guests who might chance to come to the inns that

night to the festival. A Styrian wedding was, of course, not to be resisted: whether by fading gentlemen, too old to dance, but not too old to look at Brides; or by young ones who go from station to station, nourishing secret hopes for polkas which fly before them—or by Artists in search for costume and attitude; or by quiet and sagncious observers, awake to every impression, but too experienced to be keenly in quest of any.—The house where the banquet was held was lit up and decked out with garlands. The stairs were streaming with folk of every degree; and with music, the odd mixture of which—a mazurka here, and a Styrienne there,-reminded me of Moscheles' freak of playing a waltz and a minuet at once, in whimsical remembrance of a like scene. Then a potent smell of viands-play to the party, death to us (after our heartily enjoyed supper) —was diffused through the house, to say nothing of to-bacco smoke. It was a Babel of good fellowship. The Bridegroom received us cordially: a well-bred middle-Harriett Byron says of Lady G—, "I was glad to see she could dance at her own wedding." The saloon where the 'Gentle' ball went on was very tastefully decorated with leaves and flowers—the dancing very warm-hearted and animated. And never was there a company more thorough-bred in its good nature to strangers, without any curiosity or contempt to make four oddly-dressed shabby men feel themselves strange. Fancy four Styrians, in their travelling attire, walking into the midst of an English country-wedding party !-My dear -, is it not by some such tests and comparisons, that we ought to estimate foreign courtesies? In short, there was something so hearty and so kindly in the whole meeting, that I own to have felt more maudlin than befits my years—if, indeed, it be not a sign of dowagerism. The Bride had no heartier good wishes than mine as I watched her floating round with the principal personage of Aussee; a blithe old gentleman, with eyes which twinkled with a resolution to enjoy and to make enjoyment. You may think how pervading was the spell of such gaiety and happiness, when I tell you that it is only now—when the impression is some days old—that I am sure that the privacy of our English

But the "Simple" room was the thing to see; could one only have breathed the air of it!—for jovial faces or characteristic traits. Here was all the mirth I had so wondered to miss at the Sperl and the Prater of Vienna: jolly fellows without their coats twirling their lasses round—clapping their hands in measure to the Styrian dance, as the Highlander snaps his fingers—and whooping, too, in the Gaelic dancing fashion: women in their black and gold helmets and rich neck ornaments: perspiring waiters rushing to and fro with plenteous rations of the schnaps and savoury meat the Germans love; and mighty pewter-capped glasses of beer—the merriest company, in short, I ever made one of! Every now and then, some of the grandees came to dance in the Folks' room: and one lady was saluted on the threshold thereof by an impudent varlet, with a smack made doubly offensive, by the saucy wink he gave to me, while perpetrating this gallantry! Sooth to say, she took the matter very tranquilly. O! and I wish I could send you the humours of the musicians to whose incessant playing the Styrians danced—odd, knobbed, disrespectable, blithe old creatures, one felt no fear of them that wind would fail, or arms tire! Through their music they flourished—down the middle and up again with a gleeful zeal, and a royal contempt for parts and chords and concords, which was very seductive and savage. I tried to note the melody—but while the eye

was so busy, the ear could not work-especially when the matter to be noted was little more regular than the Child's tryings at a tune on that engine of felicity-its first Jew's harp. How long the festivities were kept up, I do not know: - — assured me, they would last till a late hour in the morning. We left late, just as a party of masqueraders were coming frolicking in—with the true Scaramouch round-about fling—their arrival sceming to give a new vivacity to the dance—and a new topic of bustling delight and curiosity to the bystanders. But weariness could no more: and as the body fails, the mind faints. I was glad, like Sense in Moore's song, to "creep home to bed," and there to revolve the weddings I had seen in my time-French, German, and Venetian (to say nothing of nearer and dearer home festivities). How soon the revolution brought on drowsiness, you shall guess for yourself :- but it is a rare piece of luck to have found any thing so characteristic as that wedding at Aussee

But the hotel Häckl yielded other trouvaille than this homely, hearty festival. It has a Traveller's Book richly beflowered with verses: in which Lenau and more than one other young German poet of renown has recorded his pleasure in the Traun-land. There is Wordsworth's name, too, without a distich: though, what should not he, who has made so much for Duddon Brook, have sung of a stream so wildly fair as this? But, alack! besides his, there are the names of other English-of people who have been less reserved in expressing their impressions. Some have aimed doggerel at Murray's Hand-Book: some indulged in platitudes about Sir Humphry Davy (whose residence, in this hotel, is denied by some of the inhabitants of the place, though confidently stated in the vade mecum aforesaid). Others have contented themselves with wit in prose. You shall have a speci-

men or two.

"Mrs. Lenigan was much pleased with this little inn

-the trout was delicious, -th 18--

Don't you see the dear, comfortable Lady, penning this after supper; in an easy flow of complacent convic-tion that all the world would be pleased with Mrs. Lenigan's pleasure? But, well-a-day!—that her entry turned out a delusion—a Jack-a-lantern to some of her successors, is sadly evident! The next page tells another

story.

"Madame Hodson, Miss Hodson, M. F. Hodson, Mr. F. Hodson from Ischl to the Lakes —th, 18—.

N.B.—Where are the fish? Beyond the wave, beyond

the wave!'

Ay-indeed, Mrs. Lenigan, where are your delicious trout? How can you answer it to your Hibernian conscience (for surely the name is of the green isle) to have excited fallacious hopes in Madame Hodson's party? WHERE ARE THE FISH?? It is not every one that can console themselves with verse like the injured English that followed you! Wherefore you will do well not to trust your raptures to the public pages of a Stranger's Book another time. Madame Hodson will assure you that they may "sparkle, but to betray"—or that

These, alas! are types of all To which our hearts are clinging.

It is a relief to turn from this artless memento of blighted hopes, to something more practical. No one can complain of romance in the following:--

"Mr. and Mrs. Gipps - Great Britain -th, 18-The landlord civil and obliging. A good plain cook.
The maid clean, active and intelligent."

Here we have travellers of another sort: capital housekeepers, who like "to have their little comforts about them:"—and think that sense is sense, and a dinner a dinner,—and a pleasant country one flowing in the milk and honey, and white bread fresh-baked every morning. We have made ourselves abundantly merry at imagining the progress of these capital people through the

Salzkammergut. They admired—be sure—the parti-cularly "good bed" of the Traun. If they got to the Kessel Fall it was to remark the "unusual size of the basin"—a thing comfortlessly uncommon in Germany. A patch of "table-land" on the hill-side suggested "a nice snug spot" in which to lay the cloth. They thought the "curtains of mist" which hid the peak of the Schaffberg hung monstrous awkwardly: and quarrelled with the appearance of "patches" of verdure as betokening poor land. Perhaps Mrs. G.— had fears—and thought much of the scenery "too bold"—or delicacies, and ob-jected to so much naked rock! Did a Landlord affront her by not understanding what she was pleased to call German she gave him warning"—rewarding, as we have seen, Cook and Maid whose plainness, activity and intelligence pleased her,-by an unexceptionable character. can understand—cannot one !-why Lenigans and Hodsons should go abroad—those for the trout—these for the poctical sentimentalities—but why should our countrymen of the Gipps genus go a gipsying beyond Richmond or Box Hill? Till they can be made to stay at home, or their hands tied up from pen and ink, we have no right to laugh at the Americans! I have never seen the same amount of dryness, absurdity, or prejudiced want of sympathy, among any travellers, as have vexed me in the English of this class: and doubly vexatious it is to encounter their affectations, and exigencies, and pharisaically-fancied superiority, on such a haunt as the Traun valley!

From Aussee, it is so easy a morning's excursion to the Grundel, the Töplitz and the Kämer See—three lakes—the second of which reminds me of the more famed Wallenstadt lake, by its lonesome wildness-that we walked in the afternoon down to the last feeder of the Traun-the Lake of Hallstadt. Two women, and as many men, after we had overcome fears of wind, etcetera, that were nothing short of farcical, or (if indicating extortion) provoking,—rowed us across to the village or town, which resembles nothing so much as "a system" of pigeon-houses, hung against a very slightly sloping wall of rocks. The best houses of the place, this inn "Die Taube," of course, among them, have balconies hanging over the water. And there is something in this, as well as in the form of the See, which reminds us of Como. --- and --– are going out to amuse themselves after the fashion of Wordsworth's Nymph, "to hunt the waterfalls:" -- sits sketching in a boat below: and I am not sorry to have half an hour's quiet to tell you how charmingly we are faring.

A MORMON CONVENTICLE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Passing up Merrimack-street the other day, my atten-Passing up Merrimack-street the other day, my attention was arrested by a loud earnest voice, apparently engaged in preaching, or rather "holding forth," in the second story of the building opposite. I was in the mood to welcome any thing of a novel character, and following the sound, I passed up a flight of steps leading to a long narrow and somewhat shabby room, dignified by the appellation of Classic Hall.

Seating myself, I looked about me. There were from fifty to one hundred persons in the andience in which

fifty to one hundred persons in the audience, in which nearly all classes of this heterogeneous community

seemed pretty fairly represented, all listening with more or less attention to the speaker.

He was a young man with dark enthusiast complexion. black eyes and hair; with his collar thrown back, and his coat cuffs turned over, revealing a somewhat undue quantity of "fine linen," bending over his coarse board pulpit, and gesticulating with the vehemence of Hamlet's player, "tearing his passion to rags." A band of mourning crape, fluttering with the spasmodic action of his left arm, and an allusion to "our late beloved brother Joseph Smith," sufficiently indicated the sect of the speaker. He was a Mormon—a Saint of the Latter

His theme was the power of faith. Although evidently unlearned and innocent enough of dealing in such "abominable matters as a verb or a noun, which no Christian ear can endure," to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a straight-forward vehemence and intense earnestness in his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam, in Paradise, as the lord of this lower world—"For," said he, "water couldn't drown him, fire couldn't burn him, cold couldn't freeze him—nothing could harm him, for he had all the elements under his feet. And what, my hearers, was the secret of this power? His faith in God: that was it. Well, the devil wanted this power. He behaved in a mean, ungentlemanty way, and deceived Eve, and lied to her, he did. And so Adam lost his faith. And all this power over the elements that Adam had, the devil got, and has it now. He is master of the elements, and lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birthright, and will do so, until the hour of the power of darkness is ended, and the mighty angel comes down with the chain in his hand to bind the old serpent and dragon."

Another speaker, a stout black-browed "son of thunder," gave an interesting account of his experience. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had "but three cents in his pocket" when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and hunger: alone in a strange land; with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down and I prayed in earnest faith, 'Lord, give me this day my daily bread.' O, I tell ye, I prayed with a good appetite; and I rose up, and was moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came, I said to him, 'I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, from America. I am starving—will you give me some food? 'Why, bless yon, yes,' said the man, 'sit down and eat as much as you please.' And I did sit down at his table, blessed be God: but my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness."

In listening to these modern prophets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling; they minister to a universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the Gospel in the apostolic time with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for the signs of divine power; the faith, overcoming all things, which opened the prison doors of the apostles, gave them power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of the Living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scriptures that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first confessors of Christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of the divine power.

In speaking of Mormonism as a delusion, I refer more particularly to the apocryphal book of Mormon. That the great majority of the "Latter Day Saints" are honest and sincere fanatics, I have no reason to doubt. They have made great sacrifices and endured severe and

protracted persecution for their faith. The reports circulated against them by their unprincipled enemies in the west are in the main destitute of foundation. I place no dependence upon charges made against them by the ruffian mob of the Mississippi valley, and the reckless slave-drivers, who, at the point of the bayonet and bowie-knife, expelled them from Missouri, and signalized their Christian crusade against unbelievers by murdering old men, and violating their innocent wives and daughters. It is natural that the wrong-doers should hate those whom they have so foully injured.

The Prophet himself, the master-spirit of this extraordinary religious movement, is no more. He died by the hands of wicked and barbarous men, a martyr,—unwilling, doubtless, but still a martyr,—of his faith. For, after all, Joe Smith could not have been wholly insincere. Or, if so in the outset, it is more than probable that his extraordinary success, his wonderful power over the minds of men, caused him to seem a miracle and a marvel to himself; and, like Mohammed and Napoleon, to consider himself a chosen instrument of the Eternal Power.

In the "Narrative of an Eye-witness of the Mormon Massacre," published in a Western paper, I was a good deal impressed by the writer's account of the departure of the prophet from "the holy city" to deliver himself up to the state authorities at Warsaw. It was well understood, that in so doing, he was about to subject bimself to extreme hazard. The whole country round about was swarming with armed men, eager to imbrue their hands in his blood. The city was in a fearful state of alarm and excitement. The great Nauvoo legion, with its two thousand strong of armed fanatics, was drawn up in the principal square. A word from the prophet would have converted that dark silent mass into desperate and unsparing defenders of their leader, and the holy places of their faith. Mounted on his favourite black horse, he rode through the glittering files, and with words of cheer and encouragement, exhorted them to obey the laws of the state, and give their enemics no excuse for persecution and outrage. "Well," said he, as he left them, "they are good boys, if I never see them again." Taking leave of his family, and his more intimate friends, he turned his horse, and rode up in front of the great temple, as if to take a final look at the proudest trophy of his power. After contemplating it for awhile in silence, he put spurs to his horse, in company with his brother, who, it will be recollected, shared his fate in the prison, dashed away towards Warsaw, and the prairie horizon shut down between him and the City of the Saints for the last time.

Once in the world's history we were to have a Yankee prophet, and we have had him in Joe Smith. For good or for evil, he has left his track on the great pathway of life; or, to use the words of Horne, "knocked out for himself a window in the wall of the nineteenth century," whence his rude, bold, good-humoured face will peer out upon the generations to come. But, the prophet has not trusted his fame merely to the keeping of the spiritual. The has incorporated himself with the enduring stone of the great Nauvoo temple, which, when completed, will be the most splendid and imposing architectural monument in the New World. With ita huge walls of hewn stone—its thirty gigantic pillars, lottier than those of Baalbec—their massive caps carved into the likeness of enormous human faces, themselves resting upon crescent moons, with a giant profile of a face within the curve,—it stands upon the highest elevation of the most beautiful city site of the West, overlooking the "Father of Waters;"—a temple unique and wonderful as the faith of its builder, embodying in its singular and mysterious architecture, the Titan idea of the Pyramids, and the solemn and ascinapiring thought which speaks from the Gothic piles of the middle ages.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

On the Organization of Intellectual Labour.—It is time that human genus should devote itself to the great work of social reformation; and that the wisdom and philosophy of the great writers of the day should be made accessible, not merely to their own comparatively narrow circle, but to the millions. And it is not less certain that the mass of the people are sufficiently alive to the graces and the virtues of a high and pure philosophy, and to the inestimable benefit of having the truth, and the whole truth, of their rights and their duties enunciated and brought home to them by earnest and cultivated minds, to hail with satisfaction an economical means of realizing so great a privilege. While it is to be lamented that the age of undigested knowledge, of which the "Penny Magazine" was the promineut type, has been succeeded by an age of bitter irony and mocking satire, of which the hundred cheap imitations of "Punch" may that, as in the physical world, so in the moral and intellectual, chaos precedes the light. So far as regards society, and its right to share in the fruits of intellectual energy and development. But what as respects the rewards of genius itself—the causes, or the cause, of its obstruction ?

The precariousness of literature is proverbial. In the higher, the highest, departments of literary art, whatever the profit to the publisher, the reward of the artist is almost certain penury. The intellectual labourer has, too often, neither commensurate honour nor remuneration. The exceptions to the rule only make the truth and sternness of the rule more conspicuous. author-the most provident author-is again and again obliged to sell his copyright, which is his birthright, for a mess of pot-tage to the Esans of the Row; or, if he share in the venture and in the returns, what commercial experience has he to guard him from the shoals and quicksands which are to engulph him in the shape of 35 per cent., and 10 per cent. over, and the

secrets of thirteen copies to the dozen?

The cure—the only cure—of this, as of all other economical and social evils of the kind, is to be found in the organization of labour—in the present instance, of labour intellectual. It is thus alone that the real aristocracy of humanity shall receive, not merely a stone at their death;—it is thus alone that their thoughts, during and after their life, shall be brought home efficiently to the business, and the bosoms, and the hearths, of the lowliest as of the greatest. This end is to be effected by the means of commercial and literary co-operation. The author and means of commercial and literary co-operation. The author and the thinker must condescend to be a man of business. It has been said that genius is not unfit for business, but above business. Genius must come down, then—must constrain and trammel itself; and thus serve and save itself and the world. Carlyle, Bulwer, Jerrold, Martineau, Tennyson, Wilson, Jeffrey such men as these must sanction and encourage the radical reform of the publishing system; and such a literary and commercial reformation might be made as to tend not merely to the benefit of literature and men of letters, but to the profit of capitalists, among whom the present class of Bibliopoles would take their legitimate place.

The principle of joint-stockism is a phase, not only of physical, but moral co-operation. If joint-stock makes railways, railways extend commerce, moral intercourse, civilization. If joint-stock increases itself by the cultivation and sale of waste lands, the sale of waste lands is the necessary preliminary to the colonization of the earth. Such things as these are always done by the agency of the combined capital of many individuals, not for the grasping aggrandizement of one or two, for this is the exception and not the rule in speculation. In such matters, economical management is insured by the appointment of some dozen practical and experienced men to conduct the business of the general good, and the only individual power is the executive which carries out the instructions of such committee. Is it not evident that a committee of men of knowledge, and hierary experience, and talent, is even more requisite for the control of literature, the encouragement and publication of new works, to supersede the present system, where not the readers and writers of books, but the sellers of them, are the judges and literary

caterers for the public, than a committee of commercial men for purposes simply commercial? We shall submit here simply the rough outline of the mode in which the objects we have here specified may, we think, be effectually carried out, and shall return to the subject.

We suggest, that under the management and direction of a committee of men, of practical knowledge and acknowledged literary taste, a company be established, with a large subscribed capital, say of one million. That this capital be invested in the establishment of a central emporium in London, where the board shall sit daily, and in the printing and publication of such works, either as speculations or at the risk of the authors, as shall be approved of by the committee. It would be requisite to appoint agents, as in the instance of insurance companies, in every principal town in the kingdom, who shall receive a com-mission of five or ten per cent. upon all sales. The balance of profits to be equally divided between the shareholders and the

By such an organized system, it is evident that, not only shall talent, genius, and literary industry, have fair scope for successful development, but the capitalist friend of letters will obtain the most legitimate opportunity to aid and encourage the poet, the philosopher, the editor, and the compiler, with ample remuneration, instead of outlay, to himself.

B.

The Leeds Co-operative Estate.—A meeting of the Redemption Society was held in Leeds, on Wednesday, the 11th ult., to legally accept the spleudid gift of the estate: of course it was rapturously accepted. The character of the meeting was enthusiastic, and all seemed determined to do their best to help on the great cause; 150% was subscribed on the instant, to be paid by installment and these is little doubt but was hourset. instalments, and there is little doubt but we have got to the beginning of the end. We are now setting to work in good beginning of the end. We are now setting to work in good earnest, to thoroughly agitate the town and districts, and we hope others will imitate us in other districts; we must have no sleeping any more, people must labour, and the reward will be soon and great. We shall appoint one of the first scientific agriculturists in England to project the improvementa, with a view to immediate operations, and we shall have to elect our labourers in about two months.

There are about 6,000,000 of people engaged in creating the wealth of this country, or about one out of three of the popula-tion; in community we can employ two out of three. In this state, men hesitate to introduce machinery, some from philan-thropic feeling, others from a slight fear of possible consequences; thropic isening, others from a significar or possible consequences, in community all would be eager for its continued use, because it would be an unmixed good. All being educated, we should have a great increase of inventors in every branch of arts and sciences. We should save immensely in the matter of manure, sciences. We should save immensely in the matter of manure, which is now lost to agriculture; we should likewise save greatly in the difference between making goods for show instead of use, and the saving will be greatest of all by producing by a combined people working together for one great object, instead of a disintegrated nation's labour in confusion, one undoing what another has done. It is almost certain, that once fairly established, a community will be able to double itself annually. Let every one who may know of any gentleman that he thinks will be inclined to aid us, send his address to 166, Briggate, Leeds, for it is our intention to send a properly prepared circular to all such in the kingdom.

The day for doubt and despair is passed, and the time has come for action. Men of England sleep no more; the day of your redemption has dawned, and onward is now the watch-word of

Young Men's Discussion Society.—5, Grossemor Collages, North Pimitico, 11th August, 1847.—SIR.—May I request you to notice in your journal, that a "Debating Society," has been established at "Westerton's Library," 15, Park side, Knightsbridge, (a room having been fitted up expressly for the purpose). The young men originating it, being anxious to try whether it is possible to keep on foot a "Debating Society," without the

inducements which a public-house too often affords, to draw them together.

The question at present under discussion, is the "Character of Cromwell," which will be succeeded by others on the "Laws of Entuil and Primogeniture," "The Connection between Church and State," "Capital Punishments," etc. etc.

Gentlemen desirous of joining, may gain every information at the library.
To Mr. W. Howitt.

Lectures at the City of London Mechanics' Institute.—City of London Mechanics' Institution, 3, Gould square, Crutched Friars.

—On Monday evening, August 9th, Luke Burke, Eaq., delivered a second lecture on Ethnology, or the Science of the Human Races. The lecturer adduced many interesting facts and arguments to prove that climate, food, nor exercise had any influence in producing the different races of mankind; so that the height of the person, the colour of the skin, etc., were entirely inde-pendent of all those circumstances which hitherto were considered to be causes of all the varieties of Man.

At the conclusion, the lecturer stated that a society was forming for the study of this most useful and interesting science, so that we are now likely to become better acquainted with this

THE PRISON VAN.

BY JONATHAN PERCY DOUGLAS.

'Tis night! the time for calm and sleep, But the din of the city is loud and deep; In a thousand hearts the pulses swell To the song-the dance-and the bacchanal's yell : And night is the time-night is the time, When men go bravely on to crime; For deeds of shame, and revel, and din-For the crowning work of a life of sin, O night is the time.

The streets are fill'd as at broad noonday, With rushing crowds of grave and gay; Shout—and jeer—and whirl—and crash-As countless vehicles onward dash : But ONE_it is huge, and grim, and black, And hath no follower in its track; Gloomily hurries on its course, As though it were shunn'd by man and horse;
"Tis the Prison Van.

Methinks I pierce the outward gloor Of that moral pest—that living tomb; A boy is there! with head sunk low— Whom Virtue owned an hour ago;
A woman, whose wildly frantic prayer
Is mingled with curses of despair; And one—grown old and grey in guilt,
Whose hand another's blood hath spilt,
All huddled there.

But could we see the souls within That blighted mass of grief and sin The stern remorse from the aged wrung -The penitent agony of the young, The prayers that never reach the lips, In the blackness of the soul's eclipse; The shame, the fear, the terrible wo, That only the wretched guilty know Could we but see.

Would we dare to curse the vilest man Who goes to death in that Prison Van?
Would we manacle? brand? transport? or alay Whom God has formed of the self-same clay P Oh no! we would seek to cheer, to bless, To minister to his dark distres Dispel the clouds that about him roll, And burst the bonds that fetter his soul In that Prison Van.

Proposal for founding a Railway Institution for the benefit and assistance of those injured by accidents on the Lines, etc.—
MR. EDITOR,—I flatter myself you will find the simple narration I am about to make, and the suggestion it has caused me to make, worthy the attention of the philanthropic, and a notice in your benevolent Journal, to the effect of calling their attention to the like tion to the like.

I met with a young man, who gave his name as John Tyrell, I met with a young man, who gave his name as John Tyrell, apparently about twenty years of age, maimed for life while working ou the Chester and Holyhead line of railway, occasioned by some concussion or other; I did not inquire into the details of the accident. He said that a rusty hook had been driven through the knee, and had completely crushed it. He was eight months in Baugor Hospital, under Dr. Williams, during which time his fellow labourers subscribed small sums to find which time his fellow labourers subscribed small sums to find him in little comforts and necessaries; but at length, the job on which he was employed being completed, he with the rest was paid off, and he has ever since been reduced to the extremity of begging his living. His appearance struck me from its extreme poverty, and not beggary. He looked very ill and emaciated; he has a stiff knee and fieshless thigh, and has no hopes of ever being again able to earn his living, as he has done hitherto, "by the sweat of his brow."

hitherto, "by the sweat of his brow."

Now, I think that an institution might be founded for receiving, educating, and providing for persons similarly mutilated in the public works, where they could be taught some other mode of busying themselves, compatible with their diminished means, which would help, at least, to support them, if it did not do so altogether; and prevent them being thrown on society, a burden, if not a pest, to the poorer classes especially, who most readily sympathize with such objects of commassion.

I write this to you, considering you the most likely of all the many good and right-disposed editors to bring the matter to an issue, if you think with me that it is a matter of sufficient public consideration and general importance. Leaving it, Sir, in your I remain yours faithfully, J. P. B. hands.

Maxey Market Deeping, Lincolnshire, July 27th, 1847.

The suggestion thrown out above is of the utmost value, When we consider how much various companies do for the support, comfort, and education of those belonging to, and employed by them, it does seem most desirable that the greatest and most wealthy body in the world—that of railway proprietors—should found an institution, the Greenwich or the Chelsea of their veterans; and in which the children of such should find an education and an introduction to life, in cases where they had been deprived of support by the death of their parents from accidents on the lines. This is doubly deserving of consideration, when we recollect not only the enormous wealth of this body, but the terrific evils which the railway system, amid all its good, its accidentality inflicting on industrials. is continually inflicting on individuals.

PORTRAIT OF COLONEL THOMPSON.

ON FINE VELLUM PAPER, QUARTO SIZE, PRICE THREE-PENCE:

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THE DESERTER.

THE DESERTER IN LONDON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I was walking near the Bank; the morning was splendid; every body looked full of life and cheerfulness. I had just left a pleasant suburb, where the gardens were full of roses and sunshine, and now, having transacted my little business, I was again about to return thither. Amid the cheerful growd which filled the street, I saw in the distance, and turning a corner, the regular movements of a small company of soldiers; they marched on one side of the middle of the road, and their shouldered muskets and scarlet uniform glittered in the bright sunshine. As they approached, I saw that they were only four, though they made so much show at a distance, and between the two first, walked a fifth; not in uniform,—but, God help him, I saw at a glance that he was a deserter. He was a tall, rather awkward and sunburnt-looking young man; he wore a peasant's dress; a round hat, blue carter's frock, and ancie boots; this was the disguise in which he had been taken, the disguise in which he had hoped to escape again to freedom; his hands were secured by hand-cuffs, and his countenance had a determined, and yet at the same time such a dejected air, as went to my very heart. I looked kindly at him as they passed, but I did not catch his eye; all the women turned round and looked at him with pity also.

Poor fellow, under that blue smock-frock beat a heart which in any case had suffered much; he had enlisted, and what had been the history of that enlistment I could not tell; no doubt bitter repentance had succeeded it; hopes and fears had fluctuated in his breast, and perhaps as a recruit he had deserted. I thought, however, by the look of the man, that it was the regular soldier, and not the recruit that had done so, and that made his offence the heavier. Whatever his sorrow, or disastisfactions, or sufferings had been, he had dared the utmost; factions, or sufferings had been, he had dared the utmost; had left the ranks; had hecome a felon according to military law, and as a felon had been pursued. In this disguise he had hidden; in this disguise he had been taken; he, that unfortunate being, had experienced all the agony, all the anxiety of the hot pursuit, the hope of escape; the leasening chances of it; the misery, the terror, the despair, of unsuccess, defeat, and detection! He had been dragged forth from some hiding-place which had falled to conceal him; he had felt the appailing certainty that the chances now were all against him; hope, remonstrance, resistance, vain! The fetters were on his hands; the musket ready to discharge its contents if he now did not submissively march off to diagrace, degradation, and death! and now march off to diagrace, degradation, and death I and now here he was, marching through the streets of London to Hounslow, or Knightsbridge, or Chatham barracks, as it might be.

My heart was filled with sympathy and the despec compassion. Whatever his sins had been, either against Companion. Wastever his sins had been, either against God or against man, he had suffered much, and had still more to suffer. I wished it had been in my power to pour, like the good Samaritan, eil and wine into his wounds. Close behind this melancholy group walked a strong-built, able-bodied man, although in the decline of life; he evidently belonged to them, and his sad and carnest countenance convinced me at once that he was the father of the young man; I turned round and walked on by his side.

"This is a poor deserter," said I.
"God help him," said the man.

" Is then his case a bad one?" asked I.

The man looked me in the face for a second or two, and seeing, no doubt, that it expressed the compassion and sympathy which I felt, he said,

"I am afraid it is a bad case; I am his father; he was sick of the service; he had not been two years in it. He was flogged unmercifully for what they called insolence to a superior, and so he ran away. He came home to us; he was pursued and taken; he knew his case was a bad one; so he made a desperate resistance, and one of the soldiers got wounded—not badly, but they swear it was his doing—God knows; but it will finish him, there's no doubt of it;—he will be shot!"— The man did not shed a tear.

My eye dwelt on the poor deserter, who walked on through the crowded streets, and amid the glorious sunshine, with his downcast, and determined countenance;

he knew that death was before him.

"It is a bad case," said the man, "very bad, but there's many a guiltier man than he, who will sit in court-martial over him. I am his father, and as I know they would all take against him, I determined to stand by him. They say I shan't be allowed to speak to him, or for him, but I think they can't be so hard-hearted as that. It will be a comfort to him, at any rate, to know that his father pitted him, and they tell me that shooting is not a painful death—it's only the thought of it beforehand!"

The flood-gates of the father's heart were open; he talked of his son's boyhood and youth: to quote the words of Southey, which exactly suited the occasion,—

> " He grew up A comely lad and wondrous well disposed;
> I taught him well; there was not in the parish
> A child who said his prayers more regular,
> Or answered readist through his catechism.
> If I had foreseen this !—But 'tis a blessing
> We don't know what we're born to."

Again I looked on the deserter, marching to death, with unspeakable pity. If there be reality in that mysterious spiritual agency of which we read, by which one human being may influence the mind of another, I would fain hope that my human love might east over his sad heart a benign and soothing influence, like the wasting of an angel's wing.

"Be not too much cast down, poor human brother," said my spirit; "thy offence, though it may be great in the eye of military law, is not past forgiveness in the eye of thy Father in Heaven. Lift up thy down-cast eyes, and let thy troubled heart take comfort; thou hast

eyes, and let thy troubled heart take comfort; thou hast broken thy soldier's eath, thou hast wounded another in self-defence; for this thou shalt pay the forfeit of thy life; but what then? thy very comrades whose muskers shall send a bullet through thy heart, may themselves, shall send a bullet through thy heart, may themselves, ere long, die by gunpowder or the sword,—may lie bleeding and mangled for hours, which shall seem like ages of agony. This it is for which the soldier enlists, and thy death will be merelful in comparison. As to the diagrace of which they will say so much, let not thy heart sink within thee on that account; better to die diagraced in the eye of man, young in erime, and abhorring the soldier's life with its moral degradation and pollution, disguise it as they may under the glitter and nome of military show, than live to become harand pollution, disguise it as they may under the glitter and pomp of military show, than live to become har-dened and corrupted by it, and die on the 'bed of glory,' or be buried with military honours even, at last! Thy case, poor deserter, is not really so bad after all; thou hast paid for thy follies—thou hast plucked of the tree of knowledge, and eaten its bitter fruits; for the rest, be a man, and fear not evermuch; trust in God, and all may be well with thee, even yet?

THE NORTHMEN.

BY L. MARJA CHILD.

When the Northmen invaded England, in the tenth century, they were still worshippers of Woden and Thor, and had never worn the fetters of the Romish Church. The Latin language had never been introduced to build up a wall of separation between the more educated and the less educated classes. Compared with other literature of those remote ages, theirs was far richer than is generally imagined. Their wild mythology had a great deal of poetic beauty and significance, and their old sagas are characterized by a strong vitality, compared with which the monkish legends of contemporary countries seem like the dull phosphorescence of a stagnant pool in the presence of lightning. It seems as if spiritual as well as natural electricity centred at the North.

But the main point is, that their literature, however rude, was in the vernacular idiom of the country. Those adventurous old sea-kings had their exploits told in the Norse language, written and sung by their skalds, or minstrels, and repeated at the fire-side of every peasant. This diffusion of one spirit, one mode of thinking and doing, through a medium common to all, must have had a prodigious influence on the character of a nation. In Germany, little or nothing, except Luther's Bible, was written in the popular tongue, previous to the eighteenth century. That noble language itself became so imbued with Latin, that to this day a labouring man must study the best authors of his own country as he would a dead language, before he can understand them.

Other circumstances combined to give the Scandinavian tribes a more distinct individuality, a more unfettered freedom, than the Anglo-Saxons of the same period. There was no stone in Norway, except stubborn primeral rock, which broke into lumps, or shivered into splinters, and therefore could not be hewn for the purposes of building. Wood was consequently the universal material for king and peasant. No strong castles could be built on lofty peaks, commanding the surrounding country, and compelling the labouring classes into vassalage. In time of danger, the king and the military leaders had nothing to fall back upon but their ships and the good-will of the people. By this circumstance, over-ambitious and grasping spirits were drawn off to foreign conquests, and thus the growth of a dangerous aristocracy at home was prevented. The upper classes were not separated from the lower by the size and magnificence of their dwellings. The peasant

"Saw no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed."

With time and labour he could fell the trees of the forest, and make himself as good a habitation as the king's. Even down to the present day, there is no order of nobility in Norway, and no royal castles. The king, in travelling through his Norwegian possessions, lodges with independent working men, who are proprietors of the soil; and it is said no monarch in Europe could travel through his kingdom, and be lodged so well every night by the same class.

Under these circumstances, the defence of the country was of course a common concern; for every man had some interest at stake in the general welfare. Hence, all classes were accustomed to take part in legislative assemblies; and this was another medium by which the active intellectuality of stronger minds was diffused through the whole social mass. Each man was an individual who thought and acted in his own right; not

merely a spoke in the wheel to roll forward the car of some privileged class above him. Their chosen leaders often discussed subjects of general interest previous to the meeting of popular assemblies, which were convened at stated periods, or called on sudden emergencies; but the right of deciding and executing rested solely with the people. The leaders chosen in time of danger returned to the level of other citizens as soon as the danger was over. The people did not obey any positive and permanent laws, so much as the temporary ascendancy of the strongest intellect and the most impetuous will.

These daring marauders, with free energetic characters, formed by equality of property, hardy adventures, and active participation in making the laws they chose to obey, naturally met a very feeble resistance to their barbaric force when they invaded England. The original Anglo-Saxon vigour was miserably weakened by the influence of Roman institutions. The common people had no property to defend. They were mere serfs on the lands of bishops and nobles, and it made little difference to them who owned them. They had lost the habit of self-reliance, and superstitiously looked for aid from saints and miracles. This second tide of Scandinavian heroes, never enthralled by similar lethargic influences, always accustomed to say their own say, and have their own will, infused a bolder and freer spirit into the social elements, well calculated to change the petrifactions of Rome into a living and natural growth. The electric flame transmitted by them remains in the English heart, and was brought with us to a more unimpeded field of action in this New World.

Physical causes aided in producing athletic frames and fearless characters among these Northern tribes. They lived by hunting, fishing, and conquering; and their home was among the mountains and on the open sea. The continual presence of mountains seems to impart something of their own elevation to the soul of man, and the broad heaving ocean inspires feelings kindred to its own strong freedom and unlimited expanse.

"Two voices are there; one is of the Sea, One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice. In both, from age to age, thou didst rejoice; They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

To this day, a passion for the sea characterizes the descendants of those old Vikings. No sailors in the world equal the Norwegian for boldness, strength, and dexterity; and the water is a favourite element with the peasantry at home. Their boats are of an ancient, picturesque pattern, narrow and thin, with high prow and stern, and the waist lying level with the water. In these they go careering over sharp, steep waves, the boat sometimes almost on one end, at the rate of sixteen English miles an hour, cutting a path so swiftly that the waves sing a crisp tune under them as they go. These expert mariners never experience a sensation of fear. They eat and drink, and laugh and sing, while the mad waves are tumbling their boats about, in the most frantic manner.

This love of sea-adventures led the Northmen to America, of which they were undoubtedly the first discoverers. At the end of the tenth century, Bjarne, an Icelander, visited Greenland, and brought back tidings of other lands, which he had seen when he had drifted southward. His accounts kindled the imagination of Lief, son of Eric Jarl, in Norway, who went on a voyage of discovery, and landed in Canada. He brought back a description of the country, which he called Vineland, on account of the quantity of wild grapes. Afterward, a Norwegian, named Karlefne, headed a small colony, and with his wife went to the new country. These are probably the people represented in Leutze's beautiful picture of the Landing of the Northmen, lately exhibited in the Gallery of Design. These adventures

and discoveries continued from the time of Lief to that of Columbus, and were recorded in sagas, famous for their beautiful penmanship, written by the skalds, or minstrels, of Iceland. Perhaps Columbus, who took a lively interest in all marine affairs, heard of these stories. His son Fernando says that he went to Iceland in 1477. To a mind like his, a slight hint might

give birth to large results.

The indomitable freedom of the Northmen remains in greater vigour in Norway than in neighbouring countries. Her social habits and opinions are more simple and democratic. When, in the general partition of Europe, in 1814, she was united under one government with aristocratic Sweden, she insisted upon retaining her old constitution, and being to all intents and purposes a free and independent state. No other terms could be made with the sturdy yeomanry, who even carried their pride so far as to have the royal title altered on Norwegians coins, so that Norway should be named before Sweden. They have always resisted the introduction of any order of nobility, and a watchful jealousy of an encroachment on their rights is ever awake.

The patriarchal simplicity of their manners is indicated by Fredrika Bremer, where she describes the emotions of a Swedish serving girl, cordially invited and received among the guests in the house of a respectable and wealthy Norwegian elergyman: "It seemed to her that life amid these grand scenes and simple manners must be beautiful. The relationship between parents and children, between masters and servants, appeared so cordial, so patriarchal. She heard the servants call her host and his wife father and mother; she saw the eldest daughter assisting to wait on the guests, and that so joyously, one saw she did it from her heart; she saw a frank satisfaction upon all faces, a freedom from care, a simplicity in the behaviour of all."

This naturalness in their modes of living, this comparative freedom from conventional restraints, greatly assists the influence of their mountain breezes in producing physical vigour and buoyant energy of character. Whatever they say or do is apt to be all alive. The Norwegian national polka, called the Halling, is thus described: "This dance is deeply characteristic of the North. It is the Berserker's gladness of motion. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and

oppression of existence."

This same characteristic of vitality distinguishes their authors and artists. Wergeland, one of the most popular of Norwegian poets, wrote with astonishing rapidity, sometimes day and night, scarcely stopping to rest his hand; yet every trifle that fell from his pen is said to have contained some sparkling fancy, some breathing of truly poetic sentiment. In his description of natural objects, he was remarkable for making them seem alive. The fiords, or friths, of Norway wind about in most romantic fashion. In one of his pieces, he describes a sunny day, when the winds, coming down clefts in the mountains, made a powerful current in one of these fiords, driving the waves in white crested foam, like a flock of great storm-birds. He imagined them chasing a lawyer, who had been hard and grasping in his dealings with the poor. Made timid by an uneasy conscience, he thought they were shrouded ghosts of clients he had wronged, and he threw one ten dollars, another twenty, another fifty, to let him escape. At last, a huge wave comes towards him, wondrous tall, stretching forward his long neck, as if eager to swallow him. The poor sinner throws one hundred dollars, and just then

the boat turns a corner of the rock out of the current.

The wave stretches round his long fingers to clutch him,
and retreats disappointed that he has account

The wave screenes round his long higgers to clutch him, and retreats, disappointed that he has escaped.

Wergeland had a strongly marked head, full of indentations, like a bold rocky shore. He was extremely facetious and life-like in his manner of telling a story. While he was settling his spectacles, a smile would go mantling all over the lower part of his face before he began, and his auditors would perceive that something good was coming. He and Ole Bull were intimate friends. On one occasion, Ole bought a short pony, with which he was pleased on account of his uncommon speed, and proposed to ride him from Bergen to Christians, to visit the poet. An ignorant groom, in his zeal to put the little animal in very fine trim, cut his tail ridiculously short. When Ole mounted him, his feet nearly touched the ground; and the short horse and the tall man cut a rather droll figure trotting furiously into Christiana. Wergeland had a very short pony, too. As soon as he saw his friend, he laughed out, and exclaimed. "Ah, you have got a horse shorter than mine. Let us ride together." His own figure was tall and athletic, and he liked the fun of the disparity between themselves and their animals. He went to saddle his own horse, which was standing loose in the barn, with pet rabbits, pet pigeons, pet birds, poultry in great numbers, and a favourite cat. These creatures all lived in the greatest friendship together. They knew their master's voice perfectly well, and would all come fluttering and capering and neighing about him, the moment he opened the door. His cottage was a picturesque place, with all sorts of mosses, vines, and flowers. Under it was a grotto made of rocks and shells, in which were an old hermit carved in wood, and other grotesque figures. When lighted up in the evening, these images used to be a source of great terror to the peasant children.

This interesting man, who lived in such loving com-

This interesting man, who lived in such loving companionship with nature, was called away from his cheerful existence before he had passed the middle term of life. While in the last stage of consumption, in May, 1845, he wrote the following verses, so child-like in feeling, so touchingly plaintive in expression. The last was written two days before he died. By changing them into rhyme in another language, I have unavoidably lost something of the tenderness and simplicity of

the original.

SUPPLICATION TO SPRING.

Oh, save me, save me, gentle Spring!
Bring healing on thy balmy wing!
I loved thee more than all the year;
To no one last thou been more dear.

Bright emeralds I valued less
Than early grass and water-cress.
Gem of the year I named thy flower,
Though roses grace fair Summer's bower.

The queenly ones, with fragrant sighs, Tried to allure thy poet's eyes; But they were far less dear to me Than thy simple, wild anemone.

Bear witness for me, little flower, Beloved from childhood's earliest hour; And dandelions, so much despised, Whose blossoms more than gold I prized.

I welcomed swallows on the wing,
And loved them for their news of Spring;
I gave a feast to the first that came,
—To a long-lost child I had done the same.

Blest harbingers of genial hours, Unite your voices with the flowers! Dear, graceful birds, pour forth your prayer, That Nature will her poet spare.

⁽¹⁾ In the ancient sagas, Berserker was a hero remarkable for wild and reckless courage.

Plead with the Maker of the rain, That he will chilling showers restrain, And my poor breast no longer feel Sharp needle-points of frosty steel.

Thou beautiful old maple-tree, For my love's sake, pray thou for me! Thy leaf-buds, opening to the sun, Like pearls I counted every one.

I wished I might thy grandson be, Dear, venerable old maple tree! That my young arms might round thee twine, And mix my vernal crown with thine.

Ah, even now full well I ween, Thou hast thy robe of soft, light green; I seem to hear thee whispering low Unto the listening grass below.

Stretch thy strong arms towards the sky, And pray thy poet may not die! I will heal thy scars with kisses sweet, And pour out wine upon thy feet.

Blessings on the patriarch tree! Hoarsely he intercedes for me; And little flowers, with voices mild, Beg thee to spare thy suffering child.

Fair season, so beloved by me, Thy young and old all plead with thee; Oh, heal me with thy balmy wing, I have so worshipped thee, sweet Spring!

TO THE GULDENLAK, OR WALLFLOWER.

Sweet flower, before thy reign is o'er, I shall be gone to return no more; Before thou losest thy crown of gold, I shall lie low in the cold, dark mould.

Open the window, and raise me up!
My last glance must rest on her golden cup.
My soul will kiss her, passing by,
And wave farewell from the distant sky.

Yea, twice will I kiss thy fragrant lip, Where the wild honey-bee loves to sip; The first I will give for thy own dear sake, The second thou must to my rose-bush take.

I shall sleep sound in the ailent tomb, Before the beautiful bush will bloom; But ask her the first fair rose to lay On her lover's grave to fade away.

Give her the kiss I gave thee to keep, And bid her come on my breast to sleep; And, glowing flower, with sweetest breath, Bo thou her bridal torch in death.

Crowds of people went to Christiana, to bid farewell to the lifeless body of their favourite poet. In the poems which expressed his own life there was often something above common comprehension. But his writings were familiarly known to the people at large, and he was very popular among them, because, in addition to these higher efforts, he wrote an abundance of verses for the peasantry, in all the peculiar dialects of their various districts.

The music of the Northmen, of course, expressed the same character as their literature and actions. The old national airs of Norway are wild, strong, and peculiar;

the expression of unconquerable energy.

Fredrika Bremer, in allusion to the popular music of those nations, says, "They played one of those Northern melodies, in which a sad seriousness is pervaded by a touching, innocent joy; and every close has a moriendo, in which the tone does not seem to termi-

nate, but to disappear, like a spirit in space, which goes to continue its song upon another shore." The last tones of Ole Bull's cadences on the violin often had, to an almost supernatural degree, this quality of disappearing without stopping. They seem to float far off, and yet be still alive. It was the wayward freedom of the Northman's spirit, embodied in a temperament poetic and sensitive, which gave him such a tendency to imand sensitive, which gave him such a tendency to improvisation. It led him off wandering in dreamy sadness; it waked him up suddenly, with fresh, buoyant life. This impulsive expression of the present feeling, or fancy, forgetful of fixed rules, vexed the critics, and will for ever prevent his genius from being duly appreciated by them. But this outward expression of the indwalling life. indwelling life, however irregular the form it takes, whether in literature, manners, or art, always has a magnetic power over the soul, to which mere perfect correctness can never attain. I once heard him, while he was sitting at the piano, describe his visit to Mammoth Cave. The tones and gestures were so wondermoth Cave. fully alive, that they thrilled every person present. We seemed actually to see the gloomy shadow of the rocks, and hear the muffled roar of the waters, and then emerge at once into the fairy sparkle of the alabaster grottos. "Nothing ever impressed my imagination like that awful and beautiful cave," said he. "If ever the remembrance should express itself in music, I will represent a hunter separated from his companions, and lost in the wide forest. Fairies come in answer to his bugle, and lead him into the recesses of the cave floating before him, and gambolling to their own music. Grim spectres stalk across their path, like huge shadows, and shrick, and jibe, and mutter. The hunter turns away with the flying fairies, and presently hears the horns of his companions calling him in the distant wood." He touched the keys of the piano, and there came forth a strain wildly beautiful, strangely ethereal and visionary. When he paused, I asked him to play it again; but he could not. It was a foolish request; for I knew full well that such breathings are from the unseen world, and will not come when they are called.

Dahl, the celebrated Norwegian landscape-painter, is distinguished by this same expression of strong, free life. There is a wild boldness in his choice of subjects, and remarkable fidelity to nature in the mode of expression. His sunshine and rainbows are said to have a transparent reality, which makes them seem like the beautiful phenomena they represent. He painted a landscape in Italy, with the light of Vesuvius on it, and it radiated an actual glow, almost startling in effect. Bergenstift, the district which contains his native city of Bergen, is remarkable for bold and romantic scenery, from which he has taken a series of pictures highly valued by his countrymen. He has been for many years a professor in Dresden; but though domesticated among the Germans, he clings with intense affection to his own Norway, the grand, the simple, and the free. He has always kept up affectionate correspondence with the schoolmaster who taught him when he was a boy, and who is proud enough of his gifted pupil. In one of his letters, the old man happened to mention the uncommon scarcity of wood, and how much it cost him to keep his school-house warm. Dahl sent him a landscape, with a remarkable tree in the foreground, and a broken stump, in which the grain of the wood was so wonderfully natural, that the spectator was continually tempted to break off the splinters. "You will have no excuse if you do not keep yourself warm now," wrote the great artist, in his friendly reply, "for you see I have sent you wood enough." The old man might, indeed, have purchased abundance of fuel by the sale of this landscape; for Dahl's productions command a very high price. But Dahl's productions command a very high price. But he could not do it. He preferred to let his limbs shiver a little, and keep the picture to warm his heart.

Thorwaldsen, the Dane, son of a poor stone-cutter from Iceland, is admitted to be the greatest of modern sculptors. In him the wildness of Northern life was chastened by severe purity of classical taste. But his characteristics were grandeur and strength. When his subjects required the embodiment of grace and beauty, they were always remarkable for simplicity and natural-

Andersen, the beautiful Danish novelist, is deficient in the element of power. He writes with the delicate shadings of a woman's pen. But though vigour is not his characteristic, lire is. In his graceful pictorial style, groups are presented with such distinctness of outline, and vividness of colouring, that they actually seem present with us, like beloved realities.

Jenny Lind, the Swedish vocalist, who is making for herself a world-wide reputation, is peculiarly distinguished by simplicity of manner. Trained with rigourous thoroughness in the science of music, and with a voice naturally pure and flexible, she is said to owe her power over the audience mainly to the fact that she feels what she sings. Low in stature, and plain in person, yet in her inspired moments the inward light shines through her countenance, and makes it beautiful.

What natural, true life breathes through Fredrika Bremer's writings! They are a little falsified by con-temporary models, and by contact with extreme civilization; but in their freshness, simplicity, and naturalness, what a strong contrast to French novels, wherein human nature is acted with such marvellous talent! Emilie Carlen portrays the outward forms of life and passion with as much naturalness and distinctness as Fredrika; but there are interior depths, which she has not sounded, like her more spiritual contemporary. Swedenborg says there are three apartments in the soul of man :the outer, through which the senses act on the external world, is open in all men; the second, from which the light of intellect shines through the senses, is open, in greater or less degrees, in most men; into the inmost shrine comes light directly from the spiritual world, shines through the transparent intellect, irradiates the senses, and sheds ethereal glory on all external things. According to the degree in which the veil of this sanctuary is removed, and the direction in which its rays are turned by temperament and education, men become prophets, poets, or artists. Fredrika's pen continually transmits this divine light. Hence, something of the soul's progress is contained within her faithful transcript of outward life; and this it is which gives such a peculiar charm to her writings.

Sir James Mackintosh, though learned beyond his time, wrote an article in 1807, which strikes us oddly enough, now that German intellect has assumed its rightful place among the constellations of the universe. Speaking of writers who might be considered likely to survive their own age, he says, "I comprehend even Goethe and Schiller within the scale; though I know that few, either in France or England, will agree with me." with me.

Similar narrowness of vision has led us to underrate the nations farther north. But one after another has risen on our astonished vision, — sculptor, novelist, musician, painter, poet, and vocalist,—and compelled us to acknowledge that in those cold regions, genius, as

well as nature, wears a bright auroral crown.

NOTE.—For many facts and suggestions concerning the ancient Northmen, I am indebted to Samuel Laing, in his philosophical and very interesting preface to a translation of the old sagas of Kings of Norway.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS .- GAME-LAW TACTICS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

No. III .- THE POACHER'S PROGRESS.

WITHIN twenty miles of London, in a delightful neighbourhood, lies the beautiful village of Snobham. In this village live many wealthy people. The neighbourhood abounds with parks, woods, and moorlands; and in the village, but still more on the skirts of the commons, abound also the habitations of a great number of poor people. Between the rich and the poor of this neighbourhood, however, as is too much the case all round the metropolis, there is very little intercourse. No two classes any where know so little of each other. The rich are either such as have made money in London. or in India, or other colonies, and have settled down there, as at once affording, a charming country and an easy distance from town; or they are people who have houses and castles in distant parts of the kingdom, and occupy only these subordinate seats during the London season—that is, the duration of the parliamentary session.

From these causes, they seem to have no close links of connexion with the poor there. They do not look on them as the legitimate objects of their patronage. They have, afar off, their old, hereditary estates, and what they call their natural ties. Here they are mere sojourners, seeking intervals of rest and fresh air snatched out of the vortex of London life. The same is the case very much with the other classes who live in such places. Their lives and associations have grown elsewhere, and they know nothing, and want to know nothing, of the common people about them, except as labourers, and the like. Hence, their splendid equipages roll along the highways and rural lanes, and the peasantry touch their hats as they go by, and that is all they know of each other. Hence the dense ignorance of this belt of country, which surrounds the great metropolis, and which has so often astonished those who made the discovery of it. In many of these villages, there were never, if there be yet, schools since the Norman conquest. The thick darkness that lies over Norman conquest. The thick darkness that lies over the minds of the peasantry, farmers even, and often of the squirearchy, is amazing. While, too, the splendour of existence and intercourse of luxurious living amongst the aristocracy is extraordinary, the poverty of the common people is equally extraordinary; the very exist-ence of which is often totally unknown to the wealthy, because this population attracts none of their attention, which is fixed on each other, and on the fascinations of London.

Till you get beyond this distance, London prices for all articles of life prevail; nay, the prices of many things is even higher. Bread, meat, coals, house-rent, all are as high as in London, or higher. The aristocracy do not even take care to provide cottages for their labourers in many places, but their erection is left to builders and speculators, who lay on cent. per cent. for their outlay on tenements which are frequently only of wood, and are at once cold in winter, and especially liable to fire all the year round. The wages of the labourers, however, do not bear any proportion to these high charges. They seldom exceed twelve shillings a-week, and for many months every winter they are unemployed.

In the village and on the commons about Snobham, the rent of a labourer's cottage is seldom less than 91. a-year, and for this it is small, and has but a small garden. Imagine, then, in addition to this, meat at 9d. and 1s. per pound, coals at 2s. per hundred-weight often, and bread 10d. the quartern loaf; and what the life of a Snobham labourer must be may be readily conceived.

On the edge of one of these said commons, where a cluster of wooden houses had been erected by a speculative carpenter, lived, amongst others, Tim Skipton. Tim was a young fellow naturally full of life and spirit, and, for a Surrey chop-stick, intelligent. It is true he could neither read nor write, but he had a fund of native sense, which, under favourable circumstances, would have made a superior and successful man. He was strong, active, and handsome. In all the sports on the common, such as skittles, quoits, or leaping, Tim was ever one of the most distinguished. In the work-field he was equally adroit and efficient. None could swing a scythe, wield a sickle or a spade, load a hay or a cornwaggon better, or fell a tree in less time. Tim, therelived one of the most easy and cheerful lives of the place and class. He was greatly admired by the girls of the neighbourhood, and his society courted by the young men. He was naturally merry, generous, and light-hearted. If things had gone pretty smoothly with Tim, Tim would have gone as smoothly. But his very attractions proved a mischief to him. His father and mother had no other children; therefore, with the united wages of father and son, they lived very fairly. But Tim was often induced to join the company at the public house, where there was a famous skittle-ground, and the gaiety of the company there began to have a great charm for him. In fact, what other resources had he and his fellows? They were totally uneducated, and so were the women at home; therefore, at home the men very seldom stayed, except to dig the garden occasionally, or feed the pig, if they had one; but in an evening, after the return from the field, you may see in all these villages the men generally at the public houses, and the women solitary at home, or gossipping, if the weather be fine, at each other's doors.

Tim, too, got married pretty early, and within six years he found himself the father of no less than five children. For a time he and his wife had lived with his father and mother; but the old people were becoming infirm, and so they turned out, and took a very small house in the wood just by, which was let rent free, on condition that the tenant saw that the gates leading in and out of the wood were kept properly shut, and damage from cattle on the common prevented. Tim had now seven of family to maintain out of his twelve shillings a-week, and a rent of 9l. a-year to pay out of it too. It began to be tight work. There was little surplus to spend at the village ale-house and skittle-ground; and Tim was soon obliged to run on a score there, while his wife at home was more and more complaining of the difficulty of getting bread enough and fuel enough for the family. Neither Tim's temper nor that of his wife grew any the better for this state of things. The honeymoon of youth and early marriage was gone for ever, and what was to supply its place? The wife, with her five children about her, began to take in washing; and when Tim came home, instead of the quiet, dry hearth there used to be, it was now damp with steam, and wet clothes lay about or hung about and there were crying children that could not be half attended to by the occupied mother, who was again about to add to their number. Tim would fain fly off from this scene to the Holly Bush, the ale-house; but there was a score on its wall, and nothing in his pocket to wipe it out with. But Tim was not worse off than the majority of his neighbours. Penury was the conthe majority of his neighbours. Fenury was the condition of them all. And now came winter. It came early and fierce, and stayed long. Intense frosts and deep snows began it, continued through it, and ended it, or allowed it to end only in March. Through all this time, the whole body of labourers, with the exception of some half dozen, were totally unemployed. There was nothing doing by the farmers but thrashing

—and that was done rapidly by machine—and foddering the cattle in the yards. The men sate at home or lounged about, as disconsolate as fowls on a rainy day.

But on what were they to live? Their summer's wages only sufficient, and that barely, for their summer livelihood—for this long, dreary time there was absolutely nothing. The men went out, when the weather would permit, and pulled down rotten branches from the fir woods on the commons with long hooks, for fuel, or stubbed up the stumps of the trees which had been felled. But for the far greater part of the time, the ground was buried in snow, or was as hard as iron with frost. But coal they could not buy at all, and without wood they must perish of cold in their wooden houses.

In these circumstances, what were the people to do? Their fathers would at once have gone to the parish for relief till the weather broke up again; but now, there was the New Poor Law stared them in the face, and the great Union at some half dozen miles distance. If they went there to ask for temporary relief, they knew, for they had tried it, what would be the answer; it would be, "If you want relief, you must come in." And if they went in, what then? Why then their little furniture would all be sold up, and they should be ruined for ever. When spring came, how were they to re-purchase sufficient furniture for even their simple wants? That which they had, had been bought out of the careful savings of unencumbered youth; now they could with a stern struggle only find food for the day. It was in vain to reason with parish officer or guardian. Guardian of the poor!—gross misnomer! The poor-law was in the heyday of its political economy wisdom, and had but two words—"Come in!"

But so well did the poor know that that "Come in" was a "take in" of the most fatal kind—a "taken in and done for" affair-that they were prepared to endure any thing before they would resort to it. They were not prepared to sell their whole stock and chance in life for a temporary accommodation, and to become pauperized for ever for a winter's assistance. They, therefore, stuck to famine and their wretched houses, and cursed the hard-heartedness of a Christian country. It is not to be supposed that, as they saw on winter evenings the carriages of the rich roll by them with blazing lamps, and servants well wrapped up in many-caped coats, and knew that light, and warmth, and luxury, were abounding in their houses, that this tended at all to promote ideas of justice and gentleness in their minds, or to imbue them with the charity inculcated by the Christian religion. "If they don't care for us, why should we care for them?" was the language that began to be very frequent amongst the poor of Snobham; and the eyes of the young men began to be turned towards the woods and parks that lay all around, and the idea of hares running there in thousands, that might produce miracles of peace amongst their crying children, became very predeminant

There were, in fact, strong bands of poachers a-foot, and Tim was not long in joining them. He was young, active, full of spirit in whatever he undertook, and he was now strongly embittered against what he termed the heartless gentry. Tim was soon, therefore, at the head of half a score who used to frequent the Holly Bush. They pursued the game in the night, and having nothing to do in the day, could thus take plenty of rest. By this means the cottages on the common were chiefly supplied with food; not, in fact, with a constant diet of hares and pheasants, but with the cash which it brought from the London market. Why don't gentlemen who have game-preserves take the same precaution against hungry peasants as they do against weasels and hawks, and, as they cannot shoot them, see that they are employed and fed?

But the consumption of game to this extent did not long escape the observation of the keepers. Severe as the weather was, they began to watch, and were not long in meeting with the poachers, but perceived that they were too strong to engage with them of themselves. Speedily they were strengthened by forces calculated to cope with the forces of the poachers. They met in the woods, and fought. There were two of the keepers' party shot on the spot, and others wounded. The rest made their escape; and whether any of the poachers were wounded, it could not be ascertained; but none were killed, for none of the peasantry of the country round were missing. The proprietors of the different estates were now, on the alert. The woods were more assiduously watched: the number of watchers was from week to week augmented; but this did not diminish the consumption of the game. Hunger, deadly and increasing hunger, was in every peasant's cottage, and there was no relief except the ruinous relief of the Union, which was like buying ease in an agonizing disease, with a death-draught of laudanum.

The poschers, therefore, only extended their maranding expeditions to more distant scenes for a while, till the nearer keepers were put off their guard, when sudden inroads were made into their territories again, and whole cart-loads of hares swept off in a night. Again the deadly encounters took place, and the whole kingdom was horrified by the relations of these in the newspapers. They were read, and exclaimed over as horrible, and laid down again; and perhaps some Joseph Hume, or John Bright, in Parliament, asked the Home Secretary if he noticed these things, and what remedy he proposed, to which he gave a very misty answer; and there it ended. The war of the woods went on; terrible deeds were done, and the spirits of rich and poor were embittered against each other, as if they were natural enemies, instead of the children of one Divine Parent, and the followers of the same Christ.

This warfare had progressed so successfully before the winter I speak of was over, that the expenses of the landed proprietors for night-watchers and defence of their game amounted to a sum that would have maintained all the poor in the greatest comfort in their respective parishes; and these poor, in the mean time, had come to regard these proprietors as tyrants, with hearts of stone. The woods were now so well and strongly watched, that nothing but the most bloody conflicts could enable the poschers to carry on their practices; but carried on they must be, or their families must perish. The cry on their hearths was still, "Give us bread, and give us fuel, or we shall be frozen to death." The cry of the Union, and the guardians of the poor, was still, "Come in, and we will sell you up." At this crisis the minds of the poachers of Snobham became more dark and fierce than ever. As they returned at midnight from unsuccessful reconnoitring of the woods, where they perceived their foes in great force, and the sheep would start up from some sheltered hollow, and scour away in alarm, a fellow at Tim's elbow whispered,

"And where's the difference between these fourlegged animals and those that we have gone after to-

night?"

"Difference?" said Tim, to whom such an idea had
never occurred.

"Why, man, these are property: nay, the deuce, Jem, I'm no sheep stealer, nor mean to be, come what will."

"But why not, Tim?" retorted the man. "Live we must, and if not on hare, why then on mutton, I say. Which are better, men or sheep? Is it fitting that our children die of hunger, and these fellows, who refuse us woods, and sheep on the fields, and we must neither touch a tuft of fur nor a lock of wool? No—the devil—say I."

Tim Skipton revolted at the idea of being a sheepstealer, though he actually gloried in being a poacher, and thought it quite heroic, and a prosecution of true justice; but as they went homewards, he found the Justice; but as they went nonewastes, he found who arguments of his companions gradually taking the other side. Three days after, the whole parish was startled with the news that three sheep had been slaughtered in a croft close to the village, and the bodies carried off, though the skins were left behind. They turned out to be the butcher's, and he being a very active and zealous man of business, was soon seen attended by constables, and armed with a search-warrant, paying a domiciliary visit to the huts on the common. They had passed through two or three of them, when a sudden idea seemed to strike the butcher, who was a jolly, well-fed, and well-disposed man. When they were in the next cottage, he went straight into the pantry, and looking at the bare shelves, he asked the wife, "Where are your provisions? Where is your bread? Where are your potatoes?"

"You see all on those shelves that we have, sir, replied the poor woman, whose thin and ghastly features bore testimony to the dreadful truth of her words.

"What!" said the butcher, "you don't say so! Have you nothing at all to eat in the house?"

"No, sir, nor have had these two days. God knows we have had not a mouthful of bread this morning, nor know where it is to come from.'

"And have you no fire this terrible weather?"

"Oh no! how should we, how can we, have fire, when coals are half-a-crown a-hundred, and the snow is three feet deep in the woods?"

"But why don't you go to the parish, then ! you

must not be lost.

"But we shall be lost if we go there. They will sell up all our bits of things, and then what is to become of us at spring? No, sir, we may as well die this winter as another; and the sooner the better, for there seems to be no bowels of compassion left in this country; and we are looked on as an encumbrance."

"But it is rank madness, woman," replied the butcher, "to talk in that way. You ought to get food

any how for yourself and children."
"Well, sir," said the poor woman meekly, "I suppose those who killed your sheep thought so; but we can neither get ours that way nor by going into the Union, to be turned out at spring, without house, home, or a stool to sit on.

The butcher seemed struck with serious thought; he went on with his search from house to house, but the scenes which met him made him only the more astonished. There was not a house with a loaf or a fire. There were women wasted to skeletons, and meagre men, sitting sunk, as it were, in the paralyzing stupor of despair. There were children like little old men and women, famished, past being clamorous, and wearing the patient aspect of approaching inanition. There was fever doing its burning work, on couch and in bed,

and its fire was the only fire to be found.

The good man, horrified by what he saw, hastily took his leave, abandoning his search, and hurrying home, took a piece of paper, wrote down "Subscription List FOR THE STARVING POOR," and headed it with 51. With this he set forth, and proceeded to the nearest house of the wealthy. Here his story excited the utmost wonder and compassion; for, take the human heart out of its conventionalities, and it is a human heart still. The butcher's appeal was instantly and every where re-sponded to; and while the subscription was going on, a piece of meat, a loaf, and a quantity of potatocs, were going to every cottage, and a load of coals progressed from house to house, leaving at each a sack to cook the meat and potatoes with. The whole village and neighbourhood seemed roused, as it were, out of a dream, and food, fire, and warm articles of clothing were mustered up in great quantities, and distributed; and different gentlemen commenced the daily manufacture of

soup for the poor.

The misery was alleviated. Those in fever were attended gratuitously by the surgeon, and every body breathed all the more freely from having given to the heart this refreshment of humanity. Time went on. and the stolen sheep and the dismal discovery of the destitution which the theft led to were less and less thought of. Every body spoke with delight of the benevolence of the well-to-do people of Snobham. All was supposed to be cured and set right. But was it so? Far from it. The winter continued, and drove its reign into the very heart of spring. The Union and the guardians of the poor had never altered their system; the farmers had not yet set to work any more labourers; the coals were burnt, the subscription exhausted, and the cottages, with the exception of the daily dole of soup from the great houses, were as destitute as ever. The wealthy, living in the remembrance of their benevolence, forgot that one act does not dissipate fixed causes, any more than one pill will cure a chronic disease. They thought all was right now, because they had set all right two months before, and because in their own houses there was no pressure of

distress to remind them of such a thing any where else.

The parish of Snobham was, therefore, once more, unexpectedly electrified by the news of a desperate encounter in the neighbouring woods between the keepers and poachers, in which three keepers were killed, and five of the poachers captured. And these five poschers turned out to be five of the very cottagers of Snobham, who had been so generously relieved by this very winter's subscription! On this, nothing could exceed the indignant amazement of the public. "What! the very men so generously assisted by their neighbours! Who had had coals, bread, potatoes, meat and soup! What! the very people so kindly attended by the doctor, and clothed by the ladies! What! all that linen, those stockings, and those blankets! Ungrateful wretches! hopeless, incurable generation! The poor of Snobham were given up as a most worthless race, destitute of every grateful sentiment, and too proud to

go into a Union, but not to steal.

From that hour the stream of charity at Snobham was frozen for ever. No one thought of recommending the parish authorities to adopt the plan of a little weekly relief at this season, till the weather broke up ;none but a half-pay officer, who had lately come thither, and he recommended it in vain. He made an effort once—he wrote to the commissioners at Somerset house, to relax the rigour of the law, and grant permission to the relieving officers to give out-door relief. It was the worst period of the reign of those Somerset-house monarchs; when the wisdom of political economy was strong in them—and the reply was short—the request could not be complied with—it would be a dangerous

exception.

So misery and poaching went on. The five men who were concerned in the affray in the woods, were transported for life; and Tim Skipton, who was of the party, but escaped detection, now deprived of his old companions, fell by necessity into the association of others.

These were a worse and more desperate set. They were great frequenters of the Holly Bush, where they caroused till late of a night, and then issued forth in a state of brutal phrenzy, capable of the most sanguinary deeds. The spirit of revenge was strong in them on account of their comrades, as they called them, who were transported. These men included in their number the sheep-killers of the former part of the winter. They were guilty of still more—of various burglaries in different parts of the neighbourhood; and Tim Skipton, now driven by progressive circumstances into their constant company, was in for whatever they might

undertake. The once active, handsome, light-hearted youth, had now a dark and downward look. His whiskers and hair were thick and wild; his dress resembled that of a shabby keeper-his features were stamped with the indefinable character of the scamp. At home, a swarm of dirty children and a wife grown wiry in her temper, and acid in her words, from constant suffering and contention with hunger and hungry children, and the refusal of all her former rich customers to give her any more washing, made him as surly and glum as the darkest night on which he pursued his now established practices. There were blows and curses between the married pair, and kicks and cuffs to the screaming children, that were enough to make the place loathsome to the very vilest creature in the human

After one of these scenes, Tim Skipton sallied forth one night, and in less than half an hour after was down in the depths of a wood that skirted the most sullen portion of the sullen Mole. A ridge of a sort of clayey sand rose high on one side above this hollow wood, and the dark, sluggish river ran at its feet. In the hollow descent of this crumbly sort of cliff, ancient and ivycovered trees apread a double gloom. But it was a place where the gang usually met, as at once near and obscure, and here they had agreed to meet to-night. Tim Skipton, excited by the quarrel at home, and by the spirits he had taken in passing the Holly Bush, strode on through the Egyptian darkness of this wood without the care usual on such occasions. The dead sticks beneath his feet cracked as he passed, without his noticing them. He pushed through bush and briar, and felt neither rend nor scratch. He had now reached the brink of the river, and advanced towards a huge hollow tree, where they usually made their rendezvous. A low whistle which he gave when a few yards off, was answered in the same manner, and coming forward to the entrance of the tree whose interior cavity was capacious enough to hold half a dozen men, he was suddenly seized by the collar by no feeble hands.

" Hollo! there Joe, hollo Jem! hands-off, no joking

there; I am not in the humour!

"Nor we neither," replied two voices at once, which he recognized as not those of his comrades, but of the keepers. In an instant down went his gun, and he grappled with his antagonists. There were two of them, who had simultaneously seized on him, he being well seen by them who had been watching there some time, while he coming suddenly into the pitchy darkness. could see nothing. But with an abrupt whirl he flung off one of the assailants, and grasped the body of the other with the strain of a boa-constrictor to raise him from the ground. But his opponent was not so lightly overthrown, and the struggle became at once violent and desperate. The two heaved and writhed to and fro, amid oaths and curses from the other keepers behind. The bushes were trodden down, the dead boughs crushed around them, and in the next moment, down went the combatants together-it was into the river! There was a desperate splash, and all was silent.

Several dark forms advanced, and gazed intently from the gloomy bank, on the gloomy and scarcely visible stream-but there was no further sound or motion.

"They are drowned, by G-d!" said a deep voice; and then there was another pause, and then a mingled clamour of tongues full of wonder and terror, and the party rushed hastily away up the wood.

The next day a strange rumour began to run about Snobham and its commons,—that a keeper and a poacher were drowned in Sandy-side wood; and the wife of Tim Skipton was seen flying across the common in that direction, followed by a troop of shricking children. The current of the population speedily set in in that direction, and before an hour was over, the bodies of Tim Skipton and a well-known keeper, famous for his

muscular strength, and dare-devil courage were brought up by the drags, clasped as firmly in each other's arms, and with the same air of defiance, with which they had no doubt plunged unexpectedly together into the sullen Mole

Here was the end of the Poacher's Progress. man who, with moderate wages and a humane spirit of necessary relief in the depth of winter might have lived a respectable and comparatively happy man, had lived and died thus; and six families, including those of the men transported, were thrown permanently on the parish for full support, when a partial assistance bes-towed in the season of absolute need would have left these men still able and willing to labour for them whenever labour was to be had.

It was one of the worst days that ever dawned on England when the Poor Law was made backer to the Game Laws; and that institution which was intended to alleviate the labourers' distress was converted into an engine to aggravate it; and to drive the unemployed from wretchedness to desperation, from beggary to blood. Till these things are altered, let no man condemn the crimes committed in such circumstances as I have related, without condemning still more their causes. Let not our nerves start and quiver at the shrick of the tortured criminal, without inducing us to relax the screw that crushes him.

STARLIGHT IN THE ODENWALD.

RY J. BAYARD TAYLOR

Upon the mountain's rugged crest There lingers still a glow, But twilight's gathering gloom has drest
The valleys far below.
No wild wind sways the forest pine, No breeze bends down the flower, And dimly seem the stars to shine Upon the vesper hour! Here, in the fading sunset light, I breathe the upper air, And hear the low, sad voice of Night Inviting Earth to prayer. Still deeper, through the calm profound, The solemn shadows fall,
And rest upon the hills around Like Nature's funeral pall ! Now comes, to break the breathless spell, In blended evening-hymn, The chime of many a distant bell From valleys deep and dim; And as they fall, the warder-star, That guards the twilight pale, Looks o'er the eastern hills afar, And dons his silver mail. The shadows deepen as I stand, The rosy glow is gone, And westward, toward my native land, The sunset marches on ! Ye stars, to whose familiar glance My thoughts are lifted free, Shine, glimmering o'er the wide expanse, And bear them home for me! Night comes with silence, wrapt in prayer, But to my spirit-ear Kind household voices fill the air,

Fond eyes are beaming near; The love, whose pinions never rest, Soars, tireless, o'er the sea,

And by the thrill within my breast,

I know they speak of me!

The spirit of the starlight hour Makes dim the eye with tears, And yielding to its spell of power,

I muse on vanished years; Till, through the gloom, no more is heard The solemn vesper chime,
And mourn the dark pines, faintly stirred,
The hurrying march of Time; Odenwald, October, 1844.

CONFERENCES

BY EDWARD VOIL

Scene.-London. Time. - A.D. 1847.

Woman

I FOUND a scrap of food in the street-I think it was some sort of meat-It was dirty with the tread of feet.

Man

I saw a dog gnawing a bone— I drove the beast away with a stone— I seized his dinner, and made it my own.

I ate not a morsel yesterday-I have eaten nothing to-day—
I prowl like a famished wolf for prey.

Boy.

I saw a child munching some bread— I had been two days unfed-I snatched the food, and away I fled.

Woman.

The Thames is rapid—the Thames is deep; I stand on the bridges, and fall asleep, Thinking the Thames is rapid and deep.

Girl

I once had hope, but hope is flown; These steps to the river's brink lead down; I do not think it gives pain to drown.

Boy. In prison you get bread to eat; On some days rise; on others, meat; And you lie on a bed, and rest is sweet.

I have strength to work and would Work for bread, as all men should;—Ah, good God! I wish I could!

Woman.

Tell me, why should bread be dear? We shall get no bread I fear.

Policeman.

Come, move on, you can't stop here.

Literary Notice.

The Cardinal's Daughter. A Novel in three vols. By the late Robert Mackenzie Daniel. Newby.

The Cardinal's Daughter! What an indecorous title! We may expect soon to see "The Pope's Son!" And if it were not heresy and high-treason, we should pray, that when Pope Pius the IXth is translated to heaven, he may leave his mantle to a scn worthy to succeed him. This, en passant.

Notwithstanding its title, "The Cardinal's Daughter" is a very proper book, and quite free from the unwholesome excitement of the works of our Gallic neighbours. The author has chosen a very striking period for his fictitious narrative, which is interwoven with Henry VIIIth's divorce and marriage, Anna Boleyn's death, and the Reformation. The nominal heroine is the daughter of Wolsey, the Cardinal par excellence of English story. Her lover, Ralph Brandon, is one of the principal movers of the Reformed religion; but his elopement with a nun makes the disinterestedness of the sentiments he utters very questionable. The author describes him as "a man whose acquirements were beyond his years, and his views beyond the period in which he lived. His hatred of oppressions - his ardent love of freedom-his generous hope of liberty of conscience, and desire, amounting almost to passion, to see his countrymen freed from the admitted power of despotism in the crown, proceeded from a clear know-ledge of the hideous evils which existed from ideas fed by the unquenchable hope of a vigorous mind, from vast and brilliant views of human rights, and the active benevolence of thought, the noblest element of greatness of soul." In a colloquy with Wolsey, he thus boldly expresses himself: "The popedom of a king will be as odious as that of a priest, its despotism no less. Liberty of conscience I deem to be my birth-right, and I will fight for it by the side of any who will suffer in such a cause. Not that alone. We crave the liberty which our fathers enjoyed—freedom from capricious wrong justice, and published law. We claim for the poor man protection from the rich; for the rich, the right to enjoy his possessions, although a courtier covet them.'

Henrietta de Mayenne (the Cardinal's daughter) is disgusted with the monotony of conventual life, but in her anticipated freedom she dwells more on the evils she avoids than the temptations to which she will be exposed on her entrance into society; and much more on the pleasures she is to obtain than the good she is to perform. The most interesting character in the book, and the real heroine is Pauline, the companion of smugglers. She is of that homogeneous class to which belong Goethe's Mignon, Byron's Kaled, Scott's Fenella, and Victor Hugo's Esmeralda; yet with sufficient indi-viduality to acquit the author of direct plagiarism. Her devotion to Ralph Brandon, his escapes, and her unrequited love, form the principal romance of the book, and carry with them our earnest sympathy. Walter Scott has made the public fastidious, as regards historical novels, but we venture to recommend "The Cardinal's Daughter" as a well illustrated piece of history. The scenic effect is in excellent keeping, though merging occasionally into melo-dramatic action, when the rivals clash their swords, exit fighting, and then come on the stage again fighting, and finish off fatally. The author has opened the inmost recesses of Wolsey's heart,—the character is drawn flatteringly. We were not prepared to hear that he was not "sordid, and that avarice formed no part of his character." He certainly had a heart of gentle mould, that could be warmed by love and chilled by remorse. His adherence to his faith, and his effort to maintain papal power, were as much influenced by personal gratification as Henry's rejection of it. It shocks one's preconceived reverence for the early partizans of reform, to read of the "rabble rout" by which they were joined, and the fanatical zeal which was roused to extinguish bigotry and superstition. Many of them were, as the author says, "Men who had attained one great truth, the very light of which seemed to have rendered them incapable of seeing any other. Fierce in their gloomy tenets, and enthusiastic in needless things. "Put not your trust in princes," is the good old moral that adorns the tale; and, "Expect not success from any effort which is not made with pure motives, and singleness of heart."

The Child's Corner.

THE RED SHOES.

BY HAMS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated by Anna Mary Howitt,

THERE was once a little girl who was very pretty and delicate, but in summer she was forced to run about with bare feet, she was so poor, and in winter wear large wooden shoes, which made her little insteps quite red, and that looked so dangerous!

In the middle of the village lived old Mother Shoemsker; she sate and sewed together, as well as she could, a little pair of shoes out of old red strips of cloth; they were very clumsy, but it was a kind thought. They were meant for the little girl. The little girl was called Karen.

On the very day her mother was buried, Karen received the red shoes, and wore them for the first time. They were certainly not intended for mourning, but she had no others, and with stockingless feet she followed the poor straw coffin in them.

Suddenly a large old carriage drove up, and a large old lady sate in it: she looked at the little girl, felt compassion for her, and then said to the clergyman, "Here, give me the little girl, I will adopt her!"

And Karen believed all this happened on account of the red shoes, but the old lady thought they were horrible, and they were burnt. But Karen herself was cleanly and nicely dressed; she must learn to read, and sew; and people said she was a nice little thing, but the looking-glass said: "Thou art more than nice, thou art beautiful!"

Now the queen once travelled through the land, and she had her little daughter with her. And this little daughter was a princess, and people streamed to the castle, and Karen was there also, and the little princess stood in her fine white dress, in a window, and let herself be stared at; she had neither a train nor a golden crown, but splendid red morocco shoes. They were certainly far handsomer than those Mother Shoemaker had made for little Karen. Nothing in the world can be compared with red shoes.

Now Karen was old enough to be confirmed; she had new clothes, and was to have new shoes also. The rich shoemaker in the city took the measure of her little foot. This took place at his house: in his room where stood large glass-cases, filled with elegant shoes and brilliant boots. All this looked charming, but the old lady could not see well, and so had no pleasure in them. In the midst of the shoes stood a pair of red ones, just like those the princess had worn. How beautiful they were! The shoemaker said also they had been made for the child of a count, but had not fitted.

"That must be patent leather!" said the old lady, "they shine so!"

"Yes, they shine!" said Karen, and they fitted, and were bought, but the old lady knew nothing about their being red, else she would never have allowed Karen to have gone in red shoes to be confirmed. Yet such was

Everybody looked at her feet; and when she stepped through the chancel-door on the church pavement, it seemed to her as if the old figures on the tombs, thore portraits of old preachers and preachers' wives, with stiff ruffs, and long black dresses, fixed their eyes on her red shoes. And she thought only of them as the clergyman laid his hand upon her head, and spoke of the holy baptism, of the covenant with God, and how she should be now a matured Christian; and the organ pealed so solemnly; the sweet children's voices sang, and the old

music-directors sang, but Karen only thought of her red shocs

In the afternoon, the old lady heard from every one that the shoes had been red, and she said that it was very wrong of Karen, that it was not at all becoming, and that in future Karen should only go in black shoes to church, even when she should be older.

The next Sunday there was the sacrament, and Karen looked at the black shoes, looked at the red ones

looked at them again, and put on the red shoes.

The sun shone gloriously; Karen and the old lady walked along the path through the corn; it was rather

dusty there.

At the church-door stood an old soldier with a crutch. and with a wonderfully long beard, which was more red than white, and he bowed to the ground, and asked the old lady whether he might dust her shoes. And Karen stretched out her little foot.

"See! what beautiful dancing-shoes!" said the soldier, "sit firm when you dance;" and he put his

hand out towards the soles.

And the old lady gave the old soldier an alms, and

went into the church with Karen.

And all the people in the church looked at Karen's red shoes, and all the pictures, and as Karen knelt before the altar, and raised the cup to her lips, she only thought of the red shoes, and they seemed to swim in it; and she forgot to sing her psalm, and she forgot to pray, "Our Father in Heaven!"

Now all the people went out of church, and the old lady got into her carriage. Karen raised her foot to get in after her, when the old soldier said,

"Look, what beautiful dancing shoes!"

And Karen could not help dancing a step or two, and when she began, her legs continued to dance; it was just as though the shocs had power over them. She danced round the church corner, she could not leave off; the coachman was obliged to run after, and catch hold of her, and he lifted her in the carriage, but her feet con-tinued to dance so that she trod on the old lady dreadfully. At length she took the shoes off, and then her legs had peace.

The shoes were placed in a closet at home, but Karen

could not avoid looking at them.

Now the old lady was sick, and it was said she could not recover? She must be nursed and waited upon, and there was no one whose duty it was so much as Karen's. But there was a great ball in the city, to which Karen was invited. She looked at the old lady, who could not recover, she looked at the red shoes, and she thought there could be no sin in it;—she put on the red shoes, she might do that also, she thought. But then she went to the ball and began to dance.

When she wanted to dance to the right, the shoes would dance to the left, and when she wanted to dance up the room, the shoes danced back again, down the steps, into the street, and out of the city gate. She danced, and was forced to dance straight out into the

gloomy wood.

Then it was suddenly light up among the trees, and she fancied it must be the moon, for there was a face; but it was the old soldier with the red beard; he sate there, nodded his head, and said, "Look, what beautiful

dancing shoes!"

Then she was terrified, and wanted to fling off the red shoes, but they clung fast; and she pulled down her stockings, but the shoes seemed to have grown to her feet. And she danced, and must dance, over fields and meadows, in rain and sunshine, by night and day; but at night it was the most fearful.

She danced over the churchyard, but the dead did not dance,-they had something better to do than to dance. She wished to seat herself on a poor man's grave, where the bitter tansy grew; but for her there was neither peace nor rest; and when she danced towards the open church door, she saw an angel standing there. He wore long, white garments; he had wings which reached from his shoulders to the earth; his countenance was severe and grave; and in his hand

"Dance shalt thou!" said he,—"dance in thy red shoes till thou art pale and cold! till thy skin shrivels up, and thou art a skeleton! Dance shalt thou from door to door, and where proud, vain children dwell, thou shalt knock, that they may hear thee and tremble !

Dance shalt thou -

"Mercy!" cried Karen. But she did not hear the angel's reply, for the shoes carried her through the gate into the fields, across roads and bridges, and she must

keep ever dancing.

One morning she danced past a door which she well knew. Within sounded a psalm; a coffin, decked with flowers, was borne forth. Then she knew that the old lady was dead, and felt that she was abandoned by all,

and condemned by the angel of God.

She danced, and she was forced to dance through the gloomy night. The shoes carried her over stack and stone; she was torn till she bled; she danced over the heath till she came to a little house. Here, she knew, dwelt the executioner; and she tapped with her fingers at the window, and said, "Come out! come out! I cannot come in, for I am forced to dance!"

And the executioner said, "Thou dost not know who am, I fancy? I strike bad people's heads off; and

I hear that my axe rings!"

"Don't strike my head off!" said Karen, "then I can't repent of my sins! But strike off my feet in the red shoes!"

And then she confessed her entire sin, and the executioner struck off her feet with the red shoes, but the shoes danced away with the little feet across the field into the deep wood.

And he carved out little wooden feet for her, and crutches, taught her the psalm criminals always sing; and she kissed the hand which had wielded the axe,

and went over the heath.

"Now I have suffered enough for the red shoes!" said she; "now I will go into the church that people may see me!" And she hastened towards the church door: but when she neared it, the red shoes danced before her, and she was terrified, and turned round.

The whole week she was unhappy, and wept many

bitter tears; but when Sunday returned, she said, "Well, now I have suffered and struggled enough! I really believe I am as good as many a one who sits

in the church, and holds her head so high!

And away she went boldly; but she had not got farther than the churchyard gate before she saw the red shoes dancing before her; and she was frightened, and turned back, and repented of her ain from her

And she went to the parsonage, and begged that they would take her into service; she would be very industrious, she said, and would do everything she could; she did not care about the wages, only she wished to have a home, and be with good people. And the clergyman's wife was sorry for her, and took her into service; and she was industrious and thoughtful. She sate still and listened when the clergyman read the Bible in the evenings. All the children thought a deal of her; but when they spoke of dress, and grandeur, and beauty, she shook her head.

The following Sunday, when the family was going to church, they asked her whether she would not go with them; but she glanced sorrowfully, with tears in her eyes, at her crutches. The family went to hear the word of God; but she went alone into her little chamber; there was only room for a bed and chair to stand in it; and here she sate down with her prayerbook; and whilst she read with a pious mind, the wind bore the strains of the organ towards her, and she raised her tearful countenance, and said, "O God,

help me!"

And the sun shone so clearly! and straight before her stood the angel of God in white garments, the same she had seen that night at the church door; but he no longer carried the sharp sword, but in its stead a splendid green spray, full of roses. And he touched the ceiling with the spray, and the ceiling rose so high, and where he had touched it there gleamed a golden star. And he touched the walls, and they widened out, and she saw the organ which was playing; she saw the old pictures of the preachers and the preachers' wives. The congregation sat in cushioned seats, and sang out of their prayer-books. For the church itself had come to the poor girl in her narrow chamber, or else she had come into the church. She sate in the pew with the clergyman's family, and when they had ended the psaim and looked up, they nodded and said, "It is right that thou art come!"

"It was through mercy!" she said.

And the organ pealed, and the children's voices in the choir sounded so sweet and soft! The clear sunshine streamed so warmly through the window into the pew where Karen sate! Her heart was so full of sunshine, peace, and joy, that it broke. Her soul flew on the sunshine to God, and there no one asked after the

RED SHORE.

SIGHTS IN SOUTH GERMANY.

BY ABEL PAYNTER.

No. VIII .- The Turning Point.

Bad Gastein, Sept. 1844. You are associated with all my watering-place reminiscences—among the many thousands besides, dear , which we have in common. Have we not now for some fifteen years, or more, talked over our merry yet quiet month in Shropshire, as one of the pleasantest holidays which youth and high spirits ever made for their keepers? the memorable stage-coach journey in assize time, when I was taken for an Umbrella-maker by a sickly fellow traveller, who quoted texts to make meserious -the rambles up the Wrekin and to Hawkstone, and to Hodnet, made holy by the memory of Heber-and the strange gloomy old house, with its laurel-hedged garden, we visited at sunset—and the beautiful portrait of the unknown Lady we found in the cottage where we sheltered from a shower? - and the little obliging musician, who played on her church organ, little voluntaries, neat and chirping, and round as herself?—And was it not for you that I braved the intolerable ennui of Cheltenham? till a temper, not as yet utterly captious, broke down under the dullness of the Promenade Concerts, and the fashion of the Montpelier Gardens—and the sight ofhaggard London faces, in haggard London finery? Well, then, to whom but you should I write from my present hiding-place (if the steady roar of the waterfall will let

me)—the deserted Brünnen of Bad Gastein!

We have been wandering for the last ten days in a manner thoroughly to my liking:—but there are such duties as letters to be written, sketches to be finished, shoes to be mended, and (saving your presence) linen to be washed: so this was appointed for a halting-place—and, alas! a turning point. How, after such perfect vagabondizing, we are to brave Munich and Paris is a mystery—how, after all this laying down one's burdens with one's heavy baggage, one is to take them up again, without grumbling, is a riddle almost harder to solve. I should like you, with your somewhat over-

refined feelings as to travelling accommodation, to have seen some of our halting-places.—Gratitude forbid that I should say a word against these Styrian inns—I have eaten too heartily, and slept too well in them—but some of them are a little primitive! The one at Gosau, for instance: our first stage from Hallstadt. Fancy a farmhouse set among one or two orchard trees, in rich meadows guiltless of the slightest fence, at the opening of a long, green valley—basined in by superb hills—and with the Dachstein mountains in the distance, streaked with snow—the severest, most jagged cliffs I have seen. In the public room sat two or three Tyrolese peasants drinking from pewter-capped beer glasses—and you see the French lithographs (which travel every where) on the wall through an atmosphere of old smoke. A little open shed betwixt an apple and a walnut tree—hard by another penthouse, where the villagers come to play kügel (skittles) offered, with its table and bench, a pleasant resource. One of us had his colours out in an instant, another his maps, another his pen and ink.—Meanwhile, my Panza was sent into the house to negociate for dinner. One small trout was all that remained to the Landlord's store; and as his little child, an infant in full Tyrolese suit, ran away with this in a net over his shoulder—the picture was pretty enough to be worth many a dish of fish. But ravenous pedestrians can't live on pictures. Meanwhile, our occupations were a little interrupted by the sociability occupations were a nume internation of a tribe of hens who came hopping and pecking a tribe of heat with true mountain freedom. Illamongst our feet, with true mountain freedom. Ill-fated ones! We had hardly began to find their attentions a nuisance, when the Cook appeared, who laid about her with a long pole, and an utter disregard of our convenience, and having thus unceremoniously extricated three, executed them at once in as summary a fashion! We had "seen our dinner" with a vengeance! But it went down blithely—washed on its way by beer, bitter with more than one "strike" of gentian,—and watched by the huge gentle dog Danube on one side, and on the other the sitting landlord, a stalwart farmer—who took care of his guests, and entertained himself at the same time, as American hosts, we are told, do. Ever and anon came screams of merriment from the kitchen: for one was there abetting the production of our repast, to whom nothing comes amiss—and the damsels of the "Grünen Baum" of Gosau were excessively neat and pretty. And, by the way, as I am showing you the house—you shall have a peop into the culinary part thereof. At Gölling, Werfen, and at Lendt—we have seen precisely the same sort of thing.
You must fancy a low, vaulted room, something

You must fancy a low, vaulted room, something between a crypt and a prison—with the bravest of bravely thick walls—very small windows—and a ceiling crackling and black with the smoke of the wood fires which have been lighted since the house was built. This, just now, is starred with millions of flies. In the centre is a hearth, raised hardly as high as a table, on which the brush and billets are burnt—and worse sitting places might be found than its margin. You would have been charmed with a little child we caught in this attitude at the Boat House on the Grundel See—not yet dressed—with a coffee-mill between his little bare feet in which he was busily grinding the stock for the day. You would have laughed could you have seen us the other evening on our arrival at Golling, somewhere about eleven, in the midst of a drenching shower—taking the same post for the drying of our garments, while the Cooks prepared the supper. But when I talk of Cooks—don't run away with a fancy of such a gorgeously fat functionary as invited you to peep into the secrets of his kitchen at Abbeville—himself a most appetizing advertisement of his cuisine. Here, you shall have two or three women in a costume which is unspeakably quaint and droll:—the hair platted behind, pierced with a bodkin, and tied with a pair of streamers: the high crowned black straw hat

perched on the top of the head—and sometimes garnished with a gold tassel, which invariably nods over the brim behind—sometimes finished off with a flower worn behind ---'s clerks wear their pens. Then the bodice is made in the fashion in which you see Josephine's portraits:-no waist at all behind, and as short a one in front as possible — no Vienna fancy for — how shall I say it?—completing the shape. Over the gown is tied a gay pink apron—and you have your Cook or Chambermaid full-dressed; save that the former may wear a tasting-spoon, where some used to wear a breastknot (or a little to the left), while the latter has a placket and a bunch of keys dangling at her side; and both are finished with that bracelet-like necklace of silver chains which I find very becoming. At Gosau, we had the black handkerchief toque in place of the hat aforesaid; but, by way of recompense, the damsels sung in the true Rainer fashion, most merrily. I had never before a meal so tunefully cooked.

The sleeping accommodation at Gosau, though humble enough, was clean. In the corridor, which runs through the house, are large leathern cushions for a humbler class of travellers. We had resolved to ride thence to Abtenau—being something weary with a twenty miles' walk to the valley and the lakes. The means of conveyance were two chars-d-banc - here called einspanners: flat oblong wicker-baskets, with a sort of gig which holds two passengers in each; your Jehu sitting on the apron. But, Heaven save us!—what a road it was we had to travel! I have known some ups and downs in my time-and tried most kinds of conveyances—but the dance of that drive I shall never forget. We jolted, we slipped, we slid down slides rudely planked—we crawled up paths very nearly as steep as the roof of a tithe barn—we rattled down descents yet steeper, with three wheels locked, and Jehu standing on the about standing on the wheel—we rolled from side to side (all but over). I could not but think of Dickens' description of his drive in America,—and his simile of "mounting St. Paul's in an omnibus." Here, had the whole machine taken a leap over one of the snake fences of wood which divide the fields-or one of the slight railings beneath which the Lammer seethes and boils its way along to the Salza, I should not have wondered!—and we were only too glad to walk from Abtenau to Gölling, in place of doing the last nine miles by so exciting a conveyance. I have told you enough as to the manner of our arrival, and our warm reception, in that picturesque little post-town. If I could only send you the scenery which surrounds it!—the Schwarzbach waterfall, and the pass of Lueg—where the stream comes down betwixt a wall of rocks so close that the road is in many places carried on planks, and so lofty that the clouds seem hanging half way up—the peaks above!—or the citadel of Werfen, round whose conical hill again the stream sweeps with a yet grander violence. But I can tell you of Styrian kitchens, and Styrian costumes: whereas the mountains and valleys should be seen to be believed.

At Werfen is another good country inn. From thence we came hither, by St. Johann and Lendt, walking down the Klamme pass, by the side of the Ache—some thirteen miles to Hof-Gastein: and five more up some thirteen miles to not-trastein; and nive more up hill to this place. It was a clear dark twilight when we arrived.—By the light in the sky one or two large houses, and a long low range of buildings, like a covered passage, were seen, as the road turned,—and a twinkling candle or two, and between and among them, the stream comes tumbling down in sheets of foamwith some sixty yards of rapid cataract beneath. The place looked faëry-like and Italian, and I shall never wholly dissociate it (owing to this first impression) from Tivoli, which one knows by heart.

The season is happily over. They are remodelling walks, and a group of Italian masons, veritable studies for

Pinelli, are building a wall by the torrent, and finishing this huge barrack-like inn : a new building which does its best to spoil the situation. It is strange, with so much to suggest form and style on every side, and the material in such abundance, how wilfully tasteless they have been here. The covered walk I speak of (for the exercise of the water-drinkers) on the brink of the stream, overhung by fir-crowned hills, and with snow-mountains in the far distance, is as ugly and as inexpressive as an English cattle-shed: whereas there is not a chalet within ten miles of the place which could not have helped the architect to a rustic fabric, cheap, beautiful, appropriate, and unpretending!—And the matter seems to be the worse at Bad Gastein: because it has hitherto been a remote village—nothing more, where the peo-ple's ways are still drolly primitive.—To be sure, on our arrival at Staubinger's—five dusty men, with knapsacks some of us looking far more like Handwerksburschen, than persons used to polite society—and all clamorous for lodgment and supper-some scorn was manifested, to the infinite displeasure of my Panza: but so soon as our worthiness of acceptance in the great Hotel was made clear, every one bustled about to make us comfortable. Bolling foot-baths from the spring were ministered by a strapping, round-eyed, sulky-looking girl, in the full equipment I have described: and we were presently occupied in keeping out the cold and damp of the waterfall, which seems to a new-comer's ear positively rushing under the house, by a supper of soup, trout, chamois, Ofener wine, and a souffle, which would have done small discredit to our old friend at the Hotel Canterbury.—This morning, the female barber of the village (please to keep the toilet above described in mind!) made her rounds: and shaved Panza, as he declared, with great skill, and a taciturnity rare in the annals of barberdom. I saw her perform the process, an hour ago, on the universal Shopkeeper of the Wells, whose booth is just opposite. The ceremony was gone through with perfect earnestness. The little woman in the hat lathered the fat, greasy-looking man in firstrate style-strapped her razor, nothing disconcerted by the curious gaze of a saucy-looking Englishman (whom, by the way, her skill would greatly improve)—took her victim by the nose—scraped him right and scraped him left, with charming promptitude—wiped her implements, and popped them into a neat brass case at her girdle; and then stepped down the street, at the nimble and busy trot of the women here, whose walking it is a pleasure to see.

This morning's quieter survey has increased my value for the enchantments of this place—empty. At no season does it seem to be much resorted to by the English—the majority of guests being Austrians and Russians. But any thing like a crowd, however agreeable or strange, would only be felt as an impertinence or distraction, where the scenery is so magnificent. We have been rambling the whole day-each in his own direction: and one has come back sure that his view of the Böckstein and Gross-Herzog Karl is the best-and who has seen two glaciers!—and another is triumphant in his expedition down the valley; and a third contented with having lain for a couple of hours under a rowantree, watching the cloud-shadows flitting over the splendid plain between the mountains, and the sunlight playing over and passing from the waterfall: thinking that only three days—one over those superb heights—lies between him and Venice! and longing, in the teeth of all common reason and prudence, for another glimpse of the Sea City! But I suspect that none of us is turning his face northwards, without a resolution (which Time and Change will treat in their own peremptory fashion) of seeing more, and staying longer at Bad Gastein! How I should delight to add it to your list of spas, seen in the company of

Your old and attached Friend.

TO THE READERS OF THE PEOPLE'S AND HOWITT'S JOURNALS.

Tabernacle House, Finsbury, Aug. 29th, 1847.

I have before me your Number, containing the statement of the case as between you and your late partner, Mr. Saunders, which I have read with the care due to a document so seriously affecting both your character and your property. The subject was not new to me, since I had read your ample detail of the whole matter, some weeks ago, and had ever since meditated sending you a line to indicate the impression it had produced upon my mind; I considered you had a claim to this extent, especially on your fellow labourers in the field of literature. Having appealed to the public bar, you are entitled to demand judgment on the whole cause; but as this cannot be done individually, it must be effected by a sort of representation. If, from all the chief points of the field, a fair sprinkling of literary men, authors, editors, and gentlemen known to the country were to give distinct express on to their opinions, it might serve all the ends of justice, and aid those who require it, in adopting their own course with respect to the practical bearing of the case.

Such are the grounds on which I to whom you and your distinguished commands in life and labour, are personally unknown.

practical bearing of the case.

Such are the grounds on which I, to whom you and your distinguished companion in life and labour, are personally unknown, have been spontaneously led to communicate with you on the present occasion. Notwithstanding our difference on certain matters of theological belief, to which I attach unutterable importance, I am duly alive to the high endowments with which God has entrusted you, and I have been long an admiring spectator of your indefatigable exertions, according to your own views, for the good of mankind. Your love of the millions has commanded my respect, and conciliated my esteem. I have read your pages always with interest, and very often with instruction, and regret, exceedingly regret, that events should have occurred so seriously to damage your hardly earned substance, to distract your thoughts, and, above all, in the slightest measure, to tarnish your fair fame, and thus, in the least, and for an hour, to impair the force of the action of your mind on the mind of the many, and impede your march as a public instructor, and a popular reformer.

The conclusion, then, to which I have deliberately been conducted, is this:—Your course from first to last, so fee as indicated by the documents, has been uniformly marked by truth, by justice, by candour, by generosity, and by forbearance; it is strongly stamped throughout by the reckless confidence of the man of genius, while the penetrating sagacity of the prudent Quaker does not even once appears! I could scarcely have conceived of the union of so much sense with so much simplicity. It is hard to say whether you are an object of greater sympathy or reprehension; but, to my mind, its most clear, that you have acted the part of a most wereful.

eppear / I sould scarcely have conceived of the union of so much sense with so much simplicity. It is hard to say whether you are an object of greater sympathy or reprehension; but, to my mind, it is most clear, that you have acted the part of a most upright end truthful man. The case is one of hardship, almost without a parallel; so far as my knowledge goes, it is wholly so. I feel so roused by the contemplation of your wrongs that I dare not proceed, nor is it needful. This is the sum of all I intended, and, perhaps, it is more than the case requires. I ought, nevertheless, to add, that, at the outset of the business, I felt alarm on your behalf. The case made out against you, and above all, some of the NAMES brought forth in support of it, excited apprehension; but when your reply came, exhibiting, not opinions, but FACTS AND DOCUMENTS, it utterly, and in a moment demolished the statement of those that were "first in their own cause," and, in my mind, settled the question for ever.

This loose letter is, of course, not at all intended for the public eye, but you are at perfect liberty to use it as you see fit, while with indignant sympathy, and best wishes, I remain,

W. Hossitt. Eso.

JOWN CAMPARIL.

W. Howitt, Esq.

JOHN CAMPBELL

DEAR SIR,

A few friends to honest literary worth, after reading Howitt's Journal of this week, are very desirous that something should be done to alleviate the purse of that true friend of the people, William Howitt, from the liabilities which Mr. Saunders is bringing upon him. We have no desire to keep up the controversy between them, but go to work, and at once settle the question, and then the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt will again be free to resume their intellectual labours for the people. We propose then, a thirty thousand shilling list, believing that there are 30,000 working men in this country, who will readily acquiesce in this league for freeing our intellectual friends from these bonds of roguery; and although the press has to a certain extent taken up Mr. Saunders's case, the people can, if determined to support their friends, turn that gigantic lever to their own account. Hoping you will insert these few lines in your next Journal,

We are, Sir, Yours very truly,

JOHN HAYES,

JAMES HANNING,

THOWAR HAYES

WILLIAM BOWKER. 452, Oldham Road, Manchester, Aug. 29th, 1847.

THOMAS HAYES.

WILLIAM BOWKER

N.B.—We have enclosed forty-eight postage stamps as our quota to this necessary proposition. We also think you might write an address to the public, knowing that we have not the necessary qualifications for such a task.

Mr. William Lovett.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, WILLIAM HOWITT,

I was glad to observe last week so many honourable notices from such men as W. J. Fox, to set against the calumnies of I was glad to observe last week so many honourable notices from such men as w. J. Fox, to set against the calumnies of J. Sannders. Many people, I know, were led by Saunders's circumstantial statements, put forth with so sorrowful a whine, and a manner "so much more in sorrow than in anger," as though under the impulse of duty, to believe him to be the injured person, and chiefly because he—as was cartain to be the case—had the last word. I detested his manner from the first "Appeal," but when I saw the little secondrel turn round to abuse a lady, I felt, in addition to double disgust, "that tingling sensation in the right toes," for which there is only one cure. I write to say that I should be glad if the pages in the last Journal on this subject could be printed separately; and should be glad of an opportunity of helping its circulation. Any use may be made of this.

I am, sincerely,

James Ellis.

We have selected from a number of letters, already received in consequence of our statement last week, those now given, as evidencing the effect of that statement on different classes of men. The letter of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, editor of the Christian Wilness, is a voluntary offering from a high and perfectly independent quarter, and presents a suggestion which we shall feel much obliged by our friends, known and unknown, in all parts of the kingdom, acting upon. It is high time that every honourable mind should speak out, and bear its testimony against the determined attempts which have been made, and are still making, by the party referred to, to rob us of our fair fame, and those moderate means which, by a long life of the most untiring industry, we have, both of us, endeavoured to acquire in a sufficient degree to enable us to be just to all men, to educate our children, and to labour in that field to which our hearts and warmest sympathies have ever drawn us—that of the liberties and the improvement of the people.

From the first moment that we found ourselves in the ill-starred connexion with Mr. Saunders, we felt that there was no

prospect but severe loss, and perhaps ultimate rain. Those who had already suffered such losses and such ruin, assured us in terrifying terms what we had to expect, from the practised and most artful character of the man. The facts now before the public prove that these assurances and our fears were only too true. The attempts made by Mr. Saunders, after having heavily robbed us, to saddle us with his ever-accumulating debts, are such as must now sufficiently satisfy every honourable mind of the real

nature of the case.

There is one observation in Dr. Campbell's letter, which, perfectly true in itself, yet requires a remark. Dr. Campbell expresses surprise at the simplicity which allowed us to be the dapes of Mr. Sannders. But it should be recoilected that we are not the only ones, by great sumders, who have been equally imposed upon by him. For instance, there are his former victims, shrewd men of business: there are certain members of the newspaper press: there are those whose senses Dr. Campbell alludes to as arrayed

The public is not yet aware of the extent of this, or of the secret working of certain individuals whose names and doings we have hitherto spared, but may yet be compelled to bring to public notice. Would it be believed that one gentleman has gone so far as to propose a testimonial to Mr. Saunders? A testimonial for what? For his signal success in fraud and imposition? At all events, the simplicity has not been entirely confined to us, though we take unmingled shame to ourselves for our share in it.

The letter from the four Working Men of Manchester has touched us more deeply than any thing for years. It has done much to redeem human nature from that strange aspect which it has of late assumed to our astonished eyes. It is a noble expression of that noble and generous nature which we have always admired and loved in the working classes of this country. We thank them for it from our hearts!

Careful as we have always been to walk through life without laying ourselves under obligation to any one—perhaps too proudly so—yet we are free to declare that, should a time come, as come it may, when it may be necessary to defend us from iniquitous claims, and to enable us fully and freely to work out our dearest wishes for the latter years of our lives—that of spending them entirely in the sacred cause of the people—there is no class on whose warm, sound, and magnanimous sympathies, we would throw ourselves with such entire liberty of heart and certain confidence.

For the present we would beg them to defer more than the friendly expression of their good-will. We want not recompense, but justice; and those of every class who may deem our exertions deserving of approbation, can most effectually serve us and our public objects by simply purchasing our Journal. The slightest exertion of this kind all over the kingdom would place us in a position to go on freely working for the public and ourselves. We believe that no periodical, for the time, has had a success equal to Howit's Journal; and the zealous sympathy of the people can give it a status which will make it one of the most powerful organs of progression of the present age.

The third letter is from a gentleman whose character is, we hear, of that amiable, publicly useful, and truly estimable kind which gives him great weight wherever he is known. The italies and capitals in these letters are literally as sent to us.

We are bound to add that the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Saunders and his coadjutors to let loose upon us the most We are bound to add that the indetatigable exertions of Air. Saunders and his coadjutors to let loose upon us the most atrocious abuse of the lowest persons about the press, and which has extended even to America, has excited in that country the deepest indignation and the most generous sympathy. A letter just received from that noble woman, Maria Weston Chapman, so pre-eminently distinguished for her labours in the Anti-Slavery cause, expresses this feeling, particularly in reference to the disgraceful article in the Anti-Slavery Standard, alluded to by Mrs. Howitt in the conclusion of her Memoir of Henry C. Wright. We have also received others, pressing us earnestly to quit England, and what they are pleased to term its ungrateful persecutions, and offering us land to live on in that great and free country, which has long conferred on us a most generous popularity. These are affecting and encouraging testimonies; we accept them as they deserve; but mean to stand by our country and its cause. The public was never yet very long deluded.

N.B.—Since writing the above, we have seen Mr. Saunders's characteristic, shuffling, and most truthless statement, and shall next week deal with it as it deserves.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

New Features in the Plymouth Working Men's Mutual Improre-ment Association.—SIR,—This Association is still progressing, though like all other societies, it suffers a great diminution of its members during the summer months. Since I last wrote, some new features have manifested themselves, which I consider worthy of imitation by all societies of this nature. In March, a number of the younger members formed themselves into a class for improvement in composition, by the connection of words into senlences, etc.; but they got on so well, that they thought they might attempt something higher. They therefore organized a class to meet on Saturdays, when lectures are read by the members in rotation, followed by discussions in which all take part. The class has, so far, been conducted with a good deal of spirit, the average attendance being about fifteen. In order to carry out more fully the object expressed by their title—the Composition Class—they started a manuscript magazine, containing original articles from the members of the class, which has for three months past regularly appeared on the first Saturday in each. The evening is looked forward to with a good deal of interest; and when it arrives, the papers are read, attentively listened to, and commented on, while some are very assiduous in attempts to unriddle the signatures. Eighteen papers have appeared, all of which take a tolerably high rank, as to quality. The members of this class last Saturday got up an exhibition of curiosities, which consisted of various interesting objects lent for the evening by the members. It was a very pretty example of what may be done by co-operation; here were a number of col-lections, most of them insignificant when taken singly, forming when arranged together an attractive exhibition of about three when arranged together an attractive earnotion of acous three hundred specimens. It comprised a fine collection of fossils from the inne rocks of the vicinity; about one hundred and twenty mineral specimens properly labelled; thirty stuffed birds, monkeys, chameleons, etc.; a cabinet of insects; one hundred specimens illustrative of various manufactures, including a large number of fine electrotypes, plaster medallions, and figures, Baily's Eve (which was much admired) among the rest; some

beautiful hot-house flowers, names attached; and a large number of miscellaneous articles of general interest. This exhibition, and the conversations which caused, were very instructive as well as amusing. I think that something of this kind might casily be carried out in all societies, and I am confident that they will be found both attractive and edifying. Hoping this may be worthy a place in your Record, I remain yours respectfully, Plymouth, Aug. 23, 1847.

P. M. B.

Birmingham Whiltington Club.—Active exertions are making to accomplish the establishment of this institution. A public meeting has been held, R. Martineau, Esq. in the chair, and a diligent canvass is now making.

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THOMAS BEWICK, THE REVIVER OF WOOD ENGRAVING.

THOMAS BEWICK, THE REVIVER OF WOOD ENGRAVING.

RY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WE this week present our readers with a striking portrait of the father of modern Wood Engraving. It is now too well known to require more than a passing allusion to the fact, that before Thomas Bewick gave a new impulse and a new life to this beautiful art, it had fallen into the lowest condition of contempt, and though not entirely extinct, it was all but extinct, having ceased to be used for the embellishment of books, and being chiefly retained for the rude ornament of the most wretched songs, and the imprint of ships, the gal-lows, or a man running away with knob-stick and bundle, in newspapers. Bewick saw all that it was capable of, and introducing it into works of taste, the best known and most perfect specimens of which are his own Natural Histories, the whole public were astonished and charmed with the effect. George III. who was, according to Peter Pindar, filled with amazement at the way that the apples could have got into the pudding, was, if possible, still more amazed at the engravings of Bewick. When they told him they were done on wood, he declared that he would not believe it till he saw the blocks.

The taste for wood engraving has since then constantly grown, and now gives employment to a host of admirable artists, both as designers and as engravers. able artists, both as designers and as angravers. There is scarcely a living painter whose productions now adorn the walls of our houses, or are seen annually in our Exhibitions, who is not proud to see his fame spread still wider, by means of this art; and the number of works that are now embellished by it, is immense. We believe that there are upwards of two hundred We believe that there are upwards of two hundred wood engravers now busily employed in the metropolis alone. The number of periodicals, especially weekly ones, that require their assistance, is great. Amongst these the Art Union, the Illustrated News, Punch, the Pictorial Times, Howitt's Journal, Sharpe's Magazine, and a host of still cheaper productions, are familiar to every one. The great beauty, taste, and finish of the illustrations of the Art Union, and the spirit with which the Illustrated News and Pictorial Times seize on all the passing agents. on all the passing events, and give you whole galleries of scenes of the hour, making the chief personsges of the day, and the places in which they perform their public duties, or pursue their pleasures, as familiar to the eye, as the press does to the mind, deserve particular notice. For the most exquisite illustrations of books, we may refer to works issued by almost every good publisher; while the names of Absolon, Anelay, Archer, Franklin, Kenny Meadows, Harvey, Blacklock, Sargeant, and numbers of others as designers, and of Linton, Landells, Williams, Dalziel, Mason, Harral, Measom, Harrison, Evans, and, as I have said, numbers of others, are every day before us as engravers. In fact, it is almost invidious to mention names, as we cannot mention all, such is the amount of talent now employed in this art; such, in other words, are the benefits which Thomas Bewick has conferred on the public, and on the world of artists. Let his honest face be looked on with a confident and grateful pride. We shall now proceed to give from our earlier gleanings some account of him and his haunts.

From an early age there were few places that I had a reater desire to visit than the scenery of the youthful life of Thomas Bewick. Accustomed from a boy to delight in the country; to wander far and wide, early and late, and explore its wildest or most hidden recesses; to lie amongst the summer grass, by swift clear streams, indulging those sunny day-dreams which only come there; or to join in active pursuit amid the yellow woods

of autumn, or the deep snows of winter,-of the wild or creatures of the field and forest,—it was to me a source of continual surprise and pleasure to find in the pages of Bewick the most accurate reflex of all that I had seen and learned to know in nature itself. Others presented you with more showy pictures, but he gave you the truth and variety of life itself. I had therefore a strong curiosity to see the spots in which the accurate and poetic observer had picked up the material for his after works, like Shakspeare, in boyish rambles, when he never dreamt of the wealth he was garnering in his heart

Being therefore at Newcastle with Mrs. Howitt, an equal lover of the country, and admirer of Bewick with myself, we resolved to spend a day in a visit to Cherryburn and Ovingham. Fortunately, we had for our guides and companions, those who, next to Bewick himself, were best acquainted with the localities, and their connection with the artist, two of his daughters. The worth and amiability of the man are transmitted to his family, who, without his art, are yet full of the same sterling spirit and virtues, and of his inextinguishable attachment to nature.

That trip of about ten or a dozen miles which Thomas Bewick during the days of his apprenticeship used to make on foot, in order to see his parents and native haunts, we found shortened for us by the Carlisle Rail-way; and had scarcely resolved to be at Cherryburn, when lo! we were there. Even as we now whirled up the valley of the Tyne, we could recognise the character of many a snatch of scenery in Bewick's wood-cuts. The winding river, its steep hanks hung with lofty trees and luxuriant broom; the stream here pouring over a gravelly shallow bed, here rippling past willowy islands; and villages peeping out from amongst the thick foliage; and troops of urchins making the little crofts and river

banks alive with their play.

We flew past a hanging little field, aloping from woods above, towards the Tyne, where John Bewick, the brother of Thomas, and also a genuine artist, used to fancy that he would build himself a rustic retreat, and live and die amid the scenes that were dearest to him. He died ere he could realize this poetical imagination; and now the iron steam path has cut in two the very field, and destroyed all its soltiude. A few minutes more brought us to Cherryburn, the birth-place of John and Thomas Bewick. It is a single house, standing on the south side of the Tyne, and at some distance from the river. A little rustic lane leads you up to it, and you find it occupying a rather elevated situation, commanding a pleasant view over the vale of the Tyne. The house is now a modest farm-house, still occupied by Ralph Bewick, a nephew of the artist's; and, as Miss Bewick observed on approaching the dwelling,—" May the descendants of the present possessor continue there in all time to come."

The house, in the state in which it was when Thomas Bewick passed his boyhood in it, was as humble a rural nest as any son of genius ever issued from. 'Twas a thatched cottage, containing three apartments, and a dairy or milk-house on the ground-floor, and a chamber The east end of this was lately pulled down, and is now converted into stables. Bewick was very the rest is now converted into stables. fond of introducing his native cottage into his vignettes, and often used to talk of "the little window at his bedhead;" which room this was, however, none of the

family knew.

The new house is a pleasant and commodious one, and the inhabitants seem to possess all the simple virtues and hospitality of the Bewicks. They spread their country cates before us, and were glad to talk of their celebrated kinsman. They have a portrait of him in his youth, hanging in their parlour. Below the house on the descending slope, lies the old garden shrouded with trees, and a little stream running at its bottom.

One felt sure that this was just the spot to attract the boyish fancy of Bewick, and indeed, there we found a trace of his hand which marked his attachment to it, and no doubt the connexion which it held in his memory with some of the pleasantest hours and sweetest affections of his youthful existence. It was the grave-stone of his father and mother,—one of those heavy, round-headed, and carved stones that you see so often in his designs. By some accident this stone had been broken, and his filial piety led him to erect a more modern and enlarged one to his parents, on the left-hand of the path leading to the porch, in the churchyard of Ovingham, when, instead of suffering this to be destroyed, he had it brought and put down here. It had a singular look, in the rustic garden, but it spoke strongly of the man. could not suffer anything to be destroyed that had been connected with the history of life and death in his own family circle. He was fond of recording the dates of family events on his vignettes; and the curious observers, who have wondered what such a date, carved as it were on a rock, or rude stone, meant, would find, if they could have the matter traced out, that it marked the passing of some domestic event of deep interest to him. Thus in the Fables, at page 162, this inscription in a vignette, "Died 20 Feb. 1785," is the date of his mother's death; and at page 176, "Died 15 Nov. 1785," is that of the decease of his father. It is equally interesting to know, that the words at page 152 of the same volume, "O God of infinite wisdom, truth, justice, and mercy, I thank thee," were those with which, he told his family, he was accustomed to preface his petitions to the Great Disposer of events, and that they and the Lord's Prayer comprised the substance of his prayers, and seemed to him more comprehensive than human wisdom could introduce into other language, however long and wordy.

No doubt, this old and fractured headstone was become sacred to him, not merely for the purpose for which it had been used, but by the tears with which his own grief had watered it. And who could not see in the spot where he had now replanted it, beneath a spreading elder, the retrospect of blessed and sunny hours, in which the loveliness of nature, and the smiles of his mother, had made a heaven for his young heart! And what scene, except the brightest of the eternal heaven itself, can ever cast into comparative dimness the paradise of a boyhood in the country, under the pure and angelic guardianship of a mother? In my own heart, such a time shines on through all the glad-ness or the sorrows of life, as a holy and beautiful existence, belonging rather to a prior world than to this. God in his goodness has built me a house, and peopled it with hearts that make existence to me precious and beautiful; but even into the fairest hour of that domestic peace and affection, which no thankfulness can repay to the Divine Giver, still gleams the serenest and most joyful sunshine of those days, when around the native home lay greenest fields, golden with flowers, murmuring with bees, musical with birds, and in some odorous nook of the old garden, or under some orchard tree, I sate and listened to that voice, and gazed on that beloved face, which made the light and the charm of the young world to me. No, there was no winter, no sorrow, no weariness there! Crime, nor impurity, selfishness, nor deceit, cruelty, nor contempt, could ever break in there with blackness and bitterness, from that world which we have since had to traverse, and to make desolate discoveries in; or if there were such things as winter, as passions, or as heaviness, they have been so swallowed up in the memory of Fairyland delight, that their existence can no more be believed. Such are the feelings which crowd upon the grateful heart, after years on years have gone by, and when the green maternal grave sinks into levelness with the surrounding turf, making us feel that woman in her dearest

character as wife, can scarcely rival herself in her heavenly nobility as a mother. It is only such a man, in such a moment of heavenly retrospect, that can comprehend all that the old head-stone, in its green garden nook, was in the eyes of him who there placed it.

Leaving Cherryburn, my recollection is of crossing the river at the spot where Bewick used to cross it when an apprentice boy, on his way home, at the ferry of Eltringham, and of strolling slowly on—for this visit was several years ago—through fields of ripe barley, the Misses Bewick pointing out to us as we approached the village of Ovingham the spots which have been introduced in their father's designs, and relating anecdotes connected with the characters of his old acquaintances, or others that have been made to figure in his works. There was the old soldier who used to tell him of his wars, and so often of the battle of Minden, that he went by the name of "the Old Soldier of Minden." On one occasion of Bewick visiting Ovingham, the old man was dead; and as he approached the village he saw that broad hat and old veteran's coat that had so often covered the worn limbs of his old friend, then hoisted on a pole as a scarecrow, and thus they show in one of his tail-pieces. There was the drunkard, that made a vow never to enter a public-house again, but used to call at the door and drink as he sat on his horse. These, and the houses where others had lived, were pointed out to us. As we drew near the village, it was like looking at one of Bewick's own scenes. It stands beautifully on the steep bank of the Tyne. Gardens clothe the banks to the water's edge, and lofty trees add the richness of their shrouding foliage to the spot. In the river you see willow islands, and those snatches of shore scenery that are so delightful in his Natural History. The sand-piper and kingfisher go by with their peculiar cries; and here and there a solitary angler sits as naturally on the sedgy bank as if Bewick himself had fixed him there. village is just such a place as you wish and expect it,—quiet, old-fashioned, and retired, consisting principally of the parsonage, a few farm-houses, and labourers' cottages. The church is large for a village, and built in form of a cathedral. Wherever you turn you recognize objects that have filled the imagination, and employed the brain of Bewick. Those old, heavy, and leaning head-stones,—it was certainly on them that the boys in rush caps and wooden swords rode, acting dragoons. That gate of the parsonage, you have seen before. The very churchyard is the one which is so beautifully and solemnly depicted in the silence of a moonlight night.

He had tried the life of London, but he could not bear it. His soul was robbed of its nourishment. He was shut up, blinded, famished, in that huge wilderness of stone; dimned by that eternal chaos of confused sounds. He gasped for the free air; he pined for the dews; for the solemn roar of the ocean; for the glories of rising and setting suns. His father when he sent him from his country home at Cherryburn, to be apprenticed to Mr. Bielby, at Newcastle, said to him at parting,—"Now, Thomas, thou art going to lead a different life to what thou hast led here: thou art going from a constant fresh air and activity, to the closeness of a town and a sedentary occupation; thou must be up in the morning and get a run." And Thomas followed faithfully, for it chimed exactly with his own bent, his father's injunction. Every morning, rain or shine, often without his hat, and his bushy head of black hair ruffing in the wind, he would be seen scampering up the street towards the country; and the opposite neighbours would cry,—"There goes Bielby's fond boy." These morning excursions he kept up during his life; and they did not suffice him. After the expiration of his apprenticeship, he roamed far and wide through the glorious and soul-embuing scenery of Scotland. Year

after year, and day after day, it was his delight to stroll over heaths and moors, by sedgy pools and running waters. He saw bird, beast, and fish, from his hidden places, in all the freedom of their wild life. He saw the angler casting his line; the fowler setting his net and his springes; the farmer's boy amusing his solitude when

"He strolled, the lonely Crusoe of the fields-

by prowling after water-fowl amid their reedy haunts; watching the flight of birds with greedy eyes; lighting fires under the screening hedge, and collecting sticks for fuel, and blowing them, on hands and knees, into a flame. Such were his loves, his studies, his perpetual occupa-tions; and to have similar results, we must have persons

of a similar passion and pursuit.

It is at the west end of the church that you find the tomb of the artist. Here he lies beside his wife, and his brother John, who died before he had acquired the fame to which he would have arrived, but not before he had proved that he possessed much of the genius that had so widely spread the name of his surviving brother.

A square plot of ground adjoining the west end of the church is enclosed with handsome iron palisades. The graves of the deceased are covered with flat stones, and on the church wall above stand, side by side, these inscriptions :-- "In memory of John Bewick, engraver, who died December 5, 1795, aged 35 years. His ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a "The burial-place of Thomas Bewick, engraver, of Newcastle. Isabella, his wife, died 1st of February, 1826, aged 72 years. Thomas Bewick died 8th of No-

vember, 1828, aged 75 years."

This spot, which will now for ever form the most noted one in the churchyard of Ovingham, was obligingly granted to the Bewick family, by the lay patron, C. W. Biggs, Esq., and they were allowed by him, after Bewick's death, thus to enclose it.

SINGULAR SECTS.

A DAY WITH THE WHITE QUAKERS.

[In a late number we gave a sketch of a Mormon Conventicle from the pen of the American poet, Whittier; we now presen our readers with a sketch of a aingular community in Ireland.]

My curiosity had been excited during a short visit to Mountmelick, in the autumn of 1840, by various reports relative to a new sect, denominated White Quakers, which had sprung into existence under the teaching of two individuals-Joshua Jacob and Abigail Beale.

In some societies I heard them described as a set of harmless enthusiasts, who sought to establish a kind of Utopian Republic, in which all property was to be held in common, and who had made themselves obnoxious to the members of the sect from which they had separated, by their unceasing denunciations of the lamentable shortcomings and backslidings of the latter; whilst in other circles they were attacked with the fiercest invective, and depicted as arch-heresiarchs, who promulgated the most abominable doctrines, and gloried in their crimes. It is needless to say the darker portrait was from the pencils of their quondam co-religionists. Amidst these conflicting statements I found it difficult, if not impossible, to form a correct judgment, though I thought I could detect in the latter statement a leaven of the old spirit which had lighted the Smithfield fires, and dragged men to the stake for theoretic opinions.

I accordingly endeavoured to make myself acquainted with their peculiar tenets, but was compelled, from the shortness of my stay, to leave the scene of their labours without acquiring the desired information.

I now lost sight of the body for a time, but a friend of mine having, towards the latter end of the year 1846, purchased some property from the society, I was brought into communication with one of its leading members, and received an invitation to visit Newlands, their present residence. This invitation I accepted, and a fine morning in "the merry month of June" found myself and family on the road to their abode. The day was delightful; a few fleecy clouds flecked the bosom of the blue sky, adding new charms to the rich landscape, bx the sudden alternations of light and shade which they caused as they floated gracefully across the disc of the sun; whilst the atmosphere was redolent with the delicious perfume of the hawthorn.

On arriving at our destination, the gate was opened for us by an intelligent lad, dressed in the costume of the society, namely, a jacket and trousers of white Russia duck, with shoes of the original colour of the leather. He held in his hand a volume of Murray's Colonial Library—Hay's Western Barbary. Cn inquiring how he liked that work, he replied, "Very much; that it was filled with interesting anecdotes, narrated in a most spirited manner." From this he digressed to the state of the weather, and stated that the community

would soon commence their hay-harvest.

The demesne, which belonged to the late Lord Kilwarden, contains about 130 statute acres, tastefully planted with oak, ash, and elm trees, sprinkled here and there with magnificent copper beeches, whose tawny leaves add fresh beauty to the whole. The house, a modern mansion, of moderate pretension, stands at a short distance from the road. On our approach, we were met by one of the female members of the community, who bade us welcome to Newlands, and ushered us into the library, a handsome apartment of about twenty feet square, well stocked with books-consisting The walls were covered with maps, and travels. strewed with several volumes of beautifully illustrated works. But what struck us most was the chaste simplicity and exceeding purity of the whole.

The tables and chairs were of common deal, but so white and polished, it might be supposed the female members of the community spent a large portion of their time in keeping them in their present state of perfection, whilst the wicker flower-stands, painted in the favourite colour of the society (white), exhibited nosegays of the most brilliant and rare flowers.

We were yet admiring the beautiful arrangement of this apartment, when Abigail Beale entered, and, extending her hand to me with the most unaffected grace, said, "Thee art welcome, and so is the family." As Thee art welcome, and so is the family. some of my readers may be curious to learn what kind of person this founder of the sect is, I will endeavour to describe her. In age, she may be any where between thirty-six and forty; her stature is somewhat above the middle height, and her person slender and graceful. Her face is oval, rather plain than otherwise; but when she smiles, the whole expression is changed, and you almost deem her handsome; whilst there is a placidity in the thoughtful grey eye, which speaks of deep conviction, and a soul at peace with itself. As we gazed on this graceful exterior, and listened to the low sweet tones of her voice, as she descanted with all the enthusiasm of a poet on the superior attractions of a country life, we said one to the other, "Can this person be what her opponents describe her?" and our better feelings replied in the negative. After a short period passed in conversation, she inquired whether we would like to see the community at dinner. Having replied in the affirmative, she led us into the dining room or refectory, a handsome apartment, lighted on two of its sides by windows reaching from the ceiling to the floor, whilst

that facing the south opened into a conservatory filled with the rarest exotics, and perfumed with the odour of orange-trees just bursting into blossom; the fourth, that by which we entered, contained the fire-place, surmounted by a magnificent chimney-piece of white marble, exquisitely inlaid with vine-leaves in different shades of the same material. We were informed that it cost upwards of three hundred pounds.

The members of the community, adults and children, both male and female, were seated round a large table, piled with coarse wheaten bread, butter, cheese, and dishes filled with raisins, almonds, and other dried fruits, tastefully garnished with laurel leaves. The only beverage which appeared to wash down this primitive repast was one of which Father Mathew himself might have partaken, being the simple element, fresh and sparkling as when drawn from the living fountain. As we entered, one of the men was reading from the pages of the "Family Herald" something which appeared to excite considerable amusement. A painter would have loved to sketch the group—the men in their snowy dresses and flowing beards (it is wonderful what majesty the beard adds to the human face), and the women with their uncovered heads and spotless garments. were particularly struck with one venerable old lady, whose silvery hair proclaimed that she had trodden the thorny paths of life for upwards of sixty years, but whose rosy cheek and brilliant eye bore ample testimony to the efficacy of abstemiousness in prolonging health to an advanced period. On inquiring for Joshua Jacob, we were informed that the person who had been reading was that individual. This took us quite by surprise, for we had pictured to ourselves a gloomy fanatic of the Puritan school, such as Sir Walter Scott delighted to portray; and were surprised to meet, instead of this creature of our imagination, a handsome middle-aged man, of agreeable manners, who could indulge in a harmless jest, without considering that it merited the punishment of the Deity.

When conversing with him on this subject afterwards, he said, that it was one of the effects of true religion to make us cheerful and happy; and that it was the bigot or the fanatic alone who would convert this glorious earth, given by God to his creatures, into a hell, and make man's happiness only to commence on the other side of the grave. However we might differ with him on other subjects, we were compelled to admit the justness

of this reasoning.

On questioning some of the other members as to their peculiar tenets, we learned that they held the earth was given unto all for a heritage, and that noble and peasant, rich and poor, were but the creations of a corrupt order of things; that the time, however, was approaching when this factitious state would pass away, and the whole family of man live together in a state of perfect harmony, worshipping the same God, and redeemed by the blood of the same Saviour.

They said that many calumnies had gone abroad against them from interested or ignorant parties; but conscious of the rectitude of their own views, they could calmly await the time when their principles would stand

justified in the eyes of the world.

When they first joined themselves together as a society, their rules were much less stringent than they are at present, and the use of animal food was allowed; but of late, they have restricted themselves to vegetable diet alone, to which may be added butter, cheese, and honey. They go to rest with the sun, and rise at four or five A.M. to commence their labours of weaving, sewing, spinning, basket-making, etc., whilst one of the members reads aloud from some instructive and amusing work selected for that purpose. Having breakfasted, they adjourn to the fields, when the regular occupation of the day may be said to commence. Men, women, and children, alike assist in the cultivation of the farm, for

it is one of their axioms, that every hand is able, and ought to supply its owner's mouth with food. The community consists at present of about thirty persons, children included; it was at one time still more extensive, but the increasing strictness of their rules has caused the lukewarm and unworthy to fall away.

From the dining-room we proceeded to the gardens, which are extensive, and contain a handsome green-house and grapery; the former filled with a superb collection of plants, native and exotic; whilst the latter, even at that early season, might be said to groan under the weight of the incipient clusters, forcibly recalling those exquisite lines of Byron:—

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth, Purple and gushing."

After an hour spent in admiring the brilliant hues of the flowers, and inhaling their delicious odours, we were taken over the farm, a large portion of which is devoted to tillage.

The members of the community who accompanied us, pointed with apparent feelings of pride, to the luxuriant whole was the produce of spade labour. Their leader, Joshus Jacob, is a great enemy to idleness, and appears fully to coincide in the opinion of Thomas Carlyle—that work is worship. Indeed, the following extract from the "Past and Present" of that eloquent, yet quaint writer, may be said to be embodied in the acts of the society:-

"Properly speaking, all true work is religion, and what religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old Monk's, 'Laborare est Orare,' work is worship. Older than all preached gospel, was this unpreached, inarticulate, ineradicable, for everenduring gospel—work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of earth and of heaven, lies there not in the innermost heart of these a minit of action mathed a force to make a minit of action mathed. of earth and of heaven, lies there not in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work, and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving no rest till thou unfold it,—till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee? What is immethodic waste, thou shalt make methodic regulated arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subduo him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but intelligence, divinity, and thee. The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub cathers waste may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub gathers waste white down; spin it, weave it; that in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man may be covered."

As we returned towards the house, our attention was attracted by a number of squalid-looking creatures, who exhibited every phase of human misery, and who devoured, with all the avidity of hunger, the bread and other refreshments which had been divided among them, according to the daily custom of the community. At a later hour, a man who had fainted by the way-side, from the want of food, was carried by the neighbouring peasantry, and laid at the hall-door to receive that relief, which a grey-headed peasant whispered to us was never refused to the destitute. As we gazed on those good Samaritans, pouring wine and oil into the wounds of the famine-stricken and bruised of heart, we could not help thinking that it were well if those who slandered them would obey the Christian mandate, " Go thou and do likewise.

After partaking of some refreshment, and being presented with a few of the choicest specimens of their conservatory, we bade them adieu, bearing with us the full conviction, that, however their tenets may be opposed to the practices and prejudices of the world, they are a simple and honest-minded people, who earnestly believe, and faithfully practise, the doctrines which they inculcate. Dismissing the plural and family we-I shall now

speak in my own proper person, and declare fearlessly, that they possess, in my opinion, two of the best attributes of true religion, namely, that expansive charity which embraces within its arms the distressed of all sects—and that Christian humility which teaches self-abasement, and the forgiveness of injuries.

Differing from them, as I do, in religious opinions, I have attempted no defence of their tenets; nor am I prepared, gladiator-like, to enter the polemical arena as their champion; at the same time, I think it but justice to an inoffensive and much-slandered people to attempt by all means in my power to dispel those mists which malice has raised around them, and to place them in a proper light before the world.

It would be alike unworthy of the nineteenth century, and the country in which we live, that vexed sectarianism should be allowed to slander when it could not slay, without some sturdy lover of civil and religious liberty being found to raise his voice and wield his pen in

defence of the persecuted.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PROPLE

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

XIII .- DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON WATER.

Own of the most striking and obvious differences between a mineral substance and an organized body, is the mixture of solid and liquid parts in the structure of the latter. Compare, for example, a flint with a cabbage, a lump of chalk with a piece of animal flesh. It is not merely that the organized body has certain cavities and canals, in which liquids are contained; for these are sometimes found in the interior of solid crystals. But every part of its substance is so penetrated with water, that the minutest fragment even of its hardest parts, such as the heart-wood of the forest tree, or the dense bones and teeth of the most powerful animal, lose a good deal of their weight when completely dried by the prolonged action of a gentle heat. We observe a considerable difference in the proportion of liquid contained in different organized bodies, and in the several parts of the same body. Thus every one who has taken an early walk in the country must have observed those very delicate and beautiful specimens of the Mushroom tribe, which spring up during the night, and seem to dissolve away before the beams of the morning sun; in the fabric of such, the quantity of solid matter is so small, that when the attempt is made to dry them, they leave scarcely more than a film upon the paper of the herbarium. And there is a very eurious group of marine animals, the Jelly fish, whose substance contains an equally small proportion of solid matter; so that when they are cast ashore (as they frequently are) by the waves, and are left to dry upon the beach, a large specimen that might have weighed fifty pounds will be reduced, by the draining away of its liquid portion, to no more than as many grains. On the other hand, if we look at the dry scaly Lichens, which are found abundantly upon old fruit-trees, or creep over time honoured walls, we shall find that they contain so small a quantity of liquid, as to lose but very little weight, and to undergo scarcely any change in their appearance by being dried; and there are certain marine plants (the true Nullipores), in almost every part of whose texture so large a quantity of lime is deposited, that even in their living state they present to the unpractised eye no obvious mark of distinction from the rock over which they grow, whilst the attempt to separate them from it shows that their substance is scarcely inferior to it in density.

In these and other cases, however, it would be found that the growing parts are comparatively soft; and that, when they become hardened by the deposition of solid matter, they cease to grow. This is very obviously the case with regard to the stony Corals; in which, perhaps, the proportion of solid matter is greater than it is in any other members of the Animal kingdom. That which we know as Coral, is, so to speak, the skeleton of the animal, or rather of a cluster of animals intimately connected together. It is not, as is commonly supposed, a sort of habitation built up by the labours of the coral-polypes, as the honey-comb is constructed by the boe; but it is to the soft membranous body of the animals just what our bones are to our flesh; except that the structure is of a much simpler character, and that a much larger portion of the entire body is thus conso-lidated, than in the case of the skeletons of the higher animals. In the living state, the whole surface of Coral is covered with a soft gelatinous flesh; and at certain intervals we observe polypes, bearing a resem-blance to the common Sea Anemone, with open mouths, surrounded by numerous arms, by which the food is drawn into them. The under part of this soft fleshy substance is being continually hardened by union with particles of lime which are obtained from the waters of the ocean; whilst the upper part is as constantly growing and extending, at the expense of the food taken in by the polype-mouths. In this manner are gradually produced those rocky accumulations, of which a large part of the islands in the Indian and Pacific Oceans entirely consist, and which had a great share (in former epochs of the earth's history) in elevating the land of our own quarter of the globe above the sea-level.

In the contrast between the soft and delicate tissue of the Coral-polypes themselves, and the dense substance of the stony mass formed by their consolidation (which, when once completed, may endure, with little or no apparent change, for thousands or perhaps myriads of years), we have a striking illustration of the principle which it is our first object to explain;—namely, that the presence of water in organized bodies is necessary for the performance of all the changes which are essential to their living state; so that, the softer the tissue, the more active its vital functions usually are. Thus, if we examine a forest-tree, we see that the soft succulent ends of its root-fibres (termed the spongioles, or little sponges,) are the organs through which alone it takes up water from the soil; the soft outer layers alone of the wood of the stem convey this fluid into the branches and leaves; the soft tissue of the leaves converts this fluid (by uniting with a portion of it the carbon which has been derived from the air) into nutritious sap; it is whilst descending through the soft tissue of the inner bark and outer wood, that this sap gives origin to the new layers by which the diameter of the trunk is to be increased, or to the young and tender shoots which are to spring forth into fresh branches; and it is in the very softest parts of the whole structure, that all these important operations, which prepare for the propagation of the race by seed, are at first effected. On the other hand, the dense heart-wood of the trunk, which is the only part whose durability makes it useful as timber, has no con-cern whatever in the actions of the living tree, and might be removed altogether without any disturbance of them; its only purpose being to give firmness and support to the spreading foliage which is (as we have seen) the chief instrument of the active growth of the structure. This heart-wood is formed by the consolidation of the inner layers of ssp-wood, through the deposition of resinous and other matters in its substance, whilst new layers of sap-wood are being formed within the bark; just as the stony corals are produced by the hardening of the deeper part of the fleshy substance of the polypes. In both cases the substances thus formed remain nearly unchanged from the time when they are

solidified; and this whether they continue in connexion with parts still living, or are altogether detached from them. In fact, by the change they have undergone, they are converted, as much as any organized substance can be, into the likeness of mineral bodies; and, in common with them, will resist the influence of those causes which are constantly producing decay in softer textures.

If we examine the bodies of the higher animals, we shall find that there, too, the quantity of water in the several tissues closely corresponds with the activity of those changes which they have respectively to perform. Thus we find the Nervous matter, which of all the Animal tissues is the most energetic in its operations, to be the softest and most pulpy; and the substance of Muscle, or flesh, which is the instrument of all the movements of the body, is not much more dense, for it contains as much as 77 parts of water in every 100. But when we turn to the Bones and Teeth, which have only a mechanical purpose to serve—that of giving firmness to the body, or acting as cutting or crushing instruments,— we find that they contain a far smaller proportion of liquid, and approach in durability the most solid coral or the toughest heart of oak. The whole amount of water contained in the human fabric has been shown by experiment to be not less than nine-tenths; for by the application of long-continued dry heat, the weight of a body was found to be reduced from 120lbs. to no more than 12. Bodies of men and other animals, thus baked beneath the burning sun, and dried in the heated sand, are not unfrequently to be met with in the Deserts of Africa and Arabia. They have lost little or none of their solid matter by decay; for, as will be presently seen, even the substances that are usually disposed to change most rapidly, can no longer do so when not kept moist. And portions of such dried animal substance if allowed to soak for some little time in water, would suck up or absorb nearly as much as they had previously lost

There are some Plants and Animals which are capable of being thus completely dried up without being killed; although they are reduced by the loss of their water to a state of complete inactivity. Thus the Mosses and Liverworts, which inhabit situations where they are liable to occasional drought, do not suffer from being (to all appearance, at least) completely withered by heat and want of water; but revive and vegetate actively as soon as they have been thoroughly moistened. Instances are recorded, in which Mosses that have been for many years dried up in a Herbarium, have been restored by moisture to active life. There is a Lycopodium (Clubmoss) inhabiting Peru, which, when dried up for want of moisture, folds its leaves and contracts into a ball; in this state, apparently quite devoid of animation, it is blown hither and thither by the wind; but as soon as it reaches a moist situation, it sends down its roots into the soil, and unfolds to the atmosphere its leaves; which, from a dingy brown, speedily change to the bright green of active vegetation. There is a blue Water-Lily abounding in several of the canals at Alexandria, which in certain seasons become so dry that their beds are burnt as hard as bricks by the action of the sun, so as to be fit for use as carriage roads; yet the plants do not thereby lose their vitality; for when the water is again admitted, they resume their growth with full vigour. The Wheel-Animalcules, and some species of the Water-Fleas of our pools, appear to be the most complex Animals that will bear to be thus completely deprived of their water, when they are fully developed, without the destruction of their lives. If it were not for this property, such small collections of water as are liable to be occasionally dried up, would be altogether unable to sustain animal life for any lengthened period; instead of which, we find spots that were previously dry hollows on the surface of the ground, teeming with these

interesting little beings, within a short time after they have been converted into pools by a shower of rain. But it would seem that many animals, which are killed by the want of water when they are full grown, can sustain the loss of it in their earlier condition. Thus the eggs of the Slug, when dried up by the sun or by artificial heat, and reduced to minute points only visible with the microscope, are found not to have lost their fertility when they are moistened by a shower of rain or by immersion in water, so as to regain their former plumpness by the absorption of fluid. Even after being treated eight times in this manner, the eggs of Slugs have been hatched, when placed under favourable eircumstances.

It would seem that many cold-blooded animals are reduced, by a want of a sufficient supply of liquid, to a state of torpidity closely resembling that produced by cold; and hence it is that, during the hottest and driest part of the tropical year, there is almost as complete an inactivity as in the winter of temperate regions. The common Snail, if put into a box without food, constructs a thin horny partition across the mouth of its shell, and attaches itself to the side of the box; and in this state it may remain dormant for years, without being affected by any ordinary changes of temperature; but it will speedily revive if plunged in water. Even in their natural haunts, the Snails, Slugs, etc. of our own climates are often found in this state during the summer, when there is a continued drought; but with the first shower they come forth and spread themselves over our gardens. In like manner it is observed that the rainy season, between the tropics, brings forth the hosts of insects which the drought had caused to remain inactive in their hiding places. Animals thus rendered torpid, seem to have a tendency to bury themselves in the ground, like those which are driven to winter quarters y cold; and thus it happens that the little depressions in the ground, which are changed into pools by the rain, are found in a few days to be peopled by numerous fullgrown shells, water-beetles, etc. which had been previously buried in the dry hard soil beneath. Even certain Fish and Reptiles may be reduced to the torpid condition from the same cause. This is the case with a very curious animal, the Lepidosiren, which forms a connecting link between these two classes. It is an inhabitant of the upper parts of the river Gambia, which are liable to be dried up during much more than half the year; and the whole of this period is spent by it in a hollow which it excavates for itself deep in the mud, where it lies coiled up in a completely torpid condition, whence it is called by the natives, the "Sleeping Fish." When the return of the rainy season causes the streams to be again filled, so that the water finds its way down to the hiding place of the Lepidosiren, it comes forth again for its brief period of activity; and with the approach of drought it again works its way down into the mud, which speedily hardens around it into a solid mass. The Lizards and Serpents, too, of tropical climates appear to be subject to the same kind of torpidity, in consequence of drought, as that which affects the species of those animals inhabiting temperate regions during the cold of winter. Thus the celebrated traveller Baron Humboldt has related the strange accident of a hovel having been built over a spot where a young Crocodile lay buried, alive though torpid, in the hardened mud; and he mentions that the Indians often find enormous Boas in the same lethargic state, which revive when they are wetted with water.

It is not difficult to understand, in some degree at least, why so large a quantity of liquid should exist in those parts of the living structure which are most actively concerned in the operations of life. For we know that almost every chemical change requires that one (at least) of the substances concerned shall be in a liquid state. Thus, to take a simple illustration, if we

mingle together carbonate of soda and tartaric acid, in the state of finely-divided powders, no action will take place, provided the substances be perfectly dry; and so long as they remain so, each will preserve its original state. But let a spoonful of the mixed powder be stirred into water; the ingredients, being then dissolved, act energetically upon one another; the tartaric acid uniting with the soda, and the carbonic acid passing off in effervescence. Now, as every operation of the living body, whether Vegetable or Animal, involves some Chemical change, it is easy to see the necessity for the presence of liquid in every portion of its texture. We have a good illustration of this, in the case of the germination or sprouting of seeds. Most seeds, when mature or ripe, have a hard dry covering; and the internal substance loses that soft pulpy consistence which it had at an earlier period, being so dry and firm as to be little disposed to change. This condition is obviously favourable to the preservation of the seeds' vitality for a lengthened period, but not to the chemical changes which they must undergo in the process of germination; and accordingly we find that, if kept quite dry, many seeds will retain their vitality for hundreds, or even thousands of years. But if they be moistened, one of two things must happen; either they will undergo those changes in which germination consists, the principal part of the seed being converted into matter for the nutrition of the young plant which then sprouts forth; or they will pass into decay, through chemical actions of another kind. Whether the first or the second of these consequences results from the moistening of the seed, depends chiefly upon the amount of warmth to which it is exposed; for a certain quantity of heat is necessary to cause the germ to spring into active life; and any thing abort of this will only favour the decay of its substance. So also, when Animals can sustain being completely dried up and revived again, that very condition of their tissues which renders them incapable of performing their ordinary vital actions, also prevents their decay; so that they may be kept in that state for any length of time, coming to life again upon the application of moisture after a year's torpidity, as readily as after only a few hours' suspension of their activity.

It is an obvious result of what has just been stated, that the food of Plants and Animals must be always received into their vessels in a liquid or a gaseous form. No solid substances can ever be taken up by the roots of Plants, until they have been dissolved in the water which they imbibe; and all the matters which are taken into the stomachs of Animals must be reduced to an equally liquid state, before they can be taken into the blood, and can be carried by its circulation into the several parts of the body to whose nourishment it is to be applied. Hence, in all living beings there is a demand for liquid, as the solvent or vehicle by which these solid matters, of which the remainder of the structure is composed, are introduced into it. We may just as well go without solid food as without drink. If the most nutritious substances were conveyed into the stomach, and that organ could not pour forth a liquid secretion capable of dissolving it, the mass of bread would be of no more use than if it had been a stone. And if, when taken into the blood-vessels, the solid matter be not sufficiently diluted with liquid to enable it to flow freely through them, it would at the same time produce a general stagnation of the circulating current, and would be incapable of serving any purpose in the nutrition of the body.

But further, the various waste products of that decay of the tissues, which has been several times alluded to as being necessarily connected with their activity as parts of

the living Animal, must be conveyed out of the body, either in a liquid or a gaseous form. A considerable portion of them is carried off, as we have seen, by the process of Respiration or breathing; but there still

remains a large amount which has to be separated from the blood by the two great glands, the Liver and the Kidney, and by a number of smaller glands which are thickly scattered over the lining of the intestines, and over the surface of the skin. The purpose of these bodies is to draw off from the blood whatever substances are unfit to circulate in its current, and to get rid of them from the system; and in doing so, they necessa-rily draw off at the same time the liquid in which these substances are dissolved. Hence there is a continual loss of fluid from the living body, besides that which would be naturally carried off by evaporation from its soft and moist surface; and this loss is largely increased in many instances, as we shall presently see, by the exhalation of an additional quantity of vapour from the skin, for the purpose of keeping the temperature of the body down to its proper standard, when the heat of the external air, joined to that produced within itself, would otherwise raise it too high. Hence a continual supply of liquid is necessary to keep up the amount of it which the body ought to contain; and as none of the warmblooded animals can be reduced by the loss of part of their fluid to the same torpidity as that into which certain of the cold-blooded tribes pass, any considerable deprivation of it is fatal to them. Hence we find that animals which are entirely deprived both of food and water, die much sooner than those which, though deprived of food, are allowed as much water as they require. And most of those unfortunate human beings, who have suffered from the extremity of thirst as well as of hunger, declare that the former is the hardest to be borne. Its maddening effects were never more remarkable than in the dreadful scene of the "Black Hole of Calcutta," referred to on a former occasion.

We shall now give a few examples in proof of the large and constant demand for water, which exists in all living beings, whose activity, whether of simple growth, or of movement, is considerable. Four young plants of spear-mint, weighing all tegether but 403 grains, have been found to take up by their roots in 56 days, no less than 54,000 grains, or seven pints of water. thus took up daily nearly 6,000 grains, or considerably more than twice their own weight. The proportion of this, however, which was retained in their structure, and contributed to extend it, was extremely small; for the entire increase in the weight of the plants was only 719 grains, or about 1-75th part of the water absorbed; and even of this, a considerable part would be due to the carbon taken in from the air. The remainder must have been exhaled from the leaves. Of the rapidity of this exhalation, when taking place on a bright warm day, any one may readily satisfy himself by placing a tumbler or glass jar with its mouth downwards upon the growing grass of a meadow or garden; its interior will be almost immediately rendered dim by the vapour which rises into it; and in a short time this will accumulate upon its sides, and will run down in drops. From an experiment of this kind, it has been calculated that an acre of grass-land, under a hot sunshine, will thus give off the enormous quantity of 6,400 quarts, or 1,600 gallons of water, all of which must have been supplied to the roots by the soil below. We can thus at once see how quickly all ordinary Plants must be so dried up as to lose their freshness, or even to perish, when the heat and light of the sun thus cause the exhalation of water from their surface to take place more rapidly than the supply is afforded to their roots. And we admire the wisdom and the beneficence of the Creator, who has provided vegetation even for the dry and basen rock; forming the Sedums (or stone-crops) of our own country, and the Cactuses, Euphorbiums, and other succulent plants of tropical climates, in such a manner that they can absorb a large quantity of water from the occasional rains, and part with it but slowly under the influence of the hottest sunshine, so as

retain their freshness and succulence even through the

severest drought.

The exhalation of watery vapour from the skin is the most constant and certain of all the drains of liquid from the bodies of Animals. There are many in which it takes place to such an extent, that, even though the lungs are fitted to breathe air, the deprivation of water for even a few hours causes a fatal drying-up of the body. This is the case, for example, with the common Frog; which is soon killed if kept in a dry atmosphere, although, if its skin be moistened with water, it may be confined for weeks without food. One cause of the speedy death of Fishes when taken out of water, is the loss of fluid by evaporation from the surface of their bodies, and more especially from the delicate membrane of the gills. As soon as this last dries up, the air can no longer act properly upon the blood which is sent to them for purification; so that, although they are exposed to the atmosphere itself, instead of to the small quantity of air diffused through their native element, the blood as it circulates through them, does not undergo the requisite change, and the fish dies of suffocation. Those fish usually die most speedily when taken out of the water, which have large gill-openings; whilst those in which the gill-openings are narrow, and in which the surface of the gills is not so freely exposed to the air (as is the case with the Eel tribe) can live for a much longer time. There are certain Fish which have a peculiar internal apparatus for keeping the gills moist; and these can leave the water, and can even execute long migrations over land. The same is the case with Land-Crabs, which habitually live at a distance from the sea, and only come down to the shore to deposit their eggs. We have here a very striking example of the dependence of one of the most important actions of life upon the moist state of a part of the surface of the body; and we can easily understand that the same general principle applies to others also.

The human Skin, like the leaves of Plants, is continually giving off a large quantity of watery vapour, which passes away quite insensibly to ourselves, unless the surrounding air be loaded with moisture. And a considerable quantity of water in the shape of vapour is also carried away in the breath. We become aware of the presence of the latter, when we breathe against the surrounding air be loaded with moisture. a window on a cold day; for the glass, being chilled by the outer air, cools down the breath which comes in contact with it, and causes its moisture to be deposited upon its surface. When several persons are shut up in a coach or railway-carriage, on a frosty day, the mois-ture which is exhaled from their lungs and skins quickly forms a thick layer upon the glass, which is renewed almost as soon as it is wiped away. The whole quantity of liquid which thus passes from the human body in the state of vapour, seems to average about two pounds per day. But a very much larger quantity is poured out, when the body is over-heated, either in consequence of violent exertion, or of the high temperature of the surrounding air. In this case it is exuded upon the skin faster than it can be carried off as vapour by the atmosphere; and it accumulates in drops, forming the sensible perspiration, the quantity of which may be increased under particular circumstances to an enormous extent. Now the chief object of this pouring-out of water from the surface of the body is to keep down its temperature within the proper limits. Whenever water or any other liquid passes off in vapour, it takes heat from the surface on which it may be; and thus, as long as the flow of perspiration continues, its passage into the atmosphere in the state of vapour has a cooling effect upon the animal body. Provided, therefore, the internal supply of liquid he abundant, and the air be dry enough to carry off the moisture in vapour as fast as it is exuded, the temperature of the body will be but little raised by any external heat that does not absolutely burn it. And

thus it is that persons who have accustomed themselves to sustain the heat of furnaces, stoves, etc., can remain for some time in situations in which the thermometer rises to 500 or 600 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, a temperature nearly sufficient to boil quicksilver. But if the body be exposed for a short time to air not many degrees hotter than itself, but already loaded with watery vapour, no cooling effect is produced by the perspiration, because the liquid poured out from the skin cannot be dissolved by the air, and carried off by it; so that, if the external heat be kept up, the temperature of the body itself is raised above its natural standard, and death is the result.

Hence we see that all Organized bodies require a continual supply of liquid,—in the first place, as one of the principal materials of the bodily fabric; and secondly, as the vehicle for the introduction of the solid part of their food; whilst Animals require it also, thirdly, as the vehicle for carrying off those products of the continual waste of the system which the Respiratory process does not remove;—and, fourthly, as the means of keeping down the temperature of the body, when the external and internal supply of heat would otherwise raise it above its natural standard.

In the next paper, we shall enquire whether any other liquid than *Water* can be regarded as having any beneficial action on the body, when habitually em-

ployed.

NATURE'S NOBILITY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE ASPINALL.

Room for a noble man to pass! In costly robes? in trappings gay? A fop tricked out before the glass? No! clad in sober gray; A nobleman in heart is he, With mind for his nobility.

His crest, a soul in virtue strong, His arms, a heart with candour bright; Which gold bribes not to what is wrong,

Nor blinds to what is right. The patent of his courtly race,— Behold it in his open face.

He cringes not on those above, Nor tramples on the worm below; Misfortunes cannot cool his love,

Or flattery make it grow; Staunch to his friends in woe or weal, As is the magnet to the steel.

He envies not the deepest sage; He scoffs not at the meanest wight; And all the war that he doth wage Is in the cause of right; For broad estate, and waving land, He has the poor man's willing hand.

He is not rich, and yet, indeed, Has wealth; nor poor, his stock though small; Not rich, he gives so much to need,

Not poor, for on him fall Such blessings from relieved distress, To crown his path with happiness.

Room for a lord, ye truckling crew,
Who round earth's great ones fawn and wind;
Fall back! and gaze on something new:
A lord, at least in mind—

That bravest work in nature's plan, An upright, independent man.

THE ANGEL OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

BY SILVEBPEN.

PART THE FIRST.

A VERY old copy of the Gospels lay upon the table, for it had edges and clasps of filigreed brass, and the paper of it, already discoloured by its many years, looked as crisp and as brown as a withered autumn leaf, in the shadowed sort of light that fell from the small iron lamp. Yet Antoine, a little old man, as withered as the leaves of knowledge before him, was, nevertheless, much interested therein; for though Mam'selle Caprice, a neighbouring portress, had lent him an interesting feuilleton, and he had laid out a franc that very morning on a violin accompaniment to the last song of Beranger, still, having opened incidentally at the second chapter of St. Matthew, he read on, and was now come to the Slaughter of the Innocents. by Herod. When he had ended the eighteenth verse, he rose thoughtfully to stir the old brown pot of bouilli, on the stove, took a glance at the clock, then another round the little cell-like chamber, and went back to the Gospels, and the sixteenth verse. From that by degrees -"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.'

"But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the

Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,"
"Saying, Arise, and take the young child—" And
at that moment, some tremulous hand, feeble yet quick,
raised the very heavy knocker on the door, and it fell, as from a powerless hand, back again with a heavy stroke.

"Horace, or Marsailles, or Carlier, the do-nothings, muttered Antoine, as he moved from his book reluctantly; but the light of the lamp, as he held it up in his hand, and slid back the little movable shutter that ran across the grating in the door, showed him that it was none of the medical students that thus disturbed his evening's rest, but a wretched old man, belonging to the degraded class of chifonniers, or rag-gatherers. Not answering, though Antoine called out loudly several times, or even lifting his drooping head, now sunk so low upon his breast that it touched the wide and filthy basket swung by a belt across his ragged blouse, the ancient porter of the great Paris Theatre of Anatomy, quickly threw back the door, and raised the old man by the arm across the step. He was evidently speechless, and with difficulty reached the wide stone seat to which Antoine led him. The first care of the old porter,—he had a kindly soul,—was to unstrap the heavy basker, apparently to his hasty glance full of bones, bottles, and old rags, and place it beneath the seat; next to lean the old man gently against the recess formed by the celllike arch in which the seat was placed, then quickly to roll up the first coarse hospital-towel that came to hand, and place it for a pillow, and then to move away, and just by those Gospels stop one moment to think whether he should revive by a small cup of his own inimitable bouilli, or a glass from one of those two flasks of precious Bordeaux, brought by Nattili the student, in his -, and this was last return from the provinces, or broadening out very wide indeed the boundary of his Samaritanal virtue—a small cup from Retzner's cafetière (coffee-pot) upon the stove. However, he decided for the precious flask; brought it forth and a long taper glass from an old medicine chest, that figured prominently in an opposite recess of the cell, poured forth the Samaritanal drop with a noble and a gentle hand, took up the iron lamp and returned towards the wretched beggar; but neither wine, nor oil, nor more precious

medicinal things would have served; life had followed speech; and the face that leant up against the coarse hard pillow, softer, however, than down by the rich dew of charity that had fallen on it, was as rigid as the Caen stone built up in arch and wall around. After the first momentary surprise was over, the porter summoned one of the surgeons then in the anatomical theatre; but life was found to be quite extinct. Notice was, therefore, given to the next Prefect of Police, and an officer summoned to take the necessary depositions. Nothing was known of the miserable vagrant, beyond that his name was Paquin, and that he had been occasionally employed to bring small animals such as dogs, rabbits, cats, or rats, to the hospital for the purpose of dissection, nor was anything found upon his person beyond a sou or two, some crusts of bread and blades of garlick, and such few specimens of his trade as had been supposed too fine or rare to be mixed amidst the fetid con-tents of his miserable basket. When, however, the officer and Antoine stooped down to move the basket from beneath the stone bench, to their surprise they found it guarded by a small, half starved terrier dog, which, Antoine recollected, had occasionally accompa-nied the old man in his previous visits, and was called Corbeau. On this night it had crept in unperceived, and now the basket was moved away, it growled and showed its teeth, and jumped up resolutely on the stone bench after the basket. But when the officer of police began to move the light covering of rags, it directly wagged its tail, and looked with almost speaking eyes into the face of Antoine. The porter's surprise was great indeed to see that the light covering of rags had been used as a mere blind; for beneath it lay wrapped in an old mantelet a new-born child. Its life was very low within it, and its breath ebbed fitfully, so much so that when the officer laid it down somewhat roughly on the bench, this life seemed ended.

"New food for the Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés," said the officer, with a laugh; "ma mère ou mon père won't be found amongst les chiffonniers, mon garçon."

For some cause or another, the honest soul of the old porter was inexpressibly touched; because, perhaps, the small frail thing before him was so utterly desolate; because, perhaps, Corbeau, the poor lean brute, licked tenderly the little outstretched hand; perhaps, because Herod's decree still lingered in his memory, or all combined; for after stepping back to the still open Gospels, he said,

"Well, it had better be left here to night, Monsieur, I shan't harm it, I shan't harm it. No, no, I am very tender, and the night is very cold, poor thing; and my friend Caprice, Monsieur, will do a hand's turn for it, if it be necessary. She's very kind; a most charming woman, Monsieur, and reads the very choicest of the feuilletons. So she shall come, and the babe shall stop, as I say: the night is very cold, Corbeau shall stop. Yes, yes, Monsieur, God must deal tenderly with us, this is a hard world!" Antoine was so enthusiastic that his breath was gone.

"Eh bien, mon garçon," laughed the official, "if les chiffonniers get to know your tenderness to such rose-buds, you'll have a blossom every night. But farewell; if our inquiry should fail, there's the Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés for you." So saying he rolled up his papers, lighted his cigarette at the lamp, and, nodding his head, took his departure.

Antoine was now alone. No eye was over him to criticise his acts of mercy, but the divine and loving one of Heaven; so, when he found the babe still breathe, he took it tenderly in his arms, placed a dry faggot on the stove, brought his arm-chair close beside, placed on it the pillow and blanket of his truckle bed, placed the child upon these, gave it some milk that had stood heating on the stove beside Retzner's coffee, and when it had fed eagerly, and breathed more freely, he covered

it gently, as if his hand had never known bolt, or lock, or bar. Next office was to toast a small thin round of bread, cut it into long fingers, reward Corbeau with the crusts, pour out the fragrant coffee, place it on a salver, and then disappear with it through a long passage that opened from this porter's chamber.

Notre Dame, and all the Paris clocks were striking twelve when he came back with gentle foot and beaming Gorbeau stretched comfortably on the hearth, he fed the lamp with fresh oil, and sat down again before his book, and when he had read on awhile, he suddenly stopped and said aloud "Heaven itself says take the child; and as this came forth as it might be from the Slaughter of the Innocents, suppose, if it should live, I be as poetical as Caprice, or Petite, the barber, and call it INNOCENT LA TROUVÉE."

Though the police made every possible inquiry amidst the miserable haunts of this most degraded and squalid class of the Paris population, nothing could be learnt respecting the child's parentage. Paquin, the dead chiffonnier, had rented a wretched chamber, solely for himself; and the inhabitants round, with that apathy so much a part of brutality and degradation, knew little more of the old man than his name. Accordingly An-toine, after due consultation with Mam'selle Caprice, and the barber, and divers other friends, adopted I'cn fant trouvée and le petit Corbeau, the dog, and this with much grace, and the very best of arguments on his side, as during the week through which the police had made their search, the small frail thing, so utterly adrift upon the world's wide sea, had, by its very helplessness and desolation, so touched the old man's heart, that without more ado, or one repentant sigh, he made a haven for it, and bid it rest. The merry barber had, lodging in his house, a poor married sempstress, who gladly became its nurse; and as Antoine rarely quitted his post, except on very grand or extraordinary occasions, the child was brought most evenings to the loge de portier, either by the barber or Madame Amand, its nurse, so that not only Corbeau began to understand the evening's visitation, and welcome it by a bark and frisk, but Antoine to watch beside the little grating for the nurse's wellknown step. Antoine had married very early in life, and had had an only son, who, having been enrolled under the act of conscription, had afterwards perished in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. His wife died of grief soon after; and thus he had been for many years alone, without a stronger human tie than Caprice or the barber.

When Innocent was little more than a year old, Madame Amand met with so severe an accident as to be incapable of her charge. Whereupon Antoine would have her home, and soon became so good a nurse that

the child throve wonderfully.

With this good nursing, and this good thriving, several years seemed quickly to go by, and Innocent, a slight graceful child of seven, had already been taught to dance a minuet by Monsieur Petite, the barber, and to sew, by Mam'selle Caprice, the portress. And many a student that passed through the ponderous door to the theatre beyond, would now often stay to kiss her, and so often, too, bring bonbons, and dolls, and toys, that her child-life had not a sorrow, or a care, though her home was a loge de portier, with a single room inside, and a paved yard around, and her only companion and friend, a solitary old man. About this time, some good Sisters of Charity, from a neighbouring convent, who came for the purpose of recognising a body that lay in the dead-room of the theatre, saw lunocent, and heard her story from Antoine.

"As sometimes been within the room, mes sœurs," spoke Antoine with deep respect, "Innocent can be your guide. She has no fear of death, the pretty one." And gently, as Antoine had prophesied, the child stepped on, and this so lightly, so like leaf-fall,

when she bore the light into the chamber of the dead, that the sisters asked her why.

"Because God's sleep seems so very beautiful, messeurs, that I can but tread with a hushed step." And And more than this she seemed so fearless, and yet so reverent, amidst the dead, so intuitively, yet so naturally so, that the sisters, whispering one to the other, said it was surely heaven's decree, the little one was destined for une religieuse. From this time they failed not in calling often to see Innocent, and though Antoine had no intention that she should enter the cloister, even though on the mission of a heavenly charity, les sœurs soon obtained his permission that Innocent should attend daily at their convent, for the sake of superior instruction in various accomplishments. Other children, the good sisters taught, were quicker than Innocent la Trouvée at the embroidery frame and the singing lesson, but none were so useful as she soon became, in assisting to prepare medicine and food for the sick; as if out of probable guilt and shame, the ever-coming spirit of purity and love was here to testify itself, and balance evil done by good enlarged, as good for ever does throughout all nature. But good in this case, how noble, how exalted, how far above the common way it had to be resulted that the testing the same of the same and means of had to be, we yet shall see! for the ways and means of good take progress with the courses of all universal law!

Well, amongst the five hundred students, or thereabouts, that frequented this great Parisian theatre of anatomy, was one very poor, perhaps the very poorest, named Camille Dispareaux. Being a provincial, and utterly without friends or resources, he existed in Paris, and paid the fees of the various educational classes he and paid the rees of the various educational classes he attended, by preparing skeletons for the setters, and painting cheap likenesses for a shopkeeper of the Boulevards. Antoine, from whose province Camille had come, brought about so friendly an acquaintance with him, that after the theatre was closed for the night, or on holidays, he would stop and share the old man's bouilli, dress up with cocked hat and wooden sword dear old petted Corbeau for Innocent, or tell her stories, or sing to her les petites chansons of the provinces, till her small child's heart was very light and glad. But that was truer joy, though her child's heart told it not, when with her head nestled on Antoine's knee, Camile, through a whole evening, would talk to the old man of the wonderful revelations of anatomy, of its sublime and its religious teachings, of his own exalted ambition and infinite struggles with the world; and sometimes, when perhaps he thought the child asleep, he would fetch from the students' room some of his own preparations of cartilage, and bone, and nerve, or unroll the productions of his pencil, often larger than the nature copied from, and always beautiful, though of the grim

Surrounded by circumstances all bearing relation to this mystery of life growing forth from death, there were two especially hidden, and yet ever spoken of as they were, that deeply excited the most intense curiosity in Innocent, and directly led to the sublime duty of her coming life. Two things she had never seen, the theatre itself, nor its great master, Professor Retzner. first excited a sort of curiosity akin to that of Bluebeard's wife, the last was reverent, such as the humble feel in wishing to behold true greatness; for Antoine's praise and faith, his visitations night by night, always at the same hour, his long service even before his appointment as portier, the homage of so many students, the solemn praise of the otherwise merry barber, had raised up such an enchantment in the mind of Innocent la Trouvée, that to see Retzner face to face, became the greatest and intensest passion of her life; and yet it was a wish so mixed up with fear, that she had never dared to ask Antoine, dearly as she loved him.

It was the fête of New-year's eve, and, agreeably to an old custom, Mam'selle Caprice, and the barber, and

Madame Amand, and other friends had come to spend it with Antoine. Yes, and it was the very happiest fête-night Innocent had known, for not only did the barber bring his violin for a dance, but also one of the prettiest embroidered aprons ever seen, and Caprice also brought a very tasty frock, and each one something else for ma mignonne, and there was fruit and lemonade and pastry, and bonbons, and excellent vin du pays, and all might have thought that Innocent had nothing more to wish. Still had they watched her eye so often glancing upwards to the Geneva clock, they could have fancied there was some other wish, though not the strange one that made her heart beat so quickly to and fro. It was known, however, at midnight, for when came forth the coffee-cup and salver as of old,—for nights and days of study were the only fêtes known to the great anatomist, and though he lived in the grandest street of Paris, here was his study to which he walked to and fro and never quitted till long after midnight,- Innocent put her arms round the old man's neck and whispered in his

"You, ma petite, ma mignonne," said the old man, looking down surprised, "you see Monsieur?"
She whispered "yes," so very eagerly, it was a fetenight, and though Monsieur might be angry, Antoine could not refuse ma mignonne; and so with the salver pressed against her beating heart, and not hearing that the barber advised that the new apron should be put on, and Caprice the dress " to charm Monsieur." she left the vaulted room and closed the door hehind her. A long passage and three or four steps from which led a broad stone staircase to the salle d'anatomie, brought her to by Antoine, she stood in the study of the great scientific master. He sat before a table, with his back to her, so that she had time to lean against the door, and try to hide the fear that was now greater than her curiosity. One older, one more worldly, might have been awe-struck; wisely or fearfully, according to his education. For round this vaulted chamber, lighted from the roof, were long compartments ranged one above the other, in which were set hundreds of human skulls. not only from the desert sands of Africa, the mountains of Morocco, Caucasus, Andes, and Himalayah, but from the snows of Kamtschatka, the buried cities of central America, and the battle-fields and grave-yards of the two temperate zones. On pedestals were skeletons; and heaped-up bones, and prepared cartilage, and atlases, and diagrams, and maps, and books, and papers, were on tables set about, and on the floor two giant globes as tall as the tallest man. The table at which Retzner himself sat, was literally walled up with books and covered with papers and instruments, except for the space at which he sat writing, the lamp above shining on his whitened hair and wasted hand as it glanced to and fro with pen across the paper. Just beyond this paper stood a bronze pillar of about a foot high, on which was swung an engraved slab of marble, bearing this in large French characters :- "organization would PERFECT AND BEAUTIFY, IF MAN WERE NOT DEBASED BY CRIME AND MISERY." Now of this misery and crime come forward one of its ministering angels! as many angels will when woman knows her office and her mission from the skies!

The child approached the table and set down the coffee with a beating heart, perhaps in her nervousness touching Retzner's elbow. He looked suddenly round, and sternly, when he saw a stranger.

" How, who, what, why, "Innocent La Trouvée, Monsieur!"

But he scarcely heard words, he was looking with intense eagerness into her sublime and beautiful face; beautiful, because so full of truth, and intellect, and affection. He drew her nearer by the hand and spanned her fore-head; no anger was on his face now. No! no Raphael's Madonna ever looked down more touchingly upon her holy child. Conscious, perhaps, that she trembled violently, he spoke kindly and asked her name.

"Innocent—well I'll Italianise it—it shall be In-

nocenti," and as he spoke he placed a louis d'or in n hand, "there you'll come again soon—soon, recollect. " and as he spoke he placed a louis d'or in her

Antoine's surprise and delight may be conceived; "it was so noble of Monsieur, so good," he said. However, the joy was nothing to Innocent till Camille knew it; so the next day, with Antoine's leave, the new frock and apron were put on, and over them a little black scarf, given her by Nattili the sculptor before he went to Rome, she set out to the Faubourg where he lived. She found the poor anatomical student in his atelier, and instead of being at his legitimate work, a smartly dressed grisette of the lower class was sitting to him for her likeness. She was young and very pretty, but so vain, that though her dark hair was dressed most elaborately, she kept arranging it sideways in the student's little frameless mirror, and her mother, a fat bourgeoise of a neighbouring cabaret, standing over Camille, was guiding his brush, as it were, with such exclamations as, " More colour, sir, more colour; Marie has a beautiful mouth—that dimple larger, sir; the girl is very beautiful. Thank you, thank you, her eyebrows are very dark."

In this way the fat mistress of the cabaret proceeded till the sitting was over, when she and the grisette withdrew. Then it was that Innocent drawing her little stool to Camille's side, and telling him all about Retzner and her wonderful fortune, brought forth from beneath and her wonderful fortune, brought forth from beneath her little scarf, a pair of gloves, as a new year's gift. "And now dear Camille," she said, when the poor anatomical painter had kissed her tenderly, "I have a great secret to tell you. I am very fond of drawing. I have always loved it, and I am sure I should very soon learn. So you shall buy me pencils and paper, and then will you teach me, Camille?"

He thought it but a child's request, and promised her

he would.

"And now, Camille," she went on to say, "as this is a fète day, and I have leave, do let me hear some storics about the rag-gatherers: you know them, you go amongst them; I came from them you know, Camille, and a story will be better than a walk in the Champs Elysées. Do,

dear Camille!

It was a curious trait in Innocent La Trouvée's character that she was always most curious, and inquiring about subjects of misery and degradation, and perhaps, for the very reason that Antoine suppressed them. Of the incidental knowledge of her early history, she was always very curious, and of the rag-gatherers that prowled about the streets with their fetid baskets. On this subject, and on others, she sat by Camille's side and chattered for some hours, whilst he resumed his more legitimate occupation; and after that, Camille locked up his poor room, with its marvellous labours strewn around, and accompanied her home. They had walked some way, and were clearing a filthy quartier of the town, when a witch-like old woman starting from a narrow entrance, stayed Camille.

"Eh! mon garçon, a whelp with two heads, a pretty subject for your knife. Only been a day in the Seine, and therefore but two sous. Eh bien! a bargain,

Monsieur?"

Camille at first refused, but she mumbled some further persuasion, and he followed. The street, though narrow, had once been a street of palaces. Wide corridors and staircases led from it; these, scarcely now defended by a door, were public ways, fetid with the ordure and rubbish that dripped from story to story. With difficulty they followed to the fourth story, where, from a long passage, dens of misery opened, more or less densely crowded. Innocent stood trembling in this passage or corridor, whilst Camille followed the old woman. In some were miserable groups, aged and hideous, that squabbled for

their promiscuous bed upon the floor, or secured their miserable baskets, or gnawed ravenously their morsels of putrescent food; in another, a group of old women were seated, grumbling round a bit of charcoal on a brazier; in another, an old man and woman were cooking in a wide fireplace, the cheap refuse of the market; but what touched Innocent's young heart the most was a group of girls, not older than herself, though dressed like women, talking with loud coarse voices, and drinking strong vin du pays from the flask itself! Such she might have been, her child's heart told her, and taking

Camille's hand, she said softly, "Let us go, Monsieur."

"What makes those girls look so wicked, and be so bold, Camille?" she asked, when they had cleared the

miserable quartier.

"Because they are unfortunate, and are untaught, ma mignosne."

And what makes many look so crooked and deformed; -all, too, so different to happy people, Camille?" " Because being ignorant and vicious, my little one,

" Because being ignorant and vicious, my little one, they know not how to take care of the beautiful body God has given to his creatures; or, if diseased and deformed, how to make it better."

"Ah, then, Camille," she said, looking earnestly up into his face, "what angels, then, the good should be to those unfortunate."

She did not speak another word the whole way home. The impression made was graven on her heart for ever!

To Camille's astonishment, her talent for the pencil was extraordinary. And this, too, in dry outlines and diagrams, for which women have rarely any tastc. She did not care to draw carts, and houses, and fruit-baskets, as her dear old friend the barber wished, but astonished them all by drawing his hand and head, the latter not dressed in its best wig, but bare and eyeless; in a word, it was Monsieur Petite's skull.

During this extraordinary progress of some months, Retzner was absent from Paris. Upon his return, the long looked-for night came, when she would carry in his coffee. He remembered her at once, and laid aside his

pen to look into her beaming face.
"Well, Innocenti, what of the louis d'or?" he said,

smilingly.

"It brought some pencils and a portefeuille, and new year's gifts for Monsieur mon père, and Camille, Monsieur.

"What, to draw Antoine's dog?

"No, such as that." She pointed to a large atlas, open

before the anatomist.

This night was the white night in the fortunes of Innocent La Trouvée, for if Retzner was astonished at her answer, more so was he at the visible proofs of her extraordinary talent; and more so when he heard of her innate pity, touching as it did all the misery within her influence. It was the dew-drop of the flower. That very night Retzner determined to educate and adopt her, and week after, to the utter astonishment of Antoine's friends, the barber included, the old porter, as a sort of charge d'affairs, Innocent La Trouvée and dear old Corbeau, were located in Retzner's house, in one of the grandeat streets of Paris. There were soon governe and masters enough, and but one young child as mistress within that house, for Retzner was unmarried.

Some years had passed quietly by, when it began to be whispered amongst the savans, and in the salons of Paris, that the greatest anatomist of his age had an equally gifted daughter. Yes, that he who was profounder than Blumenbach, and as great in his province as Cuvier; he who by the progress of science was teaching statesmen to read politics by the light of physical organization, who was declaring perfection and beauty to be capable of acquirement by nations as by individuals; that human progress lay with brain and skull, bone and sinew; had a fair young creature flitting about him, like his best spirit, understanding his learned

books, imbibing his philosophy, assisting him by her wonderful pencil, visiting with him the beds of Magda-lens and hospitals, and the recesses of prisons. Yes, so there was! and the anatomist was the German Retzner, and this daughter, the poor infant that had come forth from the chiffonnier's fetid basket. Yes, the Gospels had said "take the young child," as they will by and by teach us to take all young children, and make them what God has destined all his creatures to be—wise and happy.

Literary Notices.

Stories and Studies from the Chronicles and History of England. By Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Mrs. J. FOSTER. Darton and Co. Holborn Hill.

A PARTMERSHIP in the compilation of a book is a rarity, if not quite a novelty; we have, however, been disposed to think favourably of such unions, from the days of Beaumont and Fletcher, to "Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland." The present combination of talent strengthens our prepossessions in favour of literary unions. Jointstock is the order of the day. History and painting, poetry and music, could not be better partners than fact and fiction, or history and story. There is also a duality in the arrangement of the book, though written with perfect unity of spirit; first we have the real history of the period, the dry history, as children call it, then some legend connected with it, on the most striking anecdote of the period, in alternate sections, throughout the volumes. Each planet with its satellite; amongst the latter are many legendary tales not to be found in every juvenile History of England, and yet such as are of historical interest, and moral beauty,—the result of deep research,—"He that would seek for pearls must dive below!" If such a work had been announced to us for publication, we should have said in our haste, that Mrs. Markham's History of England was so well-arranged, in such general circulation, and in such good repute, that there was no place in our juvenile libraries for any other; but we confess our error, with the full conviction that Mrs. Hall's and Mrs. Foster's work is only second in order, not in merit, to our old favourite. "Mrs. Markham" may be read first, by very young children, and when they become of a larger growth, they will be capable of appreciating the "Stories and Studies from the Chronicles and History of England." It is an excellent introduction to the standard authorities, and the reflections on crowned heads are made with great judgment and impartiality. There is also a systematic arrangement in these volumes, which gives much clearness to the narrative, and deepens the impression on the memory. The opening chapter is "The Traditional Period," its pendant, "The British Veturia," a story ably told, in which a parallel is found in Conuvenna, the mother of Brennus, the king of the north of Britain, and her great prototype, the mother of Coriolanus. Next in succession are "The Aborigines," "The Roman Period," "The Picta and Scots," the last is accompanied by the story of "The Vocal Mountains." An innocent stratagem used by the oppressed Britons, gave rise to the title.

The Pictish general, being about to attack them, a council was called, and Germanus, one of the most influential speakers, declared that, if they would put themselves under his guidance, he would ensure them the victory. The numbers of the enemy were so immensely disproportioned to any that the Britons could bring against them, as to make this promise seem little more than an empty boast; yet, as nothing better might be done, it was at length agreed that the whole conduct of the affair should be committed to Germanus.

Now Germanus had observed that, directly in the path by which the enemy must approach, there lay a peculiarly formed hollow, surrounded by hills on every side, and giving back every sound uttered within it a hundred-fold; so that the voice of ten men was that of a host. To this place he led his small force, and bade all quietly rest on their arms until he should give them the signal for movement; they were then to repeat three times the word they should hear him utter, with all the force they

could muster, and then fall on the enemy.

He next stationed watchmen, who gave him signals of the barbarians' progress; these he permitted to approach the spot best fitted for this purpose, which they did, unsuspicious of the ambush laid for them. When they reached the point he thought best calculated for the effect he meditated, Germanus exclaimed, ** Hallelujah!" His people repeated the cry three times with their utmost force; the reverberating hills gave back the echoes with a noise so astounding, that the Picts, believing themselves opposed by a multitude innumerable, were instantly thrown into confusion; not stopping to see by how small a number they were attacked, all fled in dismay. Their total destruction was the attacked, all fied in dismay. Their total destruction was the consequence, and for that time, our fathers gained breathing space, and a large portion of booty. Urgent was their need of this respite, and profoundly grateful were the earnest thanksgivings to Almighty God that arose from the band of Britons who had stationed themselves in that fortunate defile of "The Vocal Mountains."

It is difficult to select, amongst so many pleasant legends; we must choose the briefest. In default of authenticity, we resign the self-devotion of Queen Eleanor, as regards the extraction of the poison from her husband's wound; but it is true to her character. As history abounds with so much of hate, one is grieved to forego any traits of disinterested love. Our authors give us an interesting record of Edward the First's filial affection:—

On leaving Syria, the prince and princess found grievous tidings awaiting them in Sicily; first came the news of the death of Prince John, their eldest child, a fair and promising boy; this was followed by intelligence that prince Henry, their second son, was also dead; and a third messenger related the death of King Henry; and that Edward was himself King of

Now Edward had borne the loss of his sons with a firmness and resignation that astonished all who beheld him; but when told of his father's death, he gave such evident tokens of grief, that his uncle, Charles of Anjou, then King of Sicily, who was beside him when the intelligence arrived, could not refrain from asking how it happened that he bore the loss of his two sweet and promising children with such exemplary firmness, yet seemed heart-broken at the death of an aged man? Edward then made the following reply, which is equally remarkable and creditable "The loss of my children I may hope to see made up to me,

by the same God who gave them; but when a man has lost a ood father, it is not in the course of nature for God to send

good ratuer, ... him another !'

"The First Step to Greatness" is the well-authenticated fact of Cardinal Wolsey's balloon-like visits to the Emperor Maximilian. With all the appliances to boot, and steamers and rail-roads, Mr. Waghorn is not to be compared to the zealous Cardinal; who leaves Richmond at the "noone of Wednesday," crosses the channel, and returns with his "ambassage" to the king's levée on the following Sunday morning, "his happie speede to Gravesend," in his barge, taking three hours! We must conclude with an anecdote of George the Third, and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, called

THE CARTER'S HELPMATES.

It was the frequent habit of the king to wander about the neighbourhood of Windsor, altogether unattended, and accom-panied only by the young Prince of Wales, who was his almost inseparable companion. One morning they were pursuing their walk, in their usual manner, when they met a farm-servant driving a cart-load of hay towards Windsor; they had passed him only by a few paces, when a sudden stoppage of the vehicle,

and the outcries of the driver caused them to look round and they then perceived that the cart had got fast into a rut of the road, and the man was vainly urging his horses to drag it out. The prince sprang back, and with little thought of ceremony, began applying his strength to the wheel, his majesty watching his efforts for a moment in silence, but instantly after, stepping forward himself in the same service. Encouraged by this unlooked-for help, the carter flogged and bawled to his horses, while the royal shoulders heaved as heartily at the wheel; and Hercules—moved, no doubt, by their ship-shape mode of invoking his aid—gave them strength enough to accomplish what they desired; the load of hay was extricated, and the driver, grateful to his friends, swore roundly that they must take a glass of ale with him, offering at the same time a seat in the front of his cart to the next public-house.

This civil offer was not accepted, the king and prince shook the dust of their late labour from their plain clothing, and prepared to bid their friend adieu; but first his majesty presented the fortunate carter with a guinea, which the prince, holding to be no worthy gift, instantly amended by a couple from his own purse. The carter, lost in astonishment, stood from his own purse. looking after these surprising helpmates (first making any thing but graceful, though very sincere acknowledgments), and it was not until they had got fairly out of his sight, that he could be-think himself of once more getting on his team. On arriving at the public-house, which he had destined as the place of his rejected treat, and relating the wonderful occurrence that had taken place, he was acquainted with the quality of his assistants, but he could in no way be brought to believe the fact. Above all, he insisted that, though the prince might be the prince, yet the king could not be the king; for, he argued, why else did the first give him two guineas, when the second, whom his informants would have to be the greater, gave him only one? No, this was not "in his philosophy," and he was convinced that his friends were wrong. The story, and especially the man's obstinacy, was talked of till it reached the king, whom it greatly amused. Some time after, his majesty met the same man on the road, and thus accosted him:—

"So you think, my friend, my present was not a king's present, though my son's might do for a prince, hey? but remember that I must be just before I am generous; the prince has only himself to think about, but I have many who look up to me, as your children at home do to you, for all they want-do not forget /kat, my friend; good morning, good morning," and the monarch once more left John Carter to his cogitations.

These volumes are well illustrated with wood-cuts and engravings; the vignettes, though not all new, are all good; a great improvement on the un-likenessess of kings, usually placed as chapter-heads to histories. We regret that we have not space for the table of contents, which would of itself prove what tempting fare was spread in the "Stories and Studies from the Chronicles and History of England."

The Parlour Library, Vols. VI. and VII. The Collegians. By Gerald Griffin, Esq. And High ways and By-ways, or Tales of the Roadside. By T. C. GRATTAN, Esq. London: Sims and M'Intyre; also

These two standard works require no recommendation. They have already made themselves favourites wherever they have been read; and they will now, in their cheap form, find a host of new readers, and spread far and wide

the pleasure they are calculated to afford.

We regard it as quite an era in a reading life to peruse the Collegians; and the interest is much deepened by the remembrance of the struggles and the early fate of its amiable author. Gerald Griffin translating novels from the French in London at 5l. each, and dying in the prime of life in monastic seclusion, cannot fail to haunt the imagination as the reader goes over his rich and happy pages. The High-ways and By-ways of Thomas Colley Grattan is just the book for the railway carriage, or the fireside that now begins to attract us to its pleasures; conveying us away delightfully to the simple, yet eventful life of the remote villages of France, to the Landes and Pyrenees.

TO THE READERS OF THE PROPLE'S AND HOWITTS JOURNALS.

NOTICE OF Mr. SAUNDERS'S REMARKS IN HIS MONTHLY PART FOR SEPTEMBER.

MR. SAUNDERS issued on the fly-leaves of his monthly part a reply, if reply it can be called, to the statement of the Documents in existence against him. With the exception of the malignant spirit of abuse, which may be passed, there is no answer to the grave charges which the Documents present. Instead of saying these Documents are not true, or do not exist, a fact beyond his power, he refers the reader to the mass of falsehoods which he has published, and which these documents, once seen, demolish at a blow. As Dr. Campbell has so well said, Mr. Howitt rests his cause, not on opinions, but on Facus and Documents. These documents and facts Mr. Saunders exerted all his subtlest autherfuges, the result of the practice of twenty years, to prevent the arbitrators examining; but he cannot prevent the public examining them. They will remain as the only true test of the realities of the case. A few plain words will expose the fallacies of his last statement.

1. It is not in Surrey-street, or in private, that he is arraigned, but openly and before the whole world. No man has seen the Documents, who has not pronounced the case all and more than has been asserted.

2. Mr. Saunders talks of the failure of Howitt's Journal, and the contempt into which Mr. Howitt has fallen. "The wish is

2. Mr. Saunders talks of the failure of Howitt's Journal, and the contempt into which Mr. Howitt has fallen. "The wish is father to the thought." The Journal, spite of the times, and the thousand pounds of other people's money opent to crush it, is emparalleled in the success of its first half-year.

3. Mr. Saunders asserts his right to rob Mr. Howitt, on account of "monstrous losses and injuries that he has inflicted on him." The monstrous losses and injuries have been inflicted on Mr. Howitt. Having got into a ruinous concern, he simply endeavoured to escape out of it as fast as possible. That is his real offence, and the amount of it. Draw up a Debtor and Creditor account, and see who the losers are. This would show that Mr. Saunders put in not one farthing, while he has got out, for eighty-nine weeks' salary for editing an insolvent concern, at 61. per week, 5544.; from Mr Howitt 7001. ready money; making a total of 1,2544. in little more than eighteen months. And what has Mr. Howitt got?—A loss of 7001. in hard cash; several hundred pounds of expenses; and the loss of a year's literary income, of himself and Mrs. Howitt, worth twice that sum; with a menace of demands, the end of which is not yet seen.

expenses; and the loss of a year's interary income, of himself and Mrs. Howitt, worth twice that sum; with a menace of demands, the end of which is not yet seen.

4. Mr. Saunders talks of a thousand pounds expenses incurred, through Mr. Howitt, to procure a dissolution. Totally false! Whatever expenses were incurred for the dissolution were chargeable to Mr. Saunders. Had he been honest, kept good and faithful books, there would have been no breach, and no expense. Had he gone freely and frankly into the arbitration, as prescribed by the deed of partnership, and not hung back, and thrown all sorts of obstacles in the way, the expenses need not have been twenty pounds.

But what is the real fact regarding this thousand pounds? It is necessary to throw the light of truth upon it. When Mr. Saunders found, as will soon be shown, that the umpire rejected his attempt to prevent the publication of Howitt's Journal, he then set about, if possible, to crush it. He, therefore, launched out into one of the most extravagant exhibitions of advertisement that has ever been each in this country. With nothing himself to lose and already covered with debts to the amount of nuwards of 3 000. set about, if possible, to crush it. He, therefore, launched out into one of the most extravagant exhibitions of advertisement that has ever been seen in this country. With nothing himself to lose, and already covered with debts to the amount of upwards of 3,000l., he carried on a system of advertisements, of half a foot square, in almost every newspaper of this country, down to the most insignificant and least circulating. Every one suw with astonishment this enormous outlay, and honest and practical people said, "This man means some one else to pay for these." This was the fact. The object was to buy up the suffrages of the country press against Mr. Howitt. His outlay for advertisements was at least 200l. per month; it appears now by his own statement that it was more,—that in four months, January, February, March, and April, he spent one thousand pounds. Having spent this money on the country press, he then called on the editors, by a lithographed circular—to be seen amongst the documents—by private letters, and by personal emissaries, to declare in his favour; and this he called taking the sense of the press. As has been shown, the attempt was a failure: the majority of the press refused to notice his appeal.

But whose was this thousand pounds? Mr. Saunders's? No; Ex nikio nikil fit. The plan was to destroy Mr. Howitt with his own weapon; to purchase destruction for him with his own money. A short time ago, scarcely one of these gigantic advertisements was paid for, nor is it probable they are now. But what of that? It was the desperate game of a desperate adventurer. If he won, it was well; if he lost, he was but where he began: he had spent Mr. Howitt's money, and hoped, moreover, to leave a ponderous debt for him to pay; for let it be carefully observed that, by his own account, he ceased this excessive adventising exactly with the dissolution of the partnership in May!

5. And now for the arbitration. He says Mr. Howitt "broke through the arbitration when it became unpleasant and dangerous, and publish

with a most decided judgment agains Mr. Saunders and his party.

It is true that Mr. Saunders having got two arbitrators against Mr. Howitt's one, and these two having succeeded against the single voice of his arbitrator, in getting their own man appointed as umpire, seemed determined to ride rough-shod over him;

single voice of his arbitrator, in getting their own man appointed as umpire, seemed determined to ride rough-shod over him; but they were deceived in their own choice; the umpire, an eminent barrister of Lincoln's Inn, proved to be a man as honourable and high-minded as he was clear-headed, and he rejected their attempt against him.

The history of this arbitration is curious. Mr. Howitt invited Harriet Martineau to write in the People's Journal. She knew nothing of Mr. Saunders; as who, indeed, did? But on Mr. Howitt demanding an arbitration, on the discovery of his real character and practices, Mr. Saunders and to various persons with a false story, and amongst them to Miss Martineau. Had Miss Martineau done as the plainest common sense would have dictated; heard what Mr. Howitt had to say, and to show too, instead of listening exclusively to Mr. Saunders, she would have discovered, as Mr. Fox, and others did, what the real truth was, and might then have done as much good as she actually did mischief. She might have induced Mr. Saunders to come to an immediate and fair dissolution of partnership, which assuredly would have been better for all parties, and have prevented all the exposure that has since occurred.

There is no wish to blame Miss Martineau for more than this. It is probable that she thought she was defending an innocent and injured man. Mr. Fox at first believed the same—the facts undeceived him. She should have remembered as a philosophical woman the old maxim, sudd alteram partem.

woman the old maxim, audi alteram partem.

woman the old maxim, andi alteram partem.

However, she got two of her friends to be arbitrators for Mr. Saunders, and those two gentlemen seemed quite ready to carry the thing, right or wrong, their own way. But with every point secured, as it seemed to them, having secured as umpire a third friend of themselves and Miss Martineau, they appealed to him, and, having read the case sent up to him, he called the parties before him at his chambers, and dismissed their demand, which was for the suppression of Howit's Journal, in the most summary and noble manner; declaring that it was a thing that they had nothing to do with, and pronouncing their attempt, as Mr. Howitt stated in his reply to Mr. Saunders's first appeal, one of the most barbarous cases that ever came before him.

The rebuff was as severe as it was unlooked for; and Mr. Saunders was so enraged by it, that he did not hesitate to abuse the learned umpire in the presence of various of the parties, as having made himself a partisan;—a partizan, as it would have been in that case, against his own friends, and in favour of persons that he had never seen or spoken to in his life. It was, in fact, as noble an example of judicial honour as ever adorned the practice of Euglish law.

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noble an example of judicial honour as ever adorned the practice of Euglish law.

6. The rest of Mr. Saunders's asertions may be summarily dismissed. He says Mr. Howitt wanted to get the People's Journal into his own hands. This is, as the rest, most false; and has been fully explained in Mr. Howitt's Reply. The only literary dispute was regarding the protection of the eminent contributors invited by Mr. Howitt; as guaranteed by the 11th clause of the Deed of Partnership, all which has likewise been explained by Mr. Howitt in his Reply.

7. Mr. Saunders says Mr. Howitt took his machinery. The machinery, as has been shown, and as is amply proved by the documents, was all Mr. Howitt's own, prepared years before. He furnished the whole, and Mr. Saunders having violated the

agreement, he was perfectly at liberty, as declared by the umpire, to make use of his own machinery for his own journal. Mr. Saunders's advertisements of his volumes every day show, in the names of many of Mr. Howitt's friends, to what extent the People's Journal was indebted to him.

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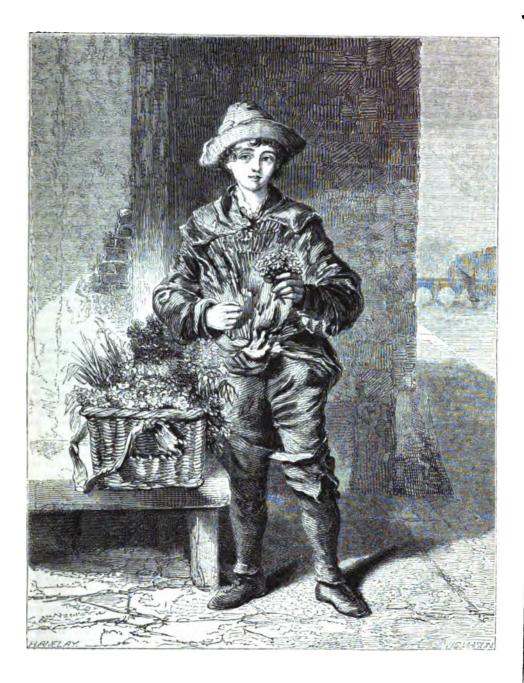
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THE PRIMROSE GATHERER.

BY OCTAVIUS OARLEY.

THE PRIMROSE GATHERER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In the great world of Landon, there is scarcely a region or a period of the year that has not its peculiar feature, custom, or characteristic. Nature seems abut out there by miles of streets and square miles of brick and mortar; but Nature is still there, strong as ever, living in the human heart, if she cannot live before human eyes, and causing the tailing themands to trudge off on Sundays and holidays into the far-away country, as surely as it draws out the aristocratic when their season is over, and Parliament closes, to their distant halls and mountain tracts. The outpourings of London would make a book. Those great efforcement in the mighty vessel of human life, which from over on every side, and send their myriads forth into woods and fields, would present a series of scenes in the popular existence that would show how omnipotent is Nature.

At the moment that I write this, one of these great periodical outpourings is taking place. The black-berries, and the mushrooms, and the nuts, are ripe in Epping Forest; and in thousands of workshops during Epping Forest; and in thousands of workshaps during the week the question has been asked by apprentice and by journeyman, "Bob, ain't you fee the Forest en sunday! Bill, do you know that the blackberries are ripe now?" And there have been brisk answers, ""Ay, are you going? I'll go, and Joe will go, and Sam at Benson's, and Ned at Woollett's. And wan't we have a great lark?"

Through the whole length and breadth of the model.

Through the whole length and breadth of the work rhrough the whole length and breadth of the worst-shops of London; through all Bethnal Green, Spital-fields, through the Minories, and along Tewer Hill, and up Shoreditch, and Clerkenwell, and to the very purlieus of the Seven Dials, and across the water in Southwark, has the important news flows from ear to ear, that blackberries are ripe, and mushreams in the forest turf. Like an electric thrill it has darted on far and wide; and the great workshop soul, whether awear ing over hot iron or steaming in dye-houses and hatteries, whether darting the shuttle amongst silken threads, or moulding bread for the living, or clenching nails in coffins for the dead, there is but one thought-blackberries, and one imagination—that of eool breezes. the smell of forest turf, and the sound of "a going in the tops of the trees.

It is a fever, a contagion, a frenzy. Try to cure it, to crush it, to turn it saide;—it is vain! At midnight of Saturday, out pour thousands on thousands of boys, Saturday, out pour thousands on thousands or boys, boy-men, and men-boys. Thousands of them have never taken a moment's rest, but have rushed forth from smutty shop and fetid alley to collect their forces, and are off. The breeze may blow them, or the shower may wash them, if they will, but that is all the cleaning and the washing that they wait for. All night from twelve o'clock I have heard them, and occasionally arisen to take a look at them, in the bright, gas lit road, and thus they stream along: the true, vising genera-And thus they stream along; the true, rising genera-tion of swelterers and moilers, in sap and jacket, and with basket on arm, or thrown over the shoulder on a stick. There they come, still streaming on by hundreds and by thousands, calling to one another to come on, and some singing in groups. From hour to hour this has continued, till it is now twelve o'clock in the day; and still they come and come, and go and go, onwards. Men with short pipes in mouth, and boys of twelve and fourteen; and as day has approached, you see that many have stayed to lie down a few hours, and have put on a clean shirt and the Sunday coat. there are others of smarter appearance, as from behind counters, marching in grave talk, and carrying smart sticks. And there! the spring-carts loaded with whole families, and going as if for their lives, are now coming

too! Good luck to them all! If blackberries grew on every twig of every bush and tree in all Epping Forest, what were they amongst so many! But what of that! There is the forest, and freedom, and fresh air, and the There is the forest, and freedom, and fresh air, and the exhilaration of a great day, where thousands on thousands are gone out for a Sunday visit to old mother Mature! Anon you shall see them coming back, filling all the road for miles, with their baskets not overloaded, though some of them are carrying them on a stick between two, like the messengers with the bunch of grapes returning from the Promised Land.

How different is this scene to the one which ought to have come first but must come here! It is a Sunday

have come first, but must come here! It is a Sunday morning in spring, and in Bethnal Green. Between the church and the railway, on the left hand as you go towards Whitechapel, there is a number of gardens; and these gardens are now all thrown open; and before their gates are set out plants and flower-roots, ready taken up for sale. There is almost everything that you remember as the favourities of your childhood, and the inhabitants of old cottage gardens in districts of the country far away. There are ladslove, sweet-williams, dalaies, pinks, wall-flowers, polyanthuses, thrift, tufts of aweet peas, and tufts of larkspurs, violets, and columbines, and a thousand other things, all ticketed ONE PRINT HASE. For one penny each can the poor man, or poor woman, stock from this convenient market the little plet by the door in the narrow alley, or the tub in the little corner, or the pot in the window, where the poor condamned plants shall fade and aicken under the admiring eyes of those who are fading and sickening themselves in those neglected regions where

alcheming themselves in those neglected regions where poverty and pastilence house together.

And out of these allies, and courts, and streets unknown, those pale and sickly weavers are streaming, to feast their eyes on this may seene of gardens and gardenplants, and to endure and give way to the temptation of ONE PRENT ELOS. Yes; there is a brisk trade going on on Sunday morning; and neither clergyman nor police interfare; neither Sir Andrew nor Lady Go-easy-cheven come and reprove. There are here and there to-heaven come and reprove. There are here and there thick and knotted crowds, and when you get a peep through them, they are surrounding some beautiful plant in full bloom! Like bees do they crowd round, and brighten their hungry souls with all its glorious hues, and inhale its fragrance: how different to the fever-breeding stenches of the whole week and year!

And there are seeds of all sorts for sowing,—lupins,

and sweet-peas, and larkspurs, and nasturtiums, and swerything / And within the gardens go to and fro amongst the bods those that will have something particularly fine and fresh, and the venders are ready with their and state of the state their spades to dig them up, and sommend them, for an

extra price.

And there, too, are brought singing birds in cages—
canaries and gorse linnets—for sale, if it he May, and genial; for at earlier and more ungenial times we have missed them, and been told that "it was too chilly for

the poor things."

And there, too, comes THE PRIMEOSE GATHERER! There he is, just as you see him in Oakley's picture, with his basket crammed with the plunder of many a lane and woodside. There he has set out single roots of primroses all in blow, and cowslip roots just putting up their fresh and wrinkled leaves; and orchis plants, all clear and spotted, and speaking of May days to come, when they will show their purple faces in the grass of a thousand pleasant pastures.

Oh, boy! almost cruel in thy tender mercies! for though thou bringest delight in primrose and in blue-bell from the far country; and though thy face is not the face of the sharp, hard, and too-knowing city urchin, but has the sentiment of the flower and the solitary field in it—something sweet and poetical—yet there are in thy fresh cheek, and thy quiet eye, and thy up-

heaped basket, things that are cruelly beautiful. To what moors, and woods, and river banks, do thy primroses, and thy oxlips, and thy springing ferns, carry the imagination! Thine is a life that might enchant a Bloomfield, a Crabbe, or a Thomas Miller. Thou hast no end of solitary rambles over waste and wold, by brook and river. The keeper knows thee, and lets thee pass unchallenged; the wood-peeping squire bids thee only keep the path, and does not threaten with the lock-up. The flock know thee on the downs, where the bee orchis springs, and the lark, as it soars high above thy head, during thy noon-sleep on the soft sward. I trace thy travels and thy haunts, as I often stray through Covent Garden, and feast my eyes on lilies of the valley, and nodding frittilaries, and crowded golden cowslips, and king-cups from the verdant marshes. What a life is thine !—a poet's and a pilgrim's. The sea-side sees thee amid its breezes; the hanging wood, with its tall and solemn trees, is about thee, with all its stillness; the solitary mere, gay with snowy water-lilies, and thickly acreened with tall reeds, sees its wild fowl startled by thy presence. The ancient forest refreshes thee with its peculiar odours, and gives thee a hollow tree for a dining-room. When the sun burns on the wide, sandy moorland, and the sun-dew is hung with sparkling diamonds, thou and the melancholy curlew are there; and by rushing streams dost thou gather the blue geranium; and amid rocks, the mountain heliotrope all glowing gold, and in caverns, where trickles the everlasting water-drop, the delicate maiden-hair. All these dost thou send into the heart of London, to remind us that Nature is as vast, as varied, and as beautiful as ever; but thou art in the heart of Nature itself.

Long life to thee in all thy wanderings, and at all seasons! Still send us blossoming tokens of those seasons; remind us, by country fragrance and a thousand beautiful things, that there is still Nature and a country, though we weary tollers in the great Babel see little more than we see through thee. Welcome shalt thou be in all thy floral characters, but in none more than as The Princes Gatherer, for thou art the

herald and companion of delightful spring.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek:
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold: the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright:
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me:
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh thus—it marreth my reposing;
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing:
—Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

THE ANGEL OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

PART THE SECOND.

INNOCENT LA TROUVÉE was eighteen, when Retzner, after a few hours' illness, died of one of those diseases incident to sedentary men. He had made no secret of his intentions respecting her; it was, therefore, probable, that this certainty of fortune covered the ignominy of her issue from a rag-gatherer's basket, and had already led to so many direct proposals to Retzner for her hand. These he had quietly negatived: her youth, her child-like simplicity of heart, her peculiar tastes, bound up, as they had been, with his own pursuits; her unobtrusive, yet spiritual exaltation of character,—were all obstacles. The secret, however, lay deeper: his intuitive perception of character had revealed it to him, but he had wisely resolved that time and nature should bring about that towards which his own wishes earnestly pointed, as not only means of happiness to Innocent, but uniting purposes, in their several conditions, sublime.

From the time that Innocent had left the loge de portier for her richer home, from the time her talents and their instructor became known, Retzner, as far as the independent nature of Camille Dispareaux would permit, had become the poor scholar's friend. He saw the great talents of Camille, and with that candour and humility peculiar to true natures, he saw that, whilst he himself was great as a collector of facts, whilst he was great in all the material evidences of science, here was one whose peculiar province it would be to combine and deduce from thence those great natural laws whose discovery is significant of human progress, and whose development serves as a guide to the moral and political reformer. These tastes, different yet alike, had led to the most unreserved intimacy between Retzner and Dispareaux. In an early stage of it the latter had still remained Innocent's instructor in the beautiful art, which to himself was but an accessory to higher science; and when that tutelage was over he still remained her guide. But in this progress of time affection had changed in character: Innocent beheld in Camille not only the grave and kind brother twenty years older than herself, but the noble man of science of whom Retzner prophesied so many things, and whom it would be the glory of a life to love and minister to: whilst he, on the other hand, beheld the little affectionate creature of his poverty and early days, who had in so many ways directly helped on his better circumstances, grown into a gentle creature of eighteen, with an intellect as great, as her sense of duty was exalted. But both shrunk one from the other; she, because one so grave and intellectual as Camille could but look upon her as a child, and at best as an old acquaintance; whilst he, loving her with the deepest affection, knowing her beautiful heart, aware that hers was the intellect that would labour for and appreciate his own, still doubted the right of engrossing an affection, which might, more naturally turn to one younger than himself, and recoiled from the idea of seeming to aim at Retzner's fortune, through an alliance with Innocent. Thus matters stood when Innocent was seventeen. Retzner, who saw this struggle in the stern and conscientious man, who doubted the wisdom of their marriage till Innocent was older, seconded Camille's wish to quit Paris for a time, not merely for the sake of broken health, but of those studies that required uninterrupted solitude. Accordingly, about a year before his friend's death, Camille had gone to live amidst the vine-clad hills of those southern provinces of France that stretch downwards to the Mediterranean sea, and in the receipt of a small yearly pension from Retzner.

For a time after the anatomist's death friends crowded round Innocent, for, as had been expected, the whole of his large fortune was left to her, and his magnificent library and museum to Camille Dispareaux. things were suddenly changed: a will had been made prior to the adoption of l'Enfant Trouvée, in which the museum and property were left to the Health Com-mission of the capital; the latter for the purpose of founding a hospital for the unfortunate; without other precise definition than that it should serve to demonstrate the great analogy between ignorance and public

disease and public crime.

The two wills were brought before the law tribunals. Circumstances seemed in favour of the prior one, and the prospect of any immediate decision improbable, owing to the need of several witnesses, who, since the time of the first will, had died or left the capital. With this issue in prospect, which in one moment might bring back her original situation, Innocent, in spite of the advice of some old friends of Retzner, who hoped for the better result, accepted the small pension offered by the law tribunal till the settlement of the suit, and at once left the home of these latter years. It was better, as she wisely thought to meet fortune half-way; many offered their protection and their homes to her, but these she steadily refused from all but one, and this was the offer of two small rooms rent free in the house of her old friend, Petite the barber. Not only did the good old man paint and paper, and make them in some way fitting to receive the costly luxuries which Retzner had placed about Innocent's girlhood, but made old decrepit Antoine share his kitchen, under the pleasant fiction that he could help him in his business. Yet, heaven bless such fictions, they are the kindlicst and the best that earth is witness of.

The pre-eminent talent of her pencil would have soon been employed, and profitably rewarded, would she have used it in illustrating the feuilletons, or serials of the hour; but the nobler work to which it had been accustomed was both difficult to procure, and scantily remunerated. She hid from all this need to work, and why? lest officious interference might deprive her of one of the great objects of her life -- to serve Camille, and be worthy of that great mind she had always reverently loved, from the time he had first guided her baby hand. Yes, she determined to hide from him as long as possible the death of Retzner; and this was the easier, as he rarely read newspapers, and scarcely ever wrote letters, and in his far away province, it was not probable the truth would reach him. Yes, the sum allowed her by the tribunal she Yes, the sum allowed her by the tribunal she uninterruptedly forwarded to Camille, for its amount just met the frugal sum that he had accepted from the generosity of Retzner; but once the latter's death were known, her scheme, she knew, would fail; and thus the secret was hidden from Antoine, and he attributed her weary labours with the pencil and the engraving needle to mere habits and love of industry; dear child, ma mignonne, ma petite, still, as of old. But was she not justified? she thought; did she not save broken health? did she not thus give leisure to the student? did she not thus materially help the great labours of his life? did she not serve to fulfil the prophecies of Retzner, and thus indirectly repay all his lavish bounty? did she not do these things, and might not the time come when Camille would think her worthy of his own better, higher nature? Perhaps it might! and woman again testify how earnest is her devotion, when she looks up to, and reverences an intellect more commanding than her own.

Thus some months went on, when accident, as it were, opened the true mission of her life; and whilst developing the exalted humanity of her nature, combined the very object of Retzner's early will. After a day spent in labour, Innocent had been to a distant suburb to see her old nurse, Madame Amand, when she

was stopped by a crowd collected round an obscure wine-shop. The owner, an old and bloated woman, was leaning, half-undressed, over the open window-sill, and replying with execrations to the entreaties of a younger and more decent woman.

"Dying! Ah! ah!" laughed the first: "rare news,

neighbour! rare news!"

You will not come, then t Can nothing soften you?" And the more decent woman spoke this ten-derly. But the only answer was another peal of coarse laughter, at which she placed her hands on each side of her cap to stop her ears, and turned away. As she moved from the crowd, Innocent recognized her as one of the nurses in an hospital she had often visited with

Retzner, and so, following, spoke to her.
"That mistress of the cabaret, Mam'selle," replied the woman, with more feeling than officials often show, "is the mother of a poor unfortunate lying dying this very night in the Hospital of the Magdelonettes. Ah, Mam'selle, nothing can touch that femme effrontee—hardened woman. Even the priest has been to her, for the girl has taken to her penitence wonderfully; her prayers, Mam'selle, would touch the heart of the just

Could this be the girl Innocent had seen, years ago, coquetting before the student's mirror? Was this the fruit of silly vanity, that had stood like a gaudy poppy in the sun? she asked herself this, and inquired of the

woman.

"Her name is Parfaite," said the nurse; "but these miserables hide their real names. Yet, when I think of it, the mother said, Marie. Yes, it was so.

Saying she would accompany her to the hospital, Innocent led the way to her lodgings at the barber's and with a little wine for the dying girl, she brought away beneath her mantelet a small rough sketch of the beautiful grisette that she had once found amongst Camille's drawings, and probably thrown originally aside, as not being sufficiently faithful. Yet it was so like, that one glance at it brought back in full freshness that long-ago fête-day when she had sat a little child by Dispareaux's side.

It was past the hour when strangers were admitted within the hospital; but Retzner's name and her own were more than sufficient passport. Following the nurse through nearly a long ward, where other nurses. with their high Norman caps, were passing to and fro, Innocent, at the lifting of a frail curtain hung before the narrow compartment allotted to each bed, beheld the dying creature. Though shrunken and wasted to a shadow by a fearful cough, she sat upright in the bed; but when she saw that only a stranger followed the nurse, she sunk back upon her pillow, and buried

her face within it.

"There, don't take on so, Parfaite," said the nurse :

"the old woman isn't worth a care, my girl."

"Oh, but it is fearful to die utterly alone," sobbed "Oh, but it is learnt to die utteriy alone," soobed the girl; "or only with those around that see you as you are, and who, knowing not, or being unable to fancy, your better days, cannot for a minute put by the thought that those that lie before them are corrupt; nor touch them, nor speak to them as if the evil, like a cerement, had fallen off, and we were once more pure in our human sisterhood." Ah! if my

(1) Parent Duchatelet, and others, remark upon the singular exaltation and purity of spirit observable in an unfortunate class of women, in their better and repentant moments. Vice, as it were, thus flies from vice; and evil purifies itself. This is another testimony to the inherent good mingled up so

is another testimony to the inherent good mingues up so largely with the frailties of human nature.

My readers will perceive that this is the tale promised some time since in my article on Mr. Shooner's Bill; but my many literary engagements delayed it till now. Though I look upon the great social evil alluded to as mainly attributable to a vicious social condition, and consider that HUNGER and

mother could have thought me once more a little child, and innocent as one. But even this is not for

The nurse could not comprehend this touching prin-ple of our better nature. "Well, I've done the best, ciple of our better nature. "Well, I've done the best, I'm sure, and so have the doctors; and then there are the girls come to see you. What more would such as you have? And thus saying, she took a cup off the small bracket-table, and left the bed.

Innocent knelt down beside it, and put her arm around the girl. "I saw you in your better days, Marie: let me call you so! I can look upon you and see not a shadow on your face."

The dying girl rose on her elbow, looked Innocent keenly in the face, and, parting back her long dark hair, seemed to inquire if it were a visit for mercy or for reproach.

"I am the good doctor Retzner's daughter, Marie. You knew him, perhaps? all the sorrowful knew him."

"Yes, in prison, in the hospital. You see how guilty I've been." She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"I do not see that, Marie—not now, indeed. God gives moments when all evil passes from us, my penitent.

The girl looked up again, and wound her arms about mocent's neck. "You knew me in my better time, Innocent's neck. "then, Mam'selle?"

Innocent uncovered the picture, and held it up; the light fell upon it, and made it look beautiful. Here was visible representation of purity and beauty, decay and crime. The girl looked on it with streaming eyes.

"You are pure, you are good, you have learning," she said slowly, at length. "Oh, it is such as you, Mam'selle, that we want to be merciful unto us. It is not doctors, it is not hospitals, it is not nurses only, that we want. We want such as you, to whom in our better moments we could fly and say, Cover us with the shadow of your purity. Let such as you speak to us, let such as you compassionate us; do not let us have only prison-walls and sermons to reform us—both mostly make us hypocrites. Think you so, Mam'selle?"

"I do, Marie. I want to make the great truths of mercy active, my penitent. I want to show the world in many ways such contrasts as this picture and yourself, and show it is not the province of charity and purity to utterly crush the fallen human flower, but

to raise it, if possible, with a gentle hand."
"You think so?" and the girl looked still more keenly into Innocent's face.

"I do, indeed I do, my poor one."

"Yes, I am sure of it, Mam'selle—the truth lives in your eyes. Well, you will not be too proud to do my last bidding! I feel I can ask you." And as she spoke, she drew a small ivory crucifix from beneath the pillow. "Take this to a girl named Lucrèce; she lives in the Rue ——, at the address written on this slip of paper. She is grander and better than I, Mam'selle, for she has never yet sunk so low as the prison for theft; for even amongst us there are degrees of vice. Take this to her, and speak as gently as you speak to

"I will, my poor one."

"Let her redeem herself in such way as you can show, and go back to her old father in Rome—he is a picture-dealer, Mam'selle-and do all she can to wipe away the tears she knows he's shed. She may be hard at first—she hides a broken spirit beneath this mask of hardness; but when your pure words have made it fall

IGNORANCE are the main roots of prostitution, still there are methods of collateral reform that we may help to develope. By God's help we shall eradicate evil government. By God's help we shalf make practical the sublime charity and mercy of our religion.—SILVERPEN,

away, you'll find Lucrèce noble, for she has fed me and others when forsaken by every human thing; she has stripped herself to clothe the naked; she has spoken when all other tongues have been tied, till I and others have sometimes asked ourselves, How can Lucrèce be sinful? She has come to me in prison, in the hospital; she would be here to-night, only she knows we like to die, with the quiet holiness the priest has left around us unbroken; for we fancy that Purity is a sacred veil, that hides the past from our eyes. We otherwise fear

Exhausted, she now laid her face back upon the pillow, and for a long time seemed as if passed away. Even the nurse, who had come back, seemed to think so. But she looked up again, and seemed glad that Innocent bent over her.

"Can you in heart, Mam'selle," she very faintly whispered, "think that sin has passed away, and I am

once more as that picture !" "I can, my poor one, my dear one," and Innocent's

tears fell fast.

"Thank you, thank you. Cover me close. Let me hold your hand, let me press it; it is a support, it is a guide. The shadow of purity is over me, and this this—is death."

Many minutes after, when the nurse leant over Innocent, and touched the girl, she was found quite dead, Innocent's hand fast locked in hers, and pressed against

her rigid lips.

Two days after, Camille's rough sketch hung in In-nocent's small chamber, and by its side another of the dying Magdalen. A contrast, and a pitiful one; yet a noble sermon unto all who would see the errors of our

social state, and aim at human progress.

Accompanied by Madame Amand, Innocent, some days after Marie's death, sought out Lucrèce. She was a beautiful woman, of thirty-two or three; a little passé, it might be; though her hair, of that glorious hue that Titian has given to the Cenci, still swept round her like a beautiful veil. But she was hardened, scornful, even impudent. The gaudy finery, that covered, as is mostly the case, the miserable rags beneath, was worn with the hauteur of a queen.

"Did she ask help from people who called them-selves respectable? Had she sent for them? Was she their slave? Could they not keep within their own homes, without prying into the secrets of another?"
These were hard words; but, recollecting that this hardness is the mask most often worn by shame, Innocent took her leave gently, and said, in parting,

may meet again, Lucrèce.

The law case still lingered, and might for months. Innocent now saw the prudence of the step she had taken; for if the process of the court were declared against her, she had already met fortune half-way. The world around, the few friends left to her, knew not of her solitary struggles for bread, not merely for herself, but Antoine; nor imagined them, because of the allowance paid by the law tribunal. For three quarters of a year this had now been sent to Camille, without any evidence of his knowledge of Retzner's death, as was about this time shown by a letter from Camille, addressed to his dead friend. Innocent opened it. There was wonder expressed of his, Retzner's, long silence; inquiries after his health, with word that his, Camille's, was but indifferent, though the great labour of his life was progressing well and hopefully. Then there was much said of Innocent-much that was not meant evidently for her eye, of praise, and love spoken under the guise of brotherly affection. Oh, how cherished was this letter! how it made the present bearable and the future hopeful! Might she not yet attain to the height of his great mind? and was it not well that she already indirectly helped his service towards humanity, by securing his present simple life from poverty? Yet the truth could not be long concealed, she feared; though, to ward this knowledge off as long as possible, she wrote to him, and speaking of Retzner with all the affection that was his due, merely said that he had

gone a "long journey.

Since the death of Marie she had visited the prisons and hospitals regularly. In one of the former she became interested in the fate of a girl about ten years old, undergoing a short imprisonment for some petty theft. Upon her release, Innocent got a consignment for here to one of the government reformatory schools for female children; and seeking out the quartier from whence she had come, found that this child had been but one she had come, found that this can't had been but one of many others employed by an old woman to steal about the streets and bring the produce home. Though assisted by the surveillance of the police, and protected by their care, she found access into this immense but miserable dwelling difficult; and even when obtained, her words amongst this miserable crowd made no impression, or, if made, it was immediately effaced by those whose interest it was to do so. But ways were opening.

Marie had been dead about three months, when, one fine winter's day, business with a print and pictureseller took Innocent to one of the principal streets. As she passed the shop-window, a cursory glance at a richly-dressed female looking in assured her that this was no other than Lucrèce. Whatever was her natural pity for repentant vice-for vice conscious of its enormity-for vice despairing-for vice willing to return to good—for vice hungering, yet Innocent was one to scorn vice worn with brazen effrontery in the blaze of day; and, however she might compassionate, she knew that such was not the hour to speak and save. She passed into the shop upon her business. The printseller was showing some pictures to an old man leaning across the counter, and who, criticising the works before him, spoke fluently in Italian. Innocent understood the language, and listened attentively, for the old man spoke learnedly of art.

"Ah," said he, at the conclusion of a critique on the perspective of a picture before him, "this draped figure puts me in mind of a chef desure of our sculptor Nattill. A wonderful man, Monsieur; particularly in all that reveals his knowledge as an anatomist."

"He was perhaps a pupil of our great citizen, Retzner.

"Yes, I think that is the name he speaks of. Signor Nattili is my next-door neighbour, Monsieur.

"Ah, but not your city's greatest sculptor, or, rather I should say, the world's. I thought—"
"Oberlingen the Dane? Yes, you're right. Nattili, as I was going to say, Monsieur, is, like Canova, remarkable for grace: Oberlingen, for grandeur and nature combined. Ah! you should see a figure he intends for the Angel of Mercy. Nothing since the days of Phidias has approached it: so simple, yet so sublime. It is not yet out of his atelier, for the face is still unwrought, as he has a fancy, they say, that he shall yet see the human face from which he may fashion his ideal. God grant he may; for I believe earth is never wholly destitute of the angelic natures."

Whilst he was thus speaking, the picture-seller had moved a picture nearer the window, for the sake of light; and now the old man moved towards it. He had scarcely resumed his conversation about Nattili, when a quick-gathered crowd outside in the street darkened the window, and voices cried out a woman had fallen. Imagining the truth, Innocent followed the old man and the picture-seller to the door, just in time to see the drooping, insensible face of Lucrèce, as she was borne away by the police from the place where she had fallen. Trying to follow, and see if she could be of service, Innocent got entangled in the crowd. When she escaped and returned to the shop, the old

man was gone, and where no one knew, for his name was even unknown.

The second night after this, Innocent was sought for by a weather-beaten man, a boatman of the Seine, who had with difficulty found out her abode. A woman on the previous evening had attempted to drown herself from one of the quays, but her dress bearing her up for a time, and her body floating down rapidly with the stream, she had been picked up and conveyed into the cabin of one of those washerwomen's boats, that cover the river in so many parts. The mistress of the boat, more humane than many of her neighbours, had torn off the creature's soddened finery, placed her in a warm bed, and forced some weak wine down her throat. For a long time it seemed a doubtful struggle between life a long time it seemed a doubtlut struggle between line and death; and even when sensibility returned, burning fever and ague succeeded. However, when she could make herself understood, she took her ear-rings from her ears, the last thing, as she said, she possessed in the world, bid the good woman repay herself, and send some one in search of Innocent, whose abode was known at several of the hospitals. After many hours, the boatman sent was successful. Innocent lost not a moment in following the messenger. She knew it was Lucrèce who sent, that the hour of repentance had come, that the false mask which covered shame had at last been cast aside, and human nature sought to redeem its

It was so, it was Lucrèce; she had seen that old and tender man, her father; remorse had conquered fear; she

had sought death in her maddened frenzy.

"I would return," she said, weeping, when she had implored innocent's forgiveness; "I would return and ask that old man to forgive fourteen years' desertion; for having blighted his best hopes; for having bitterly returned his fondest love; for having betrayed his allreposing trust; but there is no hope for such as me."

There is, Lucrece.'

"None, lady; I have otherwise no resource; destitution looks me in the face."

"If," said Innocent, after a few minutes' pause, "if you are sincere, if henceforth you walk as others do, if henceforth you will do justice to the nature which it is said is yours, if you will scorn impurity as I myself scorn it, destitution shall not prevent you. You shall share as a sister should share, my home and substance, such as they, for the present, are. But there must be no recurrence to this subject, no stepping back; you must be true to me, for I can place no locks or bars over you, and only by divine consciousness and purposes of good can you bury the past, and make bright the future; for my home is pure, Lucrèce, and so it must remain. Be thus, and I will be a sister, always looking mercifully upon the evil gone.'

Bathed in tears, Lucrèce promised Innocent she would. Though very ill, she was removed from the boat that night, rowed to the nearest quay, and placed in a flacre was driven to the barber's, and old Antoine, who never questioned the right of what his darling child, as he called her, did, fetched a neighbouring surgeon, and performed a thousand offices. For many days Lucrèce lay between life and death, but a change came at last. and she gradually recovered. Even whilst too weak to leave the room, she tried to show her gratitude and love for Innocent Preparing the chamber, anticipating Innocent's wants in a thousand ways, and insensibly purifying her own by learning, from both Antoine and the aged barber, the divineness of the character that had had mercy for the error which the world had hitherto mercilessly trampled down.

Lucrèce proved a noble character, worthy of all that had been said of her by the dying unfortunate. And the duty she soon took upon herself proved of inestimable value. She could go where Innocent could not, she knew the haunts of guilt and misery; she knew where

were repentant hearts that only waited the signal of salvation. Even that den where children were made criminal, she entered with success, and drawing other repentants round her, purified the place as it were, for

the diviner teacher.

In this way, sufficient female children were soon gathered together, children from the chiffonniers especislly, and other lairs of wretchedness, to justify the opening of a school in this low neighbourhood, and accordingly, with even such means as Innocent had, two large old rooms were hired, and such repentant creatures as had no other resource or home, were allowed the one to live in by day, and the other by night, after its use as a school-room. As many of these repentants were somewhat educated, they taught at first in this rude school under the eye of Lucrèce, and Innocent's resources were drained for all these things, humble as they were. Book by book went, the jewels that Retuner had lavished on her girlhood, at last her wonderful drawings, though reluctantly parted with. Many of the women sought needle-work, and assisted themselves and the funds of the school by their earnings. In a short time, the school was organised, and the scholars sufficiently tame for Innocent to teach there three evenings in a week; and henceforth, on such nights she was to be found, like was once the Holy One amongst his disciples.

Two years were now passed since Retzner's death, and no witnesses having been found to attest the prior will, the matter was brought before the law tribunal for termination. The probable hour of decision was carefully kept from Innocent by Antoine and the dear old barber; and they, waiting round the court of justice, were the first to hear that the award was in Innocent La Trouvée's fusiour. They took a flacre, and drove to the school: it was her night of being there. They found her sitting calmly amidst some hundred miserable children, and moving quickly across the room, Antoine knelt down

before her feet with upraised hands :-

"The angel said right—Take the young child. And so I did thee, Innocent. The Lord is very merciful—

means for thy great service are thine !"

He had not risen when many friends-friends from the hospitals, friends from the courts of justice, officers of the Commission de Santé, who in their official capacity had already heeded her marvellous work; friends of Retzner's from far and wide through the capitalcame to tell her the result, and bear her back to that old home which the law had now made hers; Lucrèce, like the dear disciple, following, and Retzner's spirit surely hailing, the spirit of his child upon his threshold !

As of old, the first thought in joy was Camille. Innocent immediately wrote a letter to him, but it was returned in a few days; he had left the province for Rome. Thither she determined to go, and with Lucrèce started directly on the journey. It was glorious autumn weather; and the earth rejoiced in its magnificent garniture of vineyard, forest, and field. Lucréce knew that one dear dwelling; but she dare not enter first; Innocent did, and told the old man she had brought his daughter. "And, Signor, though she has passed through vicisaitude and error; though she forsook you, she is penitent and pure, and take her to your heart as such." She came in, and kneeling, her natural veil of glorious hair hid the old man's happy tears.

And when Lucrèce had risen, Innocent asked the old man if he knew one Camille Dispareaux.

"He lodges in this house, Signora. He finishes an extraordinary work to-night, and sets out to Paris to-morrow.

"Do not follow me; I seek him, and must see him

alone. How her heart beat as she climbed the wide staircase! She lightly tapped at the door she had been told

was his, entered, and approached the table where he was, like Gibbon, closing an immortal book; nor did he hear her till she was by his side. One look, and every fragment of the veil was cast away, and in his passionate joy she knew she was beloved; nor had he need of words; he knew it was returned

In two hours she had told him of all the past, and marked the future ; and when, unknowing she was there, Nattili and Oderlingen, his friends, came in, Camille raised Innocent, and said, "Nattili, your old friend, Innocent La Trouvée; Oderlingen, some one you will

reverence. Gentlemen, my betrothed."

Two happy years are now gone by in marriage and in joy. A magnificent hospital, as large as a caravansary, has not been long finished; in one wing is placed Retzner's great museum, and the other is made the dwelling of Camille Dispareaux and his wife. The government of this great hospital embraces two purposes; the reception and teaching, on advanced humanitary principles, penitent women, and miserable female children, and the development of that sublime creed, which Camille Dispareaux has taught to all the world. The relation of disease and deformity to the infringement of the laws of nature, and the impossibility of human progress without the development of social morals.

But something unusual has happened this night within the hospital; women congregate from the wards, and led by still golden-haired Lucrèce, enter Camille's house through a private door, and ascend the gorgeous staircase. They pass into a magnificent chamber, light as falling snow and going to a closely-curtained bed, Lucrèce brings forth a babe, Innocent's first-born, and but that day old, and one by one they kiss its fair hand, with womanly love and tenderness. With the babe yet in her arms, Lucrèce undrapes a figure newly placed within the room. It is the matchless statue of the Dane, not of an ideal goddess of mercy, but graven from living lineaments, those of what it is, an Arena OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

It is like offering the young babe at the shrine of Mercy, for on the garment of this matchless statue is cut—" Take the young child."

DELEGATED TAXATION.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THERE is no subject which has more escaped the attention of the people of England than that which may be denominated Delegated Taxation; there is none which demands it more. If corruption and dishonesty have played a high game in the province of the ordinary taxation of the country, by which it has been raised to the astounding amount of upwards of fifty millions per annum, and that almost wholly within the last hundred and fifty years, what shall be said of the corruption and dishonesty which have been more secretly, but more effectually, at work in the sphere of Delegated Taxation, which within one hundred years have saddled us with another fifty millions per annum, of which we take little account, and of which, indeed, we seem little aware; many, in fact, really do not dream of such a thing. They are totally ignorant that the mass such a thing. They are totally ignorant that the mass of taxation of which we so bitterly complain, is but one half of that under which we labour. The taxation which at this moment demands, more than all others, the promptest, the most immediate, the most searching attention by every man who pretends to the smallest portion of common sense or common vigilance, is not the ordinary taxation dealt with by the ordinary functionaries of the Government, and for the discharge of the Government costs, but a taxation delegated by acts of Parliament to private and, for the most part, irresponsible individuals, not for the public demands, but

for their own private emolument.

What I allude to is the fact—and a great and startling fact it is, if we will but look fairly at it. That for a century the English Parliament has gone on granting charters to almost every man or company of men who have pleased to ask for them, to tax and fleece the public at their pleasure. That they have done this, again, for the most part without taking the smallest guarantee for securing the due discharge of the duties which these individuals have assumed towards the public, or having provided securities in the acts passed, for their doing at the cheapest rate, and in the most efficient manner, what they have undertaken to do. Such a system of random, reckless, dishonest, and criminal legislation never was heard of from the foundation of regulation never was heated of from the formation of the world; and what is more extraordinary, never did a people so thoroughly and perseveringly avert their eyes from these dark and ruinous doings as the people of England have done.

Could it have been believed that while we were crying out pretty obstreperously against the extravagant expenditure for war and for placemen, we were allowing our Government to license a whole legion of private companies, whose sole object was private gain—although their estensible one was public good—to tax us at what rate they pleased; and that these private companies have gone on to levy demands on our purses to an extent equal to that of the whole public taxation of the nation.

The companies to which I allude are water-companies, gas-companies, highway-trusts, sewerage-companies, nies, canal-companies, commissioners and collectors of county-rates, highway-rates, poor-rates, church-rates, bridge-companies, and the like. These companies, for the most part, have an unrestricted power of levying unlimited taxes on the population, and that they do levy them to at least fifty millions per annum it will be

my business to show.

But before proceeding further, as it is most important that this fact should be clearly established in the reader's mind, we may, by a very simple process, enable every one to test this assertion—namely, that this delegated and private taxation equals the whole public taxation of the realm, whether direct or indirect—by a very simple process. Let every man take, then, the amount of his assessed taxes, and compare them with the amount of the rates which he is called upon annually to pay for the premises so taxed, and he will soon see what is the result. An individual will furnish a case applicable to the whole. Take my own case. The assessed-taxes for the premises I occupy are 12l. 12s. 6d. The rates, of one kind or another, average about 24l. Here, then, the rates, or delegated taxation, doubles the assessedtaxes for the premises. Say that your indirect taxation was as much more as your direct, you have still but the same amount of Government taxation as of local or delegated taxation.

It has, indeed, been stated in Parliament that the local taxation amounts to twenty millions; at this rate, and I believe it to be a sound one, the delegated taxation will, on proper inquiry, be found to equal the Government taxation, or, in other words, amount not to

twenty but to fifty millions a year.

Surely this is a subject which demands the serious consideration of every Englishman, and should not pass another session without a strict parliamentary inquiry. Imagine the public, with all its other and overwhelming burthens, given over to a troop of licensed barpies, with, in most cases, an unlimited power of pe-cuniary suction! But, in order not to frighten our-selves with an imaginary terror, let us examine more closely the working of these licensed companies; let us see what they have done, how they have done; with

what hand, light or heavy, they have exercised their power of taxation, and to what extent they have enriched themselves. Alas! the inquiry will only add to our alarm. Are Rebecca of Wales and her children forgotten? What brought them into such action and prominence? This very state of things! Since, then, local inquiries, and especially in London, have led to discoveries of imposition as gross, and abuses as astounding.

The Quarterly Review of June, 1844, in speaking of turnpike-trusts—one class only of this delegated taxation—said, "In Parliament, if any one wishes to designate the very type of negligent and perfunctory legislation, no illustration is so apposite as a turnpike-trust bill. Hinc illæ lacrymæ. It is simply because Parliament has, in times past, reckoned nothing of turnpike bills; has let anybody who wanted one have it, and suffered interested parties to legislate as best suited their convenience—delegating to irresponsible bodies the dangerous power of taxation, and omitting all control over a system peculiarly liable to abuse,—that the manifold confusions of the system have arisen. The oppressions, the vexations, the iniquities of the turnpike laws, the dearness of tolls, and the badness of roads, eight millions of debt in England, Rebecca and her daughters in Wales, are the legitimate results of this general default and oversight of the legislature in respect to the We are not great national interest of the public roads. now arraigning the system on the ground of its local administration, or as the advocates of centralized powers; it is enough to say that, such as it hath hitherto existed, it has been left utterly destitute of those checks from which no delegated powers ought to be exempted, and that it has been regulated by no principles of equality or consistency, but private interest and haphazard have been the main elements of its origin and constitution."—P. 146.

It adds—"Established with competing interests and independent powers, the natural object of each trust is to enrich itself, and to outflank its neighbour. Every one for itself, and the public for us all ! is their maxim, and between so many competitors the unhappy wayfarer

gets fairly cleared out."-P. 147.

The Review says, finally, that "the system has worked ill in every way; and the rapacity of trusts has left the country in many places without roads and in enormous debt."

This is pretty well for the good old Conservative organ to say — but this is but a glimpse of the real subject. What has been doing in roads has been doing throughout all the large broad of licensed companies of the kind. The whole kith and kin of these delegated taxing companies are tarred with the same brush: they are one series of the most enormous and frightful jobbing, peculation, public plunder, and corruption.

It is bad enough that our road system has incurred a debt of eight millions; that it has left this an everlasting burden on the country, the interest of which is alone to be defrayed by the extravagant tolls every-where established; while the parishes, for the most part, are compelled to maintain the roads, and are liable to indictments if they are not kept up. It is bad enough that in Wales, though the spirited conduct of Rebecca and her daughters tended in some degree to reduce the nuisance, that the Principality still continues to be covered with a host of distinct and conflicting trusts; that toll-bar often stands staring at toll-bar as two distinct trusts, and the traveller has to pay at both within a hundred yards. It is bad enough that even in an economical country like Scotland, going out of the town of Ayr in gig to visit the residences of Robert Burns, a distance of twelve miles. I paid at nine toll-bars, chiefly sixpence each. These things are bad enough, but they are but a small and insignificant sample of the whole gigantic system. Trace it everywhere, and it is everywhere the same. The same jobbing, the same shameless rapacity; the same waste of the public money, and, as will be seen, to the destruction of the comfort, the health, and the lives of the plundered people. You must go on and trace the nuisance through bridge-trusts, sewerage commissions, water-work com-

panies, gas companies, and the like.

It appears from Spackman's Tables that the amount of capital invested in public companies in England is \$45,731,1741. Now if these companies were reasonable enough to content themselves with five per cent. per annum on the capital advanced, this would amount to an annual sum of 15,025,000L to be levied on the public. But where are the companies that are contented with any such rate of interest? Parliament, in restricting railways, -a late practice with it even there, which ought to have been the practice from the first in all companies let loose on the public by enactment, allows ten per cent. Take ten per cent. as the average, and you get thirty millions; but this in many cases is far below the mark. What is the interest paid upon the original capital invested in certain old wooden bridges

over the Thames—as Putney and Hampton Court ?
Putney bridge cost in the 12th year of George I. 23,978l. Over this crazy old bridge no foot-passenger can pass without paying a halfpenny, or return without paying another. I believe a gig pays sixpence, a four-wheeled carriage and pair a shilling, and so on. Now, considering the immense increase of population and traffic on this road, what must be the interest paid for this old lumbering machine at the present moment? It must be at least cent. per cent. The same is the case at Hamp-ton Court. Here a bridge was built in 1750, a Mr. James Clarke being empowered by act of Parliament to erect it and take toll, with a promise that if the king, on the expiration of the lease of the manor of East Moulsey, should defray the expenses of the work, then the right of the said Mr. Clarke to the tolls should expire. I suppose the king did not feel in any disposition to defray, as kings seldom do, at the expiration of the lease, for the public still continue to pay like exorbitant tolls for passing over this old wooden structure as at Putney.

Is the country never to be relieved of these encumbrances? Does Parliament never mean to look into these matters, and put an end to these disgraceful monopolies? A few thousands expended at the proper time on these bridges would have made them public

property, and open ways to all.

But the same utter disregard of the poor victim of a public, on which Parliament has from time to time let loose such licensed locusts, is manifest everywhere.

Take an example or two in the water line.

The New River Company was projected and esta-blished by Sir Hugh Middleton. It was so ill-patronized at first that it ruined the projector, and the original hundred pound shares fell to nil. If the reader will refer to Spackman's Tables, p. 155, he will perceive that though other water companies were willing to state te him their amount of capital paid up, this company is silent on that head. It was well; for so shameful an imposition on the public never was permitted by any Government in any quarter of the world. This company, which supplies, according to its own engineer, 900,000 inhabitants of the metropolis, has, instead of putting on its water at a proportionately cheap rate as its profits increased, raised the value of its original hundred shares to 21,000l. each! That is, they fetch that in the market. One has been sold since I came to reside in Clapton by auction for that money, and were one to be sold to-morrow, I believe it would fetch more.

Now what has the Government been about here? Has it allowed a company, the taxing powers of which have been created by itself, to increase the value of its shares twenty-one thousand times,-for be it recollected

these shares were once at nil,—and has put in no veto on the exercise of this power? has made no effort to reduce the charges for this water to the public? to have it laid on every day instead of three days a week? to have the supply of water extended; 70,000 houses in the metropolis, according to the last returns, having no supply at all? or to have the pipes made more secure against the gas getting into them, which often renders against the gas getting into them, which often renders the water really noisome and unwholesome! Nothing of the kind. The supply of water in the metropolis, and many other towns, is not only very deficient, but the quality of the water supplied is of the most disgraceful kind. For evidence of this I refer to the Reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry on the subject, which abound with proofs seen of the deleterious nature of the water furnished by public companies. I know by actual inspection that the East London Water-works Company supplies a water into which a copper and other mills, various dye-houses, and a mass of very low population, discharge their filth; and at what a price! My supply, although I have a pump in the kitchen, amounts to 5l. 12s. a year, for three days per week, or a sum equal to very nearly one-half of my assessed-taxes.

Now that this is perfectly unnecessary is proved by Mr. Hawksley, the engineer to the water-works at Nottingham. He showed before the commissioners that the Trent Water Company furnished a constant supply of excellent water to the inhabitants at 7s. 6d. per annum at any level required, even into the attice of four and five story buildings; and that the poor were fur-nished in their houses on the principle of constant sup-

Thus, while the East London Water Company is supplying an impure water at 5l. 12s., and so on, per house, the Nottingham Company supplies a good water at 7s. 6d. per annum to the wealthy, and 4s. 4d. per annum to the poor. Here is pretty strong cause shown that the Government ought to look to what it is doing. It has no right to delegate the power of taxing the public without taking the necessary guarantees for cheapness, purity of quality, and full supply. But so far from this, with the grossest and most culpable neglect, it permits these water companies to monopolise the rivers to an extent that shuts out competition, and exercises no authority to compel these companies to take their supply of water from where it is pure, or to forbid them taking it where it is not pure. It does worse than this, it allows these licensed and interested companies, as I shall show, to deprive the inhabitants of their private wells, in order to lay in what a certain writer styles "their physic."

Such is the effect of this delegation system, as far as the supply of water is concerned. It would be easy to quote whole pages of the evidence of medical and other gentlemen to show that most of the water supplied by these companies is actually filthy, unwholesome, and, in some cases, poisonous: and it is doled out stintedly at the enormous prices mentioned, while at Nottingham it is supplied in any quantity at 1d. per week per house; at Campbell Town, in Scotland, at the rate of 1s. 4d. per annum; at Paisley 2s. 9d.; at Greenock 2s. 6d. 1 If the health of towns is to be consulted, all this must be

reformed entirely.

But, perhaps, the effect of this system is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the commissioners of sewers. The Committee of the Health of Towns Association have, in their Report on Lord Lincoln's Drainage Bill, presented us with a mass of facts of the most amazing kind. We may select a few specimens; they are most instructive. I now quote from the Health of Towns Report :-- " Amongst the results of the inquiry of her Majesty's Commissioners, perhaps at once the most remarkable and the most instructive, are the instances which it has brought to light of the waste of the public money, and the injury done to the public health, consequent on granting to an irresponsible body the power to adopt or reject public works, of the true character of which they are incompetent to form a judgment, and at the same time in the execution of which they have a sinister interest. Your committee think it important, as an illustration of this, to direct attention to two or three facts which are stated in evidence in relation to the administration of the Westminster Court of Sewers. Mr. Butler Williams, civil engineer, states that in the Westminster district upwards of forty miles of covered sewers have been built within the last ten years; that the whole of these sewers are faulty both in form and construction; that the differences of expense between the construction of the upright-sided sewers with man-holes, (the form adopted in the Westminster district,) and the egg-shaped, or arched sewers, with flushing apparatus, (the improved form adopted in the Finsbury district.) is about 1,800l. per mile, and that by the adoption of the former instead of the latter by the Westminster Commissioners of Sewers, there has been a positive loss of 66,669!. 15s., 'a sum,' adds this witness, 'sufficiently startling to cause the inquirer to scrutinize with care the reasons that are advanced in favour of the adoption of a form theoretically imperfect, and found practically not to answer so well in some cases as the more perfect theoretical shape which would produce such a great saving !"

Mr. John Leslie, one of their own body, explains the

mystery of this: he states that a large proportion of the acting Commissioners of Sewers for Westminster are in practice here as architects, surveyors, agents, and solicitors, or are otherwise connected with building proerty; that he regards such appointments as highly detrimental to the public interests; and he gives a his-tory of the King's College scholars' pond sewer as an illustration of the manner in which the business of this court is conducted. It appears that Mr. John Rennie, civil engineer, reported that this line of sewer was so badly laid down and constructed, that it would be a waste of money to attempt to render it perfect. This opinion was corroborated by their own surveyor; yet, after this official condemnation of it by both their professional advisers, the Commissioners have actually expended upon it nearly two hundred thousand pounds! On 5,233 feet only of this line it appears they have expended 70,1041. 17s. 4d., and yet this portion, with the exception of 1,009 feet covered in by Mr. Cubits at his own expense, remains at this moment an open sewer, with an outlet so bad that the water is penned back for six

hours of each tide!

Much evidence is then given of the mischievous effects of this wretched state of these sewers, of the enormous sum of 10,000% given for a house for the Commissioners, the greater part of this price being rank jobbing. Further specimens of the like mismanagement and extravagant waste are given in the Ranelagh line, and of the peculation in contracts. "Of the magnitude of the sums," it is there added, "which are thus lost, some conception may be formed from the evidence of Mr. Butler Williams, who says, 'When we consider the number of miles of covered sewerage in the metropolis, which I suppose cannot be less than about 500, we can form an idea of the saving or waste, as the case may be, which must result from the adoption of one or the other plan. Considering the work done within the last ten years, for which we have exact information, it appears that-

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In Surrey and Kent	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	21
Makis	ng	uŗ	wa	rds	of		•			•	118

built in ten years. Now the difference in expense, a has already been stated, between the construction of upright-sided sewers with man-holes, and egg-shaped, or arched sewers with flushing apparatus, would be about 1,800l. per mile, or, for 118 miles, nearly a quarter of a million

That is pretty well; but in sewerage jobbery I can far outgo this exposure by the Health of Towns Committee in the Hackney district, which has escaped their notice. In a "Letter to the Parishioners of Hackney upon the subject of the Sewer-rates," etc., published in 1841, by J. Masters, Aldersgate-street, and Edmund Fry, predecessor of Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street, and said to be written by George Collins, author of "Cemetery Interment," facts of the most astonishing nature are

It appears that this large parish, resolving not to be included in all the jobbing and extravagant expenses incurred by the Commissioners of Sewers for the Tower Hamlets, brought the matter before Lord Tenterden in 1829, in the Court of King's Bench, and attained their object of being separately rated. But it would seem, that though they obtained this they did not escape the vengeance of the Commissioners, who immediately the commissioners are the commissioners. diately commenced operations in Hackney parish of the most ruinously expensive kind. They laid down in the winter of 1840 sewers in Hackney and Homerton which cost 5,000%. I and which the inhabitants, says the writer, so little needed that not one dozen sewers were connected by their owners with this new drainage. But if the inhabitants did not want this drainage for their sewerage, the Commissioners had taken care to drain them in another important respect—they had managed to lay every private well dry without an exception! The cost of these sewers was pronounced to be double what they ought to have been; and the writer significantly adds, "It would appear almost as if the honourable Corporation of the East London Water Works, having some ill-natured designs upon the parish, had cozened the Commissioners of Sewers into absorbing all the spring water, in order that the East London mixture of water (by courtesy so called) and oxide of iron may be in large demand amongst us! Water-rate pagers look to

But the water-rate payers should have looked to another fact. Are not a considerable number of these Commissioners of Sewers and the shareholders of the East London Water Company identical? I believe they are; and their works bear still further testimony to this looking after their own interests. Since these exploits in Hackney and Homerton, a new sewer has been carried to the top of Clapton at an enormous expense to the inhabitants, and with the very same effect of laying all the private wells dry; and then the East London Water Company stepping in to supply the deficiency with their costly mixture, which, as I have shown, is of a far more impure kind than is stated by the writer of this pamphlet. This sewer was, also, totally unneeded, there being already an excellent drainage. What is worse, for want of proper traps, the effluvia steams out every few dozen yards all up Clapton close to the footpath, and a real injury instead of a

benefit to the public health is erected.

The writer of this " Letter" adds some very delectable morceaux from the charges of the Commissioners of Sewers for the Tower Hamlets for such very useful works. In the Spitalfields and Wapping level, there was a charge for "Works and Cleansing 17,4551," out of which 9,003l. 18s. 7d. were expenses for working the commission, and 1,635l. for commission on collection, so that the poor inhabitants of Spitalfields have to pay 10,639l. for the management of the outlay of 17,455l! Again, "Work for Cleansing, etc., 17l. 19s. 8d., Working Commission, 284l. 9s. 10d. ! Commission on Collection, 27l. 9s. 4d.!" or, in other words, the Commissioners, to expend 17l. 19e. 8d. in work, charged for their attention about 285l., and 27l. odd for the collection of the money, for defraying about 18l.! or eighteen times the amount expended in the work, was swamped in the mystification of "Working Commission!"

Once more—"UPPER LIMEHOUSE,—Works for Cleansing, 2l. 15s. 9d. Expenses, working Commission, 64l. 17s. 7d.!!" "HACKNEY BROOK LEVEL:—Works for Cleansing, 268l. 15s. 8d. Expenses, working Commission,

3941. 2e. 4d. 1!"

Surely I have quoted enough of the merry doings of these Commissioners of Sewerage. How these regues must laugh in their sleeves at the gullibility of the English public! There is no other such public to a certainty in this or any other world. But these Commissioners of Sewers, these Water Companies, are but part and parcel of a stupendous system of public fraud which is carrying on through the most culpable neglect of the body called the British Parliament. It is thus that those people who are not really sent to Westminster by the people as their representatives, sit wrangling, in most long-winded speeches, about often mere personal matters, while they fling the actual business of the country to any set of sharpers which requests to be allowed to do it!

The question is, What is to be done? It is vain to talk of carrying out plans for the Health of Towns while these chartered peculators are left alone. The board and body of these interested companies will rise up and shrick about vested rights. At every step every improvement will be met and hampered, if not strangled. Already the cry has begun. The Corporation of London, with the most frightful bills of mortality before them, and whole square miles of misery, filth, and destitution around them, sweeping the poor to destruction, beg to leave this revolting scene, as under its excellent and improving management, exempted from any bill on the subject—and, of course, it is granted! Just the heart, the body, and head of the diseased frame are left out, and the fingers and toes are to be doctored!

What, then, must be done? The people must look to it. They must call on Government, and insist on it, that Government shall take this great subject of Delegated Taxation into its earnest and most searching care. That the whole bundle of flagrant abuses and rank impositions carried on under the names of public companies shall be grappled with and systematized; shall be brought out to full daylight; a distinct department of Government be instituted to manage a machinery which taxes the country to the very same extent as all its other machinery. That the whole of these companies shall be placed under a system of inspection, control, and restriction of profits; and that such measures shall be adopted as shall compel all such companies not only to do what they have undertaken to do, but to do it in the most efficient and economical manner.

Let it be remembered, that they are not only Water Companies and Commissioners of Sewers that we refer to, but to every company that is authorized by act of l'arliament to tax the population of these kingdoms. Parliament has no right to authorize any body of people whatever to tax us, without at the same time taking the most stringent guarantees for these parties doing their work well, and keep ng their hands out of our pockets beyond a certain limit. I have laid the case fairly before the public, let some public-spirited member or members of the Legislature lay it before that body. Here is a fine subject for the foundation of a great popular reputation, through one of the greatest conceivable popular reforms. It must come one of these days, and the sooner the better for us all.

Literary Notices.

Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago. Dublin: James MacGlashan.

Beyone we make any extracts from the extraordinary revelations in this volume, we must conjure our readers to keep in mind, at every paragraph, that all these things occurred sixty years ago, and that Ireland is now as unlike its former self then, as when it was in its ancient glory with a king for every province. It is now re-generating more rapidly than it degenerated; and we question the judgment of any Irishman who could collect and publish such a tissue of follies and atrocities at this critical moment. The outrages occasioned by conviviality and inebriety we pass over, in compliment to Father Mathew, who has redeemed a race. Sixty years ago, an Irish fortune-hunter was no figure of speech. Associations were formed for the hunt, — heiresses the game. The frequency of this offence led to a statute being passed for punishing such as "carried away maydens that be inheritors;" this proving inefficient in preventing it, forcible abduction was made a capital felony. A remarkable instance is given, in which the crime was evaded, in a distinguished family:—

Captain Edgeworth, a widower, with one son, married Mrs. Bridgeman, a widow, with one daughter. The young people formed an attachment for each other at the early ages of afteen and sixteen, and declared their love to their parents. The mother, however, was decidedly hostile to the match, and refused her consent. The young lady was an heiress, and the penalty of abducting her was known; so, to avoid it, she first mounted a horse, and assisted the young man to mount behind her. In this way she gallopped off with her lover, and they proceeded to church, and were married.

In the south of Ireland an "Abduction Club" was established, the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions, and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed-up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits, and opulent farmers as well as the gentry were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life.

The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland, called "squireens." They were the younger sons or connexions of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to demeas themselves by any useful or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young and other writers of the day, as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assizes, by appearing in red waisteosts, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches, and top boots, riding "a bit of blood," lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connexions.

The glory of carrying off an heiress in triumph from his competitors seems at first to have been the ruling motive, until opposition or failure excited worse passions. The author gives the following instance of

atrocious outrage :--

Catherine and Ann Kennedy were the daughters of Richard Kennedy, of Rathmeadan, in the county of Waterford: their father was dead, and they lived with their mother in much respectability; and they were each entitled to a fortune, under their father's will, of 2,000%, a large sum at that time as a girl's portion in Ireland; but even that was exaggerated, and they

were looked upon as co-heiresses of immense wealth, and as were looked upon as co-necreases of immense weath, and as such were objects of great cupidity to the abduction clubs. The fortunate persons to whose lot they fell were Garrett Byrne, of Ballyann, in the county of Galway, and James Strange, (pronounced Strang.) of Ullard, in the county of Kilkenny. They nounced Strang,) of Uliard, in the county of Kilkenny. They were young men of great popularity in the country, dissipated, dashing, careless, spirited fellows, but of different dispositions. Strange was irritable, impetuous, and tyrannical, sacrificing every thing to accomplish his ends, and little regarding the means, or feelings of others. Byrne, on the contrary, was amiable, and, as far as his pursuits and propensities permitted, of a kind and centle termore methods. of a kind and gentle temper, particularly to women, with whom he was a universal favourite. He had attached himself to Catherine Kennedy, whose disposition was somewhat like and congenial to his own. Strange had fixed his regards upon Anne, who in like manner resembled him in determination and haughtiness of temper.

In the intercourse of the country, they had occasionally met at race-balls and other convivial meetings, and the men had endeavoured to render themselves agreeable to the girls; with such success, that it was reported, on the authority of their con-fidential maids, that they were actually invited by them to avail themselves of the first opportunity to carry them off, as there were no hopes that their mother and friends would consent to

their marrying men of such desperate fortunes

While this intercourse was going on, Catherine was but fifteen, and her sister but fourteen. They were both very lovely girls, but Anne was most distinguished, and her form and face gave promise of something eminently beautiful.

On the 14th of April, 1779, the girls accompanied their

mother, aunt, and some friends, to a play enacted at Graiguna-mana, a small town in the county of Kilkenny; and before the mans, a small fown in the county of minerary; and record the representation was concluded, a notice was conveyed to them that Byrne and Strange had formed a plan to carry them off that night from the play, and had assembled a number of adherents around the house for the purpose. In great alarm the girls, with their mother and aunt, left the theatre, and retired to another room in the same house, accompanied by several gentle-men, their friends, who resolved to protect them. They bolted and barricadoed the door, and remained for two hours without any attempt being made on the room. At length a violent rush was felt at it, the door gave way, and the party outside entered. There was a bed in the room, and the girls hastily retired behind the curtains, and endeavouring to conceal themselves, and im-press on the minds of the rioters that they had escaped from the apartment, and were no longer in the house. For an hour or apartment, and were no longer in the noise. For an hour or more the men seemed irresolute, and used no violence; but at the end of that time, they rushed to the bed, and drew the girls from their concealment. They now displayed arms of all kinds, swords, and pistols, with which they were provided, and in spite of all the opposition of the girl's friends, whom they fercely attacked and threatened with instant death, they dragged them into the street, where they were surrounded by about 100 armed men, with shirts covering their clothes, by way of disguise, the then common costume, in which originated the name of "Whiteboys."

Two horses were ready saddled. Catherine was first to mount one, and placed before Byrne, and Anne was placed upon the other before Strange; in this way, surrounded by a desperate body of men, sufficient to intimidate and overawe the country, they were carried off from their friends. To allay the terrors of the girls, it was proposed to send for other females, who would be their companions. They received the proposal with joy; and they were speedily joined by some women, who proved, how-ever, to be sisters and near relatives of the abductors, and prepared, and in readiness, to promote their criminal views. They rode all night, surrounded by a strong, armed guard of Whiteboys, to a place called Kilmashane, afteen Irish miles from Graigunamana. During the journey they were repeatedly solicited to consent to marry the men, and threatened that if they did not, they should be carried to a distant country, where they never should see either mother or friends again. The women who had joined the party urged the same thing, and threatened, if they persisted in their refusal, to abandon them, and leave them to whatever treatment the men chose to give and leave them to whatever treatment the men chose to give them. In this place they obtained some refreshment, and continued for a considerable time, subject to the constant importanity of the party. At length a man was introduced, who was reported to be a priest, before whom Byrne and Strange took a solemn oath, that they would harass them night and asy by riding through the country with them, till they should be exhausted with fatigue and suffering; but if they consented

then to be married by the priest, they should be immediately restored to their friends. At length, terrified and subduced, they became passive, and a short form of ceremony was read, un extorted assent was given.

They then claimed the promise to be immediately restored to their friends, but it was evaded till night came on. The girls refused to retire to rest till solemnly assured by the females that one should sleep with each of them; they, however, shandoned them at midnight, and the men took their places. From this house, which appeared to be a waste place and belonging to no master, they again were set on horseback as before, and, accommaster, they again were set on horseback as before, and, accompanied by their lawless patrol, they rode on to Borris, where they passed the next night. The exhausted girls entreated to be allowed to sleep with the females, but this was refused.

After various wanderings, by riding night and day with a whole cavalcade of armed ruffians, they were brought to the house of another priest, who undertook to persuade them to

house of another priest, who undertook to persuade them to submit to their fate, and be reconciled and obedient to their husbands. They still persisted in their remonstrances against the violence offered to them, when it was threatened to carry them to Castlecomer, and bury them there for ever in the coal-mines; and Strange, in a paroxysm of anger, struck Anne in the face with a pewter pot. This brutal violence sunk deep into her mind, and rankled with an inextinguishable resentment

into her mind, and rankled with an inextinguishable resentment never to be forgotten.

It will hardly be believed that for free excels they were paraded night and day, accompanied by their lawless cavalcade, and resting at miserable houses, through the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, and so on to the north of Dublin, where they stopped at Rush, a small fishing town, within a few miles of the metropolis. In this place they were put on board a vessel, accompanied by the whole party, and called to the town of Wicklow; here, with a perfect feeling of indifference and security, some of the party went on shore; but while they were abeent, the vessel was boarded by a Mr. Power, accompanied by an armed party, who rescued the harassed girls, while they were absent, the vessel was boarded by a Mr. Power, accompanied by an armed party, who rescued the harassed girls, and restored them to their friends. In the mean time, Byrne and Strange made their escape to Wales; but they were instantly pursued, and were apprehended at Milford on the 6th of July, and lodged in the jail at Carnarvon. It was long doubtful whether they would not claim the girls as their wives; and a belief was entertained that no prosecution would ensue. Catherine was said to be strongly attached to Byrne, who had always treated her with gentleness and affection, except in the manner of her abduction; but Anne's animosity to Strange was irreconcilable, and the brutal indignity of the blow was only to be effaced by his death. Though so young—a mere child—her energetic resentment overcame the reluctance of her elder, but more yielding sister; her resolution was confirmed by a near relation of her own, distinguished by the number of duels he had fought,—a Mr. Hayes. It was by his unshaken determina-tion that the men were brought to trial. The joint depositions of the girls were taken before the Lord Chief Justice Annaly, and Byrne and Strange were tried at the Kilkenny Lent assizes, on the 24th of March, 1780. Letters were produced from the young ladies, containing the most tender expressions of affection, and inviting their respective lovers to carry them off, in the way usual in the country, to which they were ready and willing to consent. These letters, however, were clearly proved willing to consent. These letters, however, were clearly proved to be forgeries by the sister of Byrne, who was heard to boast she could perfectly copy Miss Anne Kennedy's hand-writing. Others were read, really written by the girls, speaking of the men in an affectionate manner, and calling them their dear husbands; but these were proved to have been dictated under the strong impressions of threats and terror. The men were found guilty, and sentenced to death.

It was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Their respectable rank in society-connected with all the gentry of the country—their actual marriage with the girls, and the frequency of the act of abduction, that caused such a marriage to be considered a thing divested of all criminality, created a strong feeling in their favour. The intercession of powerful friends, including amongst others the minister from the court of Vienna, was earnestly urged in their behalf. But Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction were suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family; and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general

was the excitement among the peasantry, that a rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinarily large force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business suspended, in Kilkenny and the neighbouring towns.

The subsequent fate of the girls was melancholy. Whenever they appeared in the towns of Waterford, Kilkenny, or the vicinity, they were assailed by hissing and hooting of the mob, who followed them with execration through the streets. They both had a pension from government, settled on them as a remuneration for their sufferings and their conviction of felons. neration for their sufferings and their conviction of felons. This the common people considered as the price of blood, and could not conceal their abhorrence whenever they were seen. They were, however, respectably married. The eldest, Catherine, married a gentleman named Sullivan; but even he could not escape the superstitious credulity of the country. He was a worthy, but weak man, and fancied himself haunted by the spectre of Byrne, frequently shouting out at night, when waking from a frightful dream, and declaring that he stood before him. He always kept a light burning in his room, as a protection against this apparition. His handsome wife fell in flesh, and preserved but little of that comeliness which attracted her lover; and she sought, it was said, the indugence of smoking to drown reflection! The fate of Anne was more severe. She fulfilled the promise of her youth, and became a dignified and magnifi-cent beauty. She was married to a gentleman named Kelly. Her married state was miserable, and she died an object of great commiseration,—sunk, it was said, in want and degradation.

The common people declared her fate a judgment, and continued to execrate her whilst living, and her memory when dead. The very act of a man hazarding his life to carry her off, was deemed a noble act, her prosecution a base return, and her misfortunes nothing but the vengeance of Heaven visibly visited upon her.

Another awful catastrophe of this kind occurred in a different part of Ireland, about the same period, which is perhaps one of the most interesting and melancholy on record. John McNaghtan, a native of Derry, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, after a series of extravagances and the loss of his wife, paid court to a Miss Knox, who had a large fortune, independent of her father; and as she was too young to marry, he obtained a promise from her to become his bride in two years. Her father was opposed to it, and he was interdicted the house.

One day the lovers found themselves alone, with no com-One day the lovers found themselves alone, with no companion but a little boy, when McNaphtan took from his pocket a prayer-book, and read himself the marriage ceremony, prevailing on Miss Knox to answer the responses, which she did, adding to each, "provided my father consent." Of this ceremony McNaphtan immediately availed himself; and when he next met her at the house of a friend, openly claimed her as his wife. Again he was forbidden the house by the indignant father. He then published an advertisement in all the newspapers, declaring the young lady was married to him. By a process, however, in the spiritual court, the pretended marriage was entirely set aside.

To detach his daughter from this unfortunate connexion, Mr. Knox resolved to leave the country, and introduce her to the society of the metropolis; and in the beginning of November, 1761, prepared to set out for Dublin. McNaghtan and a party of his friends having information of his intention, repaired to a of his friends having information of his intention, repaired to a cabin a little distance from the road, with a sackful of fire-arms. From hence one of the party was despatched to the house of an old woman who lived by the way-side, under the pretence of buying some yarn, to wait for the coming up of Mr. Knox's carriage. When it did arrive, the woman pointed it out, named the travellers it contained, and described the position in which they sat. They were Mr. Knox, his wife, his daughter, and a maid-servant. It was attended by but one servant, and the smith before mentioned. The scout immediately ran before, and communicated to McNachtan the information he had and communicated to McNaghtan the information he had received. The carriage was instantly surrounded by him and three other men. McNaghtan and one of his accomplices fired at the smith, whom they did not kill, but totally disabled. The blinds of the carriage were now close drawn, that the persons inside might not be recognised. McNaghtan rode up to it, and either by accident or design, discharged a heavily-loaded blunderbuss into it at random. A shrick was heard inside. The blind was let down, and Mr. Knox discharged his pistol at the assassin.

At the same moment another was fired from behind a stack of turf, by the servant, who had concealed himself there. Both shots took effect in the body of McNaghtan. He was, however, held on his horse by his associates, who rode off with him. carriage was then examined. Miss Knox was found dead, weltering in her blood. On the first alarm, she had thrown her arm about her father's neck, to protect him, and so received the contents of the murderer's fire-arms. Five balls of the blun-derbuss had entered her body, leaving the other three persons in the carriage with her unburt and untouched by this random

The country was soon alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers. A company of light horse scoured the district, and amongst other places were led to search the house of a farmer named Wenslow. The family denied all knowledge of McNaghtan, and the party were leaving the house, when the corporal said to one of his companions, in the hearing of a countryman who was digging electrons that the discourage would be activated to a reward of potatoes, that the discoverer would be entitled to a reward of three hundred pounds. The countryman immediately pointed to hay-loft, and the corporal running up a ladder, burst open the door, and discovered McNaghtan lying in the hay. Notwithstanding his miserable wounded state, he made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately taken and lodged in Lifford gaol. resistance, out was ultimately taken and longed in Landru gaol. Some of his accomplices were arrested soon after. They were tried before a special commission at Lifford, and one of them was received as king's evidence. McNaghtan was brought into court wrapped in a blanket, and laid on a table in the dock, not court wrapped in a branker, and tail on a table in the dock, not being able to support himself in any other position. Notwithstanding acute pain and exceeding debility, he defended himself with astonishing energy and acuteness. A singular trait of Irish feeling occurred in the course of the trial. One of his followers, implicated in the outrage, named Dunlap, was a faithful and attached fellow, and his master evinced more anxiety to save his life than his own. As a means of doing so, he disclaimed all

knowledge of his person.

"Oh, master, dear," said the poor fellow beside him in the dock, "is this the way you are going to disown me after all?"

On the day of execution, McNaghtan was so weak as to be supported in the arms of attendants. He evinced the last testisupported in the arms of attendants. He evincedghe last testimony of his regard to the unfortunate young lady he had murdered, of whom he was passionately fond, and whom he mourned as his wife. The cap which covered his face was bound with black; his jacket was trimmed with black, having black jet buttons, with large black buckles in his shoes. When lifted up the ladder, he exerted all his remaining strength to throw himself off, and with such force that the rope broke, and he fell gasping to the ground. As he was a man of daring enterprise and profuse bounty, he was highly popular, and the crowd made a lane fuse bounty, he was highly popular, and the crowd made a lane for him to escape, and attempted to assist him. He declined their aid, and declared he would not live; he called to his follower, Dunlap, for the rope which was round his neck, the knot of which was alipped and placed round his own. Again he was assisted up the ladder, and collecting all his energies, he fung himself off, and died without a struggle. His unfortunate but faithful follower stood by, wringing his hands as he witnessed the sufferings of his dear master, and earnestly desired that his own execution might be hastened, that he might soon follow him, and die by the same rope.

him, and die by the same rope.

The circumstances and character of the parties in this affair rendered it one of the deepest interest. The young lady was but fifteen, gentle, accomplished, and beautiful, greatly attached to the unhappy man, devotedly fond of her father, and with the to the unhappy man, devotedly fond of her father, and with the strongest sense of rectitude and propriety, entangled in an unfortunate engagement from simplicity and inexperience. The gentleman was thirty-eight; a man of the most engaging person, and a model of manly beauty. His manners were soft, gentle, and insimuating, and his disposition naturally generous senter, and manually, and his disposition inturally generous and humane; but when roused by strong resentment, his passions were most ferce and uncontrollable. His efforts on his trial were not to preserve his life, which became a burthen to him after the loss of her he loved, but to save from a like fate a faithful follower, and to exculpate his own memory from a charge

of intended cruelty and deliberate murder.

After these " modern instances" of frantic gallantry, we turn instinctively to that beautiful legend which Moore has so eloquently versified.

A young lady of great beauty undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to the other, adorned with jewels and a costly dress: when asked if she did not fear to stray, she replics :--

" Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm, No son of Erin will offer me harm-For though they love woman, and golden store Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

The author has, in his preface, anticipated our objection to his book, for it certainly is a bonne bouche for " atrocity-mongers."

Twelve Hundred Questions and Answers on the Bible, for the Use of Schools and Young Persons. By M. H. and J. H. Myens. Longman, &c.

Tax title of this book raises an objection to it in the minds of those whose experience leads them to disapprove of all books of questions with answers. Questions are valuable, when the answers require thought and research on the part of the catechumen. Without this, learning loses its botter part. The author has, however, contrived to make the answers themselves suggestive, and referential to the Holy Scriptures for further solution, and his information is derived from Hebrew authorities not of general attainment-the Targums and Talmud, etc. Many of the elucidations are peculiarly interesting from the light they throw on passages obscured by mistranslation or from ignorance of the local application of the Hebrew; e. g.

"In the first chapter of Ruth it is related that when Naomi returned to Bethlehem, with Ruth her daughter-in-law, all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi? And city was moved about them, and they said, is this Naomi? And ashe said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. What is the meaning of these words? Ans. Naomi means piessent, and Mara means bitter, and she alludes to the circumstance, that although she had gone away from them with her husband and her children, she had returned childless and a widow."

To Question 88 we have the following very satisfactory

"Should this passage, 'Who can find a virtuous woman,' Provxxi. 10, be interrogatory, as marked in the authorized version?
No; it is affirmative. It should be, 'He who finds a virtuous woman, finds one whose price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.

" Question 24. What is the literal translation of 'the land of Nod,' in the English version of Gen. iv.16? 'The land of exile.' "881. What is to be understood by the words, 'I am become like a bottle in the smoke,' Psalm xeix. 83? In the East, the bottles in use are made of leather, and these, if placed in the smoke, are dried up, and become uncless. Thus he means that affliction had so destroyed his beauty and strength that he seemed to himself useless and despicable.

"In Isaiah kii. 4, the prophet says, 'Thou shalt be called *Hephsibah*, and thy land *Beulah*.' What is the meaning of the words? Hephzibah signifies 'My delight is in her,' and the word Beulah means 'married.'

" In Proverbs xxi. 17, What is meant by the words, 'He that loveth oil shall not be rich?' It was a custom to use much oil at rich feasts; and the words mean, 'Do not indulge in luxurious habits; for by such means a man is brought to poverty.'"

Valuable as we consider the work, we much regret its want of chronological arrangement, or unity of subject; want of caronotogical arrangement, or unity of sangers; and from not possessing an index its utility is very limited. Question the 18th is, "What was Jephthah's rash vow?" Question 708, "Why was the first man called Adam?" 704. "How was the world divided of New Years, and When did Month among the sons of Noah?" 512. "Where did Moses die?" 513. "Was he buried there?" "What was the probable reason for the concealment of the burial-place of Moses?" would have a natural sequence here; but no, this question is placed out of all connexion, No. 688!

Notwithstanding this want of consistency, it has the elements of a very usoful work for "Schools and Young Persons," and we trust that a second edition will be published, with an index and more methodical arrangement, that to the readers of the Old Testament it may give "sunshine in many a shady place."

THE CROSS AND THE GIBBET.

Some 1800 years ago, a cross was erected on Mount Calvary, and on it the Son of God was put to death by the hands of sinful man—a guilless and voluntary sacrifice! He died that man might live, and, dying, prayed for his murderers. He had spent many years going about doing good, had walked the earth as the Son of Man, had promulgated his divine precepts, and had given his new commandment. Then He returned to his Father omnipotent, leaving his disciples to walk in his steps. All retaliation was forbidden by Him, the return of good for evil enjoined, love for enmity, the blessing for the curse, the prayer for the persecution, the good deed for the evil. Love was to be the fulfilling of the law—all-pervading, all-hallowing, self-sacrificing love.

In the year 1847, when for 1800 years the doctrines of the gospel have been promulgated—when the blessed principles of forgiveness and love, which were so gloriously manifested in Christ and in his stupendous sacrifice, have had so long a time to germinate and spread, behold in Christian and evangelical England and her sister Ireland, sundry GIBBETS erected for the destruction of human life. To one of these see a young girl brought forward, seventeen years of age, and by the rude hands of a powerful man strangled, in the presence of assembled thousands. On another, a man, in life's maturity, is hung like a dog. On another, two men, who within forty-eight hours of their end have, by the attempt to perpetrate the crime of murder, proved their unfitness for death, are put to death by a "Christian" government, and deprived of all opportunity of preparation for the life to come. And on many other occasions, see men and women sacrificed to " offended law.

People of England! Is the religion of the cross compatible with the existence of the gibbet? Answer thou, professed minister of the sanctuary, who yet officiatest as priest at the human sacrifice. Is it of Moses or of Jesus thou hast learned the right of man to usurp the place and prerogative of the Highest, and determine the life of his fellow man? Answer thou, ermine-clad judge, will the commentaries of Blackstone prove a shield for thee, when at the bar of a mightier Judge than thou the inquisition for blood is made, and, reference to the trembling criminal whom thou hast entenced to a violent death, the question is asked, Where is thy brother? Answer ye, jurymen! will ye stand guiltless, when this inquisition for blood is made? The question is not how great the crime may be for which the criminals suffer: ye know who said, Vengeance is mine, I will repay. Let legislators secure the safety of society by preventing a criminal from repeating his crime; but let them leave the lives of men in the hand of Him who alone can give life.

Yet, again, answer thou, child of seven years old, just taught to read thy Testament at a British school, (oh, I shall get an honest answer from thee, for the world has not yet seared thee, and thou hast not learned the devil's favourite fallney, with which he deceives so many of thy seniors, that man's expediency may set aside God's law,) tell me, didst thou ever find in that Testament of thy and my Saviour any sanction for killing a brother man? And the answer of the tender child must be-and will ere long be united in by all

real Christians-No!

The followers of the cross cannot be the supporters of the gibbet! He who suffered on the one has, by his example and procepts, eternally forbidden the other.

CHARLES GILPIN.

TO THE READERS OF HOWITT'S JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

At a meeting of the West London Central Anti-Enclosure Association, at the Princess Royal, Circus-street, New-road,
Sept. 13th, Mr. Baston in the Chair, the secretary called attention to the case of William Howitt, who, as a member, a writer,
and a contributor of books to the society, ought to claim its support, under the unfortunate circumstances resulting from that
gentleman's connexion with the People's Journal, especially since all the support Mr. Howitt asked for, was support for the weekly
journal which bears his name; he (the secretary) should therefore move "that, without any reference to the question at issue
between Mr. Howitt and the proprietors of the People's Journal, but in consideration of the consequences in which it has involved between Mr. Howitt and the proprietors of the People's Journal, but in consideration of the consequences in which is has involved Mr. Howitt, who has done so much for this society, and for the People, it is the opinion of this meeting that support ought to be given to the Journal, which will be the means of supporting him under existing difficulties."

A new-agent present, observed that the persecution against William Howitt had induced many to drop the People's Journal, and take in Howitt's Journal instead.

Respectfully, ste.,

William Howitt.

H. D. GRIFFITHS.

MY DEAR SIR, London, Sept, 14th, 1847. If DEAR OIR, Bept, 1248, 1847.

I was very much pleased to notice in your last number the kindness and enthusiasm of those young men, living in Oldham-road, Manchester, as well as your remarks upon the subject. Will you allow me to recommend them, and other three thousand subscribers, to substitute for twelve stamps, twelve extra subscribers to Howitt's Journal. Taking their hint, and your view of the subject, I found no difficulty in getting as many; and no one, taking an interest in your welfare, will, I am sure, find much trouble in obtaining the like number.

To William Howitt, Esq.

THOMAS ARNOLD,
Projector of the Penny Bible Commentaries for the People.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

State of the Staughter Houses in Edinburgh.—Edinburgh, August 10th, 1847.—MADAM AND SIR.—I again implore your August 10th, 1847.—MADAM AND SIR.—I again implore your attention, and that of your correspondents and readers, to the subject of slaughter-houses. I have taken the liberty of enclosing a pamphlet, written by Mr. Murray, inspector of lighting and cleaning in this city, who, since the last communication, last taken up the subject, by which you will perceive, that if there be any truth in the common saying, that "cleanliness is part of godliness," the people of Edinburgh are in a very reprobate state, and likely to remain so, until a sanitary bill be passed, making mercy to man and beast the law of the land; but how to get the latter efficiently included in this mercy, is the question, It is true, a well-ordered shambles with accommodation sufficient, and convenience for cleanliness, would, of itself, do much, by and convenience for cleanliness, would, of itself, do much, by removing the terrifying influences of sight and smell from the poor animals, and thereby rendering the neighbourhood less dangerous, and cruel treatment less necessary. This, however, would be but a very small mitigation of their present sufferings; and surely gratitude to the Maker and Giver of all, whose and surely gratitude to the Maker and Giver of all, whose tender mercies we see over all His works, should induce us to go somewhat farther, and take care that the life and death of His oreatures be placed in proper hands, and all needless cruelty towards them abolished. Let those who doubt that this is required, investigate the matter for themselves, when the first step towards cure will be gained, by the evil being made known. They may learn by the fines imposed upon butchers for selling diseased meat to a suffering population during the last fatal season, that their tender mercies are cruel; and as for their assistants, their career is generally brief, though begun almost in infancy, and may be traced to sudden or violent deaths; victims of drunkenness or brawls, or, if fortunate, promoted to keepers and bullies of drinking-houses and brothels. That there are just and good men in the trade, both masters and servants, I am personally aware, and perfectly convinced that it is not matter of necessity, but of culpable neglect, that the office once per-formed by God's high-priest, should now be delegated to a drunken demon, or something resembling that. And in the preparation for death endured by the animals, there is much to

amend. I once heard a butcher remark that the sufferings of the poor calf prevented him from tasting veal, while a friend assured me, who had had much experience on a Colonial stack farm, that such suffering was in reality unnecessary, and that the detestable practices of slaughter-houses in this country arose the detestable practices of alaughter-houses in this country arose from the wish to make all meat in appearance much the same, whether good, bad, or indifferent, and to obviate the necessity of strict cleanliness; that high health in the animal, and cleanliness and despatch in the operators, were all that was required. That their dress should be freshly washed for the occasion, and that drinking or whatever impaired the health was detrimental to the meat they handled, which should be touched as little as possible. This all seems natural and plain enough, but how meany obstacles have to be overcome before it can be brought. little as possible. This all seems natural and plain enough, but how many obstacles have to be overcome before it can be brought to pass! The unthankful or carcless are perhaps as great barriers in the way as the self-interested. While medical men in almost every town have come forward nobly and unselfishly, striving to arrest the spread of disease, and calling attention to the sufferings of their fellow men, surely the Church will not lag behind. I know that many of her sons have taken up their testimony, and laid down their lives amid "the pestilence that stalketh at noonday," but these were sons assigned to labour. Will no specimen of "stalked theology" step forth and vindicate the rights of that race whose innocent blood was shed and sprinkled in the sauctuary for sinful man; and who, without sharing in our sin, bear so large a share in our sorrows? Surely, none will be contented with preaching a sermon once in their lives against cruelty to animals, or even five hundred times if it be to no good purpose, but will strive with all the power and influence they possess to drive from the earth all that defiles it, and hasten the time when man, in the image of God shall possess it in peace, doing the will of his Maker and not marring his works. In the mean time soliciting, at your convenience, your notice of In the mean time the subject, I remain, Madam and Sir,

With sincere respect, Your obedient Servant,

Letter from H. C. Wright.—Halifax (Nova Scotia), August 31st, 1847.—DEAR RICHARD.—I am in Halifax, where we arrived about five o'clock A.M. I can scarce refrain from shouting aloud for very joy and gratitude, as I pass along the streets. The load that has weighed down my spirit ever since I landed in England, in October, 1842, is taken away. That loathed and dreaded voyage, with its weary, wasting sea-sickness, is passed. I have indeed had enough of it this time to satisfy any one; but the reality has come so far short of the anticipaas passed. I have indeed had enough of it this time to satisfy any one; but the reality has come so far short of the anticipation, that it is hardly worth mentioning. I shall have no further anxious dread of a voyage across the Atlantic. A smoother sea and brighter sky than we have enjoyed are probably seldom seen for twelve successive days. Everything has been propitions; yet if you were to see me now, you would say the ravages of sea-sickness were sufficiently visible in my attenuated form or sea-sickness were sunciently visible in my attenuated form and face. I am over twenty pounds lighter than I was twelve days ago. The worst has been confinement to my pillow for eleven days and nights, and almost entire destitution of food, for which I had no desire; so that I have upon me the effect of eleven days famine, but I have had none of its sufferings.

We leave Haliax in two or three hours. Boston is about 400 miles distant. We shall be there on Thursday, September 2d, if nothing occur to prevent.
We have 118 passengers, including very many slaveholders and advocates of slavery. I have been able to converse with none except with my room-mate, who is from New Orleans; but from what I hear them say, some of these man-stealing republicans have been sorely tried in England. One of them said, "the Abolitionists had succeeded in making the American republic the scora of Europe, especially of Great Britain, and the very name of American a term of reproach." So may it continue to be while the American banner waves over a slave auction!

And I have been in Europe nearly five years on a mission of peace and human brotherhood? I cannot yet realize the fact. The grateful tear will flow that I was counted worthy a calling so truly great and good—so world-embracing and so divine. How I have performed it, others must judge. Had I been more entire in self-forgetfulness, more unquenchable in zeal, more determined in perseverance, and more abundant in labour, I should now be better satisfied with myself. May a light from heaven fall upon the path of those dear friends who have sus-tained me by their efficient sympathy, to guide them on their way into the future, till we meet again to part no more.

In great haste,
HENRY C. WRIGHY. Richard D. Webb, Dublin

Hints for a Copyright Bill, embracing the Mutual Interests of Authors and Public.—Bristot, September 10.—SIR,—Allow me to ask if you have ever given the Copyright Laws your serious consideration? For some few years past I have come to the conclusion that we are altogether wrong, and that both authors and the public on the conclusion. and the public are losing.

1st. The author has an equitable claim to a perpetual benefi-

cial interest in his works.

2d. The public interest requires that they should have the

benefit of free competition.

Now, to reconcile this, I would allow any work to be printed by anybody, in any size or style, and at any price, and in any numbers, provided that the publisher gave notice to Stationers' Hall, and deposited at the time of such notice — per cent. on the SELLING price of the whole edition for the author; the title-page to bear the number printed. One effect of this would be to make the retail trade honest. There would be less nominal profit, but there would be no taking off ten and fifteen per cent. over the counter. Publishers might quarrel and compete, but the author would quietly receive his toll to begin with, his fair and honest share, and the public would be well served.

You may ask, "How would authors come before the public?"

Why, in this way. Journals would be started to receive the first editions of our authors, and a great sale they would naturally have; and what an advantage it would be for an author to get a copy in print for supervision and revise! He would naturally request publishers to wait for his emendations. Cheating could not be practised—it should be a felony; and it would be so open to printers and binders, that no one could venture on it. Every printer might be required to file the certificate of the payment, and to be finable for working without it.

I wish you would turn these few hints over in your mind, and, if you approve them, work them up in your own way.

I am, very respectfully, your obliged,

J. W. William Howill, Esq.

Do not despise the day of Hawick Co-operative Association .-Haviek Co-operative Association.—LO not unsparse the uny or small things. A few working men of this place, deeply sensible of the injury that their class sustains by purchasing from retailers, have set about in right earnest to redeem themselves from the bondage, by instituting a society, to be called the Hawick Co-operative Association, having for its object, in the Hawick Co-operative Association, having for its object, in the first instance, the purchasing of provisions of all sorts, at the wholesale price, and at the cheapest market, and dividing them among the members, in such quantities as they may require. A five-shilling share, payable either at once, or in small sums, as small as one penny per week, constitutes membership. To these shares will be added an accumulating fund, arising out of a small charge of say twopence per pound on all goods divided. The rules of the society have been drawn up with the greatest care, by men who have long seen and felt that by co-operation care, by men who have long seen and lets shar by to operation alone can they place themselves in the position they, along with their class, should occupy; and it is but just to say that they have been helped to their conclusions by notices of progress that have appeared in Howitt's Journal and other publications. tions of the right kind.

North Shields' Mechanics' Institute.—North Shields, September 14th, 1847.—Dear Sir.—I write to tell you how our Mechanics' Institute is progressing. We have been lary and supine, but we are now bestirring ourselves. There are indicated tions of a healthier feeling among us, and the shadows of "the good time coming," are already darkening our thresholds. The Early Closing Association having recently succeeded in getting the shops closed at seven o'clock, the committee of the Mechanics' Institute thought it would be a very fitting opportunity for issuing an address to the young men. I enclose the address, so that if you think any part of it worthy of more extended circulation, you may so employ it. The result has been a considerable accession of members, which number, I hope, will still continue to increase. We have lately made great addition to our stock of books—Macaulay's, Jeffrey's, and John Forster's Essays, with your own "Homes and Haunts," are amongst the number. tions of a healthier feeling among us, and the shadows of " the

Our library contains about 1,500 volumes, besides the "Athenæum," "Blackwood's," "Tait's," "Jerrold's," and the "Mechanics" Magazines; "Chambers's" and "Howitt's "Journals, and last, though not least, the mirth-inspiring "Punch."

I am, Dear Sir, yours obediently,

CHARLES RAMSAY, Sec. to the Institute, 1, Linshill-st. W. Howill, Esq.

The Editors have great pleasure in announcing that an important series of papers on the subject of

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

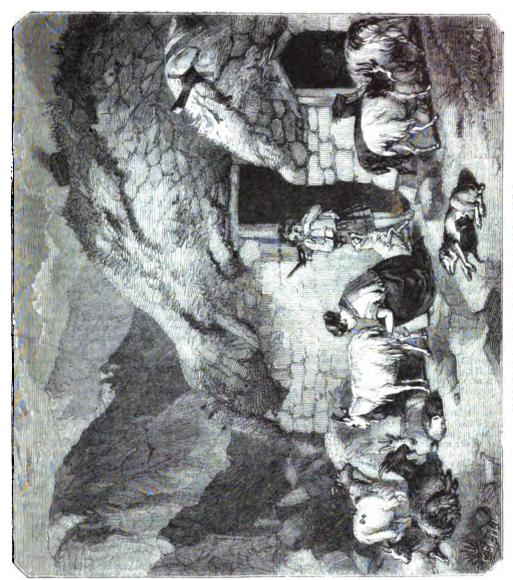
BY FREDERICK ROWTON, SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH,

and written expressly for this Journal, will commence in the next number.

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MILKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A HAPPY BALLAD OF TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

In the spring I went a-wooing
To a humble peasant-lass;
When the brindled kine were lowing,
And the meadows full of grass;

When the turtle-dove was sitting On her eggs in woodland state; Then said I, 'tis but befitting That I also seek a mate.

Full of youth was I, and healthy,
Twelve months past, my father died,
Leaving me a young man wealthy,
With each earthly want supplied.

Leaving me his grassy meadows,
Round an old paternal grange,
And the trees whose massy shadows,
Through his life, had seen no change.

Sitting 'mid the winter's gladness, Musing on the old man gone, All at once a sense of sadness Fell upon my heart like stone.

Down the chimney came a moaning, From the wild wind's gusty flight; And the old clock hoarsely droning, Told the long hours of the night.

All at once a sense of sorrow,
Heretofore to me unknown,
Fell on me, "to-day, to-morrow,"
Whispering, "thou art all alone!"

Spring-time came, and spring-time fulness Roused the earth's rejoicing powers; And the wintry sense of dulness Passed before the laughing flowers.

Green leaves decked the garden-bushes, Tasselled buds were on the lime; And a pair of warbling thrushes Woke me every morn betime.

One May morning, through the meadows
Strolling idly, ill at ease,
I lay down, beneath the shadows,
Where the cowslips lured the bees,

When a sound of turtle's cooing,
Came from out the boughs o'er head,
And " this is the time for wooing,
This is weoing-time," I said.

And straightway a thrill went through me, Like a quick electric glow, And I said, "the turtle to me Preacheth what is good to know."

All my blood grew warm and warmer, And I spoke aloud and said, "I, the wealthy, landlord farmer, Will espouse a peasant maid.

"From my youth I loved her dearly, Nor am I too proud to wed One by fortune used severely, But by virtue dowered instead.

- "In our childhood, near together, Stood our homes upon the brae, We, as children 'mong the heather, Played for many a livelong day.
- "I the elder, she the younger, On the open hills we played; And to me, the bolder, stronger, Looked she ever up for aid.
- "Years went on, and ever thriving Dwelt my father, full of case; He was one for ever hiving, Like the busy summer bees.
- " i a youth, must go to college;
 It was right my father's son .
 Should have breeding, should have knewledge.
 —Many an honour there I wen.
- "Home I came. Our brac-side neighbours
 Had slid down the ways of life;
 Janie's father's bootless labours
 Had with fortune been at strife.
- "Jesnie still my fancy fettered:
 I cared not for wealth a jot;
 And I deemed that life was bettered,
 Where a sordid thought came not.
- Spake my father, 'Thou art simple,
 Thus affection to bestow;
 By a foot, an eye, a dimple,
 To be fettered down so low.
- "' Youth must learn to curb its fancies, Must subdue its wayward will; Must embrace life's golden chances, Looking high and higher still.'
- "I obeyed. With pleasure sated, Life in various modes I tried, And remained unfixed, unmated, When my wealthy father died.
- Mine were all his grassy meadows, Mine were all his herds and kine; Mine the trees with leafy shadows, And his house, and all were mine.
- "I was all alone, and lonely,
 In the house and in the field;
 And whate'er is selfish only
 Can but barren pleasure yield.
- Overhead the doves were cooing. And the dews were on the gram, On the day I went a-wooing To my simple peasant lass.
- "O'er the hills with buoyant feeling, Like a bounding roe, I leapt Towards the solitary sheiling, Where the herded goats were kept.
- "—Little thought she who was near her,
 As she sang an old love-rhyme;
 And I listening stood to hear her
 Lilting at the milking-time.
- "All my heart grew warm and warmer;
 Pride was not with love at strife;
 And thus I, the wealthy farmer,
 Won my highland maid to wife!"

TALES FROM THE SWEDISH. Translated by Mary Howitt.

No. L.

"IT WILL DO."

A PIECE OF EXPERIENCE.

Ozor's father was dead. Tears fell from his eyes; tears fell down his cheeks. He felt a pain in his heart, an extraordinary sedateness in his mind, and the words, "I shall never more see my beloved, worthy father," came as if of themselves to his tongue. But, for all that, a new day had dawned, a new sphere of operation had revealed itself. A door, which had hitherto been closed to the young man's future, now stood wide open. He hastily collected together his things, sped with a light and winged step, although he was conscious of sorrow at his heart, around the city; paid his debts; took leave of his friends and acquaintances; and, last of all, stole up a winding staircase, knocked softly at a door, and entered when it was opened.

"Good evening, Sara," said he in a peculiar voice, which he in vain strove to make calm. "Good evening, dear girl, how are you? I bring you and news. My father is dead, and I must leave you—for a time—a long time, perhaps; but you shall be cared for." (Sara turned pale with terror.) "Nay, don't turn so pale, dear Sara," continued he, "because then you are not pretty, then I don't like you, then I will not come back to you; so now look charming and gay. I shall soon come back again; if not, you are such a pretty, charm-

ing girl, that you will soon get another lover!"

"But I shall not have you!" said Sara, and her eyes swam with tears.

He pressed her to his heart; he kissed her cold lips;

he wiped away her tears, and began again:—
"Here, Sara, you shall have all the money which I can spare at this moment. Take it! Live happily; I shall not forget you. I am not so poor now as I used to be. You shall now want for nothing. But live quite quietly until you hear further from me?"

And now followed whispered communications; Sara

made a confession, which Ulof received with very mingled feelings; and then, with a deep sigh, he parted from the poor girl ;-poor in virtue and innocence; rich in grace and natural gifts, and even perhaps good qualities of heart, although from the first they had been so trodden under foot that it was hardly possible now to distinguish them.

Olof rushed down the stairs, hurried into the street, glanced up towards the light in Sara's window, sighed a time or two, and had a presentiment that he now looked up, perhaps, for the last time, to the room where he had spent so many twilight hours. "But she will console herself!" said he, to console his own conscience, and hastened into the street.

His home was full of confusion. Half of his things were unpacked, and it was not until twelve at night, when the post-horses drove up to his door, that he was ready to set out. He went forth into darkness and The farther he drove from the city, the fainter, the paler became the image of that Sara, whom he had seen for the first time only a few months ago; who was then a pretty, wilful girl; whom he liked now more than ever; yet, notwithstanding, whom he probably in a short time-very soon, perhaps-would have forsaken, had not business and fate compelled him to do so now; for business and fate compel, people say, when they wish

to give a reasonable motive for an unreasonable action.
"Poor Sara; she really loves me!" thought he, with but little grief, and a great deal of egotistical pleasure; because whether beloved or hated, despised or wor-shipped, a woman's love is always a sacrifice which a man

receives with pleasure. "Poor Sara! she loves me; and so long as she is evidently faithful to me, she shall never suffer want!" So thought he, whilst the wheels went spinning round and round. We have already went spinning round and round. We have already said, however, that Sara's image grew fainter and fainter, and imagination presented, in new, fresh, living, bright colours, his cousin Malida—she with whom he was brought up; she whom father, mother, and relations, educated for him ever since she was born; she, the golden-haired fairy of light, who had always beamed as the sun in Olof's most beautiful future heaven. In the embrace of the dark-eyed Sara, it is true that her image lost some of its brightness; now, however, it recovered it, and innocence cast around it a glory, the magic of which Olof now for the first time rightly understood. The more vivid grew his recollections of Melida, the more were the horses urged onward, onward; and when Olof had travelled incessantly for four-and-twenty hours, he stood at the door of the paternal home, where the white blinds in the window, and the weeping people clad in mourning, were the first

objects that met his eyes.

"Is my uncle here?" was his first question, on recovering himself somewhat from the painful feeling of entering a house where they whom we loved formerly lived, breathed, moved, and came hitherto to meet us with glad and friendly hearts, but who now lie silent, cold, dead,-who are gone down to the grave and corruption.

"He is not here, but he is coming," replied an old servant, and dried the tears which the arrival of his young master had again called forth.

"Does he come alone?" asked Olof, and a light colour passed over his cheek, otherwise pale with tears, the fatigue of the journey, and his city-life.

"I do not know," replied the servant, and Olof hoped. But his hope was disappointed; his uncle

came alone.

The funeral and troublesome business engaged the time and thoughts of the two kinsmen. In the course of eight days the deceased was laid in the earth; his personal property valued, and that with a certain eggree of pleasure, because it was considerable, and far exceeded what had been expected; a fact somewhat consolatory both to the heir and to the future hopes of the uncle, who was in but indifferent circumstances. Everything was quite in order about the house; and the uncle said.

"Yes, my dear Olof, nothing remains to be done here; we will now go to my house. There we are daily expected, and here you cannot get on at all without good company."

At these words Olof's pale cheeks became crimson, because good company presented at this moment no image in the whole world but that of her who silently waited, and daily longed for their coming.-Melida.

Oh, what joyous, heavenly joyous hours, life can sometimes offer! These joyous prefigurings of the future are fashioned from the most beautiful material which it possesses, for life has a purely bright or dark prefiguring of the future, and blessed are they for whom it is bright!

Olof accompanied his kinsman with restless, unspeakable, joyous longings. It was evening when they reached his uncle's house. It was autumn, and Nature was dark, but spring and hope were in Olof's heart; and he saw with joy light shining in the windows of the well-known house where he had spent so many heavenly, happy hours by Melida's side, in the exultant days of childhood and early youth. A light shadow moved backwards and forwards in the window; and when they had entered the passage, the daughter flew to meet her father, and seemed not to see her cousin, although her crimson cheeks showed plainly enough that she was aware of his being near. Melida had become taller, prettier, wittler, gayer, and more charming, during these years. Her black dress heightened the dazzling whiteness of her skin, and the northern colour of her abundant hair. Olof was altogether in love. Melida knew it perfectly well, and was unspeakably happy. More delicious dreams than, during this long, first autumn night, visited these two young people, never ascended from the lands of dreams—the rich, luxuriant pleasure-garden of fancy.

Days and weeks flew by like moments to this happy Melida had never loved, never thought that she could love, anyone but him, for whom she had been educated from her tenderest years; he who had held undivided possession of her rich, full, warm heart; he who was loyal and true to her in all changes, at home in her native town, or away amid the tumult of the world. So believed Melids, at least, and believed even that love could only be repaid with love, and she

loved.

Olof now called her his betrothed, his bride, whispering in the lonely hour of magical twilight. He called her his bride before the whole world, and in the bright-

est sunshine; and the following summer was fixed upon for their wedding.

Christmas passed over gaily and lovingly for our lovers, and for all those who merely saw them, because their happiness diffused a glory all around them, a gentle and creative happiness. Spring came and went; and now many cares and little troubles beset them. Melida's mother was a good sort of weariful lady; she embittered the invaluable time of the poor lovers with petty affairs; very petty, but at the same time very tiresome, very troublesome, and almost tending to chill or render lukewarm, because they fell like cold water drops upon their warm hearts. Olof all his life had felt the greatest repugnance to his aunt, and felt no little annoyed and angry when elderly people continually tortured him by the remark that Melida was exactly like what her mother had been at that age, for the mother also had been a handsome young lady; but Olof forgot that, and only thought, "Can Melida be some day like her?" and shuddered at the idea.

In the mean time, letters came to him from the city which he had left. A young companion of his, alto-gether ignorant of his betrothal, wrote to him among other things, "Sara goes out but seldom; whenever one does see her, she is as splendidly beautiful as the sun. What a lucky fellow you are to possess the love of such a girl! Beautiful and true! but how long do you think that she will remain so? There are those who are laying snares for her, and though she may resist

them for a time, she will in the end fall into them.'
Olof bit his lips and contracted his brows. wished, notwithstanding his own happiness, that Sara should continue constant to him, and love him still.

"Voilà les hommes!" a Parisian would say. "Such are respectable people," we would as quietly remark.

Sara herself wrote, in her poor handwriting and miserable spelling, "How I long for you! Do you never mean to return? I am quite merry and well again; things turned out a deal better than we might have expected or hoped. Our one great trouble cost us needless anyiety and I our now years happy. You perneedless anxiety, and I am now very happy. You perfectly understand me—the poor child is not living. Thanks for the money you sent me; it came at the right moment. By means of it I got everything very grand for myself, and very grand about me, all for your sake, because I do not trouble myself about other young fellows, although they have spared no means of disturbing me, importunately begging me to come out, and even going so far as to come knocking at my door, and threatening to knock it down, if I will not immediately open it." (Olof clenched his fists, and his eyes flashed.) "What have you been doing latterly in that tiresome country-place? Dalson says that you have been taking

possession of your father's property; but that could not occupy you the whole winter. You have not been falling in love with another girl—that I know! or else I shall get another lover for myself; that I can tell you of a truth," etc.

Olof curied his lips, and contemptuously thought about poor Sara, because he still saw so much real happiness behind all those petty annoyances which the future mother-in-law and all these small and great troubles occasioned him: still he fancied that love and concord between husband and wife would be able to overcome these and far greater troubles. Never yet had an idea stolen into his mind, whispering any girl more desirable, or to be compared with Melida, as his other, his better self; she still stood thus in all her glory before his imagination; but even that must be dimmed. An extinguisher of the darkest kind must quickly come

to cover it up.

The well-known work "Det gar an," had now for several months been extending its unwholesome breath, the produce of some dark and pestilent naphtha pit, around the country; and people, who are very like moths in more cases than one, because they are especially fond of flying round the fire which scorches their wings, are very willing to suck poison, if there be only a little honey smeared over it. Det gar as fell also into Olof's hand; he read it once, and threw it away from him. But—he received Sara's and his friend's letter,-but-Melida's mother was intolerably quarrelsome, hard to please, and out of humour-butpeople and others vexed Olof. He became wearied, and out of temper. Melida wept. No young man of Olofs character could endure tears which did not flow from character could endure tears which did not how from jealousy. For amusement Olof once more read Det gâr as. He pondered a long time on its contents, and one evening in April, after having received by that day's post yet another letter from his friend in the city, which sai'l that in a few days Sara would assuredly fall into the snares of a designing person; when he had received also a letter from Sara herself, written as if on the brink of an abyss, and in which she merely besought of him to come, come, come—when Melida's mother was still more ill-tempered-annoyances more than ever, and Melida, pale and tearful-eyed, and "cross," as Olof called it—then—that very afternoon when all this occurred all at once—then he came to his decision, which, according to his views, was merry, original, poetical, magnanimous, advantageous, praiseworthy, excellent in all respects, yes, and even necessary and inevitable; he ordered horses; called for ink and paper, dipped a pen, and wrote the following to Melida, his heart frequently almost aching as he wrote :-

"Melida, we must part! I see it now plainly: I consider it for the best. We are not suitable for each other; and it is better that we part before we are irrevocably

⁽¹⁾ This was a novel with that title, or " It will do," written by Arnqvist, a celebrated and much admired writer at that time. It was extremely clever and interesting, and contained that kind of social philosophy and morals which may be gathered from this story. The first volume only of the work was published, as is not uncommon in Sweden. Its effect was like wild-fire: nothing was talked of, nothing was thought of, but this wonderful story of Det gar as. Arnqvist did not harry the second volume, but to his astonishment, the second volume made its appearance. It was written by another equally clever authorbut was published ostensibly as the true continuation of the work. The public eagerly possessed themselves of it;—the story was finished, but not as Arnqvist had intended; the apple of the Dead-Sea was opened, and all its poison contents revealed to the public. It was ended, in the way in which that very to the public. It was ended, in the way in which that very system of morals was already terminating many a domestic tragedy in real life. Arnqvist was enraged—but it was too late for him to do anything. His own second volume never appeared, and he himself never recovered his position in the literary world.

rivetted to each other, before we are both unhappy for time and eternity. You are a good, an amiable creature; but you are full of prejudices, and are attached to old habits and customs, which we are grown out of, and which are unsuited to the age in which we live, and to the luminary of reason which is now rising upon it. You will not sacrifice for me a single one of your oldfashioned notions; you will not freely surrender yourself to me, who are nevertheless mine, unless a half-foolish, stupid, raw, ignorant, uncultivated fellow, with a couple of white linen rags under his chin, babbles a few words before us, which neither he nor we think about at that moment. And these, could we only think so, would have a far more living, far more intelligible meaning in a silent and solitary hour, alone with each other and the Supreme Being. But I know, I foresee, that you would never be able to accustom yourself to my ideas, my new views of certain things. You would weep away your youth, your beauty, and my happiness, even if they should remain. You would upbraid me incessantly, talk about the world and the scandal, and the blame, and tittle-tattle, and a thousand petty things, which I now, more than ever, have learned to despise. You would be unhappy, and would suffer and would make me the same. You and your parents would make me the same. You and your parents would never let me have either rest or peace, would compel me thus far to a miserable, unmeaning ceremony, to which for the sake of domestic peace I consented. You might—oh, forgive me that I, in this important moment of our life, when we sever a bond which was knit in our childhood,"—here his style was broken and confused; the heart spoke through the words,—" pardon me, if I, without any apparent consideration, wound your youthful feelings, and perhaps even your self-love—you might, I say, perhaps, inherit your mother's fretful, joycorroding, and happiness-destroying temper; might become bitter and petulant, and tiresome, and ill-humoured as she; and a hell would thence ensue when we thought of forming an Eden, and we should live with each other in a state of violent disunion, at the same time that we should be compelled, before the eyes of the world, to appear as the dearest friends, merely because a fellow in black had read a few words over us, in the presence of a crowd of indifferent and a few thinking people. No, Melida! It is not written in the book of fate that we are to be united, since we do not think alike, have not the same understanding of right and wrong, of marriage, and many other things. Of late, I have often turned the conversation to these subjects and have always found that you adhere to the old notions; that you talk about 'the inviolability of the marriage vow, and marriages blessed by heaven, etc., whilst I insist upon it that marriage solely and alone can be based upon all-sacrificing, all-renouncing, generous, unselfish love. Oh, dearest Melida! may I tell you in this sacred moment of confession-may I make known to you that my conscience considers itself bound by such a union? Yes-out with it! There is a poor girl who lives only for me, breathes only for me, possesses no one thing upon the face of the earth but my love; and-can I be so cruel as to rend it from her to squander it upon a proud woman, proud of her virtue and who, had she been bound by marriage to somebody else, would never have cast one glance at me? No, Melida! we are not suited for each other, and if cares and sorrows meet us in our separate paths, we may yet meet them cheerfully, saying, we have sacrificed much to avoid still greater, perhaps,—because by sacrifice and renunciation we may yet obtain, I deny not this—" (here again occurred some breaks)—"and perhaps—perhaps we may once more meet in the distant future, when many years have progressed, and with them pure, sound reason, which by that time may have illumined even your ideas; we then may meet under wholly different circumstances; and who knows whether you might not then say to me,

'You were right! Det gdr an!' God grant that then we both of us may be free, or may be able to release ourselves from the bonds which we have voluntarily imposed upon ourselves. Whatever the case may be with you, I shall endeavour to remain free and unfattered.

"Farewell, Melida! Farewell, friend of my youth! One single word might even now change it all, but that I know, I know full well that you will not speak, and I have resolved to act as a man who dares to follow the dictates of reason, let it cost what it may. Farewell, Melida!"

This written, he hastened down the steps and along the road to the place where his carriage stood, and then flew with the speed of the wind through night and space, neither venturing to look behind, nor to cast backward his thoughts, lest he should change or waver in his resolves, and forming, as he went, as well as his sick heart and his outraged conscience would permit him, a plan of life for the future, as far as heaven apart from that in which, of late, he had mirrored all his thoughts. Now there rose up, like an evil spectre before his imagination—an elegant suite of rooms in the city, equipage, and servants, and the whole splendour of lux-ury and wealth lavished upon that beautiful Sara, the desired and worshipped of so many. And then the name! How wonderful, how amazingly like a pleasant chance that this name should be the same as the one which genius selected when placing his views attractively before the world! This similarity of name operated more than anyone would believe, for it is incredible how much small circumstances influence small souls. There was something transporting to Olof in the thought of being among the very first—for plenty would afterwards imitate him—who gave, by a striking example, new weight to the new opinions of freedom; of being among the very first who followed this Albert's example, although under much happier and brighter circumstances. People would now say, "see, there he is with his Sara! They live a heavenly life (for Olof meant to lead a gay one); they put to shame all those married folks where the husbands look indifferent and the wives sullen, and the children live together like dog and cat!"---- And besides, how common-place, how old-fashioned, to go and be betrothed, and marry his first-cousin, she whom people said was to be his wife when they were little children—all being arranged beforehand, and made up by relations and friends! How tiresome, how vexatious, how petty, etc., etc. ——And in process of time, supposing that he should weary of Sara and she of him, what would be more natural and more conformable to reason, than that by mutual consent they should separate, remain good friends, and each choose for themselves one that was more suitable?

An involuntary thought now recurred to the lighthaired, innocent Melida, but Olof chased it away, and urged forward the horses—and—what farther he anticipated, is not so certain: To paint this would demand a pen plucked from the wing of the black raven, and a fluid—dark as if it were fetched from the bottom of Acheron, and corrosive as aqua fortis.

Melida woke late upon that bright April morning. She woke, but she did not rise, she lay quiet amid the downy pillows, and noticed with half-opened eyes how sunillumined, how bright and cheerful her little chamber looked on this beautiful morning. Yet let no one believe that her first thought was of the sun. Even before she opened her eyes the image of Olof met her waking, as it had done her sleeping, imagination. In dreams she had already fancied herself his wife, had wandered by his side on the sea shore, on his father's estate, had held fast by his hand to prevent her falling on the slippery stones, as she now and then stooped down to gather

sprigs of the large luxuriant forget-me-not, which flourished there, and mirrored itself in the clear waves. Sometimes she made believe that she was falling, merely to enjoy Olof's uneasiness, but knowing the terror of a loving heart she extended to him the lovely blue flowers as an offering of reconciliation, smiling and joking all the time in her dreams as she would never again—when she awoke.

There is always something oppressive in waking. The reality never is like the dream, neither so delightful nor so sad. Extremes belong to dreams; fear and hope have but little to do with them. There was something painful to Melida in her first waking thought of Olof this morning. She immediately remembered his gloomy brow when he had bid them good night the preceding evening; she recalled so many strange, peculiar, and, to her fancy, half-insane words and ideas which had fallen from Olof of late, and which were so unlike what she had been accustomed to hear from his lips formerly. She heaved a deep sigh, but it was not a very heavy one, for all that. It was only a little cloud, a hand's-breadth upon her bright spring heaven.
"It is indeed all those vexations which annoy Olof, and which annoy everybody!" thought she, "and therefore away with them as much as possible!" And, quick as away with them as much as possible !" away with them as much as possible!" And, quick as lightning, up rose the young girl, "fresh as the morning, like a bride in a wood,"—and before long her needle was speeding through the cambric with skilful rapidity, pursued by a thought which gave it a double speed. It was yet early in the day. The clock-finger pointed at seven, and Melida had resolved before nine o'clock — the family-hour for assembling — to have finished a great piece of needlework, in order that she might be at liberty during the forenoon, and thus be able to devote it to Olof without any reproaches of conscience, or without deserving her mother's anger.

Very different were the intentions and resolves of the two cousins under the same spring sun; but poor Melida, in her loving innocence, believed that one heart beat in both breasts, and one soul lived in both.

At nine o'clock, the family assembled in the break-fast-room, all, except Olof. They waited a little while; the father, impatient at not being able to take his coffee; the mother,—always angry at all kinds of waiting; the daughter,—with affection's uneasiness, for all waiting for the beloved is a torture. They waited,—but no Olof came. They sent a servant, who brought back word, that Olof's room was empty; they sent another, and this one brought back the letter we have already given to Melida.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

BRISTOL RAGGED SCHOOL.

Ow the 15th December, 1846, we opened our large school-room in St. James's Back, with many hopes that a wider field of exertion was here presenting itself to us, but with fear of the new and increased difficulties we should have to encounter. It was a happy sight to the friends who were present, and one exciting deep thankfulness in their minds, to see our forty boys, most of whom had appeared but a few months before quite ungovernable and unsusceptible of any good impression, now sitting in as orderly and attentive a manner as most boys in our ordinary schools, and, but for their tattered raiment, hardly to be distinguished from them. Many of the boys had excited a personal interest in our minds, from the traits recorded of them in the master's journal; and we felt that a link of sympathy had been formed, which was uniting and blessing those, who, to the eye of the world, were separated by a great gulph.

We felt, too, that we were entering on a ground where there need be, and ought to be, no distinction of sect or party; we hoped that in this room not a word would be uttered which could reasonably offend Christians of any denomination; and that, while the children should be taught to know and keep the commandments of God, in their relation to Him and to each other, and to love and obey their Saviour, all theological dogmas would be carefully avoided, leaving these to the further instruction of the religious teachers whom their parents might select for them, when prepared for it. We separated, then, after the children had sung a hymn and the divine blessing had been supplicated, full of grati-

No public means had been taken to make known the evening school, which it was intended at once to com-mence; we had not the slightest idea whether it would be known or sought after; it was therefore no wonder if, as afterwards proved to be the case, we went to work before we were prepared. On the second night, there was a scene of the greatest uproar. With fifty or sixty boys, about thirty girls and young women had forced themselves into the room, notwithstanding the announcement that girls would not be admitted; some evidently came solely with the intention of creating a disturbance, while others seemed desirous of learning; they were very disorderly, and nothing but force could induce them to withdraw. The number of boys continued increasing, many quite young men; and on the Sunday the scene was extraordinary and painful; the master was in dismay; and though at last he got them into some degree of order by talking to them, when they went out, the fighting and screaming was terrible. It was quite necessary to obtain the aid of a policeman, which was cheerfully and gratuitously given by the superintendent of police, who seemed quite to feel the importance of the efforts which were being made. The neighbours were all very indignant at the increase of noise and disorder created in the street, and even insulted the friends of the school on their way to it. Such particulars as we are mentioning will be no novelty to those who have had to go through the same difficulties in establishing similar schools, and may appear unimportant to others; we mention them for the encouragement of those who, making efforts like ours, may be in despair at the commencement of the undertaking. We at once endeavoured to procare assistance for the master, and many working men kindly offered their aid in the evening, after their daily work was done; but willingness to aid, and a desire to do good, are not sufficient requisites for teaching, and above all, for instructing and controlling boys of the class we have been describing; and many of the teachers were found quite inadequate to their difficult task. By persevering, however, in the plan already mentioned, of employing no force but that of love and of moral suasion, in which he was greatly aided by considerable knowledge of the character and habits of the class of boys he had to manage, the master in a few weeks gained great influence over them, and brought them into some degree of order. Of this the following anecdote, copied from a Bristol paper, may be an illustration :

"Whilst one of the visitors was at the school during last week, a boy of about thirteen was seen to be extremely violent and refractory, a teacher endeavouring to lead him to the bottom of the class for inattention. He obstinately resisted, and stamped with rage. The master, observing the conflict, went to the boy, patted him gently on the head and cheek, and begged him to be a good boy. In a minute, before the master had quitted him, it came again to his turn to be asked by the teacher one of the arithmetical questions of the lesson, when he cheerfully and promptly cried out 'Forty-eight,' the proper answer. The crimson flush of anger had left his

face; his countenance was as bright and placid as if the last few moments had not witnessed the storm that had agitated his passions, and he became at once quiet and decile. The visitor asked the master about him: he replied, 'That boy is the most unmanageable one in the school; he is clever, but very passionate. He has kicked my legs (happily, he has no shoes); he has pelted me with mud in the streets. I have dismissed him from the school, but allowed him to come again on his carnest entreaty and promise of good conduct. If I had struck that lad when he was so irritated, or spoken harshly and angrily to him, his fary would have been quite ungovernable; but he can't stand a word of kindness."

In the mean time, the girls were anxious to share the same advantages, and pleaded so earnestly for a trial, promising good conduct, that it was determined to make the experiment, teaching boys and girls together in the same class. The effect was excellent; the boys were less disposed to fight when separated by girls, and it could not be imagined that the girls could be injured by associating, under controul, and with the object of gaining instruction, with those boys who were their play-fellows and companions in vice elsewhere. The attendance increased, until it was found necessary to limit the admission to the number that could be advantageously Those present one Sunday evening in Febtaught. Those present one Sunday evening in February will not easily forget the distressing spectacle of 200 children, in a state of complete insubordination, whose countenances and deportment showed that they were among the most vicious inhabitants of Bristol. The attempt to conclude with prayer only called forth mockery and disorder, and the friends of the school left it that evening with an almost despairing feeling. Tickets of admission were given, and it was determined that these should be forfeited whenever the conduct of the boy showed that he was determined not to learn himself, and to prevent others from doing so. The expedient answered the desired effect, and after a time it was found unnecessary to continue them. In a couple of months from the commencement of the school, the scene was quite changed. The word of command of the master was instantly attended to; orderly classes might be seen standing round their teachers, intent on gaining instruction; then the writing and cyphering was carried on with much attention; and after singing an evening hymn written for them by a friend, with whose permission we transcribe it, the children might be observed listening in respectful silence to a short and simple prayer.

EVENING HYMN.

Sing praise to God in Heaven, Our Father and our friend, To him our gratefal thanks be given; His mercies have no end.

Sun, moon, and stars above,
The earth on which we stand,
And men and beasts, that live and move,
Were made by God's command.

Keep us, O Lord, this night
From danger, sin, and sorrow;
And may we, if we see the light,
Be wise and good to-morrow.

And when our body fies,
And sleeps beneath the sod,
O, may we from the grave arise,
To live with thee our God.

The policemen, too, now seemed to find the schoolroom quite an attraction, and were so little a terror to the scholars that they often handed over their slates to them to request a copy to be set; this was so frequently

done, that a policeman was one day reported to the magistrates on a charge of neglect of duty, as he was said to have been "two hours in the Ragged School, setting copies to the boys!" Happy time, when no graver charges can be preferred against policemen; when no less kindly intercourse shall exist between them and the unfortunate beings whom it is their duty now to coerce! It has been an interesting circumstance that the Mayor has several times visited the school, and has always expressed deep interest in it; many poor culprits were then in his presence without fear. The superintendent of the police also came in plain clothes, and confessed that, though not a man of melting mood, he was affected to tears by the sight of so many whom he knew but too well to be in the frequent commission of crime, and addicted to the most lawless habits, here, yielding to moral influence.

As the children appeared now so much under controul the managers of the school accepted the kind offer of a gratuitous exhibition of the phantasmagoria to them, and the result more than realized their hopes; between three and four hundred children, and about a hundred of the parents and neighbours, were assembled in the school-room, and witnessed the two hours' performance with great order, and with evident interest. Such exhibitions are calculated, if judiciously arranged, to produce a high moral influence. The striking series of scenes from Rippingale's Progress of Intemperance, the Convict Gang, the Slave Mart, evidently impressed the spectators; a picture of the Transfiguration excited the exclamation, "That is more worth seeing than any thing you have shown us;" and the countenance of our Saviour, blessing the bread and wine, filled the minds of many with a strong impression of the beauty and holiness of his character.

This experiment having succeeded, we ventured on another, that of taking the children to the Zoological Gardens. May-day is celebrated in Bristol, by the very lowest class of children, in a way that is considered highly discreditable by the respectable working people. Those who on other days have barely rags to cover them, deck themselves in tawdry finery, and go begging through the streets. Our poor children were the very ones accustomed thus to keep the old festival that, in very different guise, fascinated our younger days. To forbid them to join it, would have been useless; to persuade them to give it up, impossible; we therefore bethought ourselves of substituting a greater enjoyment for this, and the committee of the Gardens, to forward such an object, gave them gratuitous admission. Six months before it was a matter of astonishment to the neighbours that thirty of these boys could be so con-trolled as to walk in an orderly manner through some of the adjoining streets; yet now a hundred boys and sixty girls walked in perfect order through Clifton; and though their tattered garments but too well bore out the name of the school, in other respects they were quite similar to the ordinary day-schools. It was, indeed, a sight to inspire deep thankfulness, to see these children enjoying innocently the beautiful works of their Creator, and manifesting no desire to abuse the kindness shown them. A year ago, we should have thought it an extravagant fancy to have audicipated such a spectacle!

We have been thus minute in our account of this school, because we believe that it differs in some important particulars from any that have been hitherto established. A day-school is here united with a week-day evening school, without any inducements being held out except the acquisition of knowledge, and consequent improvement of condition. The morning school, where reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught, is extremely fluctuating, the numbers varying from seventy to thirty, any show or other excitement in the town naturally detaining from school children who

are not under the restraint of parental authority. afternoon school is an industrial one; the wife of the master instructs the girls in sewing, a professional tailor teaches the boys to make and repair their clothes, that being considered the most obviously useful and attractive mode of giving the boys occupation; in towns where any simple manufacture is carried on, by which the children might soon earn a trifle, that would be preferable. The girls who can work sufficiently well are paid a small sum for their labour, and this is laid by in the mistress's hands, for the purchase of the articles of clothing made at the school. By this means the girls are already much improved in appearance, and they have the pleasure of feeling that this is by their own exertions. The afternoon sewing school averages thirty, who are on the whole very regular in their attendance. The boys too, from twelve to twenty, appear to appreciate the opportunity thus afforded them of repairing their clothes, and express themselves gratefully for it; their appearance is already much improved Most of the children attending these morning schools are exactly of the class one would desire to see them, dirty, miserable, and, even at this early age, wicked children, who would be learning evil in the streets if they were not here or might be engaged in the com-mission of actual crime. A few, but very few, certainly might attend other day-schools, but have been induced to leave them and come to ours, by the prospect of learning without the fear of corporal punishment, which is still unhappily used in most of our public schools. Surely when it is proved that this lowest and most untractable set of boys can be brought into a degree of order and discipline which has astonished experienced schoolmasters, without physical coercion, the directors of these schools will be led to suspect that there is some thing wrong in the principle which has hitherto guided them. The evening school, varying from sixty to one hundred boys and girls, includes the same class of children, with many who are gaining a livelihood during the day. Some of these are, however, thieves, and addicted to crimes of various kinds; others pursue an honest calling, and are thankful for the opportunity thus afforded them of remedying the deficiency of their early education. While we regret that these young persons should be exposed to the contamination of vice. yet we cannot deny them the boon they crave, and only earnestly desire that some means were provided for sup-plying better the wants thus felt. Very few comparaplying better the wants thus felt. Very few compara-tively of the scholars are, we believe, destitute of sufficient food; many, we have reason to know, fare better than those whose respectability of character leads them to hide their poverty; none probably would be in the condition they now are in, were it not for the brutalizing effect on their parents of intoxicating liquors. A visitor noticed at the school two interesting-looking little boys, in very ragged but clean clothes; touched by the circumstance, enquiry was made respecting the parents; it was found that the father was a clever housepainter, who had reduced his family to this condition by drinking, a whole week's wages being sometimes sacrificed to one night's revelling; what was the painful astonishment of the visitor to discover on further investigation, that the youngest of the children was foster brother to the darling child of a near relative! Surely not St. James and St. Giles were more differently nurtured than these two children of our Heavenly Father! Only one case has come to our knowledge in which a child was necessarily destitute of any natural protector who could give him a home; though many, in which boys were living a vagabond life, dwelling under no roof, because they would not submit to the restraints of home; in all, the efforts made have had only temporary success; the youth T. O., alluded to in the extracts from the master's journal, (p. 143, vol. i. of this Journal,) has again left his home and sunk into

degrading habits, rarely attending the school; and the orphan houseless boy, though kindly offered a home by the master, and provided with some suitable clothing, absconded from Bristol, when he found that his habits of mendicity would be interfered with by his present improved condition. All attempts to induce children who are in the habit of begging to attend the school, have utterly failed, even though apparently not more degraded or destitute than many already there. It certainly does appear that nothing but a system of complete seclusion, such as we find in some Continental and New England reformatory establishments, can improve such characters. Yet we must continue to sow our seed in faith and hope, trusting that the dews of divine grace may make it spring up and blossom, where the human eye

would least expect it.

We have indeed been permitted to see improvement far greater than could have been anticipated; not only has the conduct of the children been improved while under controul, but it has been remarked that they are less rough and coarse in their plays in the streets. We heard that a boy had been checked in the commission of a theft by the recollection of a lesson he had heard at school, and there has been a striking regard to property in the school, though temptations have occasionally been placed in their way: the tailor's scissors were one day carried off, but brought back the same evening by the conscience struck thief. A feeling of kindness has been awakened in these poor children, and they show themselves very grateful for the friendly interest taken in them: we would not exchange for much gold the bright smiles that have been bestowed on us, kindling beauty on the faces of even very bad-looking children, when they have been awakened to a sense of love

and goodness.

The other feature in our school, different, we believe, from others, is that we have not only voluntary teachers on the Sunday, but on the week-day evenings, the master giving only a general superintendence to the school, and exercising a constant moral influence over it. Great as would be such a sacrifice of time and leisure to the rich, it must be still greater to the working man, after a day's labour; many such have come night after night, expressing themselves much interested in their work, and several youths, educated in a superior charity school, who felt that they ought freely to give some of what they had freely received. On two evenings in the week, the mistress of a charity school gratuitously teaches the girls knitting, which they learn with much pleasure. We feel, however, that the school is now in a state in which the children are capable of receiving higher intellectual culture than the master is prepared to give them; and we earnestly desire that those who have received the many talents of knowledge, refinement of mind, and strength of Christian love, would put them out here to a most usurious interest; earnestly would we say to such "Come over, and help us." believe that no offering can be too costly to be laid on such an altar, one whose flame is to purify immortal spirits.

Here would we conclude, earnestly hoping that this work, since it surely is of God, may prosper; that such schools, and far better ones, may multiply; and that our weak and imperfect efforts may stimulate more powerful and enlightened ones.

Bristol.

M. C.

It will be gratifying both to the excellent writer of these papers on the Ragged Schools of Bristol, and to the public to know, that the concluding hope expressed has already been fulfilled, and that besides a general strong feeling created by them, a Ragged School at Clapham has been established as a direct consequence.—Ens.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT—OCTOBER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In casting our eye forward through the month before us, we are startled to see that it is the last of those in which we look for fine weather; that it ushers in November, a name associated with gloom, and fogs, and storms, and often with the rigours of winter. The bright but calm suns which shine over us this month are the last of the season. The autumn winds up its account of harvests and out-of-door pleasures, and as the last swallows take their flight, our travellers return from many a foreign ramble amid the vineyards of the Continent. The last birds of summer, that are migratory, depart; and in come, from northern climes, wild geese, the hooded crow, and the woodcock, to winter with us. It is come to that—the very creatures of the air and the field, undeceived by suns that still shine, and leaves that still hang on the tree, are thinking of winter, and resorting to their winter quarters. And wanderers return from mountains and sea-coasts, and begin to think of their winter quarters; to anticipate, with a feeling of luxury, fire-sides, long, quiet evenings, and books.

It is a month to still walk abroad during the short, bright hours of the day, to enjoy the tranquil splendour, the greenness, and the freshness of the atmosphere, and to feel thankful for all the good and the beauty that the summer has brought us. The very butterflies do so. You see them, or at least a few of them, still hovering over the flowers in the garden, or settling on the warm wall, basking in the glow of the noon sun. They lift their wings with a feeling, as it were, of a happiness that knows no care. Confined, it may be, in its extent, but it is not the happiness of man, that can be desolated by a thousand circumstances. They know nothing of speculations and failures, of corn-laws that tempt factors, and factors that, falling, pull down bankers after them. They know nothing of rents and taxes, or of bills that may come against them. Who has not been tempted, seeing their basking beauty, to look down from the height of his intellectual house of cards, from the splendid misery of modern social life, and say, "I'd be a butterfly!"

But this is the month of forest splendour. Generally, towards the end of October, the trees put on their last grandeur. They burst forth into all the richest and warmest colours, and for a while cast a glory on the landscape that is unrivalled. Then how delightful to range freely through wood and field; to see the wind

come, driving the many-tinted leaves before it; to tread on their rustling masses in the still glades; and feel the profound language of the season—of all that is solemn and pure, and yet buoyant, in the heart! The hops are fast getting in; the vines on the continental plains and hanging slopes are yielding up, amid songs and shouts, their "purple vintage." Orchards are cleared of their fruit, and towards the end of the month the people are busy in the potato-fields. Once more the hind, released from the cares and toils of harvest, is busy turning up the soil with the plough, getting in meadow and in field. The gathering and hoeing of potatoes, carrots, beet-root, and Swedish turnips, find much employment. Besides the sowing of wheat, beans and winter-dills are put in. Timber-trees are felled, and others planted, and the farmer repairs his gates and fences; and all wise people lay in plenty of fuel for winter. Winter! winter! it is continually crowding into our minds, though we do not see it with our eyes. But in the brightest hours, the very seeds are on the wing, to fly away and bury themselves each in a suitable spot for the resurrection of the next spring.

THE THISTLE-DOWN.

Lightly soars the thistle-down; Lightly doth it float; Lightly seeds of care are sown, Little do we note.

Lightly floats the thistle-down;
Far and wide it flies,
By the faintest zephyr blown
Through the shining skies.

Watch life's thistles bud and blow,— Oh! 'tis pleasant folly! But when all our paths they sow, Then comes melancholy.

But away with melancholy! The thistle-down will fly, and the thistles will spring up where we hoped for roses; but never mind; let us pay the penalty of our permitting them to grow, and go on, strong in the sense of the great Providence which wheels round the mighty world, and all its seasons; who causes the dark day to follow the bright one, and the bright to follow the dark; and if He suffers the thorn and the thistle to grow,

gives us strength to cut them down and consume them out of our paths. The summer is over and gone, but the summer of fire-sides, and books, and social parties, approaches. How many a new book is preparing, how many a beautiful print; how many a meeting with old and new friends, like flowers of the summer of social life that are not yet blown. Let us rejoice in their possession; for when they go, then comes the real night and winter. We have no hope of their return, as we have in that of everything that comes and goes with the season; as we have in

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:— But who doth hear Its summer cheer, As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!

From its shrouding clay

It steals away,

Like the swallow from the akies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
"Tis all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

And now farewell, October, and farewell, Autumn. November will come, ragged in its garb, and comparatively barren; but October will go out with a pageant and a feast. The woods will be hung with tapestry of all glorious colours; the dark and glossy acorns will be scattered in profusion on the ground; the richly-tinted and veined horse-chestnuts will glow in the midst of their rugged and spiny shells, which burst open in their fall; and hosts of birds will be enjoying a plentiful feast of beech-nuts in the tree-tops. Farewell, then, to October, in the midst of the great banquet of bountiful Nature. Man and his domestic creatures have their ample stores laid up in the winter garners; yet there is still plenty abroad for the wild as well as the tame.

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

BY FREDERIC ROWTON,

Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishments.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Public Opinion—Anticipated Objections met—The Question stated.

It seems to be now tacitly admitted that the people are always the real originators of reform. Certain it is, that all the social, moral, and political improvements of importance which have been effected within the last half century, are due mainly to the force of public opinion; and Governments have rather retarded than assisted them. Statesmen are now like the old Margate Hoys—they wait for the wind and the tide.

Late events have opened our eyes wide to this truth. Parliamentary Purgation; the Emancipation of our Catholic brethren from the disabilities under which they laboured; the manumission of the slave; and above all, the abolition of the accursed corn-law, sufficiently prove, not only that the popular mind, when roused, is irresistible, but that it is always in advance of its rulers.

Time was, when the Few gave laws to the Many; the days are now come, when the Many are to give laws to the Few. It is our own fault if we fail to profit by our experience!

Amongst the many subjects on which the public Intelligence is far in advance of Governmental wisdom, that of the punishment of criminals stands prominently forward. Governments are still utterly barbarous on this matter, and cling to the cruel and absurd inflictions of savage times, with that cold-blooded tenacity which always distinguishes power. Nay, so far from advancing herein, the world's rulers actually endeavour to retrograde. In the memory of nearly the youngest of us, our legislature restored the practice of gibbeting in chains! Later still, a liberal (!) member of Parliament asserted, in his place in the House of Commons, that burning to death was not too great a punishment for forgery | And the Seventh Report of the Criminal Law Commissioners (issued in 1848) recommends (p. 282) that the brutal custom of beheading, drawing and quartering, should be revived;—the dismembered limbs of the culprits to be at the disposal of-Her Majesty!! It also advises that the gallows should be retained for no fewer than nine classes of crime, in every case of which it should be invariably resorted to! There is amongst our rulers an apathy, too, as well as a savageness, on this question. We cannot even get them to discuss the subject with us. In the late Parliament, a notice of motion on Punishment was invariably met with a "count-out." Out of the 658 individuals supposed to represent England, there were not to be found forty who would deign so much as to listen to a debate upon the topic.

What remains, then, brethren? Why, this: That if our rulers will not consider the matter in parliament, we will consider it out of parliament;—that if they will not make up their minds on the question, we will make up ours—and theirs, too;—that if they determine to wait for the flow of popular opinion before they venture on their voyage, we will soon raise a tide, which shall carry them a little farther, perhaps, than they will care to go. The sybil who was repulsed in her just requirement at first, refused to depart at last without the full satisfaction of a far more exorbitant demand. When they refused us the repeal of the Test Act, we forced them to give us Catholic Emancipation: when they refused us a fixed duty on corn, we forced them to give us the abolition of al' duty. Let them have a care, then. If a people be driven to the consideration of a political question, the ruler will always find himself forced to adopt their conclusions,—be they what they may. So History saith.

From deep and serious reflection on this subject of punishment we, as thinking men, can, then, no longer refrain. We find that punishment, as now inflicted, is not only ineffective, but mischievous. We see that it not only fails to restrain crime, but increases it. We see it desired rather than dreaded by the criminal. And we see ourselves in the rear of all civilized nations upon this subject. It is a disgrace to us any longer to be dumb. We owe it to ourselves, as men, as citizens, and as Christians, to abolish the barbarity existing in our laws;—or if we cannot of ourselves do that, at least to protest in the face of Earth and Heaven, that we will have neither part not lot in the matter.

The question of crime and punishment resolves itself into more considerations than I could venture to entertain in a work like this Journal. The nature of the civil ruler's punitive power,—the extent of it—the responsibilities which it entails upon its possessor,—the spirit in which it should be administered,—the distinction which should be drawn between wilful and necessitated guilt; all these topics, and many others which will suggest themselves to the mind of the reader,

demand a full and searching inquiry, if the whole subject is to be discussed. This being a task larger than I can here undertake, I shall restrict myself to some general remarks upon the matter, making special reference to the hinge on which our criminal system turns—the infliction of the penalty of death. Until that point is settled, all farther inquiry is useless; till the monster evil is disposed of, the minor ones may rest. I propose, therefore, to review this topic earnestly and searchingly; and to inquire, as honestly and as fairly as I can, into all the pleas put forth for the retention of the gallows. I dare to say, that before I have done, I shall be able to demonstrate, beyond dispute, First, that the infliction of death by the law, is a barbarous, useless, and injurious practice, answering no good purpose, but demoralizing the whole community; Secondly, that it is, in the highest sense of the term, immoral, man having no right nor commission to enforce it; and, Thirdy, that it is an impious assumption of the divine prerogative, a punishment totally opposed to the spirit and precepts of Christianity.

I hope that it is scarcely necessary for me to deprecate that kind of criticism which would meet such an inquiry as this as an attempt to promulgate a morbid philanthropy, and to protect the criminal at the expense of society. Once for all, let me firmly repudiate and disown any desire of the sort. It is for the protection of society, and not for its exposure, that I urge this We find, that when the gallows is most used, human life is most in peril; and that where it is least employed, human life is safest! Which, then, is the false philanthropy,-his who would abolish the cause of the increased hazard, or his who, in defiance of experience, would retain it? Under the present system, the punishment of a murderer is quite a matter of chance. In some cases royal influence 1; in others, private influence 1 ence; in others, public clamour; in others, judicial recommendation; in others, the failure of legal evidence; in others, the dislike of juries to the infliction of death operates to save the malefactor. This uncertainty of punishment tends, of course, to the increase of crime; and thus we have a clear and sufficient explanation of the fact to which I have above referred, namely, that the retention of the gallows is the encouragement of murder. It is evidently, then, no "whining sentimentalism," no "sham benevolence," that moves us to demand the abolition of the pain of death; but a motive as consistent with justice, as it is promotive of philanthropy.

And whilst I claim credit for good motive in myself, I am quite willing to extend similar justice to my opponents. I will not say, as some do, that the defenders of the gallows must of necessity be blood-thirsty and savage individuals, who clamour for the infliction of death from motives of barbarity and revenge. I cannot believe of any man that he would willingly defend the destruction of human life, were he not sincerely of opinion that the practice was necessary and indispensable; I only think that he is in error in his calculations. Every one must wish that the infliction of death could be discontinued, however some may feel that they cannot recommend the change we propose; and consequently, here at least we can meet on ground common to all.

From this point westart, then. Let each party give the other credit for excellence of motive, and benevolence of purpose: let us be mutually candid, and mutually respectful; and, above all, let us open our minds widely and fearlessly to the truth, on whichever side we may find it.

The scope of our inquiry will, I think, be plainly understood. Is the continuance of death-punishment for murder justifiable on grounds of necessity, morality, or religion?

Literary Notices.

The Companion of the Tour of France, by George Sand. Translated by Matilda M. Hayes. London: G. Churton, Holles Street.

This is one of the richest, the most curious, and most beautifully written of the works of Madame Dudevant, and the translation has evidently been made with a care suggested by the great charm of the work. We have read none of the series yet with a pleasure equal to that with which we have perused this. In the first place, it presents us with a clear exposition of the system of Campagnonnage, or of those ancient trade-guilds which extend over a great part of the Continent, but which appear to be carried nowhere to such a pitch of hostility between the different contraternities as in France.

In Germany, the system of trade-guilds retains all its ancient completeness. Every one sees, on the publicroads, the Gesellen, or Handwerksburschen,—the journeymen, in fact, who are making the prescribed tour of the country to perfect themselves in their respective trades; and each is assisted, when necessary, out of the guildchest in each town. But in France these journeymen are as members of particular societies, of which two or more are of the same trade, and carry on the most bitter hostility towards each other, actually fighting and killing each other for the possession of the work of certain towns. This state of things, which in England could not last for a single week, nor indeed in a country of so completely organised a police as Germany, has led to great social outrages in France; and the hero of this work is a young joiner, Pierre Huguenin, who having educated himself on his tour, came home to his native village and his father's shop, not only a first-rate work-man, but a man of fine and philosophical mind, and of the most noble disposition.

The Count de Villepreaux is about to restore a fine

The Count de Villepreaux is about to restore a fine old chapel in his castle at Villepreaux, Pierre Huguenin's birth-place, or rather to convert it into a museum. Pierre's father is engaged to do this work, but as it requires very superior workmen in carving as well as joinering, Pierre goes to Blois to procure them, and brings two,—Amaury, a genius in his line, and Berrichon, a good-natured, ordinary fellow.

The Count de Villepreaux, and his grand-daughter, Yseult, are astonished at the talents of Pierre and his friend Amaury, and still more at their superiority of mind and information; and this discovery leads gradually to a degree of intimacy, which could only take place in revolutionary France, but which Madame Dudevant loves so much to contemplate—the equalizing influence of merit. The development of character in the progress of events, is striking and various. Pierre bears the test of circumstances nobly, and comes forth one of the most beautiful of characters; so does Yseult, and there grows a lasting attachment between these two, so unequal in the world's eye, so equal in that of the true Christian philosopher. On the contrary, Amaury, with great genius and ambition, shows himself weak in moral principle, fond of pleasure, and selfish in the midst of all his fine sensibilities. He falls into a criminal intrigue with a Madame de Frenays, and goes to Italy, to make himself a finished sculptor.

The character of the old Count is well sketched. He is a very easy sort of liberal, professing the broadest principles of the revolution, but in fact as strongly aristocratic as anybody. To break up the liaison of the Marquise he proposes to her to marry the young Amaury, knowing that his arguments will produce the very opposite effect; but his grand-daughter, hearing these arguments, takes them in earnest, and terrifies the

⁽¹⁾ It was said that the German, Dalmas, was saved through the personal intercession of an illustrious personage.

old man by proposing to carry them into effect in her own case. The story ends only as a first part of the life of Pierre Huguenin. As a specimen of the beauty of the composition, and the profound penetration of the mind of Madame Dudevant into the great questions of human progress and happiness, we give the following. Pierre Huguenin has been wandering all night through the park of Villepreaux, agitated by many conflicting feelings, both regarding himself and humanity in general, and when the light breaks he is struck for a moment by the beauty of the scenery around, but quickly relapses into those melancholy speculations which have. at times, afflicted every earnest lover of his race.

"But his admiration led him by degrees to the problem which had haunted him all night. He had read in the philosophers and poets of the past age, that the cubin of the labourer, a meadow enamelled with flowers, and a field strewed with gleaners, were more beautiful than the parterres, the straight avenues, the clipped bushes, the well-rolled turf, and the fountains ornamented with statues, which surround the palaces of the great; and as the idea pleased him, he had given in to the belief. But obliged to travel over France, from one end to the other, on foot, and in all seasons, he had perceived that this nature, so vaunted in the eighteenth century, was nowhere to be seen on a soil divided into infinite portions, and unworthily tortured, for the supply of individual wants. If, from the brow of a hill he had delightedly contemplated a certain tract of country, it was because, in the distance, this division becomes effaced, and lost to sight; the masses re-take their appearance of grandeur and harmony; the beautiful primitive forms of the earth, the rich colour of the vegetation, which man can never destroy, predominate over, and conceal at a distance, the miserable mutilation they have undergone. But in approaching these details, in penetrating into these perspectives, our traveller had always experienced a complete disenchantment. That, which from afar looked like a virgin forest, showed itself, when near, as nothing more than a succession of trees, planted in ill-arranged lines, upon the margins of an inclosure; these trees themselves being deprived of their most beautiful branches, and possessing no remains of their primitive state. The picturesque cottages were squalld hovels surrounded by stagnant water, and deprived of natural shelter both from the wind and sun. Nothing was in its proper place: the rich man's house destroyed the simplicity of the country; the poor man's cabin took away from the chateau its character of isolation and grandeur. The most beautiful meadow, for want of a stream of water which its owners had not the right, or the means of borrowing from a neighbouring river, often failed in verdure and freshness. was no harmony, no taste, and, worse than all, no real fertility. Everywhere, the soil, abandoned to ignorance and cupidity, becomes exhausted without yielding abundance, or surrendered to the inability of the poor, withers in a perpetual barrenness; while for the traveller, there is not a path which he does not seek and conquer in some manner, by means of his memory, or the agility of his body; for the whole land is enclosed; all is forbidden ground, bristling with hedges, and sur-rounded with ditches and palisades. The smallest corner of the earth is a fortress, and the law constitutes every step hazarded by a man upon the jealous and ferocious property of another, a trespass.

"'This, then, is Nature as we have made it,' thought

Pierre Huguenin, as he traversed these descrts created 'Can God recognise in it his own work ! Is this the beautiful terrestrial paradise he confided to us to embellish and extend from horizon to horizon, over

the face of the whole globe?'

At times he had crossed the mountains, following the track of a torrent, or had wandered in thick and

luxuriant woods. There only, where Nature has kept herself free from man by resisting his culture, has she

preserved her power and beauty.
"'Whence comes it,'he said to himself, 'that the hand of man is accursed, and that, only where he does not reign, the earth renews her luxuriance, and is invested with grandeur! Is labour, then, contrary to the divine law, or is it the law that man must labour in sorrow; that he shall create nothing but ugliness and poverty; that he shall exhaust instead of rendering productive; that he shall destroy instead of improving? ls this, indeed, the valley of tears of which Christians speak? and are we only thrown into it to expiate the crimes of a former life in this fatal existence

"Pierre Huguenin had often lost himself in these hitter thoughts, to which he had never been able to find a solution. For if large estates are the best preservers of nature, and enable a man to unite science and largeness of purpose with the work of his hands, they are none the less monstrous infringements on the divine right of mankind. They dispose of the heritage of all for the profit of a few; they insolently destroy the life of the feeble and the disinherited, whose cries for vengeance

vainly ascend to heaven.

"'And in the mean time,' said he, 'the more the ground is divided, the more it perishes; the more the existence of some of its members is assured, the more the large mass of human beings languish and suffer. Châteaux have been destroyed, and corn sown in the manorial parks; each has taken unto himself a portion of the soil, and has thought himself secure. But from under every stone has started its troop of famishing poor, and the world at last finds itself too small to contain them. The rich are ruined and disappear in vain. The more bread is broken, the more numerous are the hands extended to receive it, while the miracle of Jesus no longer takes place, and no one is satisfied; the earth withers, and men with it. Iudustry displays its miraculous powers in vain; it creates wants that can never be satisfied; it lavishes enjoyments of which the human family cannot partake without imposing upon itself, on other points, privations until then unknown. Occupation is everywhere created, and everywhere misery increases. It almost seems as though the feudal times were to be regretted, which nourished the slave without exhausting him, and while, sparing him the torments of a vain hope, at least remove him from the danger of despair and suicide.'

These contradictory reflections, - these distressing uncertainties, returned to him in proportion as the beauties of the lordly park of Villepreaux revealed them-selves in the light of the morning. Spite of himself, he compared the care and intelligence which had re-gulated this arrangement of nature, to the effect of education upon the mind and character of man. By pruning the useless branches of those trees, grace, health, and the majestic growth they acquire in climates warmer than our own, had been procured for tham. By frequently cutting and watering the grass, that admirable freshness had been imparted which it receives from the waterfalls abounding on the sides of mountains. Fruits and flowers, from various regions, had, by management of air, light, and shade, become familiarized to the climate. It was a factitious nature, but studied with such art as to resemble nature itself, without losing the requisite conditions of well-being, protection, order, and charm, indispensable to the abode of a civilized and refined humanity. Here was the abode of a civilized and refined humanity. Here was to be seen all the beauty of God's own work, while the hand of man was also to be perceived, ruling in love, and preserving with discernment. Pierre agreed within himself, that in our climates, nothing more closely resembles divine creation, Nature, in one word, as it has been defined by the philosophers who have taken this word "Nature," for their standard, than an estate thus laid out; while nothing is so far removed from it, as the cultivation attendant upon territorial division, and the pa.celling out of small proprietaries. Vast clearings had been effected in the manor of Villepreaux, which were unceasingly renewed and sown with corn, whose vigour and abundance were increased tenfold by the richness of the cultivation bestowed upon it. The game, protected by the wise forethought of the master, was sufficiently abundant to supply his table, without injuriously diminishing the produce of the soil. This estate was then the idealization, and not the mutilation of nature. It was well understood, well laid out, and efficiently tended. It was the utile dulci of patrician life, which should be the normal life of all civilized men.

"It was easy to recognize it as the dwelling-place and property of a family living simply, nobly, and in conformity with the laws of Providence. And yet no poor man could or ought to look upon all that without hatred and envy; and if the law of strength had not protected the rich, there is no poor man who would not have looked upon the violation of this asylum, and the pillage of this property, as legitimate acts. How then can these two principles be made to agree; the right of the fortunate man to the preservation of his fortune, the right of the needy man to the end of his misery?

"Both seem equally the children of God, his representatives upon earth, his proxies, whom he has invested with his property and its universal cultivation. That rich old man who rests his silvered head, and who brings up his children beneath the shelter of trees ho has himself planted,—would it not be a crime to snatch from him his estate, and throw him into the world ruined and a beggar? And yet this beggar, old, alas! and like him the father of a family, who holds out his hand at the rich man's door, is it not likewise a crime to leave him on the highway to perish of cold, hunger,

and grief?
"Will it be said that the rich have enjoyed their fortune long enough, and that it is the time of the poor to take their place at the banquet of life? Will this tardy enjoyment efface the traces of the long privations the poor have endured? Will it indemnify them for the past, compensate them for the ills they have suffered, and repair the disorders misfortune has brought upon

their intellects?

"Will it be said that the poor have borne their sufferings long enough, and that it is the time for the rich to yield them their place at the banquet of life! Because the rich have enjoyed the gifts of God to the present day, does it follow that they should be violently deprived of them and plunged into misery? This desire of enjoyment which the Eternal has placed in the heart of man as a right, and doubtless as a duty, does it consti-tute a crime which must be punished, and for which other men have the right to require expiation? Moreover, if the poor have a right to happiness, the rich whom you would thus have made poor, would also have the right to reclaim their share of happiness, and the right of the newly rich would be founded, like that of their predecessors, upon will and power. The complaints and the rebellion of these newly-made poor must then be decided by war, and the only possible end of such a war would be the extermination of the dispossessed rich.

"Let us accept this ba-barous solution, and what fol-

lows !- the earth would then be but cleared of a small minority, and would remain burdened with a multitude of individual wants, which could only be satisfied upon the same conditions as have been hitherto imposed. Those whom pillage would have enriched, and they would still be in the minority, would hear groaning and blaspheming at their doors those who would have reaped nothing from the victory, and these would still be the most numerous. For some time you would keep

them in order by force; but they would multiply, like grains of corn, they would swell like the waves of the sea, and each generation would but change masters without seeing that yawning and bottomless abyse close, whence unceasingly issues the voice of suffering humanity, in a long cry of despair, malediction, insult, and menace. Must we then abandon ourselves upon this fatal declivity, where chastisements succeed to chastisements, disasters to disasters, victims to victims? Or must we leave things as they are, perpetuate the iniquity of exclusive rights, of unequal divisions, place a privileged class upon immovable thrones, and condemn whole

"Let us return to the division of which our fathers dreamed. The world has been divided by them; let us divide it still further; let our children divide it again to infinity, for they are ever multiplying, and each generation requires a new division which will continually reduce the domain of our ancestors and the inheritance of our descendants. With time each man will then arrive at the possession of a grain of sand, at least if famine and other causes of destruction which barbarism engenders, do not mercifully come to decimate the population once in a century. And, as barbarism is the inevitable result of such division, and of absolute individuality, the future of humanity depends upon plague, war, convulsion of all kinds, and scourges of every nature best calculated to bring back the infancy of the world, to render the human species rare and few, to re-commence the ferocious empire of Nature, and to substitute the brutalizing forms of savage life for those we now groan under. More than one brain of the we now groan under. More than one brain of the nineteenth century, not reputed ferocious or insane, has, for want of finding a better, arrived at this absurd and anti-human conclusion, whether viewing it from a social, or taking it at an individual point of view.

"In the midst of all these hypotheses, the worthy Pierre, being unable to contemplate any of them without horror or fear, was seized with an access of despair. He forgot the progress of the hours and the sun which. rising above the horizon, measured his daily work. He fell with his face to the ground, wringing his hands amidst torrents of tears."

The Labourer, No. 9,-for September.

"The Labourer" is an active, strong, and effective labourer in the cause of the people; and this number is an especially capital one. It opens with a buoyant and deeply imaginative poem, called "Lord Lindsay," Ernest Jones. Then follows an able paper on Co-opera-tion; and an entertaining notice of Tannahill. The "Insurrections of the People" has now reached the seventh chapter, the present one being on the Jacquerie. These papers are peculiarly interesting. They show what the people from age to age have endured; how uneasy they have been under the harrows of oppression, and how fierce have been all their outbreaks, from the want of that intelligence which they are now in possession of! Yet, turning to the article on Co-operation, we are compelled to ask, as we contemplate the picture here presented, What have the People yet gained by all their intelligence, and their zealous endeavours to benefit their own condition, and reap the first-fruits of their labours !

"The history of these isles for the past sixty years has been a sad and eventful history; it is eventful in unbinding all the ties that united society together. In Scotland, the families of the Macdonalds and Maclauchlans have been turned out of their own highland glens; their cottages have been uprooted to make way for sheepwalks and mansions. In Ireland, unhappy Ireland, murder at moon-day was lately almost the rule, and safety the exception; the pistol-shot of the mad and unfortunate criminal was answered by the musket-ball of the slaves hired and

educated to shoot and kill the discontented. And why is this state of things P is it natural P No! it is unnatural; but money has been courted, and labour has been spurned;—those ties that should bind man to home, wife and children, have been broken asunder,—and the very name of fatherland has been uprooted. This is not the result of one Act of Parliament, or the deeds of one ministry—it is the effect of a lawless and plundering system one ministry—it is the enect of a naviess and plundering system practised by landlords and moneymongers, supported and honoured by a government preferring the amiles of one rich and mistaken man to the comfort and good wishes of many thousands of industrious families. But the day of retribution will it must come; yes! ere many years elapse, England, this land of seeming peace, will murnur louder and longer than she ever has done. Look around for these things, and you may now see the future coming. The black miners of the north are in a discontented state. Yorkshire and Lancashire will soon present a scene of distress, such as men living never witnessed. Already the products yarns are selling badly, spinning is not profitableof Lowell in America are competing with those of Manchester. How much better is it for the toiler and operative, aided by machinery, that can now do the work that 150 men were required to do, when spinning was performed on the old system?"

It is this melancholy scene, and more melancholy prospect, that make men now trust to co-operation for a remedy. Whatever this great principle shall accomplish, it must be conceded that the Chartists are trying its power on the most spirited and extensive scale. They have already subscribed nearly 40,000*l*, and purchased four estates, on which they are locating themselves. Numbers of lookers on, as on all such occasions, indeed, prognosticate ruin and disappointment for the experiment. Let us hope for a far different result. Let us trust that if there be errors in the mode of carrying out their plans, these may be shown by further experience, and avoided. For the sake of thousands of our working men, who are looking to these schemes as a mode of escape from a life of anxiety and privation that crushes them to the earth, let us hope that success may continue to attend their attempt to save out of their little earnings, and to obtain a home of peace and honest labour. The experiment is certainly a great and momentous one, and is carrried on with a zeal that is astonishing.

But co-operation must aid this and similar experiments in other ways. It must aid in reducing the taxation that weighs on our manufacturing system like a nightmare. It must aid in establishing better relations with foreign nations, so that they shall more and more take our manufactured articles, and above all in turning our vast territory of India into a field of labour and production, instead of one of war and waste, so that our fellow subjects there shall send cheap cotton and sugar to us, and take our manufactures, as they then might do, to an amount which would keep all our mills going at a profitable price. Here is a wide field for the most powerful exertions of the best men in our new Parliament.

Scenes from the Bible. By the REV. J. WYLIE, A.M. William Collins.

CHAP. 1:- "Among all the volumes which have come from the CMP. 1:—"Among all the volumes which have come from the pen of man, where shall we find pictures like those of the Bible How many scenes has the pencil laboured to portray, and how many has the fancy found amusement in creating, but where shall we meet scenes like these? In the first pages of the Bible the world is still young,—so beautiful and true is the picture of its youth which is there exhibited."

We so entirely agree in this sentiment with the Rev. Mr. Wylie, that we consider his own "Scenes from the Bible," a work of supererogation. Almost all attempts a work of supererogation. Almost all attempts to embellish and dramatize parts of the Holy Scriptures have been failures; -of those destined for the young, we think "Patriarchal Times," by Miss O'Keefe, and "Tales of Palestine," by Miss Martineau, are about the best, or least objectionable, not forgetting Hannah

More's "Sacred Dramas." There is not much assumpexplain, or amplify, what is involved in the sublime mists of ages; nor do they endeavour to turn myths into real events. The Germans have been more successful; Gessner's Death of Abel, Krummacher, in his Parables, and Herder, too, have preserved the simplicity, and somewhat of the sublimity of Scripture. "Dreams after reading the Bible," would have been a more appropriate title to this book of Mr. Wylie's, "Lucus à non lucendo," its motto! In scene 4th, "Paradise Lost," we have a well-arranged combat be-tween Eve and the Serpent.

"This line of policy which Satan adopted in commencing the war, he has employed substantially all along in carrying the war out. Uniting boldness with cunning, his aim has ever been to seize on the citadel. He did not lie in wait at the gates of Paradise,—he took up his position in the very heart of the garden. Furious storms has he often raised without the Church, but his grand aim has ever been to lead his armies soithis her; here his most deadly policy has been carried on. He has seized upon her pulpile, her sainisters, her sacramente; and as he taught at the beginning the lying serpent to discourse from the Tree of Knowledge, so has he planted his emissaries in the chair of truth, and taught them by lying words to deceive and destroy the unwary and the simple."

The direct inference to be drawn from the above is, that pulpits, ministers, sacraments, and churches, are Mr. Wylie is not prepared to grant. In page 44, we find that the "assault was so adroitly conducted by Satan, that Eve was wounded even before she was aware that the contest had commenced, or had time to put on her armour,"-a singularly infelicitous figure this!

Here, as elsewhere, the reverend author uses anathe chronisms in language; we think he must have been the orator who "threw his gauntlet into the arena!" In the "Ark of Bulrushes," he makes the following comment on the edict of Pharaoh,—the finding of Moses :-

"Thus the cruel law, which was to destroy the Church, and the Saviour, who was to deliver her, came together."

Our author is skilful in typifying. Pharach is the type of Cæsar Augustus, and the laying of Moses in the cradle of bulrushes, is typical of the babe born in a stable, and laid in a manger. By those who admire this style of book, this may be considered good of the kind; but we ended our perusal in the full persuasion that the first chapter is the best of the volume.

Edward Orland; or Truth and Untruth. By M.— HECK-MONDWICKE. J. Masters, Aldersgate-street. 14mo. pp. 348.

This may be styled a good book, in the popular sense of the word. It is a simple and domestic tale, or rather a series of conversations, enforcing the importance of Truth by the fear of discovery, and the attendant dis-grace of Fulsehood. Cannot Truth be loved for its purity, beauty, and heavenly-mindedness? Edward Orland is a child's book of a very serious and religious kind. There is, however, a discrepancy between its precept and its example. The perpetual recurrence of "dimpled checks,"—"flowing ringlets,"—"twining locks,"—"glowing checks,"—"pouting with beautiful lips,"—is calculated to make external qualities very prominent; all proper in a painter, but not in a moralist.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

A Decimal Scale of Coins.—The subject of an alteration in the existing coins of this realm seems at last to have taken root in the minds of our Government, as well as of the people. The expediency of a reform is pretty generally admitted, since no one can call our present system a good one, who is acquainted with the coinage of our continental neighbours. Let me, then, now lay down a foundation for a new scale of coins, upon which

to raise a structure, at once firm, compact, and beautiful.

Before laying down a new system for England, let us take a Before laying down a new system for England, let us take a glance at other decimal systems at present used on the Continent, to see if any can serve us for a good model. France, thanks to the revolution, possesses a decimal system. The lowest coin is a decime, equal to 1-100th part of our penny; the next is a centime, worth 10 decimes, equal to the 1-10th of a penny; 100 centimes make a franc, equal to 10d., which is the highest coin in that system. A louis, however, is worth 20 francs, but this bears a vigintal, not a decimal, relation to a franc; all their accounts being kept in francs, the louis being used only in circulation. This is a perfect decimal system; but there is this disadvantage in it,—that the first division is useless, and the franc too low in value for the greatest coin. If the and the franc too low in value for the greatest coin. If the system started with a centime, and had coins worth 10, 100, 1000 centimes, it would be simpler, and better suited to com-

In the Netherlands a very good decimal system has been In the Netherlands a very good accumal system has been introduced. The lowest coin is a cent, equal to 4ths of a farthing; the next a florin, equal to 20d; and the highest coin is a gold piece worth 10 florins, or 200 English pence. The greatest coin is equal to 1000 of the least. This system, rather than the French, seems best adapted to serve us as a model.

In arranging a new system, we must be careful to arrange it so that the existing one may glide easily into it. We must recollect that all accounts will have to be transferred into the new system, that all prices of commodities must be transferred likewise, and that great confusion will arise if one system does not exactly represent the other. To this cause I attribute the rejection of the learned Dr. Bowring's system by the House of Commons. He thinks the pound sterling should be retained, and this he makes the basis of his system. By this means the value of copper coins is reduced 4 per cent, which presents an impassable barrier to the adoption of such a system.

My readers will now please to consider well the system I lay down. There must be four coins, the highest of which must be worth 1000 of the lowest. This is the only foundation of a good system.

To accommodate this arrangement to current coins. I likewise, and that great confusion will arise if one system does

worth 1000 of the lowest. This is the only foundation of a good system. To accommodate this arrangement to current coins, I select the farthing for the lowest coin; therefore the highest coin must contain 1000 farthings. To complete the decimal scale, we must have a coin worth 10 farthings, and another worth 100 farthings. Thus, each column to the left is worth ten times the column to the right, as in whole numbers. The farthings take the place of units; therefore, every amount will represent exactly as many farthings as the number contains units: thus every sum of money takes the form of a whole units; thus, every sum of money takes the form of a whole number, with a mark or point to divide off the highest coin; so that, properly speaking, every amount will appear as a decimal number. This system is diametrically opposite to Dr. Bowring's; he fixes upon the highest existing coin, I upon the lowest, as a

Three of the above coins must necessarily be new ones, as we have none to represent 10, 100, or 1000 farthings now. Their names I propose to be the Dent, Sol, Libra, which will not interfere materially with any nation's coins. If we adopt, as Dr. Bowring suggests, the French names, centime and decime, for coins having a different specific value to those of the same name in France, much confusion must necessarily arise from the two nations having different coins of the same name. I would two nations having different coins of the same name. I would suggest, as classical names that should at once express their value, the Latin words for 10, 100, 1000; viz., Decem, Centum, Mille. The values would be as follows:—1 decem = 10 farthings; 1 centum = 100 farthings; 1 mille = 1900 farthings. These names sound harmonious, and I am sure would be very appropriate. But I first chose Libra, Sol, Dent, that the initials l. s. d. might still be preserved under the following form—l. s.d.f. or l.f., so that two columns might suffice to contain all amounts; the first containing the libras, the second the farthings. If, however, the Queen should graciously consider that royal names should be affixed to the new coins, let them stand thus:—10 farthings = 1 noble; 10 nobles = 1 Albert; 10 Alberts = 1 Victoria. This nomenclature would at once commemorate the reigning sovereign's name in whose reign the decimal system reigning sovereign's name in whose reign the decimal system was introduced, together with her husband's. In looking over the coins of other nations, I find that in Sweden they have a coin called a Caroline, equal to 1s.2d., so that a female name for a coin is not without a precedent; in France, 20 francs make a Louis, which is a man's name; so that our Queen will be perfectly justified in affixing her own and her consort's names to the new coins, if she think proper.

The coins in which accounts will be kept in the new system are as follows:—farthing, value as at present: dent = 10f.

are as follows:—farthing, value as at present; dent = 10f; sol = 10 dents = 100f.; libra = 10 sols = 100 dents = 1000 farthings. In the present coinage, the libra will be worth 11. 0s. 10d., the sol 2s. 1d., and the dent 2½d.; so that the present copper coinage will be retained, with the addition of a second country to the sol 2s. 1d., and the dent 2½d.; so that the present copper coinage will be retained, with the addition of a second country to the sol 2s. 1d., which is the sol 2 new coin worth 21d., which will be a fine coin in copper. sol will be a very convenient coin in silver, and the libra in gold.

These coins can be divided to suit the purposes of circulation.

The decimal system, however it be arranged, will have the advantages of uniformity and simplicity. A trial of a few sums in decimals will convince any one of this. A great saving of figures and mental labour will ensue, consequently of time also. Every arithmetical calculation will be simplified to such a degree, that any one who has learnt the four fundamental rules of arithmetic can apply them instantly to money-sums; and all the complexities of compound arithmetic will be avoided. The beauty also of this system will be apparent to most; for who has not admired our denary system of notation? Let us, then, apply this admirable system to our coinage, without delay.

Another, not insignificant advantage, will be, that tedions computations can be made by logarithms; for when our money

is represented decimally, logarithmical arithmetic may be applied with equal facility as to decimal quantities now. This will be an advantage, as every one who understands and has used loga-rithms can testify.

It is to be sincerely hoped that a motion for the introduction of a decimal system of coins and keeping accounts will be brought before Parliament next session, and also that it may meet with success. Let us not slumber nor sleep, for be assured it will be of benefit to us all. It is a matter in which the poor, as well as the rich, are deeply interested. Dr. Bowring will not let it drop, I feel assured; may other honourable members follow his example.

Jacia.

Edgbaston, Birmingham

Model Lodging-House for Young Men in Werehouses, etc. -57, Miller-street, Glasgow, 18th September, 1847. - Dran Sin, -I have to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favour of the 2d inst., and am glad that you appreciate the importance of a model lodging-house for young men in warehouses, and merchanta' counting-houses, etc.

My plan is of itself simple, and is as follows:

First .- I propose to raise the necessary capital in the same manner as that of the labouring classes; viz.: by shares of 10% each, issued only to bond fide parties, who would invest their money in it only in a benevolent point of view.

Second.—In order that pecuniary profit might not be the temptation, I would limit the profits applicable to division to 5 or 6 per cent.

Third.—That all profits above such, be appropriated entirely towards additional comforts, etc., to the inmates.

Fourth.—That every comfort attainable in a private dwelling, be procurable in this institution.

Fifth.—I would propose that a library of useful and enter-taining books for the use of the inmates be added to the establishment, for which a small sum be charged for the purpose

of keeping the books in good order, and adding all new books of

-That the principal daily newspapers and periodicals S:-/1 be regularly filed.

Seventh.—I consider it of paramount importance that every encouragement be given to the formation of the young men into a society for discoursing and debating upon all important topics (always excepting religious subjects).

Bighth.—To provide for the health and cleanliness of the inmates, shower-baths ought to be erected.

Ninth .- I consider it of great importance that a system of religious observance be practised, and I would strenuously urge the propriety of family worship being strictly attended to every evening; and for this reason, a minister, (no matter of what Christian denomination, but of decided piety) ought to be the

Tenth.—I should consider it would confer a vast benefit upon the young men, if classes were formed for their improvement, such as French, German, and Spanish language classes, Mathematical and rhetoric classes, etc.; and I would also urge the propriety of engaging eminent men to give lectures occasionally on important subjects, perhaps under discussion at their Debating Society.

Elecenth.—Manual exercises must be attended to, and hence I would suggest symnastics, quoiting, etc., be provided.

In the above I have merely given an outline of my views.

Much remains to be added. The importance of the subject few will deny: the subject has engrossed my attention for the last two years, and the more I have thought upon it, the more I have become convinced of its utility, for the reasons I mentioned in my last letter.

In my own limited sphere, I have no influence; hence my In my own imited spaces, I have no innence; hence my troubling you. You have done much towards the spreading of liberal and philanthropic views, and I trust that you will not now rest from doing more. Much yet remains to be done; your interest and influence in the philanthropic world is extensive. I trust, then, that if you see the importance of this subject in the same light as I do, that you will not hesitate to use your influence for its advancement. My object may be summed up in a few words-" not to cure vice, but to prevent it." you will be kind enough to give me your opinion upon the subject, fully and candidly, whenever time will permit you,

And believe me to remain, with much respect, Dear Sir, yours very truly,
George J. Robertson. William Howitt, Esq.

A Plea for the Unemployed.—Believing that William Howitt is a well-wishing friend to the useful and operative class, I am desirous of canvassing his opinion as to a large amount of benefit that might be awarded to that large portion of mechanics and artificers who are at this present time totally unemployed, and consequently in most distressed circumstances.

What is required. Sir, is simply agitating the master employers for a reduction of the hours of labour from twelve to ployers for a reduction of the nours of knoor from twere to ten, or nine, or even eight, hours per day, and giving the over-time to the unfortunate unemployed. By this means, generally carried out in London, 200 or 300 journeymen in the printing business alone (as an example) might be immediately employed, who have been for months in a state of the most unwilling idless, and consequent distress. Call a public meeting at Farringdon Hall, to consider this proposition. Let the people's is energetically enforce the same; call on the masters, by press energetically enforce the same; call on the masters, by polite remonstrance, to begin this work of humanity. Some little energetic pleading will bring equal justice to bear on all men. Why should such an unchristian partiality remain unchecked, as loading a certain portion of journeymen with full work, and denying the same altogether to others, equally good, equally deserving? If employers have recklessly brought the evil upon unfortunate men by overcrowding their business with apprentices, then surely they cannot deny a little amelioration by an act of justice. Are the editors afraid of the frowns of the full-employed journeymen? If so, are they fit for the trust? The time has fearfully arrived that all trades over-crowded with surplus labour must energetically speak out, and inquire where the responsibility rests, of avaricious, covetous men plunging their fellow men into miserable destitution.

The drapers have reduced the hours from nine to seven; the carpenters succeeded in shortening Saturday to four o'clock; the Manchester journeymen have half a day given them. Surely the London unemployed should not sit down in apathy.

A SUBSCRIBER TO HOWITT'S JOURNAL.

St. Pancras Mutual Improvement Society, No. 7, Charles-street East, Hampstead-road; instituted 1847.—SIR,—I have delayed to acknowledge the receipt of your kind answer to my applicato acknowledge the receipt of your kind answer to my applica-tion for advice, relating to the formation of a Mutual Improve-ment Society, in order that you might be made acquainted with our proceedings. I have taken the liberty of enclosing a pro-spectus. We now number twenty-three members. We have one of our weekly meetings devoted to the reading of extracts from standard works, and conversation thereon, either relating to the style of the reader, or the subject read; the next to disto the style of the reader, of the subject read; the heir to discussion; the third to the delivery of lectures or essays, by the members, in rotation; and the fourth to general amusement. We take in "Blackwood's," "Tait's," "Douglas Jerroid's," and the "Mechanic's" Magazines; "Howitt's," the "People's," and "Chambers's" Journals; the "Athenseum," and the "Land we Live in;" and are endeavouring to form a library; but, of course, with our small income, much cannot be done in that way. We receive persons of either sex above the age of fifteen, and have commenced classes on the different subjects mentioned in our prospectus.

our prospectus.

If you should not deem us unworthy of notice, perhaps you would favour us by noticing our attempt in your Journal; and might I, without offending, add, that any old volumes, that may be to you or your friends comparatively useless, would be most gratefully received. Hoping you will excuse this freedom, I

have the honour to remain, Yours most respectfully,

Soirée at the National Hall, in honour of the return to Parliament of W. J. Fox.—This demonstration was crowdedly attended, and the whole evening passed off very delightfully, attended, and the whole evening passed off very delightfully, not a little of its pleasure being owing to good arrangements. On the platform were, with W. J. Fox, who appeared in excellent health and spirits, Mr. Humphries Parry, Dr. Epps, Mr. Beggs, Mr. Lovett in the chair, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Thomas Cooper, Mr. Peter Taylor, jun., Mr. Cooke, and Mr. Yapp from the Whittington Club, Mr. Holyoake, Dr. Oxley, etc., etc. There were also two gentlemen from Oldham, active members of Mr. Fox's committees, who appeared highly delighted with the proceedings. There was much animated appearing and Mr. Fox displayed his naual impressive eloquence. speaking, and Mr. Fox displayed his usual impressive eloquence. He stated it as a very interesting fact, that it was entirely owing to his lectures, delivered in that hall, that he had been invited to Oldham. That this invitation proceeded from the operatives, though it was afterwards seconded warmly by the other classes, and that the whole election had been conducted on the purest principles, not a penny being allowed to be spent by him on the occasion. This is a good example to the working classes, all over the kingdom, and shows what is within their power.

Mr. Stourbridge, Miss Thornton, and Mrs. Dixon, added much to the evening, by their delightful singing.

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LAURA BRIDGMAN TEACHING OLIVER CASWELL.

No. 41.—Yol. II. October 9, 1847.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The old and noble family to which we all belongthat of human nature—gives indisputable evidence by its deeds of love and mercy, by its forbearance and its patience of its divine parentage, and that it may legiti-mately call God its Father. One of these beautiful evidences of mercy and love is exhibited in the case of the blind, deaf, and dumb girl, of whom we have given a

portrait this week.

Little did the poor parents of Laura Bridgman think, when they mourned over her puny diseased frame, and whilst they witnessed the terrible affliction which threatened her early life, and then closed up one by one the outward portals of knowledge-sight, hearing, and speech; and dulled even the senses of taste and smell; walling up, as it were, the little living soul in an im penetrable dungeon, from which there could be no de-liverer but death, that a miracle as great almost as that performed by the Divine Master himself on the dead daughter of Jairus, should be performed in the case of this their only child. A miracle of divine and human love, which should not only gain access to the captive soul itself, but which should, like the grain of mustard seed, spring up into a large and spreading tree, under whose branches others, sorrowing and afflicted like herself, should find shelter and alleviation.

Charles Dickens was, we believe, the first person who made the name of Laura Bridgman known to the British public. He saw her on his visit to the Blind

Asylum at Boston; he says of her :-

I saw before me a girl blind, deaf, and dumb, a fair young creature, with every human faculty and hope and power of goodness and affection inclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up as it were in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand passing through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be

And a good man, a Samaritan, indeed, answered to the beckening appeal of that small hand, and conducted her by it into light and knowledge, and into the daily communication also of good to others. This excellent man, whose name ought to be reverenced as one of the greatest benefactors of suffering humanity, is Dr. Howe, of Boston, who thus writes in a letter to ourselves, dated July 31, of the present year:-

I have, of course, had great pleasure in being instrumentalin saving Laura Bridgman from the moral and intellectual darkness in which she was plunged, but I have had almost as much satisfaction from witnessing the manifestations of human sympathy and love which the simple story of her case

has called forth from every part of the world.

Everything which brings out the hidden but innate virtues of humanity; everything which puts aside for a moment the selfishness and egotism that obscure its native qualities of love and sympathy, and shows the heart of man beating in unison with the joys and woes of his fellows; every such thing I consider a compliment to me as one of the race.

The case of Laura Bridgman has done this in a striking manner, and certainly she can say that it has been better for her generation that she lived in it.

Is there not something very touching about it? diseased child lived away up in the wild mountains of New Hampshire, her soul buried a thousand fathoms deep—so deep that no one could reach it are made at the sould reach it. deep that no one could reach it or make a sign to it-under the burden of blindness, deafness, and mutism. But it was known that that soul was alive and struggling to get out into communion with other souls; and a hopeful man went to work to aid her, and toiled on for years, receiving at first a faint signal of recognition from below, and getting nearer and nearer, while people from all parts of the world looked

eagerly on, and uttered their words of encouragement; and when the child was raised by the hand and came out and walked with her fellows, all the people raised a shout of joy, and poor little Laura Bridgman was raised into the human family with a heartier shout of welcome than a purple-born princess.

Yes, this deaf, dumb, blind and half-taught girl is perhaps more widely known, and looked upon with more kindly interest, than any person of her age in the world.

People care not that an heir is born to the wealth of the Esterhazys; the world regards not the scion of a noble stock, that inherits every advantage and every grace, so much as it does the simple sufferer whose only claim upon their sympathies were her many privations, whose only fortune was her misfortune!

All this is to me most gratifying, for it shows me my brother man putting aside for a moment his artificial character, and answering the strong appeal to his heart in his

native language of love.

The print of which you speak is the same that was published in this country, and represents Laura Bridgman at her favourite occupation of teaching Oliver Caswell, who is as blind, deaf, and speechless as herself.

It is now just ten years since Laura Bridg-man was placed, by the consent of her parents, under the care of this excellent man. She was at that time nearly eight years old, of a well-formed figure; to quote from Dr. Howe's own words, "A strongly-marked, nervous, sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully-shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action." This was a favourable organization to begin with, and the system which was pursued with her, one in which philo ophy and affection were most admirably united. has been one of the most beautiful and successful experiments in education which has ever been made. first," says Dr. Howe, in his report of her case .-

The process of teaching her was mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a knowing dog a variety The poor child had sate in mute amazement, and patiently imitated every thing which her teacher did, but now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work; she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make a sign of anything that was in her own mind and draw it into another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression; it was no longer a dog or parrot; it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforth nothing but patience and perseverance, but plain and straightforward efforts, were to be used.

Year by year went on, and every step in the progress of this human development was one of encouragement and hope. The most beautiful moral being revealed itself, and the love which was expended upon her, called forth a pure and loving nature, which was akin to angels. Horace Mann, the well-known secretary to the Board of Education, has written so truthfully of the pure soul that was slumbering within its prison-house, that we must be permitted to quoth his words:-

We have seemed to see, says he, the majestic form of Mother Nature, standing serene but awful over the cradle of this unconscious infant, when scarcely two years old, and looking as if entranced and lost in the contemplation of some sublime purpose for its salvation from the errors of the world. Severe, yet radiant with love, she watches it, till in a moment of lofty and holy passion she exclaims, 'Thee will I save from the follies and vanities which invade the soul through the eye; thee will I save from the contaminations that pour their sweet poison into the heart through the ear; those yet un-stained and guileless lips I will save from the utterance of stained and guileless lips I will save from the utterance of anger, and inhumanity, and irreverance, for it is better that they should have no power to praise their Maker than that they should learn to curse his offspring; thee will I save from the debasements of appetite, by which so many millions are degraded below the brutes;' and sdapting the action to the word, she sears the eyeballs of her lovely child as with a red hot iron, she closes the portals of her ears as in eternal

silence, and puts an everlasting seal upon her yet innocent lips. At once to this child's soul the universe of light and beauty become colourless and blank; morning and evening now no more; all voices now forever hushed in silence; from the windows and the gardens all perfume and delicious odour vanished; from all viands and beverages, though rich and voluptuous as those which grace the banquet of princes, all flavours were exhaled and lost. She was alonemore significent sense than ever the captive was alone in his dungeon, or the shipwrecked mariner in the solitudes of ocean. Her entombed spirit sought for egress, but on every side it met, as it were, with the cold obstructions of death. Thus did it his for years. None but the omnisoient could know the history of that soul, or read the records of its lonely consciousness. But during the six years that she remained in this condition her mind was not wholly inactive. There was a simple arenue, the sense of touch, the narrowest and straitest of all the avenues to thought, which had not been barred up against all approach of external things. Through this avenue a few gleams of light, reflected thitherward by chance, and with long intervals between their coming, reached her spirit in its prison from the world of radiance and beauty and activity without. These were enough to quicken the germs of thought that nature had implanted there. These were enough to apprize her that there were living objects around her, and on these objects her spontaneous seffections fastened. Through this scarcely visible aperture in the otherwise impenetrable walls that surrounded her, the tendrils of affection found a passage, and entwined themselves around every object which they touched. Think of the spirit of this child lying for six long years at the gate of the only entrance through which any semblance of external objects or any elements of thought could find access to it from abroad! Watching and waiting at this gate, how in-tensely must it have longed, yearned, gasped for the approach of some new messerger from the world without!

Love like that which dwelt within the breast of our Saviour was the new messenger which came to the chinks in the prison-house, and whispered to the captive angel within. Love and pity, and all the christian virtues took her to themselves; she was kindred to them—she was the child of their adoption. "They saw in her," as Elihu Burritt sa's, "a candidate for immortal glory—

A being that, deaf, dumb, and blind as she was, could be made to sing, and hear the angels sing, in heaven, and see and taste all the beatitudes enjoyed there by spirits that never were pent in clayey tabernacles as windowless as hers on earth. And they went to work, and educated that single sense of feeling to the nicest susceptibilities. And they made a wooden alphabet, they made wooden models of ideas, of things that had been, are, and shall be in the world. And these she touched most thoughtfully, as if listening for the music of a new existence; and, wonderful! her fingers' ends became endowed with faculties almost miraculous, and filled her mind with astonishing revelations of things present, past, and to come. Her little white, whispering, loving, listening fingers touched the record of the olden years, beyond the Flood, till they felt the branches of the forbidden tree, and the locks of murdered Abel, and the surges that beat against Noah's helmless ark, and the cradle of the Hebrew baby in the bulrushes, and the tremulous base of Sinai, and David's harp, and the face of the infant Emmanuel in the manger, and the nails that fastened him to the cross, and their deep prints, that unbelieving Thomas felt after the resurrection; and with his faith, on shorter evidence, she too had cried, in the voiceless language of her heart, 'My Lord!' and my God!'

Blind, and deaf, and dumb as she was, she was beautiful in the sight of God and man; and, as year by year went on, the annual report of the progress of her case was looked forward to by the wise and the good of all countries with the intensest interest; to psychologists and moral philosophers, to the religious and the benevolent world, she was alike an object of interest.

From the report of 1846 we will make a few extracts. She was at that time sixteen, and as her health was not as good as it hadhitherto been, considerable anxiety was felt about her.

It has always been strictly charged upon her teachers says this Report, and I am sure never forgotten by them, that they are to guard against too great mental activity. But it is almost impracticable to prevent her from studying, for her common conversation is in the spirit of inquiry; so that it is possible her physical health has suffered from it. She will not admit that she is unwell; indeed, she probably conceals from herself the fact that she is so. But, from whatever cause her present indisposition has arisen, every effort will be made to remove it. She has already learned to ride on horseback, and takes gentle exercise in this way, every day, upon a pony, which, of course, has to be guided by a seeing person.

by a seeing person.

Her mind has developed itself during the last year in a remarkable manner, as will be seen in the specimens of her writing and conversation. It is very fortunate that I was able to obtain as a successor to Miss Swift, her former able and excellent teacher, a young lady fully equal to the difficult task of conducting her education. Indeed, to Miss Swift and Miss Wight belong, far more than to any other persons, the pure satisfaction of laving been instrumental in the beautiful

development of Laura's character.

The last year, especially, has been one of great difficulty and great danger; for the period has arrived when the natural tendency of every human soul to separate and independent individualism becomes very strong;—that critical period when there is often a severe and sometimes a fatal struggle between the conservative spirit of the old, who would stunt the growth of the young, and keep them in the dependence of childhood, and the aspiring spirit of the young, which irresistibly impels them to independence.

Again, after having made some interesting selections from the teacher's journal, in which some little ebullitions of temper are chronicled, together with the poor girl's sorrow for her offence, and the efforts of her loving spirit to make amends, he says, and in this remark there is something worthy of every one's serious attention—

It is a curious case, this of Laura's. A poor blind and deaf girl, of humble history and humbler hopes,—unconscious of being the object of special regard, and yet every act and word carefully noted down, and more eagerly looked for by thousands in various parts of the world than those of purple-born princesses! And yet it may not be a solitary case. It may be that each one of us is watched over with tender interest by guardian spirits;—that 'all our faults are observed, conned, and scanned by rote and set in a tote-book, not, perhaps, 'to be cast in our teeth,' but to serve the great purposes of truth and good.

Could Laura be suddenly restored to her senses, and olothed with our facilities and intellect, which so far tran-

Could Laura be suddenly restored to her senses, and clothed with our faculties and intellect, which so far transcend hers, she would stand amazed to find berself the centre of so much observation; she would look fearfully and anxiously back to recall all her past thoughts and deeds, and perhaps painfully repent that some of them had not been better. So it may be with us, when the clog of the flesh shall be removed from those faculties and powers that so far transcend those of the body. We may find that what we whispered in secret was heard through the universe,—what we did in the darkness was seen as at noonday. But it is better for her and for us that it should be as it is; that we should shun the wrong, not because others may punish us, and do the right, not because others may reward us, but because the one is good and the other is bad.

The report of the present year is, that Laura's health, which had been failing for several months, was then very feeble, and still continued to grow weaker. Her appetite failed her so much that it had been with difficulty that she had been induced to take nourishment enough to keep her alive. She was, however, gentle and uncomplaining, and though her former gaiety had left her, she was nover gloomy. She herself appeared unaware of her declining health, and when questioned about it, invariably answered that she was well. The change had indeed come over her so gradually, that she seemed hardly conscious of it. As she grew thinner, and paler, and weaker, and appeared to be laying aside the garments of flesh, her spirit revealed itself more brightly, more lovingly than ever. Her countenance,

which at all times was remarkable for its pure and ideal beauty, became now more spiritualised, and its pensive expression told truly that though there was no gloom, yet neither was there any gladness in her heart. intellect was clear and active, and she would willingly have continually indulged in conversation and study

about subjects of a serious nature.

The love and kindness that surrounded her was more and more watchful and tender in this her time of drooping and sadness, and she scarcely was aware of the anxiety which was felt on her account; she only knew that loving hearts were around her; she was obedient and patient, and the skill of her medical friend at length so far overcame the threatened danger as to remove all immediate anxiety. With returning health her spirits improved, nor, says the report, is this change uninteresting in a moral point of view. Before her illness she was not only a happy but a merry child, who tripped cheerfully along her dark and silent path of life, bearing sportively a burden of infirmity that would have crushed a stout man, and regarding her existence as a boon given in love and to be expanded in joy; since her illness, she seems to be a thoughtful girl, from whom the spontaneous joy of childhood has departed, and who is cheerful or sad in sympathy with the feelings of those about her.

In this enlargement of human love and sympathy, which has been given to her in the silent teachings of her inward soul, through sorrow and suffering, it is that her noble heart throbbed with pity when she was told of the tribulations of Ireland. How beautiful and affecting is the idea of this angelic girl spending days and days in toil to obtain a little fund, so that she herself might administer to the wants of those who were more miserable even than herself. Let us again quote Elihu Burritt's eloquent words on this subject:-

How she plied at morning, noon, and night those fingers! Wonderful fingers! It seemed that the very finger of God had touched them with miraculous susceptibilities of fellowship with the spirit world and that around her. She put them upon the face of His written word, and felt them thrilled to her heart with the pulsation of His great thoughts of love to man. And then she felt for other's wee. Poor child! God bless her richly! she reached out her arms to feel after some more unhappy than she in the condition of this life; some whose fingers' ends had not read such sweet paragraphs of heaven's mercy as hers had done; some who had not seen, heard, and felt, what her dumb, silent, deaf fingers had brought into her heart of joy, hope, and love. Think of that, ye young eyes and ears that daily feast upon the beauty and melody of this outer world. Within the atmosphere of her quick sensibilities, she felt the presence of those whose cup was full of affliction. She put her fingers, with their throbbing sympathies, upon the lean, bloodless faces of the famishing children in Ireland, and her sightless eyes filled with the tears that the blind may shed for griefs they cannot see. And then she plied the needle with those fingers, and quickened their industry by placing them anon upon the slow, sickly pulse of want, that wasted her kind at noon-day across the ocean. Days and nights too-for day and night were alike to her wakeful sympathies—and weeks, she wrought on with her needle. And then the embroidery of those fingers was sold to the merchants-would it had been sold to England's Queen, to be worn by young princesses on days of state!—it was sold, and its purchase price was a barrel of flour, instead of a country's harvest, which it was well worth. And that barrel of flour was stored away, without other private mark than that the recording angel put upon it, among the thousand that freighted the Jamestown, on her recent mission of brotherly love to Ireland. That barrel of flour! would that it might be to all the children of want in Ireland what the barrel of meal was to the household of her who entertained the prophet of old! That barrel of flour! would at least that those whom it supplies with bread might know what fingers wrought for their austenance!

With this we will close our article. Enough has been said to make honourable and honoured the names of

Laura Bridgman and the benevolent man through whose labours of Christian love she and many another equally afflicted human being have had existence not only rendered endurable, but made a positive blessing. Let us honour indeed Dr. Howe, who has trodden thus sublimely in the footsteps of his divine Master, and given, as far as human aid could do it, sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, language to the sealed lips, and knowledge, and purifying and enlightening faith to the imprisoned and mourning soul.

Of Oliver Caswell, the teaching of whom is one of Laura Bridgman's pleasures, a word or two must be said. We will quote from the Report of the present year .-

Oliver Caswell, the deaf and blind mute, whose case has so often been related, has been in good health during the past year, and continues to be the same gentle and amiable.

boy as ever.

His progress in learning language and acquiring intellectual knowledge, is comparatively slow, because he has not that fineness of fibre, and that activity of temperament which enable Laura to struggle so successfully against the immense disadvantages under which they both labour. Still, he continues to improve, and can express his thoughts pretty well upon ordinary subjects. * With regard to intellectual knowledge, he is still a child, and his tastes and pursuits are those of a child; but in his affections he is as tender and true as a woman; in his deportment he is as regular and discreet as a man.

What is most remarkable about him, perhaps, is the disparity between his mental powers and attainments, and his moral sentiments and social affections. His natural ability is small, and his acquired knowledge very limited; but his is small, and his acquired knowledge very limited; but his sense of right and wrong, his obedience to moral obligations, and his attachment to friends, are very remarkable. He never wilfully and knowingly violates the rights or injures the feelings of others, and he seldom shows any signs of temper when his own seem to be invaded, but he bears all the teaxing of little boys with gentleness and patience. He is very tractable, and always obeys respectfully the requests of his teacher. This shows the effect which kind and gentle treatment has had upon his character; for when he came here, he was sometimes very wilful, and showed occasional outbursts of temper which were fearfully violent. It seems hardly possible that the gentle and affectionate youth, who loves all the household, and is beloved in return, should be the same who a few years ago scratched and bit like a young savage those who attempted to control him.

During the past year, his principal study has been that of language, of which his knowledge is still very limited, and his command imperfect. He is instructed for the most part by familiar conversation, in which the teacher contrives to give him some knowledge of arithmetic, geography, etc. He is best pleased to be in his workshop, and he will probably become a good workman, and be enabled to support himself, by his own labour after he leaves the school.

INDIA THE PROFFERED SALVATION OF ENGLAND-WILL WE HAVE IT?

AT a great crisis like the present, when our commercial system is paralysed as by the shock of an earth-quake, when our merchants are falling one after another with a terrific ruin,—when our manufacturing system is struck as with a death torpor, and distress crushes almost every individual in the United King-dom it is the very moment to point the public are dom, it is the very moment to point the public eye to that great remedy which Providence has put into our hands, and which yet we really do not seem aware of. Go to whichever of our alleged evils we may, India offers us a certain relief. Is it that gold has been compelled to go out to foreign nations for corn, and has not

come back in orders for our manufactures? That gold need not have gone out, had we made that use of India which Providence no doubt intended we should when it was made ours. Had we cultivated that glorious country, had we employed its TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS of fellow-subjects, they would have sent us corn, cotton, coffee, sugar, rice, every tropical produce that we need, and for which we sent such enormous sums to countries that do not send it back for our goods. These two millions of British subjects in India would have ordered in exchange for the produce thus sent our manufactured articles of all kinds, and if they had taken only 10s. worth each cost of cotton cloth, it would have produced the amazing sum of one hundred millions of pounds annually!—double the amount of the proceeds of

all our foreign trade! Is the cause, again, that we have, by our restrictive system, and especially by our corn-laws, raised all the continental nations and the United States of America into rival manufacturers, and thus knocked our foreign trade on the head, and exposed ourselves to an unequal commercial exchange, and our manufacturers to stagnation and ruin? India, again, was at hand to employ all our working population, and render us inde-pendent of the world. The case is so clear and so simple, that it is nothing short of infatuation that has prevented us long ago seeing this and profiting by it. A country nearly as large as all Europe in our own possession, yielding two crops a year, and every species of tropical produce, says, cultivate me, and you need not send sixteen millions a year to your rivals, the Yankees, for cotton. You need not depend on the slave-grown sugar of the Brazils, for I can send you any quantity of sugar at a still lower price. Two hundred millions of fellow-subsini lower price. I no namere mittons of renow-sup-jects ready to work at three-halfpence a day, shout to us—"Employ us, and we will employ you all, every mill, every man, every woman, every child, every hand and every mouth. Don't send your good gold for the slave-grown cotton of America, which cannot be cultivated at a less price for labour than two shillings a-day; but send out your goods here, and take our cotton grown at a cost of three-halfpence a day. Employ us, and we will employ you."

And why is this not done? Why does this infatu-

And why is this not done? Why does this infatuation continue? Ask the government which has put this magnificent land into the hands of a company of monopolising merchants? Ask the whole mercantile body and the body of capitalists, who dare not venture their money and their labour there, where, though it be

British ground, there is no security.

But this great question must come fairly out before the public. We say boldly that all our present distress is totally unnecessary; that we might be, and ought to be, at this moment in a condition of the highest prosperity through the simple possession of India; every mill going at full speed; every individual of our manufacturing population fully employed, and wealth and comfort flowing like a river through the country. Four-and-twenty men in Leadenhall-street only prevent this; four-and-twenty men ruin the affairs of eight-and-twenty millions.

But George Thompson and other good men well acquainted with and fully determined against this mystery of iniquity, are in parliament; and we may depend upon it that the country will hear of it. At this most favourable moment, too, Mr. Brown, of Tellicherry, a gentleman of large landed property in India, and who has for years devoted all his energies to the reform of Indian affairs, has published a pamphlet which should be read by every one, and which cannot fail to throw immense light on this question.

We will give some extracts this week from the opening letter to Sir John Hobhouse; and will return again to notice the mass of striking and most important facts contained in the body of the pamphlet:—

"EVILS OF RESTRICTIONS CONTRASTED WITH THE EFFECTS OF FREE TRADE IN SINGAPORE.

"The only thing, therefore, which now remains to be done in order that the export of excellent cotton to England may begin immediately and increase indefinitely from a new and convenient port in India, is, that the Company should suffer cotton to be grown throughout these adjacent, populous, industrious, and fertile territories, on the same footing of freedom from tax and duty, as cotton is grown in the United States of America. This freedom, and this alone, can now arrest the annihilation of the cotton trade of India. long been evident to all men who are acquainted with the subject, and are capable of tracing the effects they see to the true cause, that it is the possession, unmolested by any government interference, of the freedom of growth and of trade in this article, which, in despite of the great cost and increasing scantiness of slave labour, has enabled the United States, in the space of sixty years, to augment their production from a few pounds weight in 1780, to 760 millions of pounds in 1846 (two millions of bales of 380 lbs. each); and pounds in 1846 (two millions of bales of 380 lbs. each); and to supplant the cotton of India in all the markets of the world by a superior, and consequently, a really cheaper article. The Americans have been stremuously and most effectually seconded in the gigantic efforts they have been making throughout the period, to cause the supply to keep pace with the demand created chiefly by the capital, the energy, the skill, the invention, and the ingenuity of British merchants, manufacturers, and operatives, by the revenue system of the East India Company, which renders it impossible that the native grower of India should be able to compete with the American on anything like a footing of compete with the American on anything like a footing of compete with the American on anything like a footing of equality, and produce cotton as cheaply, as abundantly, and as good as he can. Taking for example the year 1786 as the year when the competition of the United States with India effectively began, and selecting, for illustration, Surat cotton, the best cotton produced in India, it can be proved by living contemporary testimony, and by the Company's trading records, that the price of Surat cotton was in 1786, and in subsequent years, at and under 80 rapees, or 48 per candy of 784 lbs., equal to 2d. and seven-sixteenths per lb. at Bombay, the shipping port; that the freight on the Company's chartered ships, the sole ships then engaged in the trade with India, was £25 los. per ton, at which rate the irade with India, was £25 10s. per ton, at which rate the freight on every pound of cotton was nearly 3d. and seven-sitteenths, and the cost, delivered in London, 5\(\frac{1}{2}\)d. per lb.; that in the year 1780 the Company sold this cotton in London at 11\(\frac{1}{2}\)d. the lb.; cotton, which if left to its natural price, would have freely sold at 3\(\frac{1}{2}\)d. to 4d. per lb., and consequently, that it was the East India Company, who in 1786 sowed the fields of the United States with cotton, by ensuring to the grower there over the native grower in India, a bonus of no less than 7d. to 8d. per pound upon every pound he could bring to market in England. Secondly, It is the East India Company who, from that time forwards down to the present hour, have continued the same encouragement to the resent hour, have continued the same encouragement to the American grower, to the impoverishment and ruin of the native; for it is in evidence before a committee appointed in the year 1847 by the Government of Bombay, to inquire into the causes of the decline of the cotton trade in that presidency, that taking the medium price of a candy of Surat cotton to be now, as it was in 1786, 80 rupees, £8 at the shipping port, the sum which the Company have taken from the native as the sum which the Company have taken from the native as land-tax and duty, is 48 rupees, or £1 16s. per candy, leaving to him for the sweat of his brow and the sustenance of his family 32 rupees, or £3 4s., not quite one penny (\$45-49ths) per pound. Thirdly; the Company, after having levied this land-tax on the native, impose a heavy export duty upon the same cotton whenever it arrives, through the worst roads, and after a transit occupying days and weeks, for shipment at any port in the company's territories. It is superfluous to say that if such had been "the encouragement" given to cotton in the United States, not a pound could there have been produced; and that if it had been possible to treat in a similar way the growth and trade in corn in the United Kingdom, Enlishmen would long since have been starved out of their own country. out of their own country.

[•] Free Trade and the Cotton Question with Reference to India; being a Memorial from the British Merchants of Cochin to the Right Hon. Sir John Hobhouse, Bart., M.P., President of the Board of Controul." By Francis Carnac Brown, Esq., of Tellicherry. London: Effingham Wilson.

"The merchants and manufacturers of England, repelled from these millions of their anxious, ready, and natural customers in India, and seeing ruin staring them in the face at home, during the disastrous years of 1817 to 1823, roamed the world over in search of fresh marts of trade. Then it was that an Englishman, not in the Company's service, but deeply alive to the fortunes of his suffering country, and desirous of its welfare—the late Sir Stamford Raffles—turned to the public advantage his intimate local knowledge of the Eastern Archipelago. He had Jong observed the commanding position of the Island of Singapore, placed in the centre of the great maritime highway leading from all the countries and continents on the West, to China, Siam, Cochin China, and the myriad islands of the Archipelago of the East. Small, desert, and insignificant as Singapore was—the resort, at that time, only of tigers and pirates—Sir Stamford proceeded to obtain the cession of it from its sovereign, the Rajah of Sohore. He next stipulated that one privilege, and one privilege only, should be granted to it; namely, that it should be declared a free port; and that the ships and trade of all nations whatsoever frequenting it. whether native or European, should be placed on the same footing of equality and freedom from impost or duty of any kind. The Home Government had the wisdom to sanction the enlightened proposal of this statesman.

"In the face of every obstacle placed, down to a very recent period, in the way of giving to the English and native settlers at Singapore a valid title to the land of the island, which had been of no value to a human being until their industry reclaimed and cultivated it, such were the talismanic effects resulting from the one privilege it possessed, of freedom of trade with all nations, that the value of its trade for the year just elapsed amounted to no less a sum than £5,252,090, of which £709,380, consisted of imports from Great Britain; while its population, instead of being an article of export, under the denomination of 'Coolies,' like the population of India, formed a community of 50,000 souls, in circumstances so prosperous and flourishing, that the indirect taxes paid by them now more than suffice to defray all the public charges, and leave in the Treasury a surplus revenue."

"DECLINE OF THE PRESIDENCY OF MADRAS THEOUGH MONOPOLY.

"For a point of comparison in India with Singapore, I turn, not to a petty island, 'lately a wilderness,' but to an entire Presidency, the Presidency of Maéras, having an area of about 300,000 square miles, and containing a civilised and industrious population, subject and tributary taken together, of nearly thirty millions of souls. I find by a Parliamentary Paper, No. 40%, of 1845, that the whole value of the trade of that Presidency, home, coasting, and foreign, amounted in 1841-2, the latest year known, to £3,333,298, showing that the commercial importance of this vast and peopled territory, under its present system of taxation and government, is scarcely more than half as great as that of Singapore alone; while the same authority proves beyond a doubt, that the net revenue of Maéras, instead of regularly increasing every year, like the revenue of this small settlement, has gone on regularly decreasing during the last forty years of internal peace prevailing in South India, and exhibits a decline from £3,469,977 in 1805-6 to £3,263,734 in 1843-4."

" What India is and may be through a Wise Policy.

"But happy would it be, not for India alone, but scarcely in a less degree for England itself, if the rulers of India would show themselves capable of rising to the eminence of their trust, and surveying that empire, as the map unfolds it to their eyes, would penetrate their minds with the great purpose for which Nature and the force of circumstances have designed it, and gird themselves with the resolution, derived from all past and all contemporary experience, to advance that purpose by all the means which unlimited power has placed at their command. For what in effect is now British India, viewed geographically, politically, or socially? Geographically, it is that large, distinct, and peculiar portion of the earth, stretching over twenty degrees of latitude, and twenty-four of longitude, and enclosed on all sides by the sea, by the stupendons range of Himmalayas, and by two of the greatest rivers in the world, the Indus, and the Bruhmapooter;

boundaries which divide it from countries and races altogether separate and different. Politically, India is that country which throughout the length and breadth of these its natural limits, is more under paramount British dominion than an English country: for, throughout its extent, the will and the word of its British rulers are, in point of fact, law. Socially, India is a population of 200,000,000 of men, the vast majority of whom have for ages been indissolubly knit together by a common religion and common traditions,—by common castes, rites, observances, and manners; and who, although apparently dissociated by the obstacle of languages locally differing, are, nevertheless, united in hourly and daily intercourse, both among themselves and their English rulers, by the medium of a common language, adopted with common consent by all, and prevailing from Cape Comorin to the Ilimmalayas. No other country in the world of the same extent exhibits a natural connexion capable of being made so close and intimate throughout all its parts, or so powerful in its aggregation as this, for its area would readily sustain a population of 300 millions of men; and no people in equal number offer a more complete identity of social learnings and material interests, whereon to found, build up, and consolidate this connexion. Such being the physical configuration of the one, and the strong and obvious social tendencies of the other, what general and immediate good is there, in the wide range of benefits which the undisputed masters of India have it in their power to confer upon it, which can compare in importance with the one of liberating the industry of, the many millions of natives from all its trammels, and giving to this peaceable population entire freedom of commercial intercourse through out every portion of the country, which Providence has marked as the dwelling place of their race, and conquest made part of the great empire of Britain?

SINGULAR SECTS.

FATHER MILLER.

BY F. G. WHITTIER.

"Old Father Time is weak and grey,
Awaiting for the better day.
See how idiot-like he stands,
Pumbling his old palsied hands."
Sueller's "Masque of Anarchy."

"Stage ready, gentlemen"—"Stage for camp ground, Derry Second-Advent Camp-meeting!"

Accustomed, as I begin to feel, to the ordinary sights and sounds of this busy city, I was, I confust, somewhat startled by this business-like annunciation from the driver of a stage, who stood beside his horses, swinging his whip with some degree of impatience: "Seventy-five cents to the second advent camp-ground!"

The stage was soon filled; the driver cracked his whip, and went rattling down the street.

The Second Advent!—the coming of our Lord in person upon this earth, with signs and wonders and terrible judgments—the heavens rolling together as a scroll, the elements melting with fervent heat! The mighty consummation of all things at hand, with its destruction and its triumphs, sad wailings of the lost, and rejoicing songs of the glorified! From this overswarming hive of industry—from these crowded treadmills of gain—here were men and women going out in solemn earnestness to prepare for the dread moment, which they verily suppose is only a few months distant, to lift up their warning voices in the midst of scoffers and doubters, and to cry aloud to blind priests and careless churches, "Beroed, The Bridgeroom cometh!"

It was one of the most lovely mornings of this loveliest season of the year—a warm, soft, atmosphere clear sunshine falling on the city spires and roofs—the hills of Darcut quiet and green in the distance, with their white farmhouses and scattered trees; around me the continual tread of footsteps hurrying to the toils of the day—merchants spreading out their wares for the eyes of purchasers—sounds of hammers, the sharp clink of trowels, the murmur of the great manufactories subdued by distance! How was it possible, in the midst of so much life, in that sunrise light, and in view of all abounding beauty, that the idea of the death of nature—the baptism of the world in fire—could take such a practical shape as this? Yet here were sober, intelligent men, gentle and pious women, who, verily believing the end to be close at hand, had left their counting-rooms, and workshops, and household cares, to publish the great tidings; and to startle, if possible, a careless and unbelieving generation into preparation for the day of the Lord, and for that blessed millennium—the restored paradise—when, renovated and renewed by its fire-purgation, the earth shall become, as of old, the garden of the Lord, and the saints alone shall inherit it.

Very serious and impressive is the fact that this idea of a radical change in our planet is not only predicted in the Scriptures, but that the earth herself, in her primitive rocks and varying formations, on which are lithographed the history of successive convulsions, darkly prophesies of others to come. The old poet-prophets, all the world over, have sung of a renovated world. A vision of it haunted the contemplations of Plato. It is seen in the half-inspired speculations of the old Indian mystics. The Cumcan Sybil saw it in her trances. The apostles and martyrs of our faith looked for it anxiously and hopefully. Gray anchorites in the deserts, pilgrims to the holy places of Jewish and Christian tradition, prayed for its coming.

It inspired the gorgeous visions of the early fathers. In every age since the Christian era, from the caves and forests and secluded "upper chambers" of the times of the first missionaries of the Cross, from the Gothic temples of the middle ages, from the bleak mountain gorges of the Alps, where the hunted heretics put up this expostulation, "How long, O Lord, how long!" down to the present time; and from this Derry camp-ground, have een uttered the prophecy and the prayer for its fulfilment

How this great idea manifests itself in the lives of the enthusiasts of the days of Cromwell! Think of Sir Henry Vane, cool, sagacious statesman as he was, waiting with eagerness for the foreshadowings of the millenium, and listening even in the very council-hall, for the blast of the last trumpet! Think of the Fifth Monarchy men, weary with waiting for the long-desired consummation, rushing out with drawn swords and loaded matchlocks into the streets of London to establish at once the rule of King Jesus! Think of the wild enthusiasts at Munster, verily imagining that the millenium had commenced in their city! Still later, think of Granville Sharp, diligently labouring in his vocation of philanthropy, laying plans for the slow but beneficent amelioration of the condition of his country and the world, and at the same time maintaining, with the seal of Father Miller himself, that the earth was just on the point of combustion, and that the millenium would render all his benevolent schemes of no consequence!

And, after all, is the idea itself a vain one? Shall to-morrow be as to-day—shall the antagonism of good and evil continue as heretofore for ever? Is there no hope that this world-wide prophecy of the human soul, uttered in all climes, in all times, shall yet be fulfilled? Who shall say it may not be true? Nay, is not its truth proved by its universality? The hope of all earnest souls must be realised. That which, through a distorted and doubtful medjum, shone even upon the martyr-enthusiasts of the French Revolution—soft gleams of Heaven's light rising over the hell of man's passions and crimes—the glorious ideal of Shelley, who,

atheist as he was, through early prejudice and defective education, saw the horizon of the world's future kindling with the light of a better day,—that hope and that faith which constitute, as it were, the world's life, and without which it would be dark and dead, cannot be in vain.

I do not, I confess, sympathise with my Second Advent friends in their lamentable depreciation of mother earth, even in her present state. I find it extremely difficult to comprehend how it is that this goodly green, sunlit home of ours is resting under a curse. It really does not seem to me to be altogether like the roll which the angel bore in the prophet's vision, "written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe!" September sunsets—changing forests—moonrise and cloud—sun and rain,—I, for one, am contented with them; they fill my heart with a sense of beauty. I see in them the perfect work of Infinite Love as well as wisdom It may be that our Advent friends, however, coincide with the opinions of an old writer on the prophecies, who considered the hills and valleys of the earth's surface and its changes of seasons as so many visible manifestations of God's curse; and that in the millenium, as in the days of Adam's innocence, all these picturesque inequalities would be levelled nicely away, and the flat surface laid handsomely down to grass!

As might be expected, the effect of this belief in the speedy destruction of the world and the personal coming of the Messiah, acting upon a class of uncultivated, and in some cases gross minds, is not always in keeping with the enlightened Christian's ideal of "the better day." One is shocked in reading some of the "Hymns" of these believers. Sensual images—semi-Mahommedan descriptions of the condition of the "saints"—exultations over the destruction of the "sinners"—mingle with the beautiful and soothing promises of the prophets. There are indeed occasionally to be found among the believers men of refined and exalted spiritualism, who in their lives and conversation remind one of Tennyson's Christian Knight-errant in his yearning towards the "hope set before him."

"To me is given
Such hope I may not fear;
I long to breathe the airs of heaven,
Which sometimes meet me here.
I muse on joys which cannot fade,
Pure spaces filled with living beams:
While lilies of eternal peace
With odours haunt my dreams."

One of the most ludicrous examples of the sensual phase of Millerism—the incongruous blending of the sublime with the ridiculous—was mentioned to me not long since. A fashionable young woman, in the western part of this state, became an enthusiastic believer in the doctrine. On the day which had been designated as the closing one of Time, she packed all her fine dresses and soiled valuables in a large trunk, with long straps attached to it; and seating herself upon it, buckled the straps over her shoulders, patiently awaiting the crisis,—shrewdly calculating, that as she must herself go upwards, her goods and chattels would of necessity follow.

Three or four years ago, on my way eastward, I spent an hour or two at a camp-ground of the Second Advent, in East Kingston. The spot was well chosen. A tall growth of pine and hemlock threw its melancholy shadow over the multitude, who were arranged upon rough seats of boards and logs. Several hundred—perhaps a thousand—people were present, and more were rapidly coming. Drawn about in a circle, forming a background of snowy whiteness to the dark masses of men and foliage, were the white tents, and at the back of them the provision stalls and cook-shops. When I

reached the ground, a hymn, the words of which I could not distinguish, was pealing through the dim aisles of the forest. I could readily perceive that it had its effect upon the multitude before me, kindling to higher intensity their already excited enthusiasm. The preachers were placed in a rude pulpit of rough boards, carpeted only by the dead forest leaves and flowers, and tasseled, not with silk and velvet, but with the green boughs of the sombre hemlocks around it. One of them followed the music in an earnest exhortation on the duty of preparing for the great event. Occasionally he was really eloquent; and his description of the last day had all the terrible distinctness of Anelli's painting of the "End of the World."

Suspended from the front of the rude pulpit, were two broad sheets of canvass, upon one of which was the figure of a man; the head of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly of brass, the legs of iron, and feet of clay,—the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. On the other were depicted the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision;—the beasts—the dragons—the scarlet woman seen by the seer of Patmos—oriental types, figures, and mystic symbols, translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like the beasts of a travelling menagerie. One horrible image, with its hideous heads and scaly caudal extremity, reminded me of the tremendous line of Milton, who in speaking of the same evil Dragon describes him as—

" Swinging the scaly horrors of his folded tail."

To an imaginative mind the scene was full of novel interest: the white circle of tents—the dim wood arches—the upturned carnest faces—the loud voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful symbolic language of the Bible—the smoke from the fires rising like incense—carried me back to those days of primitive worship which tradition faintly whispers of when on hill-tops and in the shade of old woods religion had her first altars, with every man for her priest, and the whole universe for her temple.

Beautifully and truthfully has Dr. Channing spoken of this doctrine of the Second Advent in his memorable discourse in Berkshire, a little before his death:—

"There are some among us at the present moment who are waiting for the speedy coming of Christ. They expect, before another year closes, to see him in the clouds, to hear his voice, to stand before his judgment-scat. These illusions spring from misinterpretation of Scripture language. Christ, in the New Testament, is said to come, whenever his religion breaks out in new glory, or gains new triumphs. He came in the Holy Spirit in the Day of Pentecost. He came in the destruction of Jerusalem, which, by subverting the old ritual law, and breaking the power of the worst enemies of His religion, insured to it new victories. He came in the Reformation of the Church. He came on this day four years ago, when, through his religion, eight hundred thousand men were raised from the lowest degradation to the rights and dignity and fellowship of men Christ's outward appearance is of little moment compared with the brighter manifestation of his Spirit. The Christian, whose inward eyes and ears are touched by God, discerns the coming of Christ, hears the sound of his chariot wheels and the voice of his trumpet, when no other perceives them. He discerns the Saviour's advent in the dawning of higher truth on the world. in new aspirations of the Church after perfection, in the prostration of prejudice and error, in brighter expressions of Christian love, in more enlightened and intense consecration of the Christian to the cause of humanity, freedom, and religion. Christ comes in the conversion, the regeneration, the emancipation of the world."

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M D. F.R.S.

XIV.—DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON LIQUID.

(Concluded.)

Is a continual supply of liquid be as requisite for the maintenance of life as it has been shown to be in the preceding paper, the question arises, What kind of liquid is the most beneficial, or may a mixture of different liquids be employed with advantage? This question we propose now to discuss. It is one of vast importance; because upon its determination rests the propriety or impropriety of the habits of a large proportion of the population, both rich and poor, of this and almost every other civilized country, whose accustomed beverage includes a liquid, Alcohol, the properties of which are altogether different from those of water, and are such that it must do positive harm if it does not do good.

It has been already pointed out that a large quantity of liquid exists in the organized textures of living beings, and that the proportion is greater the more active are the functions of those textures. This liquid is invariably Water. If we dry a Sea-weed or a Mushroom, a Moss, or a Fern, a Grass or a Rose-tree,—any kind whatever of vegetable fabric,-we drive off nothing but Water and Volatile Oil, leaving the solid matters behind. True it is that Alcohol is obtained from vegetable substances;-that beer is brewed and gin distilled from the sugar yielded by malted barley, rum from the sugar of the sugar-cane, and brandy from that of grapes and other fruits. But the Alcohol could not be directly obtained from these sources; for it does not exist in them. The nearest approach to it which they present is sugar; which substance is prepared in the plant for the nourishment of growing parts. It is only by a process of decomposition or decay (for this is the real nature of fermentation), such as never takes place in the growing plant, that this solid substance is converted into the liquid, Alcohol. A further change of the same nature would change it into vinegar; and the putrefactive fermentation which corrupts this is nothing else than the last stage of the process. If either of these changes were to occur in the sweet juices of the living Vegetable, it would speedily be fatal; for Alcohol acts as a decided poison to the plant even when considerably diluted with water. No other liquid than Water can afford that which is necessary for the seed to germinate, for the leaves to unfold, for the branches and roots to shoot forth, for the flowers to expand, and for the fruit to swell. It is Water that is taken in by the roots, holding dissolved in it certain of the mineral substances of the soil; it is water which forms all the liquid portion of the sap that rises in the stem and branches to be perfected by the agency of the leaves. It is Water which unites with the Carbon derived from the atmosphere to form the various compounds that contribute to the extension of the fabric of the tree, or that are stored up in its cavities. And even when other liquids are produced within the vege-table,—such as the Fixed Oils (rape, linseed, walnut, &c.),—or the Volatile Oils or Essences (Otto of Roses, Essence of Lemon, Oil of Cinnamon, &c.), these owe their existence to Water, being formed by the combination of its elements with Carbon through the agency of the green cells of the leaves.

It may be further remarked that the activity of all the processes of vegetation corresponds with the amount of fluid exhaled from the leaves, by the function resembling the perspiration of Animals. If a plant, perspiring actively under the influence of a bright, warm

sunshine, be carried into a dark room, the exhalation of liquid ceases; but the absorption by the roots ceases also (or at least is very much diminished) until the light and warmth is restored, and the loss of liquid by the leaves recommences. The larger the quantity of water which thus passes through a plant, the more solid matter does it gain; since, although the amount dissolved in it be exceedingly minute, it is enough to be of consequence to the plant, which thus extracts for itself in a short time that which is yielded by many times its own bulk of liquid. As long as the Plant is freely supplied with water, it may continue to exhale to any extent without injury. It is only when the quantity exhaled exceeds the supply which the Plant can gain by absorption, and the proper quantity of water in its tissues is thereby diminished, that the loss of fluid from the leaves is really weakening and injurious.

the leaves is really weakening and injurious.

Now, with regard to Animals, precisely the same holds good. Whatever animal tissue we deprive of its liquid by drying,—whether the soft mass of a Jelly-fish or the hard shell of a Crab,—the soft nerves and muscles of a Human body, or its hard bones and the —we drive off nothing but Water. It is through this liquid alone that all the active functions of Animal life are carried on. It is Water alone that can act as the solvent for the various articles of food which are taken into the stomach;—the gastric juice itself being nothing else than Water, with a small quantity of animal matter and a little acid, which form with the albumen, etc., of the food new compounds that are capable of being dis-solved in that liquid. It is Water which forms all the fluid portion of the Blood, that vital current which permeates the minutest textures of the body, and conveys to each the appropriate materials for its growth and activity. It is Water, which when mingled in various proportions with the solid matter of the various tex tures, gives to them the consistency which they severally require. And it is Water which takes up the products of their decay, and conveys them, by a most complicated and wonderful system of sewerage, altogether out of the system. No other liquid naturally exists in the Animal body; save the oily matter of Fat, which is derived from the Plant, and which is stored up chiefly to serve as respiration-food.

It might be inferred, then, that Water, in addition to properly-selected articles of solid food, would constitute all that the wants of the system can ordinarily require. And there is abundant evidence that the most vigorous health may be maintained, even under very trying circumstances, without any other beverage. is demonstrated, not merely by the experience of individuals amongst civilized communities, who have purposely abstained from every other kind of drink; but by the condition of whole nations previously to their acquaintance with fermented liquors. Where, for example, shall we now meet with greater power of endurance than was displayed by the North American Indians, before their race became deteriorated by the introduction of European vices? The question cannot be decided by the amount of strength which can be put forth at a single effort. It may be freely admitted that when the body is exhausted by fatigue, an alcoholic stimulus may impart a temporary strength, which shall enable the next effort to be successful in doing that which could not have been accomplished without it. But there is strong reason to believe that the power of sustained exertion is thereby impaired; and that those who habitually have recourse to this stimulus are really doing themselves a great deal more harm than good. In like manner it may be admitted that many of those mental productions, which are most strongly marked by the inspiration of genius, have been thrown off under the stimulating influence of alcohol. But it does not at all follow that the individual who produced them, or the world at large, have benefited thereby; for all experi-

ence shows that steady and prolonged mental labour is better borne the more completely all stimulants are avoided; and in every case (I believe) in which genius has depended for its power of exertion upon alcoholic excitement, it has been short-lived,—so that though it may shine with a soberer lustre without such aid, the light is steading and not so cally outsided.

light is steadier and not so early quenched.

In considering the effects of various beverages upon the system, we may altogether leave out of view those which owe their peculiar qualities to the solid nutritious matter they contain,—such as Milk, Broth, etc.,—since these should be ranked merely as food reduced to a liquid form by being diffused through water. And in regard to Tea, Coffee, and Cocao, a few words will suffice; since, unless they are taken in undue strength, or in excessive quantity, they have no powerful effects upon the system. It is a very remarkable fact, that when the peculiar extracts of these three substances drawn out by boiling water are reduced to their simplest and purest forms,-in which state they are known to Chemists as Theine, Caffeine, and Theobromine,—they are found to have very nearly the same composition. And the active principle of Maté, or South American tea, is believed to be of the same nature. Thus it appears that in various parts of the world, mankind have discovered plants of very different characters, which contain a substance that has a pleasant influence upon the system, and which they employ in nearly the same manner,—the use of Tea having come to us from China, of Coffee from Arabia, and of Cocao from Mexico. The last of the three contains a considerable quantity of oily matter, which renders it, for those with whom it agrees, an article of diet of great value in supplying combustible material. It is difficult to understand on what the peculiar refreshing power of these beverages depends. They cannot be said to have a stimulating influence, unless they are taken in undue strength and quantity; for it is not found that the habitual use of them (as in the case of Alcohol) deadens their influence, no increase in the amount taken being required for the continued production of the same effect. The peculiar chemical principles they contain are not adapted to nourish any of the tissues of the body, and the mode of their action upon it is at present quite unknown We may regard them, when employed in moderation, as—to say the least—innocent beverages; the grateful flavour of which renders them agreeable, whilst their warmth is frequently very useful in helping to keep up the temperature of the body. But there can be no doubt that, when employed in excess, Tea and Coffee have a stimulating influence upon the nervous system; increasing its activity for a time, and thus enabling the midnight student to prosecute his labours when he ought to be reposing; but, like other stimulants of the same nature, leaving a subsequent exhaustion from which it requires a long period of rest to recover. The oily matter contained in Cocoa causes it to disagree with some persons of "bilious" temperament; and in general this beverage is better adapted to those who are exposed to cold, and who require a considerable supply of combustion-food, than to those who habitually live in a warm atmosphere.

In considering, in the next place, the effects of the various beverages of which Alcohol forms the principal ingredient,—such as Distilled Spirits, Wine, Beer, Cyder, etc.,—we may leave out of view the amount of solid, nutritious matter which is dissolved in them; for this is so extremely small, as not to be worth consideration. The greatest quantity exists in malt liquors; but a gallon of the most potent of these contains far less albuminous matter (or tissue-food) than a penny roll; so that they cannot be at all compared in this respect to milk, soup, etc. The influence which these beverages exert upon the system is attributable, therefore, almost solely to the Alcohol they contain; and we shall now

inquire into the mode in which this liquid operates on the body.

In the first place, then, it may be stated as an unquestionable fact, that Alcohol cannot be converted into muscular tissue or flesh. Alcohol,-like sugar, starch, etc.,—consists of the three elements, Oxygen, Hydrogen, Carbon, alone: and we have no reason whatever to believe that any of these substances can be united with believe that any of these substances can be united with Nitrogen in the animal body so as to become tissue-food: this being furnished, as we have seen, either by the flesh of other animals, or by substances having ex-actly the same composition which are prepared by the agency of plants. Now the muscular force which Man (or any other animal) is capable of exerting, depends upon two conditions--the size and vigour of the muscle, and the strength of the influence sent into it from the nerve. We are all conscious of greatly-increased power in making an effort when we are confident of success: whilst a doubt serves to unnerve us. We see the extraordinary force which even a weak female is able to put forth under the excitement of maniacal rage, of self-defence, or of desire to protect her helpless offspring; whilst, on the other hand, we see the finely-developed muscular system of the most ath letic man become altogether powerless by some injury to the nervous system which prevents it from calling the muscles into play. The degree of force which can be put forth for a short time seems to depend chiefly upon the amount of nervous energy which can be called up. But the power of continued exertion depends in great part upon the due nutrition of the muscular system. Every movement that we make (as we have remarked on several occasions) involves the death and decay of a certain amount of muscular tissue: and if this be not replaced by a new growth, the muscle gradually loses strength, so that no exertion of nervous power can in the end call forth a vigorous action. For this new growth, rest and material are required; and Alcohol can supply neither of these. If, under its influence, the exertion be prolonged for a time, then a greater quantity of muscular substance is destroyed, and a longer rest and a larger supply of material become necessary for its replacement. Hence the supposition of the influence of Alcohol in sustaining the muscular strength is altogether unconfirmed by scientific inquiry: we shall presently see whether it is borne out by experience, when its results are carefully tested.

In regard to the uses of Alcohol in sustaining the nervous power, we have perhaps scarcely a right to speak with the same confidence on physiological grounds, since the nervous tissue is principally composed of a fatty substance that consists of Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Carbon, alone: and may, therefore, possibly derive nourishment from Alcohol. But, as we have already remarked, Alcohol is a product of incipient decompo-sition or decay: and it is therefore highly improbable that it serves as the material for the most active and important part of the whole animal mechanism. We know, too, that the nervous tissue may be fully and adequately nourished, and its waste made good, upon other substances which more nearly agree with it for composition; so that Alcohol cannot be requisite for this purpose, and cannot be substituted with advantage for solid food. But Alcohol, in moderate quantities, generally exerts a peculiar stimulating influence upon the nervous system, which increases its activity for a time: producing a more rapid and brilliant flow of thought, or a greater power of calling forth the muscular energy. But this condition cannot be long main-tained. It is altogether forced and unnatural; and it is invariably followed by a depression or temporary dimi-nution in the power of mental and bodily exertion, which is the more prolonged and severe in proportion to the previous excitement. That such must be she case it is easy to comprehend when we bear in mind that

every exercise of nervous power, like that of muscular force, involves the death and decay of a certain amount of the tissue by which it is put forth. Every one is familiar with the feeling of bodily and of mental fatigue; the former results from the state of the muscular system, the latter from that of the nervous: and each indicates the necessity of rest, during which renovation may take place. If, then, the degree of nervous activity be increased for a time under the influence of a stimulus, or its duration be prolonged by such assistance, the amount of nervous tissue that will undergo destruction will be augmented accordingly; and until this has been completely restored, the system cannot recover its wonted

The action of Alcoholic or other stimulants may be compared to the influence of the spur upon the horse. The racer is excited by it to put forth his utmost speed, and the jaded roadster is goaded to a temporary improvement of his pace. But the spur gives no strength. It merely excites the animal to put forth all that it can possibly exert. And the greater the exertion made under its excitement, the greater is the subsequent fatigue, and the longer the period of repose needed for the renovation of the worn and wasted machinery and the consequent recovery of its pristine vigour. Such extra-ordinary efforts cannot be frequently repeated without deranging the whole order and harmony of the nutritive operations, the perfection of which can only be maintained by the avoidance of excess in every kind of exertion. That in producing such effects Alcohol acts, like the spur, as a stimulus, and not like solid food as the material for the support of the strength, appears from the well-known fact, that, where habitually employed, the quantity taken must be increased from time to time in order to produce the same effects. It is this which constitutes the peculiar distinction between these two agents. Of the food which nourishes the body, restores that which has decayed, and thus sustains its powers, the same amount serves at one time as at another,-the circumstances being the same. We require more food when we have made more exertion; but we do not require more because we are accustomed to take it daily. Of any stimulus, on the other hand, on which we are dependent for our power of exertion, we require a larger quantity the more frequently we have recourse to it. The country labourer who heging with his half-pint of beer at dinner and supper finds after a time that it has no longer its wonted effect, and is tempted to increase it; and the London artisan, who has his gin or porter brought to him two or three times a day whilst at his work, seldom continues long on the allowance with which he commenced, but gradually in-creases it until a large proportion of his earnings are So the more wealthy wine-drinker, who thus wasted. makes a practice of drinking three or four glasses after dinner, seldom stops short at this quantity (unless re-strained by motives of prudence or economy), but in-creases it glass by glass until his allowance is to be reckoned, not by glasses, but by bottles. The state of depression which is produced by this excess leads to the increase of the craving; and fearful is the number of those who commenced with the idea that a small quantity of some alcoholic liquor would keep up their strength, and who fully intended to restrict themselves to it (ignorant as they were that they must increase it, if they would look for the same effects from its continued use), but who have been led on, step by step, to confirmed and almost unredeemable drunkenness.

There is one more physiological inquiry to which it is necessary to advert, in regard to the effects of Alcohol upon the animal body;—namely, whether it is not useful as a heat-producing material, enabling us the better to resist the influence of severe cold. At first sight we might imagine that such would be likely to be the case, for since Alcohol is so readily combustible out of

the body, it might be supposed to be easily burned off the body, it might be supposed to be easily numed on within it. Experiments upon the respiratory process after taking alcohol, however, give a very different result; for it is certain that when this fluid is received into the blood, the combustion process goes on less actively instead of more energetically; the amount of carbonic acid exhaled being decidedly diminished. The fact appears to be that so long as the alcohol is present, and is itself undergoing combustion by union with the oxygen of the air, it impedes the changes which ought to be taking place in other substances: just as the decomposition of animal bodies is in great degree prevented by immersing them in spirits. After the alcohol has been all burned off, the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled undergoes a large increase, rising for a time above the average—a proof that matter had accumulated in the blood, which ought to have been got rid of by the process of respiration. We know that the most extreme cold is sustained by the Esquimaux and other inhabitants of the frigid zone, without the assistance of Alcohol; the large quantity of oily matter in their food being a much more effectual heat-producing material. And the testimony of many Europeans who have tried the abstinence system under similar circumstances, shows the decided inferiority of Alcohol to other articles of combustion-food in every respect save the tem-porary feeling of warmth which it gives to the mouth, throat, and stomach; and this feeling is very deceptive, for it does not last long, nor does it extend to the limbs. It is only when the body has been drained of its whole store of combustible material, by some exhausting disease, and when the stomach cannot digest solid food of any kind, that alcohol can be really preferable to other substances as fuel for maintaining the heat of the body, on account of the readiness with which it is taken into the circulation through the bloodvessels distributed on the walls of the stomach.

We find, then, that the ordinary notions,—that the habitual use of Alcohol sustains the muscular strength. that it keeps up the nervous energy,—and that it helps to maintain the heat of the body,—are all of them unsupported by Physiological science. There are two other grounds on which it is sometimes justified, to which it is requisite that reference should be made. has been imagined that when exertion is called for in a high temperature, the aid of Alcohol is especially necessary to support the system under its excessive loss by perspiration. Now it is a complete fallacy to suppose that copious perspiration in itself really weakens the system. It is nothing more than the exhalation of an increased quantity of watery fluid: and this drain is to be made good, in the Animal as in the Plant, by the absorption of an additional supply into the system. There cannot be a greater absurdity than to imagine that, because Water is drawn off from the blood through the pores of the skin, Alcohol must be taken into the stomach to replace it. The fact seems to be, that the peculiar fatigue resulting from muscular exertion in a high temperature is set down as a consequence of the excessive perspiration: and thus the temporary increase of power which is derived from the use of alcoholic stimulus is supposed to result from the repair of this loss. But the fact is, that perspiration, however abundant, has in itself no weakening effect; as is proved by the fact that if persons exposed to a very high temperature make no bodily exertion, they feel no loss except such as is restored by copious draughts of water. This system, indeed, has frequently a remarkably invigorating effect. All travellers who have tried the Russian baths speak of the feelings of renovation which the copious perspiration, and the subsequent plunge into cold water, produce in the wearied frame. And those who have given a fair trial to the Hydropathic treatment, in appropriate cases, are unanimous in the same testimony. I have myself and to whom it appears to be a necessary of life. But known cases in which delicate females remained for half what is the real fact in almost all such cases? There

an hour or more in a room heated by a stove to a temperature of from 140 to 170 deg., until their wrappings were saturated by copious perspiration, the material for which was supplied by the water which they drank from time to time; the cold plunge which immediately succeeded having an invigorating influence which was often quite extraordinary, and the whole treatment having quite the opposite of an exhausting effect. It is only when muscular exertion is called for in a high temperature, that exhaustion follows; and this is not a result of the loss of fluid by perspiration, but of other causes. We feel the same exhaustion when we are called upon to make exertion on a damp day, in which the fluid exhaled from the skin is not carried off from the surface, but accumulates upon it in drops, though there may be no great increase in its amount; and precisely the same feeling has arisen from the foolish attempt to wear waterproof garments made after the fashion of ordinary clothes, so as not merely to keep out the rain, but to keep in the perspiration. Let it be remembered that the exhalation of fluid from the skin is in every respect a salutary process; that it is the great means by which the temperature of the body is kept down to its proper standard; that the small quantity of solid matter which the perspiration contains is not increased by the increase in its fluid portion, so that, however copious it may be, it cannot draw from the body any of its solid constituents; and that all which is lost by perspiration may be repaired by water, and that Alcohol cannot restore it. With regard to the copious perspirations which are often seen in disease, it will be enough to say that they are frequently of most salutary character, assisting to remove from the blood some noxious matter which is the cause of the malady; and that where they are connected with a very exhausted state of the system, they are by no means to be regarded as the cause of the exhaustion, but rather as the sign of it.

The other notion to which we must refer is this, that the habitual use of a small quantity of Alcohol gives important aid in the digestion of the food. Here, again, the temporary benefit, which is unquestionably derived in many instances from the practice, is apt to blind us to its remoter consequences. The Human digestive apparatus is so constituted, that, in the state of health, it no more requires the artificial aid of stimulants to do its work, than does that of the lower animals, to which such aids are unknown. The quantity which the stomach can digest, varies according to the demand for it in the system. When more is taken into the stomach than the system requires, it remains undigested for a time; and this gives a feeling of uneasiness and oppression, which a glass or two of wine or beer will often remove. But how does it effect this? By stimulating the stomach to increased exertion in the digestion of that of which the system has no need. And what is the consequence? This habitual overe tasking of the tenach tasking of the stomach, this system of giving it morwork to do than it is made for performing, and then spurring it on by stimulants until it has accomplished its task,—is sure to be followed (though the evil day may be long deferred) by a failure of its powers; and so far from being capable of any extra labour, it loses its power of digesting that amount of food which the body really requires. If, then, the stimulus of Alcohol be required to force the stomach to an undue exertion of its digestive power, the obvious method of restoring a natural state of things is to abandon the superfluity of food, and to take only that which the system requires, and which the stomach is able to prepare for it.

But there is another state in which the same excuse is made, but for which the remedy is different. There are many persons who find themselves unable to digest

either is or has been some gross error in the general management of the health, which weakens the natural powers of the stomach; and it is to the correction of this error, rather than to the spurring of stimulants, that we must look for their restoration. One man leads too sedentary a life, and scarcely knows the invigorating influence of air and exercise. Another is habitually over-fatigued by an amount of bodily labour which his frame is not adapted to bear; and his state of exhaustion prevents the due performance of the digestive function. Another leads a life of continual nervous excitement; and it is not surprising that if his brain is overworked, his stomach should not be able to do its overworked, his stomach should not be able to do its duty. Another keeps late hours; and depriving Nature of her necessary repose, is angry with her for not supplying him with the power of digesting a hearty breakfast, the best preparation for the labours of the day. And another, inhabiting close and heated rooms, pervaded (it may be) with the effluvia of some neighbouring cosmool finds himself unable to get mail he had cesspool, finds himself unable to eat until he has awakened his torpid stomach by a dram. Now in all these cases, the habitual use of Alcohol is positively injurious, in two ways. It has all the bad effects of a stimulus upon the stomach itself; weakening its power of future exertion, by tasking it beyond its present strength. And the temporary benefit derived from it draws away the attention from the real source of the evil, which thus continues to act unchecked, and perhaps with increasing power. For it is certainly one of the effects of the habitual use of Alcohol, in large quantities at least, that it deadens all the perceptions, and thus renders a man careless of what he would otherwise feel most obnoxious. The only cases in which, medically speaking, the use of Alcohol can be justified on account of the aid which it affords to the digestive process, are those in which some extraordinary and temporary depressing cause is in operation, which cannot be removed, and against which it is of great importance to sustain the powers of the system. But such cases fall within the province of the Physician and Surgeon; our present concern is with the means of preserving health under all ordinary circumstances.

Of the results of experience on this question, a brief summary must here suffice; since our chief object has been to examine its scientific bearings. But it would be wrong to close this inquiry without pointing out how completely practice here coincides with theory. It would not be fair to take a few cases of isolated individuals who have thriven upon the abstinence system, and to hold them up as examples of what that system will produce. But the great test is when large bodies of men are concerned, and where fair comparisons can be made between those of different habits under the same circumstances. Such evidence is now most abundantly afforded by the numerous ships that are traversing every part of the wide ocean, whose crews, pledged to the total-abstinence principle, maintain a degree of health and vigour which cannot be surpassed; by the many workshops of every kind, in which the severest labour is endured with a constancy to which that of the drinkers of alcoholic beverages cannot be compared; by the troops executing toilsome marches in the sultry heat of the torrid zone, who find the "cup of cold water" more refreshing and sustaining than the spirituous drinks which hurry so many of their comrades to an early grave; and by numbers of men and women, in every rank of life, in every variety of condition, and subjected to every kind of mental and bodily exertion, who have given the principle of habitual abstinence a fair trial, and have borne their willing testimony to its beneficial results. It is presumptuous for individuals to object to such testimony,—"the little I take does me no harm;" for, in the first place, all experience shows that the "little," taken habitually, almost invariably becomes more, and that the evil consequences manifest

themselves remotely) as in so many other of our pleasant vices) whilst the supposed beneficial effects are felt immediately. It is only from the experience of the masses that we can form a right judgment on any such question; and whilst the record of our jails and workhouses show that at least four-fifths of the crime and poverty with which our country is burthened have their origin in intemperance, it becomes every right-minded man to examine for himself, whether he is justified in doing anything that can place a stumbling-block in the way of those who would rid the world of this horrible slavery. We may not all agree that Alcohol is a poison, which can never, under any circumstances, be useful to the human body; but I am confident, that the more the question is examined, the more clear it will become that its habitual use can be justified neither upon scientific grounds nor by the teachings of experience.

Norz.—Those who desire to enter more fully into this inquiry may be referred to an Article on the subject in the British and Foreign Medical Review, No. XLVIII., reprinted separately, under the title of "Temperance and Tectotalism considered Medically."

TALES FROM THE SWEDISH.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

(Concluded from Page 211.)

"IT WILL DO."

A PIECE OF EXPERIENCE.

FAREWELL ye roses which bloomed in the cheeks of the maiden!—farewell thou fire, which burned in her eyes!—farewell ye pouting rosy lips, on which the soft sighs that happy love sent out from the full heart so often lingered. Farewell that playful mirth, that innocent chat, which might have induced the dead to smile, the life-wearied one to delay yet a moment his journey to the grave! Farewell ye rosy hopes, ye anticipations of the future, which so often called forth a blush, like the crimson of morning, on the cheeks of the young maiden! Farewell ye songs of joy, ye light dancing footsteps, which scarcely bowed the weakest flower of the meadow more than the passing of the breeze! Farewell all the happiness which youth anticipates, and which marriage only gives! Farewell!—all are now over! The hand of death has passed over you. Corruption has swept you away, so that you can never return to the place where you have been. Melida drowned herself in her own tears. Melida threw herself down upon the earth, and prayed that it would open to receive her; for now there remained nothing for her. Melida was in despair; she forgot that there was a God and heaven, and that life is only a time of trial. Melida felt ice and fire by turns consume her heart. A night-like gloom settled down upon Melida's mind and thus arthur mithing in the life is only a time of the settled down upon Melida's mind and thus arthur mithing in the life. mind, and thus nothing within it was light, save the occasional gleams of frenzied imbecility. All was over with her, yet she still lived on; she was now a "picture from life" not yet food for the worms. They were from life" not yet food for the worms. They were the small scrpents of despair which gnawed at every nerve of her inner and outward being. But her old father! He, on the contrary, was no "picture from life," but a real, veritable image of death; (and there he lay, enfeebled by sorrow and the disappointment of life's manifold hopes; there he lay, co'd and breathless, wrapped in his last white garment, laid in his last black bed; and when the weeping mother—for whom poor Melida, to complete the full measure of her misery, had now an invincible

dislike-came to her daughter, to make her understand that if she would yet once more see her father, she must make haste, before the lid of the coffin was nailed down, Melida replied, with averted face — "No, mamma; that will not do. Take him up; take him mamma; that will not do.

Take nim up; take nim out of the coffin; dress him; place him in a chair;—he is not dead! People cannot die when I do not die! You will bury him alive! Yet it is all one, when I think rightly about it;—let him lie there, and lay me beside him; then we shall both die in the grave; for where records do not die—they only live!" up here people do not dic,-they only live!

Beautiful spring !—glorious, much-desired summer ! for Melida and her poor mother.

In awhile it was autumn. Night was lord over the day. The air was cool, heavy, and thick. Snow-flakes flew about; they fell here, they fell there; they fell, also, upon Olof's hat, as he went down the street with a heavy, spiritless step, wrapped in his cloak, with the collar pulled up, turning his head first on one side, then on the other, to avoid the sharp wind-driven snow. The heavens were cloudy; cloudy, also, was Olof's soul,—for the life which he now led was of that kind which affords a momentary, stormy joy, and at the same time, a perpetually enduring ill-humour. By chance his way led past the city post-office. He knocked, and asked for letters,—not that he expected any, but in order to have something to do. A letter was handed to him. He could not see, in the darkness and the whirling snow, what kind of letter it was; but, arrived at home, he called peevishly for lights, and on these being brought, he saw at a glance that it was black-edged. He turned it about many times in his hand. His eyes, which were rivetted upon the black edges, were dimmed, from some cause or other. He broke the seal, and slowly read the short contents. "Shall you go out this evening?" A short "No!"

"Shall you go out this evening?" A short "No!"

"Is anybody coming here?" A still shorter.

"Shall we go to the play?" No answer.

"Will you have a glass of punch?"

"Nieron words."

"Ninetecn years, three months, and seven days!" stammered Olof, with hollow voice, and stared at the letter.

"I asked whether you would have a glass of punch, to cheer you up?" repeated Sara.

"Yes; that will do! (Det går an) replied Olof, at

"It is a miserable thing!" said the son Arvid, who had read aloud to his family the foregoing true story.
"It is a wretched affair!" added he; and threw the book from him, in disgust. The father smiled, and said nothing.

"And how so wretched?" asked the mother, after

a moment's silence.
"Yes!" said Arvid; "because there never was such

a weak and miserable young man as Olof."
"Thousands of such," replied the mother, "who are guided by the impulse of a momentary, idle fancy. Think, now, if Olof's slumbering power had been aroused by something else,—something noble, high-minded, and beautiful,—he would have gone in that direction; for his was just the weakness which can be led any way. If a strong arm holds the reins, and that strong arm be guided by a pure, clear spirit, it will conduce to lead thousands of vascillating minds into the right track, who otherwise might all have sped away from it, and thenceforward may become great, noble, excellent beings. Let us, therefore, wish-wish and hope—that genius, and great, genuine, God-sent men of mind, never will promulgate what is dark and unintelligible among us weak human creatures, who are not always able to see into the inward and true spiritual meaning, which must always be pure and good when

coming from a great genius,—which I consider to be like the birds, which in the topmost branches of the tree, appear to us grey and dark-coloured, yet may be adorned with the most glorious colours, only they are too high for us rightly to see them. Let us, therefore, pray God to put such words in the mouth of genius as may benefit and not corrupt; and that they among us who are not able, with their weak eyes, to follow the flight of the butterfly, but can merely observe how the grub rolls itself in the dust, may not be smitten with

"Dixi!" said the father; "now go on with your sketches, my son. I am sick of every thing which either begins or ends with, "It will do." Yes, sick of it to that degree, that I never say it without saying at the same time, "It never will do!" "Det går aldrig an!" —for with that title all these dark ideas ought to come forth into the world, in order that small and great, old and young, strong and weak, stupid and clever, may know what they have to guide themselves by,-because so many require a go-cart to direct them; others, again, a light staff to rest sometimes upon on the true but a light staff to rest sometimes upon on the true but thorny path of choice; and merely these few, the inde-pendent-minded and free in action, are, able, by their own courage and power to shape out for themselves their own course, though it be through rocks high as the heavens, and through stormy seas, towards the one true goal,—for there is only one;—one in all times and all changes. Dixi! Go on, my son!"

TRANSLATIONS OF HUNGARIAN SONGS.

BY DR. BOWRING, M.P.

OLLY SZÉP AN ÉN SZERETÜM.

O my maid is fairer still Than the birch-tree on the hill: Slim and slight, and towering high—Yct—a little—little sly.

And what harm can slyness do? I've a little slyness too ? Our's should be a common fate; Like with like should always mate.

If she cheat me—I can cheat—Cunning shall with cunning meet; Flowers deceive that seem most sweet-All the world is but deceit.

As no maiden trusts me,— so Will I trust no maiden,-no! Yet if one should trust me, then I would trust that maid again.

VERBOYÁLTAK FALU VÉGÉN.

There's recruiting in the village, And the peasant leaves his tillage, Leaves his love—and thence departing, Sends no " Farewell" at his starting.

Sword and armour—radiance-streaming, Beaming as the sun is beaming, Brightening still, and still more brightening, As the flashes of the lightning.

Ah!—but wait—the heavy morrow
Brings the soldier many a sorrow—
Sighing for the seenes departed—
Thrice the soldier has deserted.

He is captur'd—and as meet is, March'd in silence through the street is, Frock and scarlet trousers wearing— Myrtle-branch and roses bearing.

On his grave he kneels—upstanding Comrades wait the death-commanding; "O, but death would be a blessing, Were I but her smile possessing.

"Could'st thou in my anguish tend me— One sweet word of comfort send me!— Here are shame and misery only, Thus to die, unwept and lonely."

SZÉLES A DUNAVÍZ.

Wide is the Danube stream, Narrow the bridge thereon; Keep from the bridge away— There's danger—lovely one!

No danger, youth! at all— No reason for alarms; For if thy maid should fall, She'll fall into thine arms.

MÉG EGY NÓTÁT, HEJ CIGÁNYOK!

Come, brown gipsy-maid! along, Yet a dance, and yet a song; Yet a dance before I go To the field, to meet the foe. Yet a dance, and yet a kiss; Then with thou thy soldier miss! Gipsy! yet a dance, and then To the battle field again!

DUNA, DUNA, SZÉLOS DUNA!

Happy are the sons and daughters, Who of Duna drink the waters; Thro' the waters fish are dashing— In the stream are maidens washing.

Beautiful her cities be— And their lovely maidens three: To my lot one maid shall fail, One—the loveliest maid of all.

KIMENTEM EN A SZOLORE.

Through the vineyard as I strayed, By a fruitful vine I stay'd— Then I roamed from vine to vine— Light-haired maiden shall be mine.

To the thicket next I hied, And a hanging leaf espied— Leaf on leaf,—and tree to tree— Red-hair'd maiden now for me. To the meadow-hedge I went— There's a flower of fragrant scent; Flower on flower,—all passing fair; Welcome maid with dark-brown hair.

Light-hair'd maidens, they are storn— Brown-hair'd will with anger burn; Take the red-haired maid, for she Meet companion is for thee.

THE PROPHECY.

Mondåd anyám hogy álmamkat Ejente festi égi kéz ; Az álom ablak, mellyen által Lelkünk szemð jövöbe néz.

You told me, mother! that our dreams
Were pictures drawn by angel hands—
Were vistas which the spirit's eyes
Looked through on distant heavenly lands.

Mother! and I have dreamt a dream—
Tell me its meaning!—pinions grew—
Like eagles—which outspreading, bore
Me heaven's unbounded ether through.

Son of my soul! of youth! of joy!
My sunbeam! now rejoice with me;
Long be thy life,—that life be bliss,
For blessings in thy dream I see.

And the youth grew in goodliness—
The flame of genius brightening still;
While all the hidden powers of song
Gave strength and light to word and will.

He seized the lute—its music poured
As if the lute were living song—
Upwards,—still upwards rose the sounds,
As morning larks towards heaven's gate throng.

Upwards the sounds to heaven arose, And brought a star of glory down; It rested on the poet's grave, Changed to an amaranthine crown.

There's poison in the sweets of song, Grief mingles with the poet's art; And even his fairest wreathes are twined With flowers uprooted from the heart.

The passions are a very hell—
The sympathies a martyrdom;
And earth, to which we fain would cling,
A place of exile, not a home.

He lies upon his mortal bed
As his forefathers groaned, he groans,
With pain his bosom heaves, and faint,
And fainter breathe his parting tones.

O death! steal not my son away—
He may not,—must not,—shall not die—
Heaven promised life—can heaven deceive—
Can heaven delude? are dreams a lie?

Mother! they do not! death may once Display its power,—assert its claim; Thy son shall live—shall ever live— Live in a poet's honoured name.

Petöpl.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

Free Trade Congress at Brussels .-- One of the most interesting, | will reduce prices, that a reduction of prices will cause greater and, if we are not much mistaken, most important movements, of modern times, is this Free Trade Congress. The great continental tour of Richard Cobden will have done much to diffuse Pree Trade principles, and the meeting of the most eminent advocates of the freedom of commerce for all countries annually will, if carried out sealously, soon raise a spirit that will burst our miserable commercial bonds and restrictions, and produce a triumph of equally diffused activity and plenty, as universal as the triumph of the Anti-Corn-Law League was splendid. It becomes Englishmen to assist in breaking down that restrictive system which this country has been so eminent in maintaining; and we rejoice to see Colonel Thompson the father of Free Trade, Dr. Bowring, one of its most efficient and indefatigable advocates, Mr. Ewart, Mr. M'Adam, Mr. Wilson, M.P., and others, taking a prominent place in its transactions.

This is the true way to bind up the whole continent in a league of peace; a league of common interest: a league for the exchange of necessaries and comforts; and the diffusion of blessings. It is the true mode to get rid of our panies, and failures, and periodical paralyses of our manufactures at home. Let this great movement be steadily pursued, and more progress will be made in the genuine science of life and international harmony in five years, than could be effected in five centuries

We are glad to see that Protection sent thither its representatives. By this it rendered the greatest service to Free Trade, by enabling its supporters to combat and refute the arguments brought forward against it; without this opposition, there could not have been half the life and spirit which there

M. de Bronchere, the distinguished President of the Belgic Association, was unanimously elected President; the Vice-Presidents being, M. le Duc d'Harcourt, President of the French Free Trade Society: Colonel Thompson, for England; Herr Asher, for Germany, in the absence of Herr Kamphausen, who had not arrived; and Connt Aruvabene.

The great advocates of protection were Herr Ressinghausen and M Unchatean

M. Ressinghausen upheld the advantages of the Zollverein. accused England of ruining other countries by selling at too low a price, and denounced the whole system of Free Trade as prejudicial to the commercial interests of the world. One part of his speech, otherwise of little interest, must not be omitted, as he accused Lord Aberdeen of having threatened the Prussian government if it did not accede to the views of the English government.

M. John Prince Smith, a deputy from Berlin, retorted from his seat in the following words: "England (he said) is accused of ruining other countries by selling at too low ap rice; which signifies giving too much merchandise for a certain sum, or taking too little money for a certain merchandise. Now. I desire an explanation how it is possible to ruin a neighbour by giving too much or taking too little !"

Herr Ressinghausen was also most ably replied to by M. Blanqui and Dr. Bowring.

M. Werth commenced by expressing his astonishment that the working classes were not represented at the congress. France, he said, was represented by a peer of the realm, the English bourgeoisie, by Dr. Bowring, and the working classes had no one. They are an ill-used class of society, and in England are not even treated as human beings. The English manuhands. They are the Parishs of our age, and I, who have traversed the narrow and loathsome alleys and back courts of the great manufacturing towns of England, am aware of their misery. I do not know whether this is to be laid at the door of protection; but one thing I am certain of, that protection is far too weak ever to ameliorate their condition. I myself am a Free Trader, but I doubt if Free Trade will suffice to ameliorate the condition of the workmen. It is true that free competition

eonsumption, which in its turn will favour production, and employment will be more attainable; but free competition will give birth to new inventions, many hands will be thrown out of work, and the manufacturers will reduce wages to be able to stand the competition, and the working classes will be as badly off as ever. Gentlemen, I speak principally for the English workmen; they are a neglected class, and it must not be supposed that they were warm partisans of the League; they formed a body in themselves, they closed their ranks, and they look up to their representatives in Parliament, in the persons of Mr. Duncombe and Feargus O'Connor.

Dr. Bowring said, "I confidently assert that the gentleman who has just sat down was never chosen by the English working classes as their representative. The English workmen have their representatives in Parliament, who advocate their interests, and who enjoy their full confidence. I shall endeavour to prove to you that the practical effects of Free Trade have ameliorated the condition of the workman. In 1825 the silk manufacturers demanded an increased protective duty on silk; we, on the contrary, demanded a reduction of that duty, and in 1882 we obtained it. I was called a bad patriot, a Frenchman, and was told that I was bringing ruin on the country. I replied, You sleep on the soft bed of protection; arouse yourselves; get up and study, and put your hand to the work; but they shook their heads and turned a deaf ear to my words. They soon, however, came to me for advice, and I told them to study; they did so, and what was the result? At the present day, though we import for 30,000,000 lbs. of silk, we export for 20,000,000 lbs., and this is a great result." Dr. Bowrin then announced to the Congress the result of the importation

into England in the first seven months of 1847, compared with

the first seven months of 1846, showing the immense increase since the principles of Free Trade have been put in practice.

Mr. M'Adam of Belfast, entered upon an economic view of the linen industry of the contingnt, of the high duties which we maintained upon linen and linen yarns, and of the effect of these duties upon the amount of employment afforded to the working classes, as well as the loss to the community. Prance had imposed duties on British yarns in 1842, amounting, in some cases, to 40 per cent. and had by this means created a number of flax spinning mills to the extent of about \$60,000 spindles. The employment thus created gave a means of livelihood, directly and indirectly, to about 35,000 individuals; but the increase in the price of linens had reduced the exports of By the returns from the Board of Customs, it appears that last year 38 per cent. less yarns were imported than in the foregoing year, but 53 per cent. more linens. Hence employment was increased to that branch of the trade which supports he smallest number, while the employment in those operations which support nine-tenths, viz., the weaving and bleaching, had decreased. Reckoning the consumption of France as seven yards of linen per head of the population, and calculating the cost of 4d. per yard above the price it could be had for, if imported free, it appears that the French pay 98,000,000f. per annum extra for their linen. Taking the value of the spinning machinery, buildings, &c., at 150f. per spindle, the entire sum vested in the trade of France appears to be 54,000,000f. He could not see why the French nation should be taxed 98,000,000f, per annum to maintain a trade in which not much more than half that amount was vested as entire capital. He showed the consumption of wine in France to be 25 gallons per head per annum, while in England it was only one-fifth of gallon, the duty being 5s. 6d. The deputies of the south should reflect that the maintenance, by France, of such duties on British manufactures had led to reprisals of this nature on the main articles of her export. With respect to Belgium, he regretted the state of the linen industry, and the destitution which prevailed in consequence among the working classes. He maintained that the duties imposed by Belgium in 1842, on yarns, had principally caused this state of things, by raising the price of linens, and injuring the export trade. Belgium

exported in linens, in 1838, to the value of \$5,000,000f.; in 1842 it had fallen to 26,000,000f.; and in 1847 to 20,000,000f. This was because British linens displaced them in the foreign markets by reason of their cheapness. He condemned the policy of the ministry in imposing a duty on the export of tow. and showed that such measures were hurtful to the agricultural community, without benefitting the trade. Hand labour is as cheap in Belgium as in the British isles, and if the Belgians had as cheap yarns, they could compete with our linens. The 4,000 operatives in the Belgian spinning factories were proteeted, whilst the entire linen industry of the country, maintaining 300,000 persons, was thus caused to languish. He then glanced at the state of affairs in Germany, where an obstinacy in the maintenance of hand-spinning had caused that country to lose the vent for her linens in North and South America, where Irish linens had now completely displaced them. He complained of the heavy restrictions in Spain, and the evil effects of the contrabandista in the demoralization of her population. He glanced at the other countries of the continent, and concluded by observing, that 100 millions of the people of western Europe were compelled to pay an enormous sum more for their linens than if they were permitted to purchase them where they could be obtained cheapest and best. He maintained that in whatever way the system was viewed, it would be found that it had been productive of the most hurtful effects on the trade of each country, and the employment of the people.

Professor Walowski said, I am about to address you on the most important subject, the influence of free trade on the moral improvement of the workmen. In examining the influence of free trade on the labouring population, the first question that presents itself is to appreciate the true mechanism of production and distribution of riches. Whatever be the form in which produce arises, there is an association of labour to obtain that result. One great error of our adversaries is that they regard labour as a compact masse, which ought to be equally divided between nations, not capable of extension. They act upon a false principle from the very beginning. The domain of labour, on the contrary, is illimited. The learned Professor then entered into a lengthened, but highly interesting demonstration of the effect of protection on the natural instruments of labour, on capital, and on labour itself. Human labour was not to be regarded as merchandise; the value of labour should be rewarded in measure to the intelligence displayed. In America the price of food is low, and the salaries are high. In Ircland, on the contrary, prices were high, and salaries were low. High price did not procure high wages. By the introduction of Free Trade, labour would be in greater demand, the workman would become more independent, and the manufacturer would be obliged to seek the workman, whilst now the workman was obliged to seek the manufacturer. We all put our hand to the great work for the abolition of elavery, and was not the servifude de la misere also a slavery ? Free Trade, gentlemen, is a blessed fatality, which cannot be eluded, and we may look forward to the triumph of the justice of our cause.

Mr. Wilson, M.P., regretted that he had been detained from attending the two previous sittings. In a speech of some length, which was attentively listened to, the honourable member for Westbury proved that the interests of labour were identical with those of capital, that protection might for a moment raise an artificial price, but that the reaction that followed was only the more disastrous; that by competition, on the contrary, the circumstances of the workmen were ameliora ed, prices diminished, consumption expanded, and export increased. The cotton, iron, woollen and linen trades were respectively passed in review, to illustrate the beneficial influence of Free Trade, and the increased well-being of the work-

ing population which would assuredly flow from it.

M. Le Duc d'Harcourt had a few words to say in reply to a reproach that had been made by a member, that the working classes were not represented in the Congress. The honourable gentleman had overlooked the object of the present meeting, which was exclusively devoted to that class of the population, who had little time to spare to leave their work when they were so usefully employed.

M. Blanqui closed the discussion by a severe denunciation of the whole system of Custom-house and douane searchers, espianage, and rights of pre-emption, which fell most heavily on the honest portion of the community.

The great questions agitated in this Congress were :---

1. Whether Free Trade, far from rendering nations tributa-

ries of each other, did not rather draw them closer to each

2. If Free Trade did not shield industry from the blows inflicted upon it by the restricted system of prohibition ! The first motion was adopted with one discentient voice :

the second with three dissentient voices.

This Congress is a noble beginning of an universal agitation for the freedom of trade all over the world, and the consequent free interchange of all the blessings in the world. To all classes it opens up most important prospects, to none more than to the working classes. Till trade is free, periodical distress must continue amongst the middle classes; constant distress amongst the working classes. There is no remedy but the same freedom which pervades nature, who produces her good things annually in abundance, but is checked and thwarted in her distributions by the tricks of trade and the selfishness of government.

A Congress for Penal Reform was also sitting simultaneously

Proples' International League .- This League, the objects of which are

To enlighten the British Public as to the Political Condition and Relations of Foreign Countries

To disseminate the Principles of National Freedom and Pro-

To embody and manifest an efficient Public Opinion in favour of the right of every People to Self-government and the mein-tenance of their own Nationality: To promote a good understanding between the Peoples of all

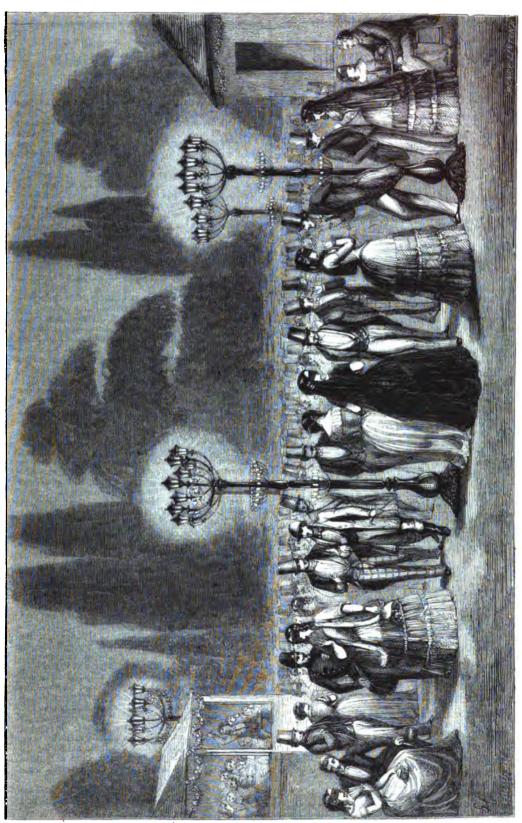
has engaged Thomas Cooper, the author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," to lecture in its behalf. Mr. Cooper will accordingly deliver a lecture on the present state of Switzerland, on Wednesday, September 29th, in Sussex Hall, 52, Leadenhall-street; and on Thursday, September 30th, at the Cotton-street, Schoolrooms, Poplar. Mr. Linton will also lecture on the present sta e of Italy, on Friday, October 1st, at Farringdon Hall, King's Arms-yard, Snow-hill. We are glad to see the e proofs of an awaking of the public mind to the cause of liberty and of the people on the continent.

The Frederick Douglass Fund .- This fund has now been paid into the banker's hands, in order for remittance to America.
We are happy to say that it amounts to £450: and this. with the price of his manumission, will be regarded by our worthy friend, we are sure, as a most agreeable token of the respect in which he was held in this country. As promised some time ago we subjoin a list of the subscriptions sent to this office, and forwarded to the banker :---

Lady Byron £	:5	0	0	William Lovett	. 0	10	0
B. Smith, Esq	2	0	0	J. H. Carter	. 0	1	0
By Miss Wood				Alfred Harral	. 0	10	6
By Dr. Smiles	1	0	0	George Mellor	. 0	5	0
By J. Parker	1	12	0	Mrs. Botham .	. 0	10	0
By Mrs. Burgess .	1	10	0	M. L	. 0	1	0
By Thomas Box, Esq	2	12	6				
By Stanton, Esq.	1	0	Ō		£22	12	6
By " A Friend from				To the Fund raised	 I		-
Paisley"	0	5	0	by the Anti-Sla-			
By Mrs. Southall .			0	very League for			
By William Shore .	1	10	0			0	0
By J. Gweenrap and				,	_		_
E. Balfour	1	0	0		£27	12	6
W. K. Hooper, Brad-							
ford	0	2	C				

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FRENCH BALL IN THE OPEN AIR.

EVERY one knows how widely different are the Continental notions regarding the mode of spending Sunday to ours. From old Catholic usage, they feel no scruple in making Sunday at once a day of devotion and social amusement. In the morning they go to church—in the evening to the dance or the theatre. Even Protestant Germany retains the same ideas and the same habits. They say that the Creator cannot feel offended—but, on the contrary, pleased, with seeing his children happy. Our notions are different—or rather, we place our happiness in a more serious species of enjoyment.

But our business here is not to discuss this question, but to present to our readers a sketch made by an eyewitness of one of those open-air fetes which prevail so pre-eminently on Sunday evenings abroad. This is one which took place at d'Enghein, a small but fashionable watering-place near Montmorency. All travellers who have visited Paris must be acquainted with its beautiful nave visited faris must be acquainted with its beautiful little cottages which mirror themselves in the lake, and its road, which leads to the valley of Montmorency. It was a masked ball, and without dancing, excepting a few quadrilles; but the curiosity, the puszling, and surprises of all kinds, occasioned by the ladies being masked, made the conversation so amusing that no one scemed weary.

This fete was held in a fine park, whose numerous thick and sombre avenues, lighted by coloured lamps, which were hung to the trees in garlands, made charmthe park in every direction. These are crossed by narrow bridges covered with foliage; and these rivulets united only to lose themselves again in various basins, to which the circle of illuminated trees gave a fairyland aspect.

The light in the dancing-ground was so dazzling, that as you quitted the avenues lighted by coloured lamps, as you quitted the avenues igned by concared tamps, you seem to be startled, as it were, from a sleep. There were French people of all ranks, this being a public ball, but masked wit levels all ranks; and this evening terminated in giving to the majority a desire of meeting each other another and

each other another day.
Such is the scene, with its various groups and characters, that our artist has presented to the English

eye.

"JUDGE NOT."

By MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

Sconn not the Poet's wildest lay, But rather think your own eyes dim; The light of inspiration may
Seem faint to you, but bright to mix.

How can you tell but some great plan May in his high-wrought fancies lie, T benefit his fellow-man And teach him how to live-not dis.

Think your own judgment may be weak-Your heart not trained to comprehend The earnest truth which others seek, To make themselves the world's best friend.

Fing not your taunts upon the schemes Of those who labour for your good ; R ject not that which idle seems. Because by you not understood.

VISIT TO A WORKING MAN. By WILLIAM HOWITT.

We sometimes hear people affecting to doubt whether the working-classes are really benefited by all that has been attempted by education and other means. They point us to the police reports which abound with cases of the most disgusting brutality, and most absolute absence of everything like moral principle. They point us to the almost weekly details of murder and suicide. They point to the doors of the gin-palaces that in many crowded streets compose almost every other house. They draw the veil away from the domestic life of thousands draw the veil away from the domestic life of thousands of this class, and ask us if there can be anything more miscrable or more depressed? Wives abused, half-starved, and children neglected for the beer-shop and for scenes of lowest riot, are not wanting to support with evidence their position. They point, again, to the reading of those who do work, and ask us if that dreadful trash which is weekly devoured with the avidity of opium, that literature of murder, of crime, and of wildest extraveness he the end at which we simad in wildest extravagance, be the end at which we aimed in

educating the people?
We answer—No. We are not so sanguine as to suppose that the whole mass of human ignorance and degradation is to be leavened into a new condition at once. We expect no miracles, but the sure if somewhat tardy progress of improvement. We know what a vast Serbonian bog of ignorance has covered from age to age what has been called civilised nations. It is scarcely half a cen-tury ago since we set about in earnest by sunday schools, and then by mechanics' institutes and libraries to educate the people: and though we know what yet remains to be done, we see, and rejoice to see, that no little is done. We point, on our part, to schools and people's libraries in every town, to societies for mutual instruction, to lecture-rooms, and to public meetings, where the working-classes, of towns especially, congregate eagerly to listen to topica of science or general intelligence, and not unfrequently to speak and lecture, and ably too, on such matters themselves. We point to the cheap editions of our standard writers, which are now produced in abundance to satisfy the rapidly-growing demands of this class; and to the periodicals of a superior yet cheap kind which are widely circulated amongst them. What are the Temperance Societies that abound but evidences of a striking change amongst tens of thousands of this class? What are such men as Clare, Miller, of this class? What are such men as Care, miner, Cooper, Bamford, Thom, Prince, Carleton, and those who have taken a political turn, as George Thompson, Henry Vincent, William Lovett, and the like, but living evidences of the awaking of mind in these classes, and the promise of a brighter and more universally diffused day amongst them? What are the contributions, both in prose and verse, that are every day pouring in from men of this class upon editors of popular journals, but evidence, if it were wanted, how rapidly the spirit of the book is spreading amongst them? and though thousands of these are in the state of children, by whom every idea newly presented is imagined to be new, and is therefore eagerly thrown out again and communicated as a novelty; though they feel all the pleasure of a new discovery themselves, in those ideas and sentiments which to more practised minds are trite and common-place, and often therefore wish to be writing when they should still be inquiring,—all this will amend itself. It is mind still be inquiring,—all this will amend itself. It is mind that is at work, and will go on from man to man, awakening the dead, inspiriting the dull, animating the dejected, arming the powerful, and here and there touching alumbering genius with that electric wand which will call it at once to life and glory.

Yes, the great work is going on, of which we shall see the growth, and our children the completion; and

already into many a lowly dwelling not only is light but happiness come with it. Already to the hearth of many a poor man sobriety and intelligence have brought warmth and cleanliness, and gathered round the blaze faces that beam and hearts that beat with affectionate delight. Already during the long dark evenings of winter the cheap numbers and the cheap book are read, and the wife finds a new happiness in the presence of her husband and the knowledge that he brings with him. New worlds are opened, both of mind and heart, and she and her children live in their sunshine, though all without, and in the light of common life, is cold and dreary enough. Already over the lamp of intellectual inquiry, which gleams into the abstrusest cells of other men's and other countries thoughts, the pale student leans, who has for twelve or fourteen hours before wielded the hammer or the saw, or shaped the shoe, or tended the great machinery of some Titan factory. Let us take a specimen.

In one of my late visits to the manufacturing dis-

In one of my late visits to the manufacturing districts, I recollected the name and address of a young man who had forwarded a communication to Howitt's Journal. There was something in it which gave me an idea of a superior mind; and though it was late at night, I determined to sally forth and endeavour to see him. As I issued from my room, the clock of a neighbouring church struck eleven. I found that I had at least a mile to walk to his abode, but I still went on. It was a splendid night, and the full moon hung in the dark blue sky over the opposite end of the long straight and wide street along which I was directed to go. There was something peculiarly solemn and beautiful in the spectacle. The street was still, and the full moon scemed as with a sensible pleasure to light me on my way. At length, by the aid of individuals that were few and

At length, by the aid of individuals that were few and far between, I reached the quarter I sought, and the little court in which my unknown correspondent resided. A young woman standing at the entrance of the court, contemplating the glorious moon with as much satisfaction as I had done, directed me to the number of the house, and said, "but the door is now open, and Mr.

when I came up to it, there stood a very young man with a child in his arms, who was evidently astonished at the appearance there of a stranger at such an hour. I accosted him by his name, and his surprise augmented, but when I gave my own name it was changed for another sort of surprise. He at once made way, and requested me to walk in, apologising for his humble dwelling being at that moment hardly fitting for the reception of a stranger. It was indeed the small house of a workman, and occupied by himself and three little children, of whom he appeared to have the sole charge. He placed a chair for me, and dusted it with his apron; sate down with the least child on his knee, and expressed his great amazement and pleasure in seeing me there.

I had now full opportunity of surveying him, and found him a thin pale young ma,n whom I should not have imagined more than four or five and twenty, yet evidently the father of three children. He was the father of four, for he informed me that his wife was just confined, and that he was taking care of these three children while his mother was waiting upon her upstairs. Before the fire stood a small clothes'-horse well hung with baby-linen airing.

Between my young friend and myself stood a small round deal table, on which he and the children had evidently been having their frugal supper, but this had made way for a number of books, and I could not help expressing my wonder that he should attempt at once to nurse and read. But he assured me that he worked twelve hours a day, and was glad to pick up a little knowledge as he could. On this occasion he had to amuse the two elder children, nurse the youngest, and at the same time snatch now and then a glance at his

book. "But," said he, "poor things, I must do what I can at such a time to entertain them, as they have nobody else; but they will soon go to bed, and then I shall have a long and quiet time."

I asked him how he could study at night and do his work in the day; but he replied that he did not read late like many people; he was satisfied with twelve or one o'clock, and did not rise till five, to be at his workshop by six. He now began to send his children upstairs, and as I feared that he was dispatching them on my account, and to the danger of disturbing their mother, I begged him to let them remain. But he assured me that it was now their time, and their grandmother was ready for them; and so they disappeared, and we were left alone.

I now begged to be permitted to know what the book was he was reading, which appeared to be in the German character, and to be read by assistance of a little stout dictionary that lay upon it. He replied that it was Goethe's "Faust."

"So you read German, and Faust! Have you any German acquaintance? How do you get the pronunciation?"

"No!" he replied; "I know no German, and have only "German without a Master" for my guide, a Dictionary and a Grammar; and I get along as well as I can."

He assured me that he had already studied "Rousseau" in the same way, and had read a variety of French authors, some of which he brought out and showed me. He had, also, learnt something of Italian, and was thinking of Spanish. He evidently had well understood what he had read of Goethe, and appeared in raptures with it. He went and brought out this and some other works of the German poets; amongst them Uhland; and I noticed that they were all of the best and most expensive German editions. I could not avoid expressing my astonishment at his being able to purchase such books out of a workman's wages of little more than a pound a-week, and with a family to maintain. He smiled, and said that that was his only indulgence, and it cost, perhaps, less than was usually spent by men in his position in beer and tobacco at their ale-house rendezvous. I found that he was a teetotaller, a peace advocate, a zealous member of a people's library, and an official one of a society for mutual improvement. His opinions were all of the most progressive kind, yet based as is now-a-days only too rare on a solid foundation of religion. In fact, he appeared a perfect incar-nation of the best spirit and views of the present age. We talked on a variety of topics, and every minute only made me aware of the great amount of his reading in English literature. That did not now entirely content him, and therefore he was zealously engaged in opening up a channel to the knowledge of the literature of the continent. And this was a mechanic, working twelve and often fourteen hours a-day. A youth of some five-and-twenty, with something better than a pound a-week, and a family, including himself, of six persons!

I drew to the table, and gave him a good lesson in German pronunciation; all else he could gather himself; and then we talked of the movements of the age, and of poetry. Like every other reader of the working classes, almost without exception, he, too, was a poet, or had written verses, and he brought forth some of them unreservedly for my opinion. They were songs for the people, and full of the spirit of the time, and of the justest sentiment, but wanted more closely welding on the poetic anvil. Many of them describe the sufferings of the labouring poor, as these stanzas from—

THE SONG OF THE PEASANT LABOURER.

Soon as the sun is in the sky,
I rise to toil and plod;
And labour till he sets again,
In turning of the sod.

My life is one long working-day, No hope nor rest have I; O God! it were a happy thing If such thy will—to die!

Are we not men?---Have we not souls?
One God created all!
Then why should wealth hold poverty
In unprotected thrall?
All have their woes; but we, alas!
More than our share endure;
One crime is ours---a great one here--The crime of being poor!

Soon as the sun is in the sky, I rise, to toil and plod;
And labour till he sets again,
In turning of the sod.
My life is one long working-day,
No hope nor rest have I;
O God! it were a happy thing
If such thy will—to die!

But, spite of the pressure that lies on the poor, he sees beyond this; and the shadows of coming events inspire another song:—

THE SONG OF THE HOPEFUL.

Come brother! come unfold thy heart;
The hopes, the feelings of thy mind;
Reveal the yearnings of thy soul,
For th' future welfare of mankind.
Dost thou not see the seed is sown,
From which will spring a mighty tree,
Whose branches spreading o'er the world,
Will bear the fruit—Fraternity!

Dost thou not see oppression cease; See lordly wealth and pride decay; See all the ills which blacken earth, The histories of a by-gone day? Dost thou not see the toiler rise From degradation, want, and woe; His ruddy cheek, and sparkling eyes, Content, and Peace, and Plenty show?

Dost thou not see fair woman take
Her just equality with man;
And labour with him, to fulfil
The Almighty's love-uniting plan?
Dost thou not see the flower-clad earth
By happy, healthy children trod,
Whose simple innocence reveals
Their nearness to their Saviour-God?

Dost thou not see the slave redeemed,
Firm and erect a freeman tread;
The brand removed, with power to earn
By labour free his daily bread!
Dost thou not see the demon, War,
Grow impotent, and old, and weak;
And vainly strive on happy man,
His burning, pent-up wrath to wreak!----

I see it all, but as a dream,
To be fulfilled some future hour;
But, oh! my brother! 'tis a dream
Which sways my soul with wond'rous power.
I see the future rainbow-hued,
And angel-winged, and trumpet-tongued;
I see the blest and teeming earth
With happy, happy people thronged.

Oh, God! I see, I feel, I know
The human mind will soar and soar,
Till Envy, Hate, and Malice cease,
And dark oppression be no more.
Then come, my brother, raise thy voice;
Come, heart and soul rejoice with me,
There yet will be a day for earth,
And for carth's sons a Jubilee!

Such was my visit to a working man; such is his poetry, just as written down for me, during the night, and brought to me by him while dressing at my inn in the morning. Has knowledge done nothing with this interesting class of our fellow-men? Will it do nothing when young souls like this, after twelve hours' mechanic labour, sit down with children at their knees, and pore over the poets and sages of the earth, and burst through the barriers of foreign tongues to come at their wisdom? Is nothing done, when we have no longer occasion to seek the halls of princes, or those of wealthy men of any kind, to enjoy discourse of all that is good and great, and glorious, in human intellect and human life, but may sit down with the pale young chairmaker, and read Goethe and Uhland, and talk of all that shall spring for the happiness of man from the dark bosom of posterity?

Go on, brave men, that teach, and braver ones that learn, till such scenes and such visits shall be every day things of life; when knowledge and virtue shall dwell in the lowliest huts, and crime and ignorance shall be

the exception and the wonder.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By FREDERIC ROWTON,

Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital
Punishment.

No. II.

Is the infliction of Death, as a Punishment, necessary?

In the present chapter, I propose to inquire into the plea, that Capital Punishments are necessary to restrain men from crime. It is impossible to do without the gallows, say its defenders. Let us see.

gallows, say its defenders. Let us see.

Before it can be proved that the infliction of death is necessary in restraining men from the commission of crime, it must be shown that other punishments have been tried, and have failed. It is evident that if imprisonment, for instance, were found as efficient as death in checking the crime of murder, death could not be justified on the score of necessity. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the supporters of capital punishment, to show us that milder inflictions have been tried without success, and all that he is absolutely forced to adopt "this last alternative of life and death," because no other penalty is found sufficient.

Well, is the defender of death by the law in this position? Can he point us to his experiments on the subject? Can he say that he has tried milder means, and found them unavailing? Is he prepared to show, that when a secondary punishment has been substituted for the capital penalty, an increase of crime has been the lamentable result? No; he can not show us this. He has received the theory of capital punishment from his forefathers, who received it from theirs: he has adopted a barbarous tradition, without inquiring into its worth; and now, when a change is proposed, he has the consummate coolness to urge against us the commonest—and the shallowest—of all arguments against reform,—the example of antiquity!

I submit, then, that as the necessity of hanging for murder has not been proved, we have a perfect right to deny it. It exists only in idea; and until experience confirms it (which is likely to be a long time first), we are as much at liberty to reject the assumption, as those persons were who forty years ago questioned the "necessity" of hanging for theft from a shop to the amount of forty shillings.

When we think of the iniquities and follies which have

in various ages been perpetrated under a mistaken idea of their necessity, we shall pause, I fancy, before we admit the plea. In the seventeenth century it was thought necessary to inflict death on persons found guilty of witchcraft; and between the years 1600 and 1700, nearly sixty thousand individuals were executed for this offence! It was thought necessary in Henry the Eighth's time to put all robbers to death; and seventy-two thousand thieves were hanged in that honest monarch's reign, the crime steadily increasing all the while! In the "Jubilee" reign of George the Third, it was thought necessary to hang for no fewer than two hundred different offences, among which were sheepstealing, sacrilege, forgery, coining, horsestealing, breaking down the head of a fishpond, horse poisoning, letter stealing, returning from transportation, piracy, and other crimes even less heinous; for all of which the capital penalty has since been deemed unnecessary. Whilst the unlucky records of these facts exist, men must mind how they plead "necessity." The awful and ridiculous mistakes which have been made under the delusion that the perpetration of them was necessary, will ever be a fatal bar to the success of the plea. Necessity is, indeed, no word for man to use at all. He is the subject of necessity, not its arbiter.

is the subject of necessity, not its arbiter.

And yet this plea of the necessity of death as a state punishment has been too universally and too strongly believed in to be disposed of thus summarily. However erroneous in its present application, I cannot doubt that there is some sort of truth, or some perverted truth, at the root of it. We will, therefore, analyse it a little.

I imagine, then, that it has its origin in the firm belief in the mind of its advocate, that the infliction of death operates as a motive to restrain the criminal who is threatened with it; and as this belief prevails very widely, I will examine it both by the light of reason and the records of experience.

It is supposed, I say, that the threat of death operating upon men's fears, restrains them from committing the crimes for which it is enforced. Now, what is the ground on which this supposition is based? Why this that death being man's greatest dread, the fear of it is the greatest restraint that can be wielded over him. This theory I hold to be false, for two reasons:—First, Because by a merciful arrangement of Providence, the fear of death is naturally unrealisable by man; and secondly,—Because the very nature of the penalty renders its infliction uncertain, and offers the offender more chances of escape than of conviction. We will examine these ideas somewhat closely.

1. This fear, or dread, of death;—what is it? Is it a principle which, acting specifically on our nature, positively restrains men from following such courses as will lead to death? Or is it not rather a vague, ungraspable, unrealizable horror, purposely kept by Eternal Benevolence in the background of life, and suffered not to approach too near the mental sight, lest it should bewilder and madden the frighted soul? If it is the first,—if it acts so as to preserve men from incurring death, whence come soldiers, suicides, ducllists, and sportsmen? The dread of death keeps not back the millions who follow the trade of war, or who pursue the excitements of the chase. What is it, then? Clearly not a restraint. Nay, it seems an excitement, rather. Recruits are most readily found when war is most destructive; when there is greatest peril, there are most huntsmen in the chase. The fear of death! Why, it was not strong enough to restrain the pure Adam from sin, though the Almighty himself was the threatener! How, then, can we expect it to hold back from crime the fallen, weak, degraded creature that now represents humanity?

Were the fear of death realisable by men, situations of

Were the fear of death realisable by men, situations of hazard would lack applicants to fill them, and posts of danger would remain unoccupied. But we find the reverse of this to be the fact. Miners, sailors, engine-

drivers, needle-makers, white-lead labourers, are always to be had in abundance; and there have always (as yet) been quite as many soldiers as have been wanted. Nor is this the only evidence we have of man's fearlessness or carelessness of death. The drunkard, the sensualist, the overworking man of business, the toiling student, the eare-worn statesman, and the attenuated artizan, are clear and striking proofs, either that the fear of death is not felt by them at all, or that it is so vague and feeble as not in the least to restrain them from following their various courses. It is not too much to say that every man alive pursues some practice which he knows will tend to shorten his life; and yet the practice is steadily persisted in. There is something in man that disdains to be terrified; and the more he is threatened, the more he despises the threat. With this courage, too, comes incredulity. He not only despises the threat, but disbelieves in it. He not only despises the threat, but disbelieves in it. He not only ill nover come. The words of the Tempter to Eve are repeated in his ears; a subtle voice whispers to him—"Thou shalt not surely die."

And, if this be the case, as it undoubtedly is, with those to whom life is a pleasure, how much less will death be feared by the hardened, deadened, insensible malefactor, to whom existence has become a burden, in consequence of his crimes! You who hold out the threat of the gallows to the would-be murderer, tell me what sort of being it is to whom you speak it! Is it not to a miserable, despairing, heart-seared, brain-tor-tured wretch, who having outlived the esteem, the love, and the goodwill of his fellows; having poisoned every spring of happiness by crime; looks towards death as his only rest and refuge? Can you not see in the very fact that he seeks to destroy the existence of another, a proof, as clear as day, that he has become utterly reckless of his own? Turn to your list of murderers! Is not the murderer's character a stereotype? Neglected or depraved in childhood; not taught or ill-taught; corrupted by evil example, or suffered to run wild, till the soul is thoroughly deformed; goaded by wretchedness into crime (small at first, but increasing with temptation); thrown for punishment into the company of spirits more abandoned than himself, so that he quits the scene of "correction" far more depraved than when he entered it; forced by loss of character to the adoption of violent courses; and at last hurried by the pressure of want, the force of passion, the thirst for revenge, or the frenzied faculty of imitation, to the contemplation of murder itself—is not this, I ask, the portrait of the generality of murderers?

And is this the man, think you, that is likely to be restrained by the fear of death? Is this the man who when his hand (which has "touched and tasted and handled death daily") is raised to strike his victim, will be deterred by the threat of the gallows?—Miserable delusion! No! It will incite him rather to perpetrate the deed; for it will hold out to his tormented and racking thoughts the rest and quiet of the grave—the end of all others he must most desire.

Thus, then, we see that the fear of death is not a restraining fear to any man, and that it restrains the murderer least of all; we see that men will face it for hire, for amusement, for excitement; we find that some actually seek it—I speak of suicides and duellists; we read that even of those condemned to suffer the penalty, nearly all attempt suicide.

" Mortisque timorem Morte fugit...."

and therefore we naturally conclude that those to whom life has become a burden, and before whose sight

• See "Sampson's Criminal Jurisprudence," wherein it is shown that the proportion of murderers who commit or attempt suicide is no less than sixty per cent! it has been continually destroyed, will either despise it altogether, and make it a jest or a scorn—or desire it as the termination of their misery.

2. We have so far been presuming that the infliction of the punishment is certain—that when you threaten death to a culprit you mean to leave no chance open to him of escaping from the sentence. But the infliction of death for murder is the most uncertain of punishments. It is so in the nature of things, and it is so in fact. In the first place, murder is mostly a secret deed: only two
persons know it—the culprit and the victim. Detection, therefore, is unlikely; and doubly so to the mind of the malefactor, which is always sanguine in its hopes of impunity. Secondly, the murderer knows that there exists a great dislike to the taking away of human life, and he calculates on this. And thirdly, he sees that even when men are convicted of capital crimes, the execution of the sentence is a mere matter of chance. It is astonishing how uncertain the infliction of death in capital cases is ! A statistical document, published in 1788, actually takes credit on this account. It says—"When people think it a shocking circumstance that eighty-seven persons are executed in one year, they should also consider that this is eighty-seven out of two thousand and seven. The number then will not appear to be so great; and it will appear still less if we consider that of those sentenced to die, two-thirds are in general pardoned, or their sentence changed to transportation." Coming to more recent Coming to more recent times, I see by a parliamentary paper (No. 48, Session 1841), that during the twenty years ending 1840, 1380 murders were committed; that only 380 convictions took place; and that only 247 persons suffered execution. From a multitude of papers on the subject I select the following facts. In the three years ending 1842, 214 persons were sentenced to death, and only 28 were hanged; in the three years ending 1845, 203 were condemned to die, and only 41 suffered; in the seven years ending 1881, 9316 were sentenced to death, and only 410 hanged. And in Mr. Redgrave's Criminal Tables for 1846, I find that 49 persons were condemned to die, only 12 of whom were killed. Turn where we will in our criminal records, we find it evident that where death has been the penalty, there has always been a far greater chance of escape than of conviction. And thus the punishment of death defeats its own intention; for in its very severity lies the criminal's best chance of impunity.

We should bear in mind, too, that not only does the criminal go unpunished altogether, in many cases, but society suffers the evil of having these acquitted culprits let loose upon it. Juries only convict in a small proportion where the sentence will be capital; and thus many are acquitted, who, were the punishment a different one, would be found guilty. It was shown by Lord Suffield in the House of Lords in 1834, that the proportion which convictions bore to committals, for crimes which had ceased to be capital, was 72 per cent; while for crimes remaining capital it was only 47 per cent. In Mr. Redgrave's Criminal Table for 1844, that gentleman says-" In all the most serious offences, where the penalty is great, the chance of acquittal is increased."
And in a table compiled by Mr. Wrightson, and quoted by Mr. Ewart in the House of Commons, May 1841, it is shown-First, that Juries uniformly convict in a far shown—First, that Juries uniformly convict in a far larger proportion where the sentence is not capital; Secondly, that on a mitigation of capital laws the proportion of convictions always increases; and thirdly, that had the convictions for certain crimes which are named, during thirty years, been in the same proportion before as after the mitigations, 4096 persons who were let loose upon society because Juries did not like to kill them, would have been found quilty and would have been found guilty and to kill them, punished.

I think enough has now been said to show how faulty

and foolish is that theory of punishment which holds out the uncertain infliction of an unrealisable penalty as a motive to restrain men from crime.

(To be continued.)

CITIES AND CITIZENS ABROAD.

BY THE REV. HERRY DAVIS.

I .- MADRID AND THE MADRILENOS.

"En ninguna parte estaba,
Un hombre mas encubierto
Que descubierto en Madrid:
Pues en su pielago inmenso
Nadie es conocido, y mas
Un hombre tan forastero
Que aun es huesped en su patria."
CALDERON.

TRULY hath Calderon employed a poet's licence and outdone the usual strains of Spanish magniloquence, in thus enlarging on the Castilian metropolis; for after all, notwithstanding its fame in foreign countries, Madrid is really entitled to no higher title than that which legally it holds of villa muy heroica,—standing, as it does, on less space than Dublin or Manchester, and not exceeding either in population. Neither does antiquity lend its aid to give an interest to Madrid, as it does to Cordova, Toledo and Zaragozsa. In the golden age of Moorish ascendency, it had no existence, and even in the palmy days of Ferdinand and Isabella, it was little better than a miserable hamlet in the midst of a dreary desert. The untravelled reader of Spanish novels and plays, is undoubtedly led to picture Madrid as the charmed home of love and beauty—true city de las decharmed nome of love and beauty—the city at the state of licias; but let him actually visit the Peninsula, cross the Somo Sierra, and draw nigh the site of such pleasing anticipations; presto his dream is dissipated. On every side extends round it a dreary, rugged, exposed country, more resembling the environs of some city of the dead, than of the far-famed metropolis of Spain. The country round, elevated five thousand feet from the sca, and cooled in temperature by its elevation, is little better than a barren, stony wilderness; the trees, that may once have grown here, have been mercilessly felled and removed by the people, who seem to detest forest-timber; that greatest of embellishments to rural scenery.1 Attempts at agriculture are very rare, and where seen, most wretched; houses, even cottages, are thinly scattered; and within a dozen leagues of the capital on the great roads from Toledo and Zaragozse, it would be difficult, setting aside Alcalá and Aranjuez, to reckon more than six or eight considerable villages. And how can it he otherwise? The soil, on the plateau of Castille is for the most part of a nature requiring far more manual improvement than is consistent with the dolce far niente of a Spanish farmer; and besides, were his industry and desire for improvement as great as now is his aversion for agricultural toil, every motive is destroyed by the insecurity and bad tenure of landed property, which yields in the best years, little or no reward to the actual cultivators. Hence the whole country about Madrid, however well it might be fitted

⁽¹⁾ The reason commonly assigned for the senseless practice of destroying timber, and discouraging planting is, that the rural population imagine them to increase the number of birds and vermin, that eat up their corn. This dislike to trees actually made it necessary some years ago, to use rigorous measures for preserving the groves of Aranjues from wanton destruction.

for its former employment as a royal chase (for such it was, in the reign of Henry III.), is eminently unfitted for the site of a great capital; situated, as it is, far from the best market-supplies, at a long distance from the sea, and on a stream wholly unnavigable, and so insignificant, as to make its truly handsome bridges an object of national ridicule. But what better taste could have been expected of that narrow-minded bigot, monkmonarch Philip II., the modern Tiberius, who reared the vast *Becural la octava maravilla* of the Spaniards in the midst of a dreary mountain-wilderness, of whose climate the people say, En invierno yiela, en verano climate the people say, En invierno yiela, en verano

quema i

The best external aspect of Madrid is unquestionably from the shady, well-wooded road along the Manza-nares; and really, in spring, when this changeable river, ("duke of streamlets," and 'lord of streams," so they term it,) is full, the royal palace, with its terraces and gardens, the large conventual buildings northwards, and the noble bridge of Segovia, one of the best works in the reign of Philip II., have a very picturesque appearance, not a little heightened by the moving to and fro of the market-people with their mules and carts, and the intermingling of a busy population of laundresses pursuing their calling on the river's banks, and in its stream. The stranger, however, in most cases makes his entrance on the opposite side by the Puerta de Alcala, a Grecian structure of five arches, about seventy feet high, and ornamented with handsome Ionic columns; by far the finest gate of Madrid, and having unquestionably an imposing effect. This entrance, indeed, may be considered the Piccadilly of the Spanish capital, but with this material difference, that in approaching London, nine miles of suburbs, thickly populated and continuous suburbs, must be passed, ere the gates be reached; whereas in Madrid, an uninteresting, rocky desert is at once exchanged for an agreeable, well-populated city.

About a mile and-a-half from the gate, one first catches a view of the capital with its towers and steeples peer-ing above the surrounding waste; and this view is by no means the least interesting of the still distant city. As we approach, fine trees line the descent to the gates of Alcala; and this once passed, we are in the finest quarter of Madrid. Before us is the noble fountain of Cybele, one only of about a dozen that embellish this quarter; to the left run the well-planted vistas of the Prado, the Hyde Park of Madrid, and the favoured scene of action in many a Spanish play and novel: on the right, stretches the long, shady avenue of the Recoletos, lined with houses, and somewhat reminding us of some of the fauxbourgs of Paris; and now we enter the street of Alcala, the Regent Street of the city, and scarcely inferior to that of London, in general appearance,—quite as wide, lined with handsome hotels and public buildings, provided with trottoirs, and, within the last year or two, lighted with gas. But, oh, how different from our Regent Street! What curious unrelieved contrasts does the Calle de Alcala present! The gorgeous palace, and the mere wretched stall or wineahop lie amicably together, cheek by jowl, as if the former wanted the latter for a foil. The door-ways of the largest and best houses are occupied by alfresco shop-keepers, who make no secret of their whereabout; vagrants in abundance pace the streets, some selling, some strumming, some begging, all ragged and squalid and in this road may be seen a goodly miscellany of vehicles, from the modern English-built britchka, to the lumbering galera (the Spanish diligence), and the hired calesa, or tartana; while here and there may be seen a showy dandy mounted on an equally showy little steed, queerly contrasting with the butchers, bakers, and country-people on their rough mules, or sorry jades of horses. Well, after a ride of more than half a mile, over a sharp-pitched, jolting pavement, we now enter the

Puerta del Sol, once a gate of Madrid, but, since the time of Charles III. who enlarged the eastern quarters, become the very centre of the city. This is a con-siderable open space, embellished with a large central siderable open space, embelliahed with a large central fountain in the paltry rococo taste of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and it may not inaptly be termed the Charing-cross, the aorta of Madrid; since out of it issue all its leading thoroughfares, and it is the great centre, besides, of all the business of the metropolis, the site of the Postoffice and Bolsa, not far from the palace, and government-offices, in fact, concentrating in itself the court and city interests of the town. Hither resorts, at different times and for varied purposes, nearly every section of Madrid's harlequin population; here, or in the numerous cases, hard by, may be seen the jealous, intriguing grandee, the busy, self-sufficient member of the Cortes, now no unimportant pillar of the state, the smile courting hanger-on of the government, the lazy cigar-smoking officer, the speculative merchant or broker, and the prying journalist ready to catch every rumour, however false or ridiculous, wherewith to swell his broad-sheet of nonsense; while lolling, lottering about, are motley groups of the lower orders, here a Gallician aguador, with his vocal chaunt, Agua, agua, quien quiera, (water, water, who wants water?) there is a lazy, dirty Asturian servant, as great a rogue as any in Madrid; elsewhere, market people, and hawkers jabbering a vile patois. Indeed, so necessary is this lounge considered to the daily routine of life, that for a gentleman not to be seen here in the earlier part of the day talking over the news of the coteries, or the scandal of the tentulias, not to visit the Café Nuevo, the Café Veneria, or its other lounges, not to sip the chocolate, trifle over an ice, smoke a few cigars, and read the many papers of every hue of politics that now deluge Madrid, is to argue one's self unknown, and out of fashion.

Madrid has several squares, in some of which are fountains yielding a hard, brackish unwholesome water; but, besides the great court fronting the palace, there are only two requiring any particular notice. The Plaza mayor, connected with the Puerta del Sol by the Calle Mayor, for instance, is a pretty large oblong paved cane mayor, or instance, and the same as a space surrounded by tolerably uniform houses; but it has a heavy, ungainly aspect from its utter destitution of architectural decoration only relieved a little here and there with pretty green sun-blinds, the almost invariable ornament of Madrilenian windows. Here were once ornament of Mauriteman windows.

held the sanguinary autos-da-fe, horrible reminiscence of the now abolished Inquisition; and here, too, we believe, were celebrated the gaudy bull-fights, till they had built the Bull-ring outside the gate Alcala; it is now one of the chief market-places of Madrid, presenting a clumsy collection of wooden booths, that wouldn't be any credit to a fifth-rate English town, and a set of sales-people as cheating and bullying as are to be found in all Spain: indeed we don't recollect to have seen a single Spanish market worse contrived and worse managed than that of Madrid; no credit this to the municipality of the Spanish capital. The other principal square is the Plazuela de Cebada, formerly the place of public execution, in which many a wretched criminal has met the strong embrace of the garote; but it has now for some years been, like the Place du Carrousel in Paris, the place of rendezvous for the municipal troops of this excitable city, in which till very recently émeutes of more or less magnitude have been matters of almost monthly occurrence. This, as well as that last-mentioned, is the seat of considerable market business; and the stranger, who desires to know the people as well as the place, cannot choose a better spot for observing tle peculiar habits of the immigrant people and if that lower class who claim the honourable distinction of manolos and manolas in Madrid.

On the north and eastern sides of the city are respectable and well-kept streets, lined with good houses, churches and hospitals. Long dead walls give to some of them a melancholy aspect, and some are inconveniently nar-row; but within the last six years vigorous measures have been taken towards street improvements. At least twenty ugly lumbering convents have been pulled down and replaced by respectable rows of houses, squares, and market-places; the streets are better lighted, and measures have been taken to provide a more regular and abundant supply of that greatest of necessaries—good water. Would that similar measures were taken to make a general sewerage; but, alas! even to the present hour, we believe, Madrid is infested with its nasty carros de Suciedad y aguas sucias (Angl.: night carts), casting their intolerable odour, enough to breed a pes-tilence. Madrid, too, has its old-fashioned quarters abounding, like the Marais and Quartier Latin of Paris, with old, comfortless, shabby houses, with small windows and gloomy doorways, leading to a host of apartments tenanted by different families,—and as for the Barrieros bajos—the back-slums or St. Giles's of the city, the houses are mere mud hovels, and the streets or lanes all but unapproachable from filth,—no unfit receptacles for its squalid, vicious inhabitants, who, as respects every bad quality, are infinitely worse than the *lazzaroni* of Naples.

Among the public buildings of Roman Catholic cities, the churches are in general the handsomest and most conspicuous,—certainly the most numerous. In travelling through Spain, too, one has a certain prestige of architectural beauty as connected with religious edifices; and this only increases the disappointment in Madrid, which, with its sixty-seven parish churches, has scarcely half-a-dozen that deserve a second inspection,—curious fact enough connected with the capital of a country, some of whose church monuments—Toledo, Burgos, and Zaragozsa, for instance—are more gorgeous even than the choicest works in Normandy. The simple reason is,—that Madrid was built at a time when the fine grandiose styles of Gothic and Moorish architecture had fallen into desuetude;—the modern style of church building which Michael Angelo, Bramante, and Bernini, in Italy, and Wren, in England, made to vie with—

"The long drawn aisles and windows dight, Casting a dim, religious light"

of the Gothic churches has never been prosperous in Spain; and thus the capital can boast of few religious edifices, -whatever their internal sumptuousness, -that have any claims on the admiration of architects. The church of San Isidro-the finest in Madrid, and, as it may be termed, its court-church, for the metropolis has no cathedral—is a lofty, well-proportioned building, with a high altar of gigantic dimensions and considerable beauty, though much inferior, it must be confessed, to the splendid shrines at Toledo and Seville. The chapel attached to the great Franciscan conventnow, we believe, formed into a great hospicio—has, likewise, a fine, though somewhat heavy front, as well as good interior ornaments; and the church of the Visitation-if not in the best possible taste-is gorgeous in the extreme, with its ever-varying monuments and decorations. In former days Madrid had nearly a hundred convents; but nearly all of these receptacles for listless idlers and vicious hypocrites have been swept away by the decrees of 1835 and 1837. Hence, we now see but little of that monkish appearance which a few years ago characterized its streets; and many of these gloomy buildings have been pulled down. The inmates of the monasteries, thus turned upon the world with a paltry pension, that in most cases has been very

irregularly paid, have either joined the armies of the disaffected, or become a portion of that mendicant population, which their riches once supported :--many, too, have emigrated. That the decree of abolition was too peremptory, too sudden a measure, not only as respects harshness to the monks, a body of men whose vocation precluded their usefulness in secular employments, but also from its tendency to induce an utter destitution of religious feeling in the nation at large,cannot be denied; but still the advantages flowing out of a decree that swept away nearly two thousand convents, and at one blow annihilated the long-abused power of thirty thousand regular clergy,—to say nothing of one hundred and forty-five thousand monks and nuns,—are far greater than any of the attendant inconveniences, and are already made apparent by the altered state of society in Madrid. The iniquities and impurities encouraged,—the villainies practised by the regular clergy and mendicant friars, have often been used to 'point a moral or adorn a tale;' but no account that we have yet seen, however highly coloured, has in any material point exaggerated the enormities of the system. But much as the wings of these priestly vultures have been clipped, their power is not wholly annihilated. Several hundreds of the parochial clergy yet remain, and must remain, if Christianity is not to be wholly banished from the peninsula. The female sec-tion of the population are still as devoted as ever to the religion of their ancestors, and over these the griping influence of cowl and cassock has unbounded sway; nor can we hope for much moral liberty till time shall have substituted for the present herd of meddling padres, an improved race of well-educated pious parish priests.

Madrid had formerly two royal palaces; but the Buen-retiro, which formerly stood on the prado east of the town, and was the favourite residence of the Austrian kings, was pulled down by the Bourbons, and at length demolished by the French during their occupation in the Peninsular war. The present palace, which, with its gardens, may cover about eighty acres, closely over-hangs the Manzanares, and occupies the site of an older building erected by the founder of Madrid, and which (fortunately for classical taste) was, in 1734, destroyed by fire. Its appearance is not unlike that of the Caserta palace, near Naples;—it has four fronts of light grey limestone, and of most imposing appearance. as well from their length as height; from the city-side a large open court and noble flight of marble steps form an appropriate approach, while towards the river an extensive terrace and garden commands that beautiful suburban palace—the Casa del Campo, that region of green trees and refreshing waters well styled the Florida,—and, in short, the whole country west and north-west of Madrid, bounded by the mountains in the extreme distance. A detailed description of the palace is out of the question; - enough is it to say, that if it will not bear comparison with Windsor, Versailles, or the Tuilcries, it is at any rate a right royal mansion. The throne-room has some fine frescoes by Tiepolo; an apotheosis of Hercules, by Mengs, covers the ceiling of the audience-chamber, and the works of the same artist adorn the great banquet-hall. The walls, too, of many of the rooms are lined with Spain's finest and most richly-variegated marbles, or else hung with choice specimens of the true Gobelin tapestry; besides which they comprise some splendid cheft desure of every school of European painters. Many of the pictures, however, that once called for the encomium of Townsend, Swinburne, and other gone-by travellers, have within the last dozen years been removed to the picture gallery, near the Prado. The Royal armoury is not only extensive, but curious, and has the reputeknow not how justly—of being the most original and interesting collection in Europe. Here may we see the arms of Boabdil the unfor unate, the cruel Alba, the

enterprising Cortes, the monk-monarch Charles V., and a host of other worthies with pikes, petrels, arquebuses, casques, and coats of armour, that might illustrate the national history from the expulsion of the Goths to the final struggle which abolished Mahomedaniam and set up the Inquisition.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE SCENES; OR, SAILORING "OUT SOUTH."

BY PRANKLIN POX.

No. I.

"LAND on the lee-bow," cried one of the crew of a small brig, that on the afternoon of a fine sunny day in August, 1844, had just arrived within sight of the low land of the coast of Georgia.

"Aye, aye," replied the captain of the vessel, an ill-favoured undersized individual (of that description which the Americans call mean-looking) who was walk-

ing up and down the deck.
"That's it at last! Give me my glass, steward," exclaimed he, calling down the companion-way. The telescope was passed up, and taking it in his hand, he proceeded aloft, whence, after a few minutes spent in ascertaining that he had made the land in the place

ascertaining that he had made the land in the place where he wished, he called out to the man at the helm, "Keep her off, Lawrence,"

"Keep her off, it is, sir," replied Lawrence, a fine-looking young fellow of about eighteen,—to introduce whom to my readers I have thus plunged into the midst of the evolutions of the brig Virginia, consequent upon her making the land at the entrance of the Darien river, whither she was bound for a cargo of lumber.

With my hero's previous history we have little to do: suffice it to say that he was born in England, where he had lived till he was fourteen years of age with his friends, who were very well to do in the world, and with whom he might have remained in comfort had he not been impelled in the first instance by a love of adventure (which had now almost grown into recklessness) to go to sea; and secondly, by a determination, when he hod seen a little of it, to learn something of the actual life of a foremast-man by becoming one himself, and sharing in their toil. Actuated by these feelings—and, at the same time my story opens, pretty well seasoned to hard work by a couple of years' experience in his new character, he had, about six weeks previously, joined the brig Virginia in New York, whence she proceeded to the West Indies, and having discharged her cargo, her destination, (which had until then been uncargo, her destination, (which had until then been uncertain,) was announced by the captain. Harry, as well as the rest of the crew, were unpleasantly astonished at hearing they were to go to Darien River; and those who knew what the miseries attendant upon Lumber Droghing in a summer in the South were, had more of this feeling than the rest. Now our hero knew less about the matter than any of the others, and it was some time before his notions of Lumber rooms and old furniture were dispelled by the talk of the crew about "pitch pine sticks," light lumber, &c. At length, by listening to their conversation, he began to have a more correct idea of the difference between the English and American acceptation of the word, and had made up his mind to any sort of hard work he might come across.

The Virginia, to whom I must now call my reader's attention, fell off before the wind till the land in

sight was right ahead, becoming more and more distinctly visible as the distance decreased. The crew were soon able to make out another point of land besides the one first seen: and after a little while, the form of an open bay-like inlet was discernible, along the low shores of which, on either side, little clusters of trees were scattered here and there. Entering this inlet, the brig kept on her way till she arrived opposite a lighthouse built on the left shore, and then her head was put towards a small river flowing into the inlet, up which she sailed. Harry Lawrence had never been "out south," and looked with interest at the scenery around. The little river wound its way for miles, with sedgy marsh and muddy swamp on either side for banks, and here and there unwholesome oyster-beds, looking like water tondstools, stuck their heads up through the mud. There was nothing pleasant to look upon in sight except in the far distance, where a clump of trees, looking golden green in the bright sunlight, covered a considerable space of what appeared to be one of the banks. Tediously and slowly the Virginia, following the windings of the river, approached towards this oasis of the swampy waste, and after at length passing a place where another stream joined this one, proclaiming by its course the cultivated spot to be an island, she arrived abreast of it and anchored. She had reached her destination, and our hero and the crew gazing round them from aloft, where they were furling the sails, took a good view of the scene before them. The left bank of the river opposite the vessel was covered with luxurious vegetation, through which at intervals the tops of little huts peeped modestly up, their old wood colour contrasting with the green around, making it seem still fresher; and higher up the bank some half-amile, an old dilapidated sawmill reared its head above the trees—broken down now—a relic telling that the island had once seen better days. Altogether Doboy Island, as it was called, was a pretty-looking place, and gained much by comparison with the rank swamp of the opposite bank. There were several piers running out from the island; or at least the piles and remains of several, for there had been once a regular line of traders veral, for there had been once a regular line of traders between New York and Doboy. Now but one was in use, and that was kept in good repair by some slaves, who were part of the property of the owner of the plantation at Doboy, which formed a part of his estate, and where he frequently resided. The day after the brig's arrival, she was ready to receive timber, and the crew were all on deck looking out for the rafts which were every minute expected down the river.

"Ah," exclaimed one of the crew, at length, "here they come at last! we shan't be long without something

"Where are they?" said Harry, quite interested in

their appearance. "Can't you see!" said the other, pointing to the end of one of the rafts, which was just coming sideways into sight as it cleared a small promontory formed by the banks of the winding river a little higher up.

"Look at it now, coming round that point like a crab

going to war!"
"I see. Oh, that's the raft, is it!" said Harry, as the object of their attention rounded the point, bringing the whole of its proportions to view. It was composed of about fifty pieces of timber varying in length from fifty to a hundred feet, and from one to two feet square in size. There were three or four men, sun-browned and weather-beaten, on the raft, with no covering to shelter them from the sun's burning rays, which they hardly seemed to care for, as they worked the three immense oars, made of trees roughly hewn into shape, by which the raft was steered and kept in mid-channel of the river. The tide swept them down fast; they were soon close upon the brig, when one of the men, taking a rope with him, jumped into a little cance that was tow-

ing with the rafts, paddled ashore and tied one end to a pile. "All fast," shouted he.
"Aye, aye," replied the head raftsman, turning to the men (who distinguished their cars by the names they had borne when trees); "we're too near this side —we shall be aground!" he exclaimed,—"Slack the line. Pull, Hickory. Swing back on, Hickory. Hard again! That's it, my lads,"—and the raft, obeying the impulse given by the men, who at their captain's voice had dropped the line they were about to haul on and flown to Hickory (the right hand oar)—moved more into the middle of the stream. In a few seconds it was nearly abreast of a little sort of dock that was formed between two of the old piers.

between two of the old piers.

"Easy, Hickory!" cried the raftsman, working at the steering oar vigorously. "Clap on, Ash (the left-hand oar). Fall back once—So! That'll do. Now,—snub her!" screamed he, as the raft came fairly oppo-

site the little harbour.
"Snub her, it is," cried the rest, running from the oars. A turn was taken, with the rope fast on shore, round a cross-piece running athwart the raft, and they "held on" to it with all their might. The rope tightened and cracked as the ponderous raft stemmed the sweeping tide. The strain was heavy, but the line was good, and held fast, until the raft swinging in shore was safely moored in the little dock I spoke of.
"That's well managed," remarked Harry, who had

been an interested observer of these proceedings.

"Yes,—they're kinder smart these raftsmen; they know a thing or two;—but see, here's two more coming."

So there were sure enough; pretty nearly enough to load the brig altogether; so the next raft was secured with the first one, and the last that arrived moored under the brig's bows all ready to go to work upon. The bow ports were knocked out. Purchases rove from the foretopmast-head and bowsprit-end, and everything was

"Now Lawrence," said the captain, "You're the youngest, and ought to be the smartest. You go on the

raft.

Now the work on the raft taking in timber is the most unpleasant, and Harry knew that although the "old put it like a compliment, it was done out of dislike to him. One of the leading features of the "old man's" character was hatred of all Britishers in general -and, without any apparent reason, for our hero in

particular.

Harry said nothing in reply to the order, but went to his work upon the raft, which was secured by two cross pieces running across it at each end, binding the sticks together; and it was at first all very well to be there nothing to do but sling the required log, hook on the tackles, and scrape the barnacles off as it went in at the port; but after the first two or three sticks were gone, the raft lost its solidity; the rest were all "awash," and Harry, if he did not step fair in the middle of each one, turned over into the water with it, or else jumped desperately to the next one and went in off that. Anyhow, Harry was always wet through, notwithstanding a blasing sun that was burning down upon him and would have completely dried his clothes had he remained half an hour out of water. Besides, the tide ran swiftly, and Harry was afraid of losing some of the logs, which were always poking their ends out, and trying to sail off independently in all sorts of directions, causing him much discomfort and disgust before he could reclaim them. However, Lawrence went through with it, forgetting in the excitement of work the wet clothes hanging about him, and heedless of the chills that at times crept over

The captain had hired a dozen negroes from the owner of the plantation to help stow the cargo, and the work went on cheerily. Eighteen or twenty sticks were put

away the first day; and the next morning before anything farther could be done, a supply of light lumber was wanted to fill up the interstices formed in stowing the large timber. Accordingly, a small raft was made from the loose sticks; and when the tide turned, they proceeded up the river on this to another old pier abreast of the steam saw-mill, which had been used formerly for cutting timber into boards, and where now there was said to be a supply. On landing, they found an old tram-way which ran inland from the pier past the mill. It was all overgrown with tall weeds and bushes, from which as Lawrence brushed his way through them looking for the lumber, thousands of sand-flies swarmed out and attacked him and the rest of the party most unmeryards, when they came upon three or four large piles of boards and "scantling" carefully stacked up. An old waggon, too, they found, which was put upon the rails,

and the work of loading it commenced.

"Come 'long!" exclaimed one of the old negroes, standing by; "knock off work—take to carryin' deals; you and me for it, eh Tom?" And so saying they began at the pile, one taking hold of each end of the planks

and swinging them on to the waggon.
"Ah! look'ee dere, boss!" suddenly exclaimed old Tom, dropping his end of the plank, and speaking in a tone of horror and astonishment that made everybody start and look round.
"Look'ee where?" cried the other negro wrathfully,

standing shaking his fingers in pain from the jerk the plank gave them when Tom dropped the other end; "wish you'd look at your work, you dam black nigger, and not jar my fingers off."

"What's the matter, Tom? what d'ye see? where is it?" cried the sailors, crowding up to old Tom, who had jumped back from the pile, and was standing staring at it with his mouth open.

"By gum he's gone!" said he at last.

What's gone ?-why the deuce don't you get on with the work, you old fool!" said the mate, who came up to see the cause of the disturbance.
"Get on—yes!" cried Tom, his astonishment at the

mate's nonchalance equalling his terror. "There's an old snake dere—worst kind of snake, too. I see'd his eyes 'most as big as my head glaring at me."

"Pooh, pooh! Nonsense!" said the mate, who could

discern no signs of the apparition that had alarmed Tom. "The snake won't hurt you. Shove along the

boards ''

"All very fine, Mr. Mate!" muttered Tom, approaching the stack again with evident reluctance. Suppose snake bite old fool-who's fool then?" and with little interjectional growls he resumed the work—taking up each board, though, as if he expected a bite from it. In the meantime, Lawrence coming round by Tom, stood waiting to take his turn and relieve him at the work. The old negro grew bold again by degrees, and the planks were swung quickly along, slamming down one after another on the waggon. The tier of the pile from which the boards were taken diminished in its height, and the long grass and weeds began to peep out between them here and there. Suddenly, as the bottom plank was taken from its bed, our hero heard a slight hiss, and a large snake, rearing its head, with glittering eyes and forked tongue, darted from the grass straight at Tom's bared and brawny arm. With a scream of terror the negro flung down the plank he was in the act of swinging, and sprung backwards. He was not quick enough, for as his raised arm was lowered, dropping the board, the snake's head touched it, and the forked tongue, as all around supposed, darted its venom in the flesh. At this instant, with an action quick as thought, our hero seized the reptile with his hands, and boldly, without a moment's pause, dashed its head against the boards.
"Well done! well done!" cried every one. It was

well done; but would have been too late to save the negro's arm had not his thick shirt rolled in a bunch above his elbow defended him. The snake was dead, and Tom poured out to Lawrence his grateful thanks. The astonishment in a few minutes passed away, and again the work went gaily on. Another pile was carried to the raft, which was then deeply laden; and the tide having turned, they drifted down to the brig, and there unloaded.

In the course of a week the Virginia had nearly as much timber on board as she could carry, for not a moment had been lost. From sunrise to sunset of those long, intensely hot summer days had the crew toiled and toiled. The passage of the timber through the forecastle had deprived them of their usual habitation; and in the few hours left them for rest they had to make out the best way they could on deck, or anywhere, and battle it out with the mosquitoes and sand-flies that swarmed about in clouds. How the rest bore it heaven knows! But Lawrence, whether from the constant wettings he had, with the burning sun always upon him, or from the malaria that every night rose from the swampy river's banks, I cannot say; but the subtle fever poison had found its way into his blood. He felt it gaining on him more and more; but still he worked on. The work was nearly over, and he could not bear the thoughts of knocking up until it was all done; so on he went, taking his part—though wearily and faintly towards the last just as the rest did, till at length the last log was hoisted in. The brig is loaded—and then Harry, staggering to a spar, his head drooped between his hands, and he gave in. And now he found out what sort of a devilishhearted wretch it was to whom he had sold his strength and sinews. He found out how deep was a "down-easter's" hatred. The captain showed himself the man -the brute-he was.

"So you're sick, are you?" said he to Harry ughly; "well I can't have any sick men here. I, roughly; "well I can't have any sick men here. I, shall give you your wages, and you can go ashore. Stop though," added he, as a feeling as nearly approaching compunction as his thick heart would admit of seemed "Come down into the cabin, and I'll give to touch him.

you some me dicine."

Harry followed him down silently to the little corner of the brig entitled cabin, where after some searching and more cursing, and a great capsizing of things into the way and out of the way—a little chest, of the descrip-tion known among sailors as "pie-boxes," was produced and the captain proceeded to business.
"Let me see," said he, opening the

said he, opening the little box, which was divided into two or three compartments, containing phials filled with a few of the commonest drugs in use and a small bottle of brandy; "what's the matter with

you?

"I've a dreadful headache!" replied Lawrence,
"with a feeling of sickness, and I am at times alternately burning and shivering."
"Ah!—um!" said the captain, taking up a little thin

book, with a green cover stitched on it, and turning the leaves over—"Headache and sickness, eh?—I'll be darned if I can find it in this Book of Directions. Oh! here we are," continued he—" for sick-headache, a good dose of opening medicine. That's it, I guess."

Harry said nothing; but sat waiting to hear what conclusion he would, with the help of the green "Book of

Directions," arrive at.

"So"—continued the captain; quite satisfied with his own perception of the state of things; and taking Harry's silence for acquiescence, as a matter of course—"your headache and sickness must be the same as what they call here sick-headache; and as I think your shivering and burning a slight touch of the fever that ain't of no account, and will go off in a day or two, I reckon, I shall follow the directions, and give you a good dose of medicine."

"Very well!" said Harry, who did not pay much

attention to what he was eaving.
"Get your tin pot, then, and I'll give it you at once," said the captain, taking up a large packet that lay upon the top of the box. Harry got one passed down to him from the deck, and the captain opening the parcel which contained two or three pounds of "horse salts," began shaking some into Harry's pot. "You know," continued he, when he had tumbled a couple of ounces or so in, "I never calculate to give you fellows for'ed anything but salts; but there's plenty of that. There, you can go for'ed now, and mind and be ready to "turn to" to-morrow morning."

Harry left the cabin, but was—as might be expected—worse, instead of better, the next day. The captain was very savage at this, and at last the thoughts of hav-ing anybody on board who was what he called "sodgering "—" eating his bellyful, and doing no work "—as he was pleased to style it, so enraged him, that he determined to put Harry on shore, and leave him to shift for himself; and losing no time in putting into execution his barbarous design, he sent for Harry immediately,

and desired him to get ready to go.
"What am I—sick as I am—to do ashore?" said Harry, who was too weak and ill for the passion he would otherwise have felt.

"You can please yourself about that," said the captain; "you can go up to Darien—that's twenty miles up the river—but I don't advise you to go, as they're dying like dogs, they say, up there; or you can wait till the steamboat that goes to Savannah comes by."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed poor Lawrence, pressing

his head with his hands.

"I can't help your being bad," said the captain; "and I can't have you aboard. This is an American port, and I'm not bound to go to sea with anybody that can't work. Come below, and I'll give you your wages, and you can go ashore at once. I shall be going down the river with the brig to-day.

Harry felt this to be a hard return, indeed, after slaving and working when he was ill, as he had done. He remonstrated; he might as well have tried to move the masts by talking. He saw soon that it was hopeless; so taking his money (some few dollars), he went to less; so taking his money (wome to be stated), the side where his shipmates were putting his chest and haddle a seller a sile-into the boat. "Good bye! bedding—a sailor's all—into the boat. "Good bye!—good bye!" said Harry, shaking hands all round. He good oye! said narry, anaking nanca all round. He reached the brig's gangway, and turning, before he stepped into the boat, towards the captain, "If I die," said he, "my death is on your head!" And the captain quailed and blenched before the look of that pale He thought that retribution might come; and hov. thinking so, he shook to his very soul. The boat put Harry ashore, and weak and faint he staggered to a shady, grassy place, and there he laid him down and watched the "Virginia" heave up her anchor and drop down the river with the tide.

(To be continued.)

A NEW SOCIETY WANTED.

TO WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

DRAB FRIENDS,-Amid all the associations for "stemming the torrent of a downward age"-downward in many respects, though onward and upward in others—there is wanted one which would so materially influence the welfare of nearly all the rest, that I cannot resist the impulse to ask if you will make it a point of your many philanthropic aims. The association I mean should be based on the most liberal and comprehensive principles, and conducted only by the most

noble and able spirits of the time, and should have for its object the introduction or direction of industrious and intelligent men of honourable character to the occupations most suitable to their abilities. Besides the vast numbers that "drop, unpitied and unknown," into early graves; or go in the prime of life to madhouses, work-houses, the hulks, and the barracks; or, are driven to employ, perhaps, in writing begging letters, talents that would fit them for writing encyclopedias; how many are compelled to take up with other avocations for which nature never intended or fitted them, and which their souls abhor! Yet this, I am convinced, is not more owing to there being no better employment for their minds, than to their true merits not being known by the parties to whom men thus qualified would be

really useful.

I have heard of a gentleman who never becomes acquainted with another without recording his impression of that acquaintance's character and natural capabilities. Why could not a great society, with an appointed number of really shrewd, yet high-minded agents, undertake a similar register of all who chose to give sufficient evidence of their claims on its attention; so that on any employer, or body of employers, wanting an efficient man for a particular kind of labour—literary, mechanical, or otherwise—the one most suitable might be at once selected and commended? Would it not be far better for all parties that the public should subscribe money for an object like this, than for the maintenance of thousands in a state of comparative uselessness, but who, by such means, might be made useful to the world and to themselves, and happy in the independence that honourable and fairly-remunerated labour ensures? Would not those thousands themselves, thus put in the way of earning that independence, afterwards contribute with a grateful pride to such a noble institution? If its machinery could but be constructed and worked with adequate comprchensiveness and harmony, what benign and glorious results may we foresee to thousands and thou-sands, who must otherwise go on committing mental and physical prostitution to the end of their lives! Have I not seen a man, with abilities and character worth some hundreds a-year to any respectable news paper or magazine, driven to become a brewer's traveller, for the most paltry pittance, and to get drunk and otherwise debase himself daily, for bread,—and all for want of some one who had moderate influence being made acquainted with his character and powers, and giving him a recommendation? How many men are therein London, at this very moment, who, "with a Por-son's powers, earn but pauper's pay," while, to others, their talents would be like new-found mines of gold? Is

lands, but care nothing for waste minds and hearts? To illustrate one of the many advantages that would arise from such a society in London,—and why might not every town have one, and why might they not all correspond?-I will mention a single case that happens just now to be immediately under my own eye. You will remember seeing at my house, about two years ago, a quick, intelligent youth, "John," from North Wales, to whom at that time I gave casual employment. When I was about to leave London for a time, John came to me one day, and begged I would take him with me, saying, if I would give him a little mental instruction, he would gladly serve me at very low wages. Circumstances rendering this impossible, he took the first situation that fell out, which was to wait behind the counter of a liquor shop, -one of the most unfit for him that could be,—and he soon left it. A year passed away, and the lad struggled through many privations, arose above dis-appointment after disappointment, suffered the extreme

it not a fact that within these three months, there were about two hundred applications for one country editorship, whilst millions of people are moping in the grossest ignorance? Why should we enclose and cultivate waste

of want, and, on my return to town, told me of all he had gone through, and declared that the only chance now left him was to calist for a soldier. "No," said I, lending him a little temporary help, "you must not do that. You are now nearly full grown. It has taken God and Nature almost twenty years to make you what you are : why should you go and hire out your person, (which has cost that Great Being so much time and care,) to shoot others like yourself, or to be shot at? Struggle on awhile, improve your mind as well as you can, and something better will turn up in time." John, with some emotion, promised his best, and performed it. I named his case to a few friends, and one of them obtained him work in a warehouse, at ten shillings a-week. His abilities and conduct, which are well worth a guinea aweek, have already got his wages advanced to twelve shillings; and I have faith that he will ultimately do well, as he devotes his few spare hours to learning what well, as he devotes his few spare hours to learning what is good and useful. Now John's case happens to be only one of thousands; but, had he not seen me at the moment he did, the probability is that he would now have been graduating for a slayer of his species, and costing his country the weekly amount he is so assiduously and honourably earning for himself. Yet how many such have gone—not into the army, but into the hulks—for want of the little encouragement and help a society like that the formation of which I am suggesting would afford! And if these remarks apply with any force to the male, with how much more do they apply to the unprotected of the gentler sex!

Take up this question, dear friends, in your justly popular Journal, and believe me

Yours very truly,-SPENCER T. HALL. 14. Stone field-street, Cloudesley-square, September 25, 1847

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CANOVA

BY GEORGE SAND.

(Translated for Howitt's Journal.)

AT sunset I found myself on the summit of a crest of At sunset I found myself on the summit of a crest of rocks; it was the last of the Alps. At my feet stretched Venetia, immense and dazzling by its light and its vast extent. I had emerged from the mountains, but towards what point of my course? Between the plain and the peak from which I gazed, stretched a fine oval valley, protected on one side by the sides of the Alps; on the other, raised on a terrace above the plain, and sheltered from the see winds by a ranner of green bille tered from the sea winds by a rampart of green hills. Directly beneath me was a village, planted on the declivity in picturesque disorder. This poor hamlet is crowned with a vast and beautiful temple of marble, quite new, of dazzling whiteness, and seated with a proud air on the top of the hill. I do not know what was the exact idea personified, that this monument at the time struck me with. It seemed to have the air of contemplating Italy, spread before it like a map, and from that point commanding it.

A workman, who was quarrying in the marble of the same hill, told me that that church, of Pagan form, was the work of Canova, and that the village of Possagno, seated at its foot, was the birthplace of this great sculp-tor of modern times. "Canova was the son of an old quarryman," added the mountaineer; "he was origi-

quarryman, added the mountaineer; he was origi-nally a poor labourer, like myself."

How often has Canova seated himself on that rock, where he himself reared a temple to his own

memory! What looks has he cast on that Italy which has decreed him so many trophies! on that world over which he has exercised the peaceful royalty of his genius, by the side of the terrible royalty of Napoleon! Did he desire—did he hope for his glory? When he had cut out and cleared away a part of this rock, did he know that from that hand, accustomed to rude work, should proceed all the gods of Olympus, and all the kings of the earth? Could he divine this new race of sovereigns who were to come to light and seek immortality from his chise!? When he had the eyes of the youth, and perhaps of the lover, for the beautiful mountain girls of his valley, could he imagine such a thing as the Princess Borghese in nature's own dress before him?

The valley of Possagno has the form of a cradle; it seems made for the birthplace of the man who issued from it. It is worthy of having served as such for a genius; and one can conceive the sublimity of intelligence unfolding itself with ease in a country so beautiful and under a sky so pure. The clearness of the streams, the warmth of the sun, the strength of the vegetation, the beauty of the human form in this part of the Alps, and the magnificence of the far-off views which the valley commands from all parts, seem made expressly to nourish the loftiest faculties of the soul, and to excite the most noble ambitions. This kind of terrestrial Paradise, where intellectual youth can bloom with all its spring sap about it; this immense horizon, which seems to appeal to the present, and to summon up thoughts of the future; are not these the two chief conditions for the fulfilment of a beautiful destiny?

The life of Canova was fertile and generous as the sun which shone over his birthblace. Sincere and simple as a true mountaineer, he always regarded with a tender affection the village and the poor cot in which he was born. He had it very modestly embellished, and he went to rest there in the autumn of his annual labours. He then delighted himself with designing the Herculean forms of the peasants, and the truly Grecian heads of the girls. The villagers of Possagno say, with pride, that the chief models of the rich collection of the works of Canova have come from their valley. It is enough to pass through it, to detect there at each step the type of the cold beauty which characterises the statuary of the empire. The chief attraction of these mountain girls—and precisely that which the marble cannot reproduce—is their freshness of colour and transparency of skin. It is to these that can be applied, without exaggeration, the eternal metaphor of lilies and roses. Their eyes have an exceeding clearness, and an uncertain shade, at once green and blue, which is peculiar to the stone called aqua-marine. Canova particularly loved the delicious softness of their fair hair, abundant and heavy. He painted them himself, before copying them, and disposed of their tresses according to the various forms of the Grecian statue.

These girls have generally an expression of sweetness and maivelé, which, reproduced with finer lineaments and more delicate forms, have been able to inspire Canova with the delicious head of Psyche. The men have the colossal head, the prominent forehead, hair thick and fair—eyes large, lively, and bold—the face short and square; nothing thoughtful nor delicate in the physiognomy, but with a frankness and boldness which recall the expression of the antique statues.

The Temple of Canova is an exact copy of the Pantheon of Rome. It is of beautiful white marble, traversed by red and rose-coloured veins, but soft and already mouldering by the frost. Canova, with a philanthropic aim, had erected this church with the view of attracting a concourse of strangers and travellers to Passagno, and thus procuring some additional trade and income for the inhabitants of the mountain. He intended to make it a kind of museum of his works. The

body of the church was to be surrounded by sacred subjects, the product of his chisel, and the galleries were to be devoted partly to the reception of profane subjects. He died before he was able to accomplish his purpose, leaving considerable sums behind for the completion of the work. But although his own brother, the Bishop Canova, was charged with the superintendence of the building, a sordid economy or a monstrous bad faith has presided over the execution of the last wishes of the sculptor. Excepting the fabric of marble, on which there was no further time to speculate, his executors have most sordidly attended to the necessity of filling it. In place of the twelve colossal marble statues which were to occupy the dozen niches of the cupola, there are erected twelve grotesque giants, which an able painter has ironically designed, it is said, to revenge himself on the sordid shuffling of the directors of the undertaking. Very little of the sculpture of Canova adorns the interior of the monument. Some bas-reliefs of small size, but of a most pure and elegant design, are incrusted round the chapel. You have seen them at the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, and regarded them with admiration. You have seen there, also, the group of Christ in the tombs, which certainly embodies the coldest of Canova's ideas. The bronze of this group is in the temple of Possagno, as also the tomb which contains the mortal remains of the sculptor; it is a Greek sarcophagus, very simple, and very beautiful, executed after his own designs.

Another group of Christ in his shroud, painted in oil, decorates the high altar. Canova, the most modest of sculptors, had pretensions to being a painter. He passed many years in retouching this picture, happily the sole child of his old age, and which, through affection for his virtues and respect for his glory, his heirs ought sacredly to preserve amongst them and enshrine in their tenderest regards.

Literacy Notice.

Select Writings of Robert Chambers. Vols. V. VI. and VII. Vol. V., History of the Rebellion of 1745-6. Sixth Edition. Vol. VI., Traditions of Edinburgh. New Edition, much amended. Vol. VII., Popular Rhymes of Scotland. Third Edition, with Additions. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. London: W. S. Orr. Dublin: M'Glashan.

The three volumes of the neat and substantial edition of the wor's of Robert Chambers, whose titles are given, are sufficient of themselves to have established the reputation of any man. We know of no one more qualified by intimate knowledge and sound judgment to write on these subjects. To everything connected with Scottish history, tradition, and antiquities, Robert Chambers has always shown himself deeply attached; and that, strange as it may seem, by the poetical tone of his mind. The History of the Rebellion is a standard work, and six editions are the surest proof of its being duly appreciated. With every stone in the old houses of Edinburgh Mr. Chambers seems perfectly familiar; and can, in a walk round the city, give you a tradition in connection with almost every house, and narrow wynd. It is however, to the last of these volumes that we shall now pay the most particular attention.

The collection of Popular Rhymes is ample and cu-

rious. We find many that are common to England as well as Scotland, and many others that Scotland possesses in common with Germany and the more northern nations of Europe. We have long been struck with the far greater similarity of habits, modes of life, of speech and thinking between the Scotch and the Germans than between us and the Germans. Lowland Scotland is more purely Saxon, but its language and traditions abound with the elements of Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian language and traditions. This is strikingly conspicuous in the rhymes and stories of the nursery. It would be easy for us to produce copious instances of this, as well as to carry out a long parallel of the many rhymes and stories evidently derived from one common and very ancient origin by these different nations. Some of these nursery stories, as Whuppity Stoorie, may be found very little varied in Grimm's Kinder und Haus Märchen, where that story goes by the name of Rumpelstilzchen. These nursery stories are extremely entertaining, and furnish a fund of pleasure for the even-ing fireside not easily to be matched. The Milk-white Doo, or dove, is the "Van den Machandelboom" of the Plat-Deutsch; "The Wife and her Bush of Berries" is Plat-Deutsch; "The Wife and her Bush of Berries" is our Old Woman and her Silver Sixpence; "The Hen and her Fellow Travellers," and "Harpkin," have a very ancient character about them; "Nippit Fit and Clippit Fit" is our Cinderella, the German "Aschenputtel." Of the same ancient and Teutonic, or rather Tartar, and far eastern character, are "The Well o' the Warld's End," "The Red Etin of Ireland," "The Black Bull of Norroway," and "Jock and his Mother," the counterparts of which are all more or less common to all the countries already mentioned. The "Marriage of Robin Redbreast and the Wren," which used to be told by Burns, is an excellent story: and if he made it of Robin Reddreast and the Wren," which used to be told by Burns, is an excellent story; and if he *made* it, as his sister, Mrs. Beggs, supposed, shows how deeply the poet was imbued with the true legendary spirit. But above all the "Wee Bannock" is the most amusing, and cannot be heard often enough by children. In a word, the volume is a genuine nursery treasure.

What has not a little pleased us is the addition of some original poems to the volume. They prove what we have above asserted, that the mainspring of the historic and legendary in Robert Chambers, has been the poetical, which has presented to him in a noble and interesting point of view the great features of his native land. A beautiful proof of this is the poem to Scotland, which is full of vigour and patriotism, but we prefer to give as a specimen of the author's quiet humour:—

LOVE OVERHEAD.

Some people say they nothing love In woman, save the sacred mind; Pretending in her boasted form, No charm or merit they can find.

Others,—and this is Thomson's school,— Are all for beauty unadorned, Caring small things, 'twould seem, for soul, And holding dress but to be secrated.

Away with all such saving clauses ! I love my Julia altogether ; From soul within to silk without ; From point of toe to tip of feather.

Her clear idea is to me
One lustrous silhouette of light,
Whose every edge of lace and frill,
Is as the immost core as bright.

For instance, now, I love her eyes, So dark, yet dove-like in expression; Yet to the pendants at her ears, My eyes will sometimes make digression.

Her cheeks are like the roses red; Her mouth is like the parted cherry; But don't those combs become her much? Are they not charming? Yes; ch, very?

Her head moves with a queenly grace; A crown would not look queer upon it: But, in the meantime, is not this A very tasteful sort of bonnet?

Her hands are soft and paly white, Her fingers tapering, small, and seemly; But, oh! her braclets and her gloves, I love them,—love them most extremely!

Her feet so gentle are, and small, They give a grace to shoe and stocking; Shoe, stocking, Soot,—"tis but one thing That sets this foolish heart a-knocking.

I am of Hudibras's thought,
Who looked on't as a sort of duty,
While he admired his fair one's face,
T' adore the shape e'en of her ahoe-tye,

I wear a tassel from her gown, Snug near my heart, in left-vest pocket; I have a ringlet of her hair, Hung not more near it in a locket.

Her parasol, that from the sun Protests her roseste complexion, I don't know which I love the most,---The thing that takes or gives protestien.

The thrilling music of her voice
Puts all my senses in a tussle;
And every nerve springs up to hear
Her distant bombasine's play rustle.

Whate'er she does, whate'er she says, For good, indifferent, or ill, 'Tis all one luxury to my soul, 'Tis Julia yet; 'tis Julia still.

Say that she talks of mutual love, And puts her poor swain in a rapture; Say that she tells her kitchen-maid To make in poultry-yard a capture:

Say that she reads some tenching tale, That gems with tears her soft cyclashes; Say that she pities but the scribe, Whom some fell critic outs and slashes:

Tis all one thing—mind, person, dress— The formed of heaven, or dust, or shears; I love the whole, and nothing less, I love her ever head—and ears.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH.GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

The Decimal System of Coinage.—Sra,.—Allow me to correct some of the errors into which your correspondent "Jacia" has fallen on the subject of the Decimal question, and in doing this, to thank him for the assistance he has given in directing the public mind to this important matter.

He says, that in France, "the lowest coin is a decime, equal to one-hundredth part of a penny; the next, a centime, worth ten decimes." I beg his pardon; the lowest French coin is a centime, or one-hundredth part of a franc; the next is a secime, or ten centimes, equal to the one-tenth of a franc.

"Jacia" is mistaken in supposing that my system has been rejected by the House of Commons; on the contrary, it has been adopted, and the coins are about to be issued, which will give effect to the system. The first coin to be circulated, and which is already in the hands of the Mint engraver, is the piece representing the tenth of the pound sterling. The desirableness of retaining the pound sterling as the integer (to which "Jacia" objects), is the point on which there has been almost absolute unanimity. The pound sterling is the groundwork of all our currency, all our accountancy; of all our fiscal, all our financial legislation. It is the basis of all our bookkeeping from immemorial time. It represents a value in-telligible at home, and intelligible abroad. It is easily dividable into a thousand parts; and as the system I have recommended, and which the Government has sanctioned, will disturb no part of our currency, except the trifling amount circulated as ence, halfpence, and farthings, which it is proposed to call in at its present value of 240 pence to the pound sterling, and recoin at a reduced value of 250 pence, or 1,000 farthings to the pound sterling, it is obvious that my Decimal system will introduce scarcely any disturbance in the currency; whilst "Jacia's" would require the calling in all the silver coins, all the gold coins, and, in fact, produce a universal derangement of all the currency, except the exceedingly small amount circulated in copper, in the shape of farthings, halfpence, and pence.

The names I have suggested are Mils, one thousandth—Cents, one hundredth—and Dimes, one-tenth of the pound sterling. They are monosyllables, which is a great recommendation. I do not think either the Latin Mille, Centem, and Decem, or the French Centime and Decime, harmonise with our idiom. I understand Florin is to be the name of the new coin, the tenth of the pound sterling; that of the hundredth is not yet determined.

Will not "Jacia" as a favour consent to retain our sovereign unchanged in its representative value. It is the legal tender of the land. It is known through the world. It regulates our exchanges with every nation. It is universally current. A new gold coin, of the value of twenty shillings and ten-pence, as "Jacia" proposes, would introduce inextricable confu-The small change proposed in our copper currency would be effected in a month; it circulates nowhere, except at home. It is used even at home as little as possible. Every body avoids copper when it can be superseded by silver. Even were it not called in, and the value of that now circulating changed by the Queen's proclamation from 240 to 250 pence to the pound sterling, a man must hold two shillings'-worth of copper coins to lose a single penny by the change. Still it would be right he should not lose that penny; and hence a reissue of copper coinage would be desirable. This, and the issue of the coin to represent the hundredth part of the pound sterling, are all that is now required.

▶ I hope railway directors will give great impulse to the Decimal question; that they will print their fares and keep their accounts in decimals. Nothing would tend so rapidly to the establishment, to the understanding, and to the popularity of the wastem.

Yours obediently,

John Bowning.

Correspondence of the Co-operative League with America The Co-operative League some time ago opened up a correspondence, through the medium of Goodwyn Barmby, with a party in America, proposing to carry out the principles of free trade between THE PROPLE of the two countries. It was proposed that bodies in the United States favourable to the principles of free trade, progress, and popular co-operation, should ship to England corn and other produce of the States without the intervention of merchants and factors, and consigning their freight to co-operative associations here, should receive in return the manufactures of this country. By this means the associations in each country would receive the whole of the profit instead of its being the gain of certain individuals, subject to all the enhancement of price which we have lately seen to be the result of the most desperate monopoly. The plan has been very favourably received in the United States, and Mr. John Wattles, of Cincinnati, a friend of Mr. Goodwyn Barmby, has had much correspondence with Mr. Barmby and also with the Co-operative League connected with it. Some of their correspondence has already appeared in these pages, and it was our intention to have this week given a letter from Mr. Wattles to the Co-operative League, and one also to Goodwyn Barmby. We regret, however, by the pressure of matter of various kinds to be obliged to omit these letters, and content ourselves with giving the information they

Mr. Wattles, who is, it appears, connected not only with a mercantile house, but with a large co-operative body, expresses the utmost disposition of the house, and also the Association, to enter into such arrangements so soon as they can be fully and judiciously matured. It is evident, however, that the present state of the corn market, which must decline to a very lew figure in consequence of the abundance which Providence has poured into almost every country of the world, will make it prudent to wave for a time any direct dealings. Corn, from its own immense quantity, will find its way into our markets at a lower and lower price. Providence for a time has superseded the necessity of all co-operation for food. This will give time for the respective parties on each side of the Atlantic to carry on their correspondence, and come to a clear conception of what will be best to do hereafter. We shall be happy from time to time to make these proceedings known. For the present we quote a few passages of John Wattles' letter to Goodwyn Barmby relative to the community with which he is connected, and its views on this subject:—

"The united capital of all amount to something like 200,000 dollars, which is devoted to the cause of God and humanity. Some of the brethren are now at New Orleans, making arrangements for the transportation of commodities to other countries, or to other parts of our own. Similar arrangements have been made with commercial houses in the principal castern cities. None of us, however, are as yet much experienced in this branch of business, consequently we must move slowly, that we may move surely.

"A union of all the minds of the friends of hamanity is needed in this great branch of the work of social redemption. We design to invest a part of our capital in the agricultural productions of the west, and send them to the less productive portions of the world. And, could we extend the work sufficiently, we would keep them out of the hands of speculators entirely, and furnish them to the consumer at a mere living per centage above cost and transportation.

"The Indian corn that is sold in your country for 250 to 300 dols. per barrel, can be obtained here for 12½ cts. per barrel; and could be furnished to your people for 75 cts., and a reasonably living profit secured at that!

"One individual in Cincinnati made 3,000 dols. by the rise of breadstuff created by the condition of Ireland, and then gave 30 dols. to the 'Sick Relief Fund,' and was called benevolent!"

"But we are not prepared to move just yet; we are not sufficiently consolidated with ourselves, nor with you on that side of the water."

Statistics of Drinking in Bolton in Lancashire.—At the last licensing day in this town, Mr. John Taylor appeared before the bench of magistrates and laid before them the following striking facts, which, we are happy to observe, had the effect of inducing them to refuse any new licenses:

"The Mayor had already stated that the beerhouses had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. They brought ruin, desolation, and degradation upon thousands. This was not an idea of the imagination, but a positive fact. Mr. Harris, in his statistical tables, stated that in 1846 there were 117 public-houses, and 200 beer-shops, making a total of 317; whereas in 1847 they amount to 342, making an increase of 25 in twelve months. Let us see, then, how this increase has worked, and what are the effects it has had upon the popula-The trade of the town had been worse, provisions dear, rates high, and labour scarce, which would have led to the sup-position that drinking would be less. Such, however, had not been the case. In 1846 there were taken up for being drunk and disorderly or incapable, 637 males, and 164 females; whereas in 1847 the number had increased to 715 males and 176 females. Such being the state of things now, what might they expect if an addition of fifteen were made to the number of public-houses! Even in point of revenue, it would be a saving not to grant those licenses. Three out of every five prisoners brought before the bench might trace their causes to drunkenness, and the expense of their keep, prosecution, etc., was considerable. In the borough there were from 7000 to 8000 inhabited houses, so that they had one house for the sale of liquors to every 25; and taking the po, u ation, they had one to every 200 persons. So far as his experience, as co roner, went, he could confirm this melancholy account of the results of intoxication. Of 70 inquests held during the year, the cause of death in fourteen of them was drunkenness. He asked the magistrates, then, to stem this evil. The memorial was signed by ministers of every denomination, and he (Mr. Taylor) trusted that the magistrates would co-operate with them in putting down the monster evil, drunkenness, which was now desolating the land.

The magistrates then retired, and after consulting for about three quarters of an hour, returned into court, when the mayor stated that no new license would be granted.-.-National Temperance Chronicle.

It is important to ask, can any manufacturing town, or crowded city, show any better state of things? Let any one walk along Shoreditch, and count above thirty gin-shops, within a very short distance; or along the streets of London, or any other great city, and see at almost every corner a splendid gin-palace, and truly the question will occur, "What are the Magistrates about, in granting all these licences? Why don't they imitate the Magistrates of Bolton!"

Astle's Patent Improved Reading Case.—For those who wish to keep the numbers of our Journal clean till bound, we would recommend this very convenient portfolio. The great objection to a thick, or rather wide back, is obviated in them by means of a tic-band, which can be drawn close, or loosened at pleasure. so that the contents always possess just the space they require, and the whole is neat and compact, and the numbers or parts protected from dust or creasing.

Henry Vincent's Lectures on Cromwell and the Times of the Commonwealth.—Sin,—On Monday, October 4th, Henry Vincent commenced a course of six lectures on "Cromwell, and the Principles, Men, and Times of the Commonwealth." They are delivered in the Mechanics' Institute, the prices being: hall, a shilling; gallery, sixpence. His visit has excited a great deal of interest, and the lectures will, no doubt, be well attended. He is, also, giving a course at the neighbouring town of Tavistock.

I am, yours, etc.,

T. M. B.

Plymouth.

Poplar Working Men's Association.—This Association flourishes, as it ought to do, in the midst of so dense a population. It includes a reading-room, library, and classes. At a recent soirce, conducted with great harmony and plenty of good cheer, many of the men proved the advantages they have derived from such institutions by the sound sense of their speeches. Lectures are delivered every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, and are open to the public. The following are those for the next quarter:—Oct. 12. Lecture on the Life and Times of Cicero, by the Rev. J. A. Baynes. A.B. Oct. 19. Discussion on the Cheap Periodical Literature of the day. Oct. 26. Lecture on Revolutions. Nov. 2. Discussion on Direct Taxation. Nov. 9. Lecture on Diet and Beverage, by Dr. Bowkett. Nov. 16. Discussion on the Basis of Palcy's System of Moral Philosophy. Nov. 23. Lecture on the Steam Engine, by Mr. R. E. Taplin. Nov. 30. Discussion on Over-time. Dec. 7. Lecture on the Manufacture of Iron, by Mr. Anthony. Dec. 14. Discussion on Republicanism. Dec. 21. Lecture on the Nervous System, by Mr. W. Cumming. Dec. 28. Discussion on the Steam Engine.

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HOWITTS JOURNAL



GEORGE THOMPSON, M.P.

No. 43.—Vol. IL

GEORGE THOMPSON, M.P.

GEORGE THOMPSON was born in Liverpool, on the 18th of June, 1804, and at two years of age accompanied

his parents to London.

In consequence of the limited means of his parents, and the largeness of their family, he enjoyed but few advan-tages of education; but, though chiefly instructed at home, he had an able tutor in the person of his father a man of refined manuers and extensive reading, who

early inspired him with a love for books.

At the early age of twelve, owing to the still circumscribed income of his father, he was placed in a counting-house, and afterwards successively held various situations until his marriage, in 1831, at which period he had acquired a pretty extensive acquaintance with mercantile affairs. The busy cares of life, however, had not destroyed his love of books, which ever formed his chief companions. For several years he read largely in theology, and became familiar with most of the best English writers in that branch of literature. The result may be readily anticipated; not satisfied with books alone, he sought the intercourse of minds congenial to his own, and at eighteen, in conjunction with several youths of similar age. he formed a society for the advancement of mutual improvement, which assembled weekly for the purpose of reading emays on various subjects, and then entering upon a free discussion of their letts, and their entering upon a new disciplant of fact composition, style, arguments, etc. At these meetings he first exercised himself in the art of elecution, and as a speaker was considered equal, if not superior, to any of his associates.

The governing principle which appears to have influenced George Thompson's after career, is best described in his own words to a friend:—"At this period (he states) I formed a resolution, to which I have ever since religiously adhered-never to advocate any opinions which I did not sincerely cherish from an entire convic-tion of their soundness. I considered that a contrary course would lead to moral obliquity and a systematio disregard of truth. I resolved at the same time to repudiate the doctrine of expediency, to discuss every question on principle, and to determine the quality and character of all actions by their conformity with the requirements of truth and righteousness."

Having acquired confidence and fluency from his connection with the society already mentioned, he began, when about twenty years of age, to attend several meetings held periodically for the discussion of political, historical, and other subjects; he also joined two literary institutions in which there were classes for the improvement of the members in the art of public speakimprovement of the members in the art of public speaking. From this time may be dated the commencement of George Thompson's career as the champion of autislavery. In one of these class meetings, he took a prominent part in the discussion of the question of Negro emancipation, which would appear to have been warmly contested, as the debate lasted eleven nights.

At that time, though as fully convinced of the enormity of slavery as afterwards, he maintained the necessity of education as a necessary preparative for entire freedom. This view of the subject, however, he subsequently renounced on becoming intimate with several missionaries who had laboured in the West Indies; and his conversion to the doctrine of immediate emancipation was completed on reading the celebrated speech of

Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh.

In 1831 George Thompson married Anne Erskine, the daughter of the Rev. Richard Spry, of Cornwall, for many years a minister in the connection of the late Countess of Huntingdon, and subsequently the settled pastor of an independent congregation in Sussex.

Shortly after his marriage, George Thomason was in-

vited by the London Anti-Slavery Society to undertake a tour for the purpose of bringing the objects of the society more fully before the public, through the medium of public meetings and lectures. Success attended his efforts so much to the satisfaction of his constituents that, on his return to London, after an absence of three months, he was solicited to visit the principal cities and towns in the north of England, and he accordingly renewed his engagement.

The good cause, however, had active and powerful opponents. The West India party, alarmed at the influence acquired by the Anti-Slavery Society, selected Mr. Borthwick, the late member for Evesham, as the advocate of their cause, and instructed him to follow George Thompson wherever he might go, and these instructions Mr. Borthwick faithfully observed.

The first encounter between the two opposing champions was at Manchester, where their debates, as may be imagined, created extraordinary excitement. They next met at Liverpool, where the Anti-Slavery and Colonial parties arranged for a discussion, which continued six nights, in the spacious amphitheatre of that

The better cause still prospered, and George Thompson's Lectures, as a further means of doing good, were afterwards published in a volume by themselves.

On the carrying of Lord Stanley's Abolition Act, in 1833, George Thompson entertained the idea of qualifying himself for the English Bar, but relinquished it in favour of a mission to the United States, for the purpose of although the industry and a the first of the former of the first of t is our of a mission to the punited states, for the purpose of aiding the infinit cause of Abolition of Slavery in that country. He acting, however, upon this bold resolution, he established, in London and many other places, soci-ties for the universal externination of slavery and the slave trade. This duty discharged, he was quickly on the busine of the great Atlantic on the bosom of the great Atlantic,

the slave trade. This duty discharged, he was quickly on the bosom of the great Atlantic.

1834, taking with him his wife and their two children. It is good name, however, had gone before him, and on his arrival in New York he was, consequently, refused accommodation in the hotels of that city. But the illecting thus early manifested changed not his purpose. Despite every opposition, he commenced a series of public lectures in fluston, and unprecedented excitement, under the influence of which he was constantly exposed to danger, was the consequence. Truth nevertheless prevailed over many, and abolitionists rapidly increased, though not without a large share of that persecution which truth and justice ever encounter from those those selfash interests they may oppose.

Usage Thompson lectured almost daily, till the malice of the opposing faction became nearly uncontrollable. From July, 1835, the assembling of frequent mobs evidenced the danger he encountered from perseverance in the performance of his duty; to mark the sujert of their feelings—a gallows was erected at his softy, they entreated his departure from the country. He, however, undanneedly continued ha labours, till at length satisfied that the great object he sought to accomplish—the awakening of public attention—was futbilled.

He, however, undamnedly continued his labours, till at length satisfied that the great object he sought to accompish—the awakening of public attention—was fluidled, in December, 1835, he left the shows of America, and reached England in January, 1836.

His reception on his return to his native land, it is hardly necessary to say, was most flattering. Subscriptions for the purpose of presenting him with some testimonial in honour of his services were contributed by all the leading philanthropists of the kingdom, and amounted to about £1.800 sterling.

amounted to about £1,800 sterling.

The next public measure that engaged the attention of George Thompson, was the abolition of the apprenticeship system, in which cause he embarked with Joseph Sturge, and finally succeeded, in 1838.

George Thompson's thoughts were now directed to

India, and to the advocacy of the cause of its natives; and though the most tempting offers were made by several parties to induce the exercise of his talents in other directions, he declined all in favour of the chosen field of his labours. Solicited, however, by the Aborigines' Protection Society, to plead the cause of India in connection with their object, he consented; but, subsequently, finding the subject too vast to be properly attended to by a body directing its attention at the same time to other parts of the world, he relinquished his engagement, and lectured for some time independently of any association.

At this crisis, the mind of the late Joseph Pease, senior, of Darlington, was much impressed by the condition of India, as described in William Howitt's "Colonization and Christianity." He wrote to the author of that work, proposing that a British India Society should be established; and, in order to give the most efficient aid to the cause, immediately applied to George Thompson as the person most able to diffuse a knowledge of the objects of the society throughout the country, and especially among the manufacturers of England and Scotland by the powers of his eloquence. A great meeting was also held in London for the organisation of this institution in the great room of the Freemason's Hall, Great Queen-street. The chair was taken by Lord Brougham; and long before the time appointed for the commencement of the proceedings, the room was nearly filled by a highly respectable audience.

Among others on the platform were the Nouwab Ikbal-ood-doola, of Oude, the Prince Juma-ooddeen, son of the late Tippoo-Sultan; Meers Ubdool Ullee, and Kurcem Ullee, the agents of the Raja of Sattara; Jehangeer Nowrojee, Hirjeebov, Meerwanjee, and Dorabje Manchurjee, Esqrs., of Bombay; Sir C. Forbes, Bart., Sir J. Bryant; Sir H. Strachey; the Hon. Captain A. Stockenstrom, Lieutenant-Governor of the Cape of Good Hope; General Goodfellow; Major-General Briggs; Colonels Thompson, Nichols, and Sykes; Captain Probyn, D. O'Connell, F. Finch, W. Ewart, and A. Chapman, Esqrs. and M.P. J. Pease, J. Sturge, J. H. Tredgold, T. Frankland, of Liverpool, J. Crawfurd, H. Blandshard, Mont. Martin. and the Hon. Secretary, F. C. Brown, Esqrs.; the Revs. W. Hague, J. Keep, and Dr. Skinner, and W. Daw. Esq., of the U.S.; Drs. Bowring and Hodgkin, and the Revs. J. H. Hinton, J. Shermin, and Dr. Murch.

A remarkable proof of the high opinion in which George Thompson was held by Lord Brougham was given in the course of the proceedings, who, rising, said—"I have always great pleasure in listening to Mr. Thompson, who is the most eloquent man and the most accomplished orator whom I know; and as I have no opportunity of hearing him where he ought to speak, inside the walls of parliament, I am anxious never to lose an opportunity of hearing him, where alone I can hear him, in a public meeting like the present."

The society being thus anspiciously formed, George Thompson was engaged as honorary secretary, and in this capacity he delivered six lectures, in Manchester, "on the condition, resources, and prosperity of British India, and the duties and responsibilities to do justice to that vast empire." These were reported in the "Guardian" and "Times" local newspapers, and afterwards collected and published in a separate form in the United States, and subsequently in 1842, at the earnest desire as well as at the expense of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford, republished, in England, in an octavo volume, with a "Preparatory Address by that nobleman, and "an Essay on the Cultivation of Cotton in India, by Major-General Briggs."

These lectures, delivered in many parts of the coun-

These lectures, delivered in many parts of the country, especially in the great cotton spinning districts, excited a great sensation, and opened the eyes of manu-

facturing capitalists to the immense losses which this nation inflicted on itself by the misgovernment of India and the neglect of its productions. It was now seen that we possessed in India a country capable of the most unbounded supply of raw cotton at a far less price than we are now paying for it to the slaveholders of America; that in the same degree it could furnish us with sugar of the very finest quality, and at a far lower price, than any country in the world; at the same time, that by encouraging the nations of India we opened an unlimited field for our manufacturers, and gave a certain death-blow to slavery in the United States. High hopes were excited, both in India and in this country, and no less alarm amongst the American cotton-growers. Numbers of most influential gentlemen, who had been long resident in India, and were still closely connected with its landed, civil, and commercial interests, rallied round the association, and it bade fair to become one of the most important and influential institutions ever established in this country.

It is to be regretted, however, that a diversity of

It is to be regretted, however, that a diversity of views and of minor interests subsequently showed themselves amongst the members, of which the opium question and the subsequent war with China were not the least, in the midst of every evidence of success; and whilst large remittances were forwarded from the native landholders in India for its support, the causes here alluded to rapidly dissolved this so promising association.

Different individuals, however, of the committee continued to prosecute their own views regarding India. Amongst these were George Thompson, Dr. Bowring, Francis Carnac Brown, of Tellicherry, Joseph Pease, and William Howitt. With Joseph Pease William Howitt continued to labour for some years—in fact, until that gentleman's death—during which period they had many interviews with the Directors of the East India Company, and presented a memorial to that body on the great event of their abolition of slavery throughout their Indian territories. On the other hand, George Thompson entered the Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, and under the privileges of his new position vindicated the Raja of Sattara—advocated the extension of the permanent Revenue Settlement to the Upper Provinces, and opposed the Affghan War.

Towards the end of 1841, George Thompson was urged, and very properly induced, to aid the laudable objects of the Anti-Corn-Law League; and during that and the following year he was consequently chiefly occupied in exciting the interest of the public on the right side of this all-absorbing topic; the impossibility of having two great questions before the public at one time waavoidably for a season abridging his labours on behalf of India.

His efforts on behalf of this great cause are too well known to need much observation here; his celebrated speech at one of the great meetings of the League, in Manchester, became one of the established tracts of the cause, and circulated by tens of thousands, diffused his spirit throughout the kingdom. After about twelve months' labour in this great popular cause at home, feorge Thompson once more turned his attention to India; and in 1842, being resolved more fully to qualify himself for the championship which he had undertaken, he determined to go to India, that he might see and judge for himself, and by cultivating the acquaintance of the native population, might better understand their feelings and their views. His arrival in India excited great attention, and he was solicited by the Raja of Sattara * and the Emperor of Delhi to undertake, on

^{*} For a most interesting account of the case of this unfortunate Prince, written by George Thompson, see Hewitt's Journal, vol. 1., p. 48.

their behalf, the bringing of their claims before the authorities of this country as well as before Parliament.

Accordingly, on his return, with his mind stored with more practical knowledge of these subjects, he manfully undertook the defence of the ill-used and unfortunate Raja of Sattara. At first, he found in the Court of the Proprietors a determination, as it were, to treat the subject with contempt; but his determined zeal and eloquence broke through this assumed indifference, and compelled these stubborn and interested parties not only to listen but to feel; and on one occasion, owing to their refusal to hear him, he detained them till three o'clock in the morning. His triumphs since then over the dogged resistance of this body have been so many and so distinguished, that he has at length obtained a majority even among them. And there can be no doubt, now he has obtained a seat in Parliament, that he will carry the matter there, and will ultimately procure the Raja's restoration to his just claims and rights.

Raja's restoration to his just claims and rights.

We now come to the last triumph in the life of this remarkable man—his election as a member of parliament for the Tower Hamlets, which was carried by one of the largest majorities ever known in this country.

It will be seen from this sketch that George Thompson is as much distinguished for his dauntless courage and indomitable perseverance as for his ready cloquence. The various great public topics upon which he has been for so many years successively engaged render him peculiarly qualified to advocate them from the most advantageous position which the civilised world presents; and we, in common with the country at large, look forward with the utmost confidence to a brilliant and most beneficial career. He enters with a distinguished number of fresh advocates in the House, though old advocates out of it, of the same great and popular principles—one of the most interesting parliaments which has ever been convened, and at a crisis of public affairs and of public opinion calculated to add lofty inspiration to the most gifted minds.

Amongst those labours which, of course, will occupy George Thompson in parliament, the interests of India will take a prominent place; and as we believe these interests to be united in the most pre-eminent manner with the vital interests and prosperity of every individual in the nation, we shall not only watch carnestly for his labours in this cause, but shall, from time to time, devote our best powers to the same cause in this

ournal.

Our excellent wood engraving for this week, by Mr. Harrison, is copied from a beautiful Daguerreotype portrait of Mr. Thompson, taken by Professor Highschool, of West Strand, an American chemist of some celebrity, who, by the application of chemical science to this art has brought it to great perfection.

THE MIND OF MUSIC.

By the Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

"Away, Music, away!—thou tellest me of joys I shall never realise!" saith Jean Paul Richter;—and yet another might have listed the same sweet air, or deep choral harmony, which, perchance, filled that exquisitely dreaming thinker with insufferable cestasy, and never have been wrought beyond his ordinary matter-offact mood, or have imagined for a moment that the strain, from its very loveableness, was prophetic of joys not to be realised by a human spirit. What then, doth

Music really utter her intensest syllables in forms incomprehensible, save by the intuition of Genius? Is it merely her vulgarest sounds which can be understood by Man, as a family? Or, ought his too general inapprehension of the beauty of Music to be charged home, like so many other of his defects, upon his misteachers, and indolent, though duty-bound, neglecters? "Vicious, and brutal, is this human creature, naturally," was the first lesson man ought to learn, he was authoritatively told, for ages; and while the lesson itself could not possibly amend, exalt, or refine him, those who repeated it in his ears, too often, by force of example, helped to corrupt and degrade him. "The masses care not a straw for refinement—they prefer the resorts of the sot,"—say our own governors; and they close our galleries of Art, but set wide open the ginpalaces, on Sundays, "after service time," to prove their guilty saying's verity.

their guilty saying's verity.

And Music,—that language to which for expression even Sanscrit and Greek are rude,—that highest interpreter of the heart's loves and hates, joys and woes,—that powerfullest divulger of the intellect's profoundest conceptions and noblest aspirations,—that purest, least sensual disperser of mortal care and sorrow,—that all-glorious tongue, in which it would seem that a truly refined, and good and happy human being—were there one—should converse as in his only natural speech,—how have our fathers been mistaught, and how are their sons and daughters still mistaught, about its value and

tendencies!

It was "carnal" in the ears of the stern Puritan, whose indignation at ecclesiastical abuse soured him against the sweet sounds, which he believed had been employed to strengthen the power of priesteraft. In whatever form manifested—"pealing organ" boom, or "jocund rebeck" trill, anthem or ditty—it wa; "sinful vanity" to the sincere but mistaken asceticism of the primitive Quaker. And, indeed, the Puritan had but too much cause to question the beneficial tendency of the old priesthood's music, though he did not question it always on the sanest grounds; the people were never elevated by it; it never helped to break their Norman serfdom; it never promoted their moral, intellectual, or social advancement; it served the one evil purpose of aiding to bow the human spirit beneath the thraldom of a mystic superstition. And, if the Quaker lacked rational objection to melody before, he had but too strong a corroboration of the justness of his prejudices when the Stuart returned, and the strains of music were, thenceforth, vilely prostituted before the shrines of crowned and sceptered Frivolity and Licentiousness.

Wherein, then, lie the sources of the purification of Music? What can assist to place her above the contamination of the evil influences which in every age have obscured and deformed her beauty? How shall she be enabled to fulfil her destiny, magnificent as it will yet prove to be, in the grand scheme of Nature? How shall she be brought to enter on her high vocation, her proper union with Kuowledge and Truth and Brotherhood, in nurturing man's progression, till her own ecstatic shout rings over earth, proclaiming the human family happy? O let her be enthroned where majestic Handel, and sweetest Haydn, and universal Mozart, and sublime Beethoven, yearned to enthrone her—far above the vulgar credence that she was an enchantress of feeling, an exorcist of the passions, mcrely; and, therefore, to be legitimately employed for the worthless end and aim of tickling the senses. Let it be taught that the stronghold of her empire is in the mind, though the boundaries of her dominion include the passions. Let her attributes be asserted in such oracles as shall win progressing man to regard her not as a plaything, not as a seductive soother of discontent, or agreeable banisher of spleen; but as a great directress of thought,

—as a divinity, having her ahrine in the temple of the understanding, as well as receiving homage on the altar

"What! shall the multitude ever be brought thus to regard Music?" Ah! remember that before Guttemberg, and Faust, and Schoeffer, and Caxton, it was incredulously asked, through every age of the world, "What! shall the multitude ever be brought to read and think?" And yet this question is even now being solved in the regions of our stocking-frames and spinning-jennics, and power-looms; of our mines, and furnaces, and forges; of our factories, and warehouses, and workshops. The printing-types were the first step towards "knowledge for the million." Many more steps were necessary to lead "the masses" to their present position: simplifiers, collectors, abridgers, analysers, as teachers of old knowledge; and then, new thinkers, or pioneers of thought, stirrers-up of will, kindlers of the imagination, followed; and more, with ever-varying forms and powers, must follow, to complete the grand elaboration of a million-fold mass of inert, unemployed minds into active, bliss-receiving, and bliss-diffusing intelligence.

The first step towards "Music for the Million"—is it

vet taken? Due honour be rendered to the shade of Wilhem; and to Hullah, and all who emulate them! -but, unless we err, it will demand the appearance among men of beings gifted with an intensity of will, an energy of communicable influence, unpossessed by either of the deserving men just named, ere it can be affirmed that the work of diffusing the Mind of Music is begun—that the necessary first step is irretraceably taken. Irretraceably: that is, with the like monumental success that characterises the discovery of printing—the invention which renders the world's return to the errors of ignorance impossible, and the acquirement of knowledge by the million certain. When a kindred step is taken for the universal diffusion of the science of harmony, it will be asserted with triumphant truth-" We have now begun to give

Music to the Million."

Music to the Million."

That day and hour will come. To say how, or in what shape the discovery will present itself, were to make the discovery. Meanwhile, Music must experience the varying fortunes of poesy, and eloquence, and philosophy, before men had learned to multiply Homer, and Demosthenes, and Plato, by more commanding means than manual writing. The birth of one manding means than manual writing. The birth of one highly and peculiarly organised being—a Mozart. a Paganini, or a Malibran—may attract wonder and imitation in the creative or operative department of Music; but it will be still the few, comparatively, to whom her divinity will be revealed, and by whom she will be worshipped. The contemporaneousness of several of these peculiarly organised beings may create epochs of musical enthusiasm, even as the accident of many contemporary orators, poets, and philosophers, in old Athens, produced an enlightened and intellectual city; but, till the great instrument of diffusiveness is discovered, be it mental or mechanical, Music must present the phases of past knowledge—sometimes bright, then obscured; anon bursting forth with renewed splendour, only again to fade.

If it be asked whether the increasingly cheap supply of printed music, with the institution of choral classes be not, combined, an efficient instrumentality for commencing the gift of "Music to the Million,"-let it be transcends that the mission of Music, like its nature, transcends that of literature, and demands an expositor more subtle and spiritual for its universal diffusion. Teach a man letters and syllables, and he easily recognises them as an artificial form of something he is already acquainted with—speech. Supply him with books, and by the help of what he discovers therein of his own thoughts, he quickly learns to master the

thoughts of others. Literature, book-knowledge, finds in the universal mind of civilised man a prepared receptacle—a natural soil; and the growth, by culture, with the proportionate harvest, in time, are sure to be witnessed. Music appeals to faculties common to humanity, but lying deeper in its nature, and hitherto not called forth universally, like speech, by men's existence as a society: the exorcism which is to summon into world-spread vitality the full perception of Music-not an imperfect and evanescent pleasure derived from it—remains to be uttered. And thus it comes to pass that you may teach methods of singing—length of notes, and "distances," and chords, and so on—in choral classes; you may multiply copies of divine airs and swelling distribution. But "Music for the Million" is not then begun; for you possess not the instrument for unfolding to man the Mind of Music. You have made it an amusement, you may make it an occasional delight to some, to many: but it must become a vehicle of thought, a consoling guide, and purifier of the soul, to assert its permanent sceptre over universal man.

Now I begin to see what might be done in Music!" were the dying words of glorious Mozart. Did the spiritual vision reveal new combinations of sound merely? Was it not rather a glimpse of the means by which the whole brotherhood of man might be made to understand Music; not its measures and modes, simply—but its meanings and teachings? Such a vision might well fill the comprehensive soul of that immortal one with rapture: a dimmer revelation could scarcely have impulsed

his dying burst of transport.

How often must the spirit of a great musician yearn to know the secret that would render all men percipients of his own beautiful creations! Just as the highest poet-even Shakspere himself-must have felt occasional disappointment crossing his triumph, under the remembrance that, for some ages to come, it would be only by a part of the human world that his grandeur would be apprehended.

"Fame, the spur that the clear spirit doth raise, That last infirmity of noble mind,"

is infinitely more precious than gold to every true musician as well as to every true poet; the heart of each perpetually thirsts for the one, while the hand too often scatters the other, even when received, like worthless dust. The children of genius are each and all Alexanders in their longing to catch the eye of the whole world only, they covet to attract its awe or praise by the achievements of intellect in lieu of the triumphs of arms. Who does not sympathise with their wish for universal fame, since their acquisition of it would signify that every human creature had become an enlightened and exalted intelligence?

How strict a truism it is that the highest names in music have a contracted fame, such as to them must have seemed prizeless because yielded unintelligently, let any one judge by the few who listen intelligently to to the music of Handel, for instance, in this country.

Take the numerous crowds that witness the performances in Exeter-hall, and say how many minds among them discern thought in the music? Let the prattle which is going on (not always sotto voce) on every side, except during some marvellous trilling of a favourite singerthe prattic that so deeply wounds the nerves of a genuine Handelian worshipper—testify how profoundly the Exeter-hall audiences comprehend Handel! A few —perhaps one hundredth part of the assembly—follow the "mighty master" in the thoughts that unfold themselves alternately in sweetness and grandeur-in ecstatic rapture of air and imposing declamation of chorus—in richest splendour of fugue and simple majesty of unison: but to the mass of human ears and human brains within that vast hall "giant Handel" is no thinker; the possibility of it is never imagined. His music is

"pretty -very; or it is "fine" or "spirited;" or it may be, some dapper young gentleman insinuates with puppyish assurance that "he would not give a fig for it all, compared with the hoppera!" Alas! for the real fame of Handel - to how small a circle of minds it extends!

And the singers and instrumental performers—do they apprehend this Mind of Music? In truth, some of them have as much conception of it as of inhabitants in the moon. It appertains not necessarily to quickness of ear, a pleasing voice, or neatness of execution, to discern the meaning of a musical creation. "I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music," said Coleridge. And again: "A piece of Rossini's sounded to me like nonsense verses; but I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed." The intuition of high genius enabled Coleridge to read the mind of Beethoven in the musician's own language, but which the poet had never learned—could not learn—to enunciate. From hundreds who can sing Beethoven's notes the composer's mind is hidden. Does it not follow then that there needs some great outward revelation, so to speak, to enable man, as a family, to understand the inward in music?—some discovery of the unerring means by which the gift may be begun of Music for the Million?

THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER

By GRONGE COOPER.

HUSH! hush thee, my darling!-hush! lie still and slumber!

Dread pangs gnaw the heart of the mother who bore thee.

'Tis the cold gripe of Death, we are two of the number, The third was thy father, -he's gone on before thee.

Oh! Almighty God! 'tis hard to be driven To hunger, and die where such harvests abound: From our long-cherished homes to be forcibly riven,-Oh, Erin! oh, Erin! woes compass thee round.

Hush! hush! my poor darling; the night dews are chill;

My torn feet are weary-my strength is fast failing I've wandered and hungered o'er valley and hill, In the track of my footsteps are sorrow and wailing.

The frost nips the bosom that fain would thee nourish, My thin blood is frozen, and closed every pore That Nature has framed my poor baby to cherish; Oh Erin! oh Erin! thy griefs are as sore.

Hush! hush! Yes! 'tis hush'd;-thy smiles have departed;

Thy cold, clammy cheek now presses my breast; Left friendless and homeless to die broken-hearted, I welcome the cold grave that promises rest.

Ye nobles that sit at your tables, when drinking, And feasting and toasting, ye joyously laugh, Think—think—nor deny this sad truth, while you're thinking,

"Oh Erin! oh Erin! thy life's-blood we quaff."

STRANGE SCENES: OR. SAILORING "OUT SOUTH "

BY FRANKISY POT.

No II.

LAWRENCE lay on the grass, the blood in his voins burning with fever, his head throbbing, and no friend. no one to speak to even, to give him one kind word to

lighten the darkness of the prospect before him.
"Good heaven!" cried he aloud, as watching the vessel receding in the distance, thoughts of kind friends far away, and the cruelty he had just experienced, came rushing over him, "Good heaven! and after all to be left here to die!" and Harry, covering his face with his hands, burst into tears—those bitter tears that undeserved hard usage from the world wrings from us. Long Harry lay in the thick grass, where he had flung himself, his head between his hands; while now thoughts of his dear home in England passed through his breast and softened him to tears, and again the cruel captain and the bitter wrong he had done him, flashed captain and the bitter wrong he had done him, flashed upon him, and curses quivered on his lips. Few thoughts of the fever that was raging in him troubled him just then, save that he pressed his aching, weary head, and tried to ease the pain by changing his position often. If he must die, he must—but hope, how strong is hope! Hope told him that his time was not yet come, -so lay and thought Harry alone in that wild spot. At last, wearied with excitement and pain, he fell into a sort of stupor—a heavy, troubled sleep. The day waned apace, and still Harry slept on. The brig was out of sight, and the rays of the afternoon sun peeping under the branches of the tree that shaded him, began to play upon his face. Still he slept, till at last a group of negroes, with old Tom at their head, came trooping along, returning from their work. On they came, laughing and singing, and their merry chorus, in which Tom's well-known voice was prominent, woke Harry.

> "Do-you do. You don't do nothing; Work all night, work all day, Master says, you don't do nothing."

"Hollo! Who's dis?" cried Tom, stopping suddenly as he perceived our hero, who was just becoming

conscious of the presence of some one.
"Stop dat noise, you sir," added he to a negro, who was prolonging the chorus of their song, and then turning round, he said, "Why, massa Lawrence! what the devil are you doing here, and the brig 'bout twenty mile to sea by this time?"

"I'm sick, Tom, so they left me ashore here," said Harry faintly, turning his head to avoid the sun, which now shone full upon his face.

"Eh! what? Leab 'em here!" exclaimed the

negro, who taking Harry's hand in his own, now per-ceived how ill he was. "Well, by Gum, I always said that little 'old man' was one dam big rascal."
"Yes," said Harry, "get me a little water, please

Tom."

"You shall have some water, and a better place to lay on, Massa Lawrence," replied Tom. "I've not forgot the snake yet; though I'm a nigger, I've got some Christian sent'ments." And so saying, he called to one of the negroes, who were crowding round, expressing very freely their indignation at Harry's Captain, and together they lifted him up, and, supporting him in their strong arms, carried him gently up to Tom's hut, which was about two hundred yards off, but hidden by the trees from sight. Then Tom, having settled Harry on a

comfertable mat, with a soft pillow, and some cooling drink near him, said he'd leave him for the present.
"How shall I thank you for all this?" said Harry.

"Pooh, pooh! never mind dat. I owe you more than ever I can pay you for saving poor nigger from de snake-bite," replied Tom; "and you know, Massa Lawrence, if it hadn't been so I wasn't going to leave you lying there nohow you could fix it," continued the goodhearted fellow, and saying he'd be back by-and-byc and have a look at him, he went off, not waiting to hear what Harry had to say to his kindness, striking up his song as usual, but now and then stopping to swear that Harry's captain was the meanest man for master of a ship that ever he had heard of. Harry lay where Tom had left him in a sort of dreamy state, wondering, but with less anxiety than would be expected, how or when he could leave the island for some more habitable place. The town of Darien was the nearest-that was only twenty miles, but there was no way of reaching it but by open boat, and few that went with the fever left passing bound to Savannah, where he was sure of finding a good hospital at least. Having made up his mind on this point, our hero felt more settled, and only wanted some information from Tom as to the day and hour of the boat's passing to arrange everything within himself.

Shortly after sunset Tom returned-"Look'ee here, Massa Lawrence, "exclaimed he, putting down beside Harry a little jug and some cakes; "the master and missus heard from the steward about your being left, and so they sent you down some tea from their own

"They're very kind," said Harry.

table

"And Mr. Young, the master, says," continued Tom "that the Savannah boat comes by to night at ten o'clock, and that you are welcome to the use of one of his boats, and Cæsar and I can pull you off to her if

"Dear, dear! You've a kind master, Tom."
"Yes," said Tom, he's a first-rate man in some respects.

"Tell him," said Harry, "I shall never forget his kindness to my dving day, be it near or distant."
"Very well—I'll send the message by-and-bye. Now I'll see about the boat," said Tom, leaving Harry to his tea; and never did any meal he atc taste sweeter than that unexpected stranger's gift. It was an act so kind and thoughtful that he thought he never should forget it. It softened down the miserable loneliness of heart he felt, and cheered him up, making him feel that there was kindness as well as cruelty to be met with in struggling through the world, which might have yet he thought something worth living for.

At nine o'clock Tom came for Harry, telling him that the boat was all ready, and that they had better start at once lest they should miss the steamer, which only came that way once in a week. Harry acquiesced, and leaving another grateful message for Mr. Young, he with Tom's help travelled down to the pier. They shoved off, and after pulling about a mile, reached the point, where another branch of the river (the route to Savannah) joined the Darien stream. Here they lay upon their oars, till at last the hoarse panting of a high pressure engine sounded in the distance. The red lights from the boat glared upon the muddy banks of the river. Their hail was answered, and in a few moments Harry Lawrence, after a farewell hearty grip from old Tom's hand, climbed upon deck. The word is given, and panting like some wild anearthly monster, the boat speeds along; the light from her fires shining out straight through the foggy air, and over the thick waters as she glides between the river's winding muddy banks.

Harry was glad to find a comfortable corner amongst

the beds and baggage piled about forward, and stowing himself away in the softest corner he could find, regardless of the night-air laden with dew, and the noises around him, he fell asleep. The boat went on, and after the usual number of stoppages, occasioned by her grounding in the mud-banks which obstructed the river navigation in many places, arrived, in the middle of the next day, in sight of Savannah. Rousing himself, Harry looked out with as much interest as he was then capable of feeling for anything as the houses of the city built on the banks of the river became visible. He did not see much to cheer or enliven him in the view before Everything around told of a deserted city. Warehouses dismal and damp, with not a sign or sound of life about them, their mouldering shutters fast rotting with the damp, and closely barred, overhung the river on one side; passing these, two or three steam-boats, their woodwork broken, and paint all rusted, lay waiting for repairs. Likely to wait they seemed to be, for not a soul was visible on board. It was midday, and the poor attempt at stir and animated business that lingered through the sickly season died quite away during the hours that the sun blazing down in fiercest heat rendered work almost impossible.

On the opposite bank to the town, an old brig, high and dry in the mud, which the ebbing tide left bare, was lying on her side, adding to the desolate and un-wholesome dreariness of the picture. The sun, which, instead of shining bright, and warm, and cheerfully, seemed to pour its burning rays down with a savage heat, did not dissipate the gloom that the thought of heat, and not dissipate the groom that the thought of being quite a stranger in that wild and lonesome-looking place made Harry feel. The boat neared her stopping-place, passing rapidly the objects on either side. Here what was left of life and bustle in the city seemed to be concentrated. Two or three small vestely were being loaded, and other disherent. sels were being loaded, and others discharging their cargoes, with which men and carts upon the wharf were busily engaged. The passenger steamboat, whose next turn it was to start, looking fresh and jaurt; -her decks just washed, was lying at the wharf. And already had the carmen (who were chiefly Irish) begun their noisy bustling for hire, and with much disputing were backing their carts upon the steep sandy landing place that led upwards from the wharf waiting for passengers' luggage, which they pounced upon the moment the steamer was made fast. Harry waited till the first rush and bustle was over, and then getting his bed and chest put into a cart, he, with the driver's help, got in

too, and set off for the hospital.
"How far is it," said Harry, as the cart joited along, one minute with the wheels half buried in the sandy road, and the next bumping furiously over strips of stones that were laid down at the junctions of the streets.

"It's a trifle over two miles; but we'll soon get there. Come! come up, you baste you!" replied the driver, persuading his poor worn-out horse to adopt a faster pace.

"Poor lad!" exclaimed he, after a pause. "You're

very sick."
"Yes," said Harry, who, unable to resist the influence of the hot sun, from which he had no shelter, and the jolting of the cart, had leant back against his chest, over which his head drooped—his lips parched and his cheeks pale.

"Don't be down-hearted," said the driver; "I've took plenty to the hospital this season, worse than you are, and they're all right now—at least, the most of

Harry said nothing, but with his eyes half-closed, and in a painful, dreamy state, looked languidly over the side of the cart as it went rumbling along. On they went, jolting over stones, and plunging in the sand, up one street and down another; some of them were streets

exactly like those we see in old-fashioned English country towns. Others had long lines of trees, with grass growing about their roots, planted in rows down the middle. And Harry's thoughts rambled away to avenues of trees that led to stately halls, and then he thought he recognised the houses that they passed as 'hose of the town in which he lived at home, and he wondered it had grown so large, and when their ride would be ended. At last a terrible jolt recalled his fleeting consciousness, and he became sensible that they had cleared the town. The road turned abruptly upon a large open space; here and there were stunted shrubs, and the cart rolled with an easier motion upon the yellow withered grass, which strove to grow upon the half-beaten track they followed. The common was bounded on the side before them by a clump of trees, to the left of which a long, dazzlingly-whitewashed building stood prominently out, its walls glaring in the sun. To the gates of this house the cart drove up.

"Here we are at last. Come, my poor fellow, let me help you down," said the driver, rousing Harry from the almost insensible state into which he had again fallen. Harry got down, and managing to reach the gate, which was open, he leant against it till the summons of the was answered. A small strip of garden stretched on each side of the path leading to the door of the house, and as Harry stood under the shade of a blossoming fruit-tree, a gentle air wafted with cooling breath the sweet scent of the flowers growing around. A pleasant sensation, the first he had experienced for some time, stole over his senses, and he felt as though he could make his bed and die-if heaven so willed it -in the shade of that sweet blooming tree. In a minute the door opened, and the superintendant of the hospital appeared. He gave directions to have Lawrence's things carried in, and taking him by the hand led him into a little dispensary, opening from the hall, where the books of the hospital were kept.

"Where is your permit," was the first question

Harry had none. "Didn't know anything about the rules, or where one was to be obtained."

The superintendant was a kind-hearted man; and after inquiring the name of Harry's ship, where she had come from, etc., and finding that he had a protection as an American citizen (a form which anyone sailing in American vessels can obtain) he admitted him at once, dispensing with the form—or, at least, undertaking to get it done himself—of showing the protection at the Custom-house, where permits for the hospital were issued.

Harry Lawrence had never been in a hospital, and he entertained in some measure that feeling of repugnance at the notion of going into one which is more or less felt by all classes of English people. And ill as he was, he could not repress the agreeable astonishment he felt when under the charge of the nurse he was led into one of the fever wards.

There was no furniture beyond what was actually necessary, but the air of cleanliness, coolness, and comfort that everything bespoke,—the snow-white mosquito curtains of the beds, the boarded floor rivalling their whiteness, the open windows, round which some creeping plants entwined themselves, and the table, at one end, covered with books; all came upon him with a pleasant feeling of surprise. The "tone" of every thing was so different from his preconceived notions of hospitals in general, among which he had included the one he was about to make his temporary home. There were eight beds in the room he entered the occupants of which, who were not too ill, were lying reading. Harry had a bed assigned to him, to which he speedily betook himself; not, however, without feeling strongly how superior the independent system on which the hospital he was in, and many more,

were supported, is to any charitable plan ever concocted by the joint efforts of committees, presidents, and dinners.*

The fever began now to exercise the full force of its

baneful power upon Harry. Blisters were applied, and he lay conscious of little else except the pain he suffered. Night came, and Harry lay in the same half-conscious state. In the bed upon his left, a patient in another stage of the disorder, kept breaking out at times with wild and unconnected sentences; and when all was still, between the nurse's visits, he walked up and down the ward, raving of his home and friends, and of walking with some girl he loved, in bright, green meadows, and by sparkling brooks, till Harry's heart grew sick within him, and he ferrently prayed that he, too, might not lose his reason. Towards midnight, a loud peal upon the bell, and the creak of wheels outside, summoned the immates of the house to receive another fever-stricken miserable. The bed on Harry's right was vacant, and on it-borne in the arms of the attendantthe sufferer was laid. His hollow cheeks were white, and a clammy sweat stood upon his forehead. They said he was in great danger-that he was too far gone to be recovered. The doctor came in haste; every means that he could think of were applied. It was too late. The poor fellow came there but to die; and with gasps for breath, in which the deathly rattle almost sounded in his throat, he in a few words told his melancholy, but, alas! too common story, and departed. He was a carpenter by trade, and had been taken ill when working near some swampy ground, about thirty miles in the interior, whither he had been hired to go. There was no help near; no conveyance to the city. He made his way as best he could, and arrived in time to see his wife and children, reach the hospital, and die. Harry heard all this, witnessed it all; and at the same time felt that he was getting worse—that the fever was taking greater hold upon him. So it was. He grew worse and worse, and the next day became unconscious of anything that passed around, or what he said or did. How long this lasted Harry knew not. It was a blank in his existence, indistinctly marked by dreamy visions. He knew not that his life was despaired of; that he stood upon the very verge of that abyss into which so many around him had fallen. He neither knew or felt any-thing till the danger was all past. When he woke from this state, the doctor and the nurses were standing round his bed; and when he caught the few significant words that passed between them, recalling vague but withal grateful sensations of his past and present condition, they struck upon his ear, gladdening his heart as the joyful cry of "Land!" cheers the toil-worn, weather-beaten mariner, after long and dreary voyaging upon the waste of waters. Though very weak, he felt no pain, except where the recent blistering had caused a tenderness, and soon he had nothing to do but to pick up his lost strength. In three weeks Harry felt himself nearly recovered, and began to In three think of leaving the hospital. The time hung heavily upon his hands, for most of the books were read through, and his wardrobe renovated; for he wasmost sailors are—able either to make or mend his clothes. He was not destined to be long in want of occupation; for, one morning, very soon after, a shipping master from the city came galloping on horseback up to the hospital. Not a sailor was to be had in Savan-nah, for love or money. One of the New York packet brigs was waiting for two men to make up her complement. Not one could be found in the city, so the ship-

• In the United States, the Custom House of the scaport where the hospital is situated, pays 1 is. weekly for every scafaring mun admitted. The money is taken from a fund to which a small portion of every sailor's wages is contributed, and which is, also, devoted to the erection of their hospitals. ping master had come to the hospital as a last resource, thin ing that, perhaps, there might be some one just leaving, whom he could persuade to go. He made a liberal offer for the "run," and Harry, who was the only one well enough to think about accepting it, determined upon going; but not without some misgivings on the score of his newly-found strength. The shipping master was delighted, and carried Harry off at once to the vessel, which was upon the point of starting.

Happily for our hero, fine weather and fair winds were the order of the day. The packet had a splendid run. In four days they reached New York, and Harry was again domiciled in the boarding-house which he had quitted some months before, bound "out south." To his astonishment, none of the crew with whom he had sailed had yet returned, nor was there any news of the vessel. In the healthy north he very soon quite recovered his strength, and satisfied with the sufferings he had endured, determined to end his wanderings by returning to his friends in England, amongst whom he is now I believe comfortably settled. Before he left New York, he read in an old newspaper, which he saw by accident, an account of the total loss of the brig Virginia on her passage from the southern states. The captain and all hands were drowned.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By FREDERIC ROWTON,

Honorary Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

No. III.

THE GALLOWS CONSIDERED AS A SPECTACLE.

WE have up to this point considered the Punishment of Death simply as a theory; and we have seen, I think, that as a device for restraining men from crime, it cannot possibly answer its purpose, inasmuch as the penalty it threatens is not only unrealisable from its very nature, but necessarily so uncertain in its infliction as to make the criminal calculate, almost with sureness, upon escaping from punishment altogether.

But it will be said that although the penalty may often fail to visit the few who actually commit murder, its terrible example, when it is inflicted, serves as a lasting and efficient warning to the many, who without such a lesson might perpetrate the crime. The spectacle of an execution, it is thought, is of so impressive and solemn a nature, that even the chance of incurring the punishment will deter from the commission of the offence.

I wonder if those who put forth this magnificent logic ever think while they speak. A terror!—the gallows a terror to the spectator? What! will tens of thousands of men, women, and children, voluntarily travel miles to be terrified? Does it seem a likely supposition that the degraded beings who form the audience at a strangling scene attend it in order that they may be moralised? Do they not rather go—as they would to any other show—on purpose to be excited or amused? Is it not in their eyes an interesting Play, a Drama, in which the interest is all the greater because the suffering is real! Is it not a spectacle which they will choose for their amusement in preference to any other sight you can present to them? Hear what Edmund Burke says on this subject. "Choose," says he, "a day on which

to represent the most sublime and affecting tragedy we have: appoint the most favourite actors; spare no cost upon the scenes and decorations; unite the greatest efforts of poetry, painting, and music —and when you have collected your audience, just at the moment when their minds are erect with expectation, let it be reported that a state criminal of high rank is on the point of being executed in the adjoining square. In a moment, the emptiness of the theatre would demonstrate the comparative weakness of the imitative arts, and proclaim the triumph of the real sympathy." And is not the conduct of a mob at an execution the very behaviour of a gallery-audience at a theatre? There is the same practical jocularity before the performance be-gins—the same hush of expectation when the chief actor in the scene appears—the same cheering or hooting at the performer—the same tumultuous excitement whilst the play proceeds. In a word, the one scene is an interesting tragedy, the same as the other: the only difference being that at the real death-scene the sympathies are more powerfully excited in favour of the sufferer than they are in the mimic one, because his pain is actual and not fictitious.

A visit to an execution is looked upon as a holiday by those who make it; and a thorough Devil's holiday it is! There are depraved minds that find an absolute pleasure in the exhibition; and of such only is the audience composed. The scene is to many notoriously a delight—an amusement sought out and paid for! People wait in the street all night that they may see it acted in the morning, Pence, shillings, guineas, are paid for benches, seats, and windows from which the act of throttling may be coolly viewed. It is a fact which cannot be denied, that whilst the guillotine was daily plying its bloody labours during the French Revolution, people became so fond of witnessing the shedding of blood, that they could not stay away from the scene of slaughter; and women repaired daily with their needle-work to the place of execution, and seated themselves in circles round the scaffold, to feast their eyes on the sufferings of the victims! Now this did not take place at first. It was only after executions had repeatedly occurred that this refinement of barbarity was witnessed; and this shows us that it is the punishment itself that deprayes the spectator. He who sees an execution is not terrified, but fascinated, by it. We continually meet with persons who boast that they have attended the last three, the last four, the last five executions. Wicks, who was executed for murder in April 1846, made a point of being present on every possible occasion; and used to hire a place from whence he could see "comfortably." The crowd that witnessed the strangulation of Martha Browning at the Old Bailey (January 1846) went over the water to Horsemonger lane to see Quennell hung an hour afterwards: a proof how much they were horrified by the exhibition.

Let me here mention a fact which legislators might ponder on a little. The practice of gibbeting was restored by an enlightened Parliament a few years ago; and in 1832 two men were hung in chains—one at Jar-row, the other at Leicester. Thousands of persons row, the other at Leicester. flocked day after day to these gibbets as to Maypoles. Tents were erected on the ground for drinking, dancing, and card-playing. And on Sundays the spectacles were worst of all. The enlightened Legislature had to remove these gibbets.

As to the sight of an execution deterring the spectator from the commission of the crime that he sees thus punished, it is one of the wildest fantasies ever con-ceived. Why, a clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Bristol—who had official opportunities of knowing a

great deal upon this matter, found that out of 167 capi-

[•] Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, Section XV.

tal convicts 164 had been present at executions - some frequently! A man who lately filled the office of hangman at Edinburgh was convicted under Lord Ellenborough's Act, and transported. He committed five mur ders in the colony to which he was sent, and came to the scaffold himself in the end. One of the jurymen who found Dr. Dodd guilty of forgery was himself shortly afterwards convicted of the same offence, and suffered on the same scaffold. Dr. Dodd himself says—"We constantly hear of crimes not less flagitious than those for which the criminal is to die, perpetrated even at the very place and moment of his punishment." It has been said upon good authority that Mr. Fauntleroy first conceived the idea of committing forgery whilst witnessing the execution of a man for that crime. And it is a well-known fact that a gang of coiners were not many years since surprised in the very act of guilt, with the dead body of a former comrade before them who had been executed for the selfsame crime, and whose corpse (after seeing him hung) they had begged from the authorities. So much for the example of the gallows!

It is a mistake to suppose that the spectator is warned; -he is merely excited. Granting that there are some persons present who are not so depraved as to visit the scene for mere amusement's sake ;-granting, I say, the very unlikely supposition that there are some amongst the crowd who go with a desire to be edified; it is not a warning emotion that they feel, but a sympathetic one. It is pity for the sufferers, not horror at the one. It is pity for the sufferers, not horror at the the crime, that they experience. Sometimes this feeling is manifested—as in Tapping's case—by cheering and clapping of hands. Think of that for a moment!—a murderer launched into the presence of God with the plaudits of a sympathising multitude ringing in his ears! Sometimes the sentiment of pity as shown by audible exclamations of regret. In the Times' report of Tawell's execution these words occur :- "What was the effect of the scene upon the spectators? Almost universally it produced a feeling of sorrow for the criminal. times the sympathy of the crowd is evinced by loudly expressed admiration of the culprit's heroism of manner. "He came out like a man." "He died game." "He looked quite happy like." Such are the expressions heard at executions. He must be a bold and shameless reasoner who would maintain that conduct like this is consistent with the idea that the spectator carries home a warning from the scene!

It is one of the most notorious of facts that crime is perpetrated under the very gallows. The malefactor finds there the opportunity and the temptation to make his first step in crime; and he makes it, although its crowning result is before him! "Every execution, says Dr. Lushington, "adds a candidate to the list of the hangman." Here are the words of a magistrate (Alderman Copeland) on the subject:—"Having on Easter Monday sent for trial some, and summarily convicted others,—three in one gang, and two in another, for picking pockets at the foot of the gallors, I have come to the conclusion that some means should be devised to put an end to these public exhibitions.' Take up a newspaper of the day after an execution, and you will find its police reports filled with accounts of men and boys who have been detected in crime on the occasion; and, singularly enough, prosecutors bereaved of their pocket-handkerchiefs, or adorned with black eyes, will be reprimanded by the magistrate for attending a scene which the law provides for the public edifi-

The argument that the spectacle of an execution incites rather than restrains is most forcible of all in the case of murder. For it does the very deed. It teaches murder by example. It says plainly that life may be destroyed by man. To prevent homicides it commits it. It kills to prove that men should not kill. It uses murder to propagate murder. The punishment exactly

resembles the crime. It is deliberate homicide: and what else is murder? The defender of the practice may perhaps say that there is a difference between the act of a government and the act of an individual; that what may be wrong in the one case, may be right in the other. Very plausible, indeed! But will the brute-minded spectator understand this fine-drawn distincfor revenge, so may I. I, too, will work by crime to punish crime." What said Quennell, who was executed last year? Why that he conceived he had been injured, and had taken life as a reparation. The very argument of the law. Besides—as to this question of right. You, in defence of governmental right, say that it comes from individual right (an assertion into which I shall inquire Well, then; is it not plain to you that the presently). malefactor will turn upon you with your own logic, and say—"You admit my individual right to kill; you are forced to do so before you can establish the ruler's — why, then, am I to be condemned when I use it? If I can delegate a right, I can withdraw it; and if you possess it through me, surely I can recall it from your keeping, and exercise it for myself." You would find such an argument somewhat hard to answer.

Those persons who assert that killing in public prevents killing in private, would do well to consider a fact

or two to which I will now refer.

Instances are on record of boys acting an execution inside the walls of Newgate, whilst a culprit was being hanged outside. The trial, the sentence, and the very destruction of life itself, have been thus imitated. During the awful September massacres of the French Revolution, the prisoners in their dungeons actually performed burlesques of the terrible scenes passing in front of their gaols, whilst they themselves were waiting for their turns to come! Murders almost always follow executions immediately—as though the seed were sown at the scenes themselves. Connor, a recent Old Bailey victim, witnessed an execution on the morning of the very day when he committed the murder for which he suffered. Of the suicides committed in Great Britain, five-eighths are by hanging,—just as if the punishment of the rope had suggested the idea.

It will not do to say that these remarkable facts are nothing more than singular coincidences. They are too clearly related to a cause; and that cause is too clearly the gallows. The plain fact is that the public destruction of human life has a frenzying, fascinating, disor-ganising effect upon us. It suggests the idea of blood; awakens that mysterious but irresistible desire of imitation which always seizes us when any action is placed too vividly in our view; and inspires us with that strange wish to leap into the abyss of crime which only finds a parallel in the wild idea of jumping from a

great elevation to which scarcely any one is a stranger. There is an unfathomable depth in terror.

Of the gallows as a spectacle, then, we may safely say this—That instead of exercising a terrifying restraint, it acts rather as an incitement to crime; that under the pretence of preaching the sacredness of human life, it commits the assounding contradiction of doing what it condemns; that it elevates the culprit into a martyr, and invests with the sympathy of society him who ought only to excite its detestation; and that it provides "devil's holidays" for the community, in which thousands take that first step in guilt which is the sure commencement of a vile and miserable carcer.

(To be continued.)

[.] Whilst Hocker lay in prison between the time of his sentence and execution, a boy named James Watton was commit-ted to prison from Worship-street for threatening his father's life. He said to the policeman who had charge of him, "I shall never be happy until I have been the death of my father. I wish I could do something to be like Hocker next Monday morning."

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGRAM.

QUEEN AUTUMN now makes progress through our land, Whose loyal gladness spreads upon her way A carpeting enwrought with sumptuous hand Of golden broidery and flowered display.

The changing tissues of cloud-tapestry,
Dyed in the glories of the moon and sun,
Fold richlier round a vault of purer sky
Than any other season looks upon;

And tall tree-arches, hung with scented wreaths,
And studded with warm fruit, cope every road;
A general spirit of busy joy outbreathes,
And Plenty's wide-mouthed horn is overflowed.

Lately, when this good time was at its best,
One evening found me, with half-wearied pace,
Climbing a hill against the lighted West,
A cool air flowing softly on my face.

I reached the top: the calm and gorgeous sky
Bathed a rich harvest view in double gold
Sheaf-tented fields of bloodless victory;
Stacked farms, embosomed in their leafy fold;

Whence climbed the straight blue smoke; grass-shaded hill,

And brown ploughed field their graver colourings lent:

And some few heads of corn ungathered still, Like aged men to earth, their cradle, bent;

And reapers, gleaners, and full carts of grain,
With undisturbing motion and faint sound
Fed the rich calm, whose marge a mountain chain
Soaked in dream-colours, girt with Beulah-bound.

At length across an easy-falling slope,
Down through the Harvesters, I sauntered slowly,
Field after field, until I reached a group,
A pleasant group, who were not strangers wholly.

The farmer, still an active man, though gray,
Was talking to his sturdy second son,
Who had been with the reapers all the day,
And now put on his coat, for work was done.

And two as lovely girls as ever breathed,
A slender, blue-eyed, golden-headed pair,
Laughed with a little nephew, whilst he wreathed
Red poppies through his lesser sister's hair.

They were going home; and, at their warm request, I went along with them; the cheerful dame Welcomed her cheerful party and their guest At the the farm-door, and Towser did the same.

The children, running to a poor lame boy,
Whose crutches on the stool beside him leaning,
Were in his book forgot,—with eager joy
Gave him the crowded flowers that formed their
gleaning.

Delightful was the evening that I spent
In that low, gentle-simple, plain abode;—
Much cheerful wisdom, mirth most innocent,
Closed by an humble worshipping of God.

As I went home, all worldly feelings stilled,
Unclouded Peace, a supermortal boon,
Filled all my soul; as heaven and earth were filled
With the white glory of the harvest moon.

CITIES AND CITIZENS ABROAD.

BY THE REV. HENRY DAVIS.

II.—MADRID AND THE MADRILENOS.

(Continued from page 249.)

The aspect of the Madrilenian population interests foreigners far less from the intrinsic characteristics of the natives than the extreme variety of the numerous provincialists who flock thither from nearly every portion of the peninsula, forming together a motley con-

fused heap of living beings.

Now London has its cocknies, a large and distinctive portion of its vast multitude; Paris has its badauds and grisettes to give it a peculiar individualising character; and other cities likewise have their distinguishing features. But this is far less the case in Madrid, where large colonies of provincialists-Asturians, Catalans, Estramadurians, Murcians, Valencians, etc., form permanent settlements, and constitute more than half of the entire population. London indeed comprises great numbers of people from the northern and western coun-ties, as well as Scotch, Welsh, and Irish; and so likewise in Paris we find Limousins. Bretons, Auvergnois. and Gascons; but these form a very small proportion to the entire mass; whereas in the Spanish metropolis the chief trade and hardest labour is in the hands of forasteros (foreigners) who come with their wares to create plenty in the midst of the wilderness. The personal appearance of the people is on the whole rather prepossessing. The men of Castile are above the average height, with sallow complexions, long noses, well-cut mouths, and bright black or hazel eyes, broad-shouldered, thin but muscular, and exceedingly active. Its women carry away the palm from all but the Sevillians. Though under the middle height, and sometimes of low stature, they have noble, majestic figures, an elegant tournure, beautiful feet and ancles, and strikingly fine features,—the whole well set off by the basquina and mantilla, forming the national costume, neatly-dressed hair, with large gay combs and exquisitely neat little slippers. The forasteros are distinguished—often by dress—but always by their gait and language, both of which greatly differ from the polished style of the true Castilian. As respects the moral features of the population—a very difficult subject, and in some respects a matter of mere opinion—the Madrilenos are honest, sober, and moderate in their appetites-careless, indolent, extravagant and fond of show, at whatever sacrifice it is to be gained-but withal, scrious, even to gloominess, jealous and revengeful. The Catalans and Galicians are a blunt and hard-working, but ignorant and superstitious race; the Andalusian is the Gascon of Spain—a lively, jovial idler, well-made and fond of gewgaw finery, handsome women, and good cheer; the Valencians are a swarthy, Moorish looking race, the lowest, idlest, most subtle, and most fawning of all the inhabitants.

The state of society in Madrid is a subject on which writers have expressed many and conflicting opinions; but we pity the *insouciance* of anyone who can call it dull and uninteresting, inasmuch as there are few cities of Europe exhibiting more bustle and variety of its kind. It is true indeed, that hospitality—by which an Englishman means a willinguess to give expensive entertainments—is seldom practised on a large scale here, and families are shy of receiving foreigners, who consequently meet with some difficulty in getting into and catching the spirit of society. When, however, they have once established their footing and received the invitation to consider a house at their service, nothing can be considered more lively, entertaining, and free from

reserve than the society of the capital, wherever it be met with—at the morning lounge on the Prado, or at

the tertulias of private families. Now—to enter somewhat more into detail—let us take a view of the ordinary mode of living.— The highest grandees, the diplomatic body, and a few others, have large palaces and superbly-furnished mansions, with internal courts, entered by portes-cochères; but by far the majority even of the upper and middle classes occupy only flats or stories—often parts of stories, as in Paris, approached by a general staircase, the filth of which nothing but inveterate custom could make endurable; and the passage is not unfrequently tenanted by those whom want or in dolence tempts to make it their temporary domicile. Half-a-dozen apartments form a suite; and the size as well as comfort of every other room is in most cases sacrificed to form a handsome showy salon for the reception of company. The hour of rising is somewhat late: and midday is almost past, ere the toilette and morning meal of chocolate and bread has been completed. The gentlemen-those at least whom business does not engage more usefully-spend the morning in lounging, smoking, reading the journals, and listening to the gos-sip of the cases; the ladies sit much at home en deshabille, amusing themselves with work, novel-reading, and music (in which last some are no mean adepts); but not a few don their mantillas and go to church, while others go to visit their female friends or trifle away an hour shopping and flirting with gay young lechuginos. The hour of dinner is from two to three, and the meal frugal-a light soup, followed by that eternal plat-de-resistance, the puchero (a mess of beef, fowl, bacon, and sausages) and concluded by a dessert (postres) of fresh or dried fruit and cheese, with the accompaniment of a little light wine or agua fresca. Then follows the siesta, which seems pretty well to divide the day in Madrid; and at this season, which lasts till nearly five, there reigns an absolute, entire repose. The thoroughfares (a few hours before busy and noisy) are now deserted by those who have a roof to shelter them; and such as have not lie composedly down near the fountains or against the wall; all classes sleep-business is for the time wholly stopped—life seems to languishand the city at such times might be thought to be peopled by the dead! How different the face of affairs only two hours later, when the drowsy god's vespers are ended and gaiety has resumed her sway! Every place is now instinct with life and motion, the shop-keepers are as active and talkative as ever; the hawkers resume their cries, and the streets are again in a bustle with "gallants gay and ladies fair" in car-riages, on horseback, and on foot, hastening to the Prado.

The Prado, as it now stands (for in the time of Cervantes, Quevedo, and Calderon, it was a mere open meadow) was formed and planted by Charles III. about the middle of the last century. Its entire length, including the Becoletos, is upwards of two miles; but the central and most frequented part is little more than a quarter of a mile long and about a hundred yards broad, planted with parallel rows of trees flanked by handsome buildings and embellished with several large and ornamental fountains. At nearly every hour of the day or evening the Prado has its loungers and promenaders; but the fashionable hours are from four or five till seven in the evening. Amusing is the scene at this time; an infinite variety of colours and costumes meet the eye; the bus of many voices salutes the ear—from the pichontia or chiquititita of some laughing flatterer of the fair to the rougher, noisier appeal of some hawker of flowers or toys—Vaya, que barato! Ha visto usted!—(Cheap, cheap, you never saw the like!). The ladies, too, most effectually play their part in this Babel-like pantomime; and many are the merry jocund laughs and

spicy smart rejoinders that may be heard, as the fair ones flutter along the alleys or enjoy their al fresco tertulia at the pretty-looking water-vendor's stalls. What an extraordinary variety, too, of equestrians and equipages! Here a party of well-dressed and well-mounted men are escorting a party of beautiful and elegantlydressed female equestrians—almost as good horsewomen as the English; and every now and then a youth, handsome and vainer than the rest, appears conspicuous in the majo costume sugar-loaf hat, embroidered jacket, and endless fringery, etc, The carriages form, indeed, a motley group; for changed as Madrid has been within the last six or seven years, the old-fashioned carriage finery is not yet quite worn out. Hence, among a group of modern European, well-built carriages, gigs, and cabriolets, becoming every-day more common, it is not unusual to see lumbering shaky Berlinas and coches decolleras drawn by teams of mules, with bombas, calesines, etc., and other outlandish vehi-cular machines that are far less suitable for the modern Spaniards than the departed spirits of their grandfathers and grandmothers. But with time these grotesque inconsistencies will cease; and the Prado, now so fasci-nating a scene, will ere long vie with the Hyde Park of London or the Corso of Milan.

The evenings are divided between the theatre and tertulia,—both of which are quite indispensable to a Spaniard's happiness,—though of course the former is an indulgence that can be only occasional, while the other is nightly. There are now three theatres,—and that opened only a few years back near the palace is large and extremely well fitted up, boasting of a corps of actors and musicians little inferior at present to those belonging to the cities of Italy and Germany. Italian operas and ballets are very creditably put on the stage (though scarcely as well as at Barcelona and Seville), and the house is, on the whole, well supported.

There are two other theatres,—what we should call patent houses,—conducted under the direction of the Ayuntiamento (or Town-council); and at these are represented such productions as are now fashionable on the Spanish stage—translations and adaptations from Dumas, Scribe, and other French dramatists, intermingled occasionally with pieces of more original merit from some half-dozen Spanish writers; but sel-dom, indeed, are ever to be seen or heard those glorious works that have won undying laurels for Calderon, and Lopez de Vega, and Cervantes. The management and performances are below mediocrity, and the fouses are shabby, ill-lighted, and extremely dirty; nor could we conceive how such houses could meet with patronage, unless we knew what extreme love a Spaniard has for a smutty farce and an obscene fandango. Plays either are, or were recently, performed at the Licco by a private company of literary persons; and these representations were very creditable to all concerned, and extremely well attended by the fashionables in Madrid.

The Tertulias are common to all classes at all seasons,—in closely curtained rooms round the brazero in winter, and in airy balconied saloons almost al freeco during summer. They are most agreeable parties, characterised by a freedom and sociality unknown in other countries. The conversation is well kept up, and occasionally rendered even brilliant by wit and repartee; though the subjects embraced rarely go beyond the polities of the day, the scandal of the cotories, the gallantries of the men, the charms and accomplishments, loves and adventures of the fair; in short, the airy trivial topics that beguile the passing hour without

[•] The female portion of the audience has a separate accommodation; the ladies sitting in a kind of box or balcony called the casuela, or more frequently the gallinero or "hencoop."

troubling the thoughts or informing the understanding. The company, too, is often of a mixed and somewhat objectionable character, and the use of cigars by the male portion—still permitted in the majority of these assemblies-renders them disagreeable at first to an unsophisticated Englishman. They are almost unattended with expense, the only refreshments being fresh water, seasoned with lemon-flavoured barley-sugar, and only a few ices and wafer-cakes are intro-duced even on grander occasions. Balls are by no means unfrequent; and in the beginning of the year there are occasional masquerades, equally remarkable for extravagant and expensive costume, rollicking fun and very objectionable intrigues. This kind of gallantry, however, is far too common in the every-day routine of life to admit of a censure against the bals masqués in particular; for there exists a looseness of morals throughout the middle and higher classes not at all less prevalent, if less obtrusive, than in Italy.

The Spaniards, as every one knows, are passionately fond of bull-fights; indeed, Jovellanos, one of their most learned politicians, said sarcastically of his countrymen, that their chief necessaries were pan y toros (bread and bulls). The bull-fights at Madrid take place weekly during the spring and summer; and on a Monday the entire road to the Plaza outside the gate of Alcala, is a scene of indescribable bustle and drollery, crowded with all classes and every procurable kind of vehicle hurrying to the scene of action. Behold, when arrived, nearly twenty-thousand spectators, rising row above row round a spacious circular area, in which are collected the fantastically attired matadores, banderilleros, picadores, and other actors in this stirring scene; -and when the cruel sport commences, what intrepidity, strength, and activity, are displayed by the fighters; what intensity of interest do all evince in the contest; what simultaneous shouts of applause, what shricks of pity are heard, as success or disaster attends the combatants! Indeed, everything shows that this is the favourite, all-absorbing pursuit of the Peninsula; and an Englishman who has once been present at one of these scenes can no longer wonder at the saying of Spaniards,—Toros, nos morimos por los toros (bulls—we are dying for the bulls).* The rearing of a fine breed of bulls (bulls that show mettle in fighting), the wages given to the fighters, and other incidental expenses, are for Spain very large—upwards of two millions of reals yearly; but the charges for seats, which vary according to position, are somewhat high, and the desire of obtaining places is so intense among all classes, that a large surplus revenue is applied by the Ayuntiamento to purposes of local charity!

The lowest class—the manolos of Madrid—are usually described as a lazy, demoralised people, whose depravity makes the streets unsafe;—but, in fact, it cannot be wondered at that a people who for years have been made the tools of one or other political party in keeping up the ferment of civil war should be easily excited by cupidity and revenge to deeds of violence. Robberies therefore are not unfrequent, owing to a very inefficient night-police; and the nabaja (clasp-knife) is often found convenient in despatching the unwitting victims. Assassinations, too, are often traceable to sexual misconduct and political intrigue; and unhappily the law is too easily evaded to strike terror into

evil-doers. These crimes, however, are much less frequent than formerly, and will doubtless disappear with the revival of civil order and general prosperity, which, however, seem quite as far as ever from unhappy Spain. The miseries of poverty, owing to the plenty and low price of a certain class of provisions, are less felt than in other countries; and even the lowest and most reduced are blithe and merry as the rest, as easily excited by the stirring scene of the Toros, or the twinkling feet of their queriditas in the maddening fandango. Of beggars their name is "legion;" halt, lame, and

Of beggars their name is "legion;" halt, lame, and blind spend, as it were, their whole lives eating, drinking, sleeping, and enjoying their dolce far niente in the public street; and i'faith they are a motley race, as various in costume as provincial origin, though all alike disposed to observe quite literally the apostolic injunction, to "be careful for nothing.!" Madrid, like other Spanish cities, has its colony of gitanos; but we shall say nothing of them here, as they are far more numerous in Seville and the south.

A few words, in conclusion, seem desirable respecting the state of art and literature in the Spanish capital. Of painters and engravers, such as we should term artists, there are scarcely any at all; and at this we wonder the more, as the Picture Gallery on the Prado comprises some of the finest specimens of high art that ever proceeded from the great masters of the fifteenth century, including Raphael's "Pasma de Sicilia," Titian's "Prometheus bound," a noble picture by Velasquez—"Vulcan at his Forge," and many others, works of the Italian, French, and Dutch schools, as well as that of Spain itself. This gallery has been much enlarged by the addition of valuable pictures from the Escuriale and many of the convents.

The literature of Madrid is almost at as low an cbb as art—though perhaps there are much better hopes of its resuscitation, as works do now and then appear exhibiting strong proofs both of original talent and diligent research. The booksellers' shops, however, present in general a truly melancholy aspect; for though we may here and there meet with a good standard work, their stock in trade chiefly consists of monkish histories, the everlasting Don Quixote, a few plays of Calderon, translations of Walter Scott, the Penny Magazine, and a few French novels and farces, with now and then a translation—such as it is—of our own

Shakspere.
Such is Madrid:—and now, readers, farewell.

Literary Notice.

Sparks from the Anvil. By ELIHU BUREITT, M.A. London: Charles Gilpin.

Tue perusal of these "Sparks from the Anvil" has

The perusal of these "Sparks from the Anvil" has much raised our opinion of the clear power of thought, the sound principle, and literary ability of the American blacksmith. In this little volume will be found an able advocacy of the cause of peace, temperance, and brotherly unity which constitutes the mission of Elihu Burritt in Europe or in America. We have not space to particularise, but would instance "Bury me in the Garden" as one of the most affecting things that we ever read; and the article we transcribe as one of the most exciting:—

THE MATURAL BRIDGE; OR, ONE MICHE THE HIGHEST.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads stan-

^{*} The following facts will show the absurd importance attached to bull-fights. In 1827, the ministry under Calomarde seized the endowments of two professorships at Salamanca, to enrich the bull-fighters of Seville; and still more recently, an ex-minister of state has written a defence of the bull-fights, wherein he complains that "the English cannot appreciate the national sport, and mistake the harmless amusements of a civil and humane people for the barbarous sports of a wild Indian tribe."

ing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless peers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where slant up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel; the sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them; they see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intel-lectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach,—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting-crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up, and cuts another niche for his hand. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he outs and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends were weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half away to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His compa-nions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length rolled on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, aud awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you. Don't look down! Kéep your eye towards the top! The boy did'nt look down. His eye is fixed, like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts anthat remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his breast; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut, before the longest rope can reach him. His wasted blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. sis worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels, is worn to the last half inch. His last hope the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last nope is dying in bis heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gasp, he makes his knife—his faithful kuife—falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below. and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! One foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling, toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his cars from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him; and with the words, God! and mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightened rope lifts him out af his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down, and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping, and weeping for joy,—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

New Leagues .-- Since the splendid success of the Anti-Corn-Law League, there has been a disposition to create leagues for the furtherance of those hundreds of reforms which are all absolutely and greatly necessary in this very corrupt country. We have for some time had a Co-operative League, a Bread League, an International League, a League of Rrotherhood, and now there have recently been projected, an Anti-Gold-Law League, an Anti-Land-Law League, an Anti-Bribery League, and an Electoral League. There is, indeed, work enough for all; but the question may be asked whether, by too many divisions, men are likely to arrive at combination? Whether the effort will not be weakness, instead of strength? And whether the great and necessary object of national reform could not be best served by a great national union, which beginning with the Suffrage, should throw all its power into that question till it was carried; and in the carrying of that, open the widest door for all other reforms? Till we have a more popular parliament, the progress of reform must continue slow. In the mean time, these various associations may, however, tend to bring about that great movement, by casting light into the dark places of corruption, and showing the necessity there is for increased exertion and increased union amongst all classes of reformers. From the prospectus of the Anti-Bribery League we copy the following just observations:--" Various contests have thrown a hideous light upon the no

"Various contests have thrown a hideous light upon the nomination abuse. Lord Stanley explained this system in the House of Commons once, when he frankly said that Whig or Tory acres were just Whig or Tory votes in the counties. Let a map be made of the island according to the estates of the four-and-twenty thousand proprietors who own it, and colour the estates according to the politics of the landlords. You will discover in this way the character of the votes of the tenants. The acres will tell you, without asking the men, the tenants, or thinking of them, or acknowledging their existence. They are merely the voting machines of their farms. They are not men,—they are tools. The treating and bribery practices make the lowest description of publicans and lawyers powerful in reference to the legislature. Corruption among the electors, naturally begets venality and time-serving among the mem-

"There is no solid principle on which we can rest short of the one embodied in the pledge of the Anti-Bribery Society—clection solely on the ground of fitness. The inadequacy of the intelligence in Parliament to the wants of the empire yearly costs the people a great waste of money, the destruction of many lives, and the continuance of vast, social, moral, and spiritual evils. There must be a total suppression of the system which makes election an expense to candidates. No man ought to have to pay a single sixpence for a seat. The qualification ought not to be that a man is willing to spend a few thousands upon a parliamentary speculation of being re-paid by place, by family promotions, or by downright jobs. The qualification ought to be that a man has some beneficent ideas in his head, which he wishes to embody in the laws for the good of the people. Without this qualification no man has a right to a seat. The question ought to be, not has this man £300 a-year, or will he spend thousands in bribing and treating, but has God made this man a law-giver by the moral and mental gifts with which his soul is endowed? Is there good for the people in this man?

The Anti-Bribery Society originated in a suggestion recently thrown out in a series of articles embodying these views, in a periodical publication, by John Robertson, Esq., late Editor of the London and Westminster Review. The society has been formed to unite men of all political opinions (carefully excluding the discussion of all party questions), by subscription to the following declaration:—

"We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves hereby, to use all constitutional and legal means for the suppression of the system which makes election to the House of Commons an expense

to candidates; and never to desist from our efforts until the sole qualification shall be fitness to represent the views and feelings of the constituencies."

Arrangements have been made, and will be adhered to, which effectually prevent any member from being liable beyond the amount of his subscription. A subscription of one shilling constitutes membership.

Communications for the present may be addressed to Wm. Jaffray, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 3, New Inn, London.

The object of the Electoral League is to carry out the recommendation of the Anti-Corn Law League in their report in January, 1845, namely:—"That it will be practicable in a short time to induce such a number of the friends of Free Trade to purchase freehold qualifications as will neutralise the dependent voters at the poll, and give to the intelligent middle and industrious classes their due influence in the government of this commercial country."

We believe this League originated at the Norwich election, through the influence of the liberal candidate, Mr. John Humphreys Parry; and Norwich is its seat, where those wishing to join it can address the secretary. It is proposed that one share in the society shall be £50, and that each sub-criber, be his subscription more or less, shall continue it ill that sum be raised. Should any one person not continue able to proceed with his subscription, he is at liberty to withdraw it, subject to a small deduction. Shares are transferable, and are intended to be solely employed in the purchase of frecholds.

All these objects are deserving of support, and we trust that they will meet with it, till the various portions of the reform machinery, uniting in one great whole, shall bear down triumphantly on the great stronghold of aristocratic abuse, and pull it to the ground.

The Edinburgh Working Mens' Associated Building Scheme.....
Dr. Hunter, and some public-spirited coadjutors, at Edinburgh, have set on foot an extensive building scheme for the working-classes. They propose to get 10,000 working men into an association for this purpose; and these 10,000 working men to be joined by their wives and sisters, and to take, each man, two tickets, or three, and may if he please take six tickets, at one penny per week cach. Thus these sanguine projectors calculate that such men will represent two at least, and they thus proceed to propound their scheme:...

"Well, then, with 10,000 men as members, we take for granted we shall have 20,000 pennies per week; and in this, we are persuaded, we shall not be mistaken. Let us see now what 20,000 pennies per week come to; to the very pretty round sum of £83 68. 8d.; or, £4,333 68. 8d. per annum. Now, supposing with this sum entire, at the end of the first eighteen months (that is, allowing six months to go for nothing, in preparing and agitating, and in the necessary expense of working the scheme, for always be it emphatically remembered, that every member of the committee does his share of the work without fee or reward), we say, then, let us have entire the sum of £5,333 0s. 8d. at the end of the first eighteen months, and with this we start to build the first tenement.

But, mark you, this tenement will essentially, and in every important feature, differ from the houses which are at present occupied by the working men, inasmuch as they will uniformly be built only in siry, open, and healthful situations, at the same time be easy of access. Each house will contain from two to three large apartments, with water in each separate house, with a large bleaching green behind, common to all; and with all these superiorities over the houses you now occupy, the rents will never be up to one-half of what you pay for your present dungeons—for your present hot-beds of disease, fever, squalor, and demoralisation—for, in a word, your present graves; for, indeed, they are entitled to no other name—houses they cannot be called.

"But to resume, suppose we now set to work to build this new tenement, and that for this purpose we have at our dis-

posal the £4,000 mentioned. We calculate that with prudent economy, and ready money at command, and considerable saving in the mode of creeting the building, (not only from the peculiarities and excellence of the plan itself, thereby causing an economy of room, but also from the fact that, in doing anything wholesale, or on an extensive scale, much saving can effected,) that in this first or experimental tenement, we shall have dwellings or separate houses for between fifty-five and sixty-five families. Allowing, then, that we charge, for capital or monies expended, from three-and-a-half to four per cent., this will enable us (which every one can prove for himself by a little arithmetic) to supply those very superior class of dwellings to the working man at from £2 10s. to £2 12s. for she two-roomed houses, to £4 10s. or £3 12s. for the three-roomed houses per annum. And now, having, through a fair and carefully conducted ballot, located as many members as we have houses, you will perceive that a new source of wealth and power springs into existence, namely---the rents payable by the sixty or sixty-five members located; and if each of these tenants pay, say £2 12s. per annum, then this multiplied by the sixty will give a gross rental from the said tenement of £156.

This seems pretty well for the calculations of cool Scotchmen, but this makes only part of the golden promise; there come on behind accumulating rent-, doing still greater wonders, and extending the number of houses to an amazing amount. We shall rejoice to see only one-half of this halcyon scene realised.

Effects of Government Charity in Ireland.—At a time that the Irish landlords are demurring to repay their loans to Eng: land, and resisting the imposition of poor-rates, and a government thanksgiving is prefered to be followed by a government subscription again for Ireland, we think the following piece of

intelligence from that country apropos:—

"Government, by her relief—what shall I call it, her soups and her stir-abouts—has sown a field of tares, which if left growing till the final harvest, will call for a terrific conflagration, when all the bundles shall be gathered. Even now the demoralising effects of her huddling a mas of God's images together, like asses, swine, and dogs, and giving them loath-some-looking food from a common pot, often containing a hodge-potch, before which any stomach but a dog's would heave; and this heterogeneous mass, often composed of damaged offals,—this, I say, has already quite changed the people for the worse. In the first place, that inna's kind of self-respect for which the Irish peasantry have always been proverbial is fast dying away, and what must be and what is the consequence? A recklessness which leads to intrigue, imprudence, if not real indecency; and they will soon, if something better be not devised, be what their enemies have long endeavoured to make them, 'a lazy, thievish, mischievous race.' The soup-shops have given them for the time a kind of quietus which has added fresh strength for stronger outbreaks, as the elamours of hunger shall again be violent when the boilers shall have become entirely cold.

"Well do I know the peasantry of Ireland, and sadly do I see the degeneracy that is creeping in, when three years ago, as I walked among them, I listened to their unsophisticated tales, I saw nothing, and heard nothing, but an honest simplicity, which is now fast fading into jealousy and intrigue. Had the money which has been given in food, and to the payment, in too many cases, of 'hirelings,' to deal out this food, been given to pay labour,—I had almost said if this labour were not productive but of temporary good, the barren wastes of Donegal and Arranmore would now have been richly laden with sheaves of yellow corn. Yes; give work, though it be but hurling stones against a wall, or sifting ashes in the wind. Man cannot live honestly without work. God never intended he should continually cat from a spoon that his neighbour has filled."—From Asenath Nicholson, Author of "A Stranger's Welcome to Ireland."

Mutual Improvement Societies.—Hill Fields, Corentry.—Dean Sin,.—Believing you to be deeply interested in the progress of the race to which you belong, I am emboldened to address you as a friend or brother. Your valuable Journal is one which, in my humble opinion, is destined to do much towards loosening those mental bonds in which so great a portion of our fellow-creatures have been and are still fettered.

And I am far from thinking that that unostentatious portion you so justly call "The Record" is likely to prove the least useful of its parts.

From its pages we learn of the progress of institutions, the objects of which are to improve and develope the powers of the human mind. Of the existence and success (so far as we have gone) of a society aiming at the same objects in Coventry, I am happy to tell, in order that we may bear our testimony to advantages such a society yields.

But your "Weekly Record" is generally the medium employed by our friends for the distribution of valuable suggestions, and such as to the progressive mind may prove highly advantageous.

Such a suggestion has lately been given, and as the corresponding secretary of the "West Orchard Mutual Improvement Society," I have great pleasure in referring to it. That article spoke of the propriety of mutual improvement classes communicating with each other in the form of discussions, or of ordinary epistles through the medium of the post-office. And our friends, the class, believing that untold advantages may be gained by every society thus engaged, are anxious, through the medium of your "Record," to invite the attention of Mutual Improvement Societies to the subject, and to request that all Societies that may feel willing to join us in so friendly and and profitable a work will in all future communications to you forward the addresses of their respective Secretaries, in order that we may know how to commence operations. We doubt not of the success.

Any communication direct from our friends the "Roby Mutual Improvement Society," of whom we have lately heard such good news, or any with whom we have not yet become acquainted, will be gladly received and cheerfully responded to.

Should you deem the above subject worthy of a place in your "Record," its insertion will much oblige,

Yours, on behalf of the above-named class,

T. Perkins, Jun.

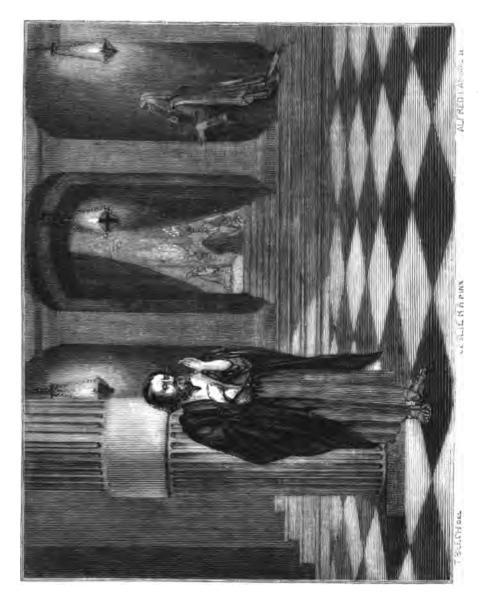
Co-operative Journal and Gazette of the People's Societies.—
A twopenny journal, under this title, has just been issued by
the co-operative order of United Friends, the object of which is
to advocate co-operation, and report the proceedings of popular
societies. We wish it success.

Prohibition of the Sale of Intericating Liquers in Conteens.— The propo-tion of Government, lately announced in the Times, of prohibiting the rale of intericating liquers in canteens, is one of the most important and cheering circumstances of the present day. It is an evidence of the growing enlightenment of of our rulers, and we trust that the recommendation of the same journal will be followed up, to give the means of rational instruction and anusement to the soldiers in barracks.

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HOWITT'S JOURNAL



THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

FEOM A PICTURE BY G. B. LESLIF, KSQ

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

Our illustration this week is taken from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A., which was exhibited in the Royal Academy this year, and which he has kindly allowed us The picture itself is gone to the artist's native to copy.

country, America.

Mr. Leslie's reputation as an artist, and the character of his paintings, are so well known, that it is not necessary for us to enter into any criticism of them now; they are always distinguished by their truth and earnostness, and remarkable for the fine artistic skill displayed in them. They are these qualities which give value to the present picture, which, from the somewhat formal interior of the temple, and the paucity of the figures, depends almost wholly for its interest on the faithful representation of human nature.

Here we have the proud Pharises boldly approaching the holy of holies, and thanking God that he is not as other men are; the poor publican, standing afar off, and not daring to lift his eyes to heaven, and simply ejacu-lating "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

lating "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The two characters are types of classes which are never extinct. The Pharisee is to be found in our times as much as in those of the ancient lows; he assumes various aspects; sometimes he is the high and haughty man, full of his own virtues and sanctity, swelling in the eye of the world, and at others he is the whining hypocrite, who, while he is seeking to devour the virtuous, feigns himself to be the oppressed and the injured. Hardened by long practise, he does not fail to deceive numbers around him, and though he cannot deceive his own conscience. him, and though he cannot deceive his own conscience, yet he imagines that he can deceive even God himself. His reign is but for a short time, but during this time the poor Publican blackened by the breath of his slander is believed by the world to be a sinner; his only trust is in God.

INDIA, THE PROFFERED SALVATION OF ENGLAND.

No. II.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

In our article, the other day, on this subject, we referred to Mr. Brown's pamphlet in a rather general manner, but the topic of it is of such immense importance to all England, and to every Englishman, that we desire to draw the attention of the public to it more particularly. It is well known that it is monopoly that crushes the life out of India, and renders it usoless to England. It is this which sends us to the Americans for our cotton, and enables them to manufacture with our gold, and compete with us in all the markets of the world. Salt, opium, and the land, are all monopolised world. Sait, opium, and the land, are an monopoused by the Anglo-Indian government, and the natives are ground under these to such a condition of poverty that they cannot purchase our manufactures. They cannot even live, but perish periodically of terrible famines. Englishmen of capital dare not venture to settle in that fine country, and raise cotton, sugar, and numberless articles for our market, because they have no security. The government, which claims to be proprietors of the soil, sends out its collectors, levies any amount of tax, or rather rent, that it pleases; and we let this go on from year to year, while we are suffering the intensest distress at home for the want of the raw material for our manufactures, which India could send us in any quantity, and at the lowest conceivable price. Our manufacturers pay to America six millions a-year

more for the cotton obtained there, than they would pay for it to our own subjects in India, who would take our manufactured articles in return. But the whole question presents the grossest instance of national infatuation imaginable. Providence has put into our hands a great and magnificent territory, capable of enriching us as a trading and manufacturing people beyond conception; and we suffer this country with its hundred millions of customers, to be sacrificed to the aristocracy and to a company of merchants in Leadenhall-street. Why do these merchants play into the hands of the aristocracy? Because on them they depend for the ronewal of their Charter. Why do the aristocracy renew their Charter? Because they want India as a great war field, where their sons can get promotion, and load themselves with the spoils of unhappy nations. And for this all the trading advantages of India and Chins to boot are sacrificed, and our rivals the Americans are enriched, and made more effective competitors. We beg all those thousands who are now suffering the pressure of manufacturing stagnation and consequent distress, to listen to a few of the facts brought forward by Mr. Brown. At the moment that a new parliament is Brown. At the moment that a new parliament is called, it is most important to let these facts go far and wide; for it is this very parliament that will be called on to ronew this ruinous Charter, or to throw open India to the free energies of Englishmen. On the turn of this great alternative depends the future prosperity, and, perhaps, the very existence of our empire.

" WHAT INDIA IS, AS DESCRIBED BY THE HON. MOUNTSTUART

ELPHINSTONE, LATE GOVERNOR OF BOUBAY.

ELPHINSTONE, LATE GOVERNOR OF HOMBLY.

"Whole plains are covered with cotton, teheseo, and popples; roses are grown for attar and rose water the augar-caue, though requiring sedulous care in the cultime, and rich and well-watered spots for its growth, is abundant; large tracts are given up to the indigo, wille many more brilliant dyes are among the produce of the fields; and silk, flax, mustard, seasemum, palma christi, and other plants, yielding an ample supply of oil, both for culinary and other purposes; besides wheat, barley, the panicamum italicum, and innumerable other descriptions of grain for which Englishmen have no name, and many kinds of pulse, and roots, and vegetables, and truits, and spices, combine to make the earth redolant with beauty, and Hindostan foremost among the regions of the globe as the choicest storehouse of Nature."

Such is India! But what is the benefit to us? Does it supply us with our cotton? No. Does it furnish our sugar? No. We go for these to Brazil, or the United States. Does the swarming millions of its population purchase our manufactures, and thus keep all our mills and our mouths going? No. They are so ground to the dust by a dreadful and wretched system of monopoly and extortion, that while we languish for want of employment, they perish; and while our other colonies yield from twenty to thirty shillings per head to government, India, the richest country in the world by nature, yields only four shillings per head !

"DO THE NATIVES OF INDIA WANT OUR MANUFACTURES?

"It is a mistaken notion," says Sir Thomas Munro, that Indians are too simple in their manners to have any rassion for foreign manufactures. In dress, and every kind of dissipation, save drinking, they are at least our equals. They are hindered from taking our goods, not by want of inclination, but either by poverty, or the fear of being reputed rich, and having their rents raised by government. When we relinquish the harbarons system of aunual land settlements, when we the barbarons system of annual land settlements, when we make over the lands in very long leases, or in perpetuity to the present occupants, and when we have convinced them, by making no assessments above the actual rents for a series of years, that they are actually the proprietors of the soil, we shall see a demand for British goods of which we at present have no conception."

We would beg the reader to refer to Mr. Brown's pamphlet for a picture of what India is under this universal system of government plunder of the native. Under such a system no country can do other than sink into ruin. The government has added twenty millions by its recent wars to the debt, which before was upwards of forty millions, and the annual income still falls two millions short of the expenses. To make up this, they have doubled at once the price of salt, on which the monopoly was before so monstrous, that cholera and other putrid diseases rage amongst the people, who are a vegetable-eating population, to whom salt is indispensable. This system continues in the very face of the prosperity of Ceylon, which is established on an English system, and of the port of Singapore, to which freedom has been given. We cannot quote the details which show all this; let the reader seek them for himself, but we may give the results.

WHAT HINDERS IN INDIA THE PRODUCE OF COTTON ?

"Mr. Rickards, a Company's servant, states as a fact which had been ascertained, that a price of seventy rupees per candy or £7 for 784 lbs. received by the grower on the spot, yielded him a profit equal to that of his grain crop. This price enabled him to pay the land-tax of one-half on his cotton, which, and no more, his Maharatta sovereign exacted from him. Deducting the tax, there remained to him 35 rupees, or 31. 10s., equal to 1 1-14th per lb., representing the natural price at which he was enabled to grow the best cotton. for that of Baroach is the best, with the customary profits of cultivation. In confirmation of the accuracy of this statement, I have the authority of an eminent living witness, the much-respected Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., for aging that in the year 1789 the price of Surat cotton at Bombay, the shipping port, was 80 rupees, or 81, per candy, just the same price that it was in the year 1846, nearly 60 years later. There had, therefore, been no rise in the interval in the natural price of Surat cotton; and hence it was plain that but for the existence and the chartreed monopoly of the East India Company, which took the whole cotton crop, the price at which Surat cotton would have freely sold in London and Liverpool in the years 1786 to 1789, leaving a large profit to the importer, would have been twopencehalfpenny per lb.

Of the several kinds of United States cotton, it is that called 'Uplands' which compares with and is valued against Surat. In 1846, the year of the short crop, the average price paid in London and Liverpool for the three kinds of American Upland was freepence-halfpenny per lb.

"It is unnecessary, after a simple enunciation of these recorded facts, to say why the production of cotton in the United States dates from the year 1785, or prove at greater length than they prove, that it was the Directors of the East India Company who, in truth and in reality, sowed the fields of America broadcast with the seed, and transferred the immemorial growth of India to take permanent and gigantic

root on the shores of the Atlantic."

Mr. Rickards adds, that in 1810-11, the freight on cotton in the company's ships, amounted to 7½d. and 4d. respectively on every pound imported; and even to 1829 the freight of the Company's ships was 191. 5s. per ton, or more than 2d. per lb.

What hinders in India the Produce of Cotton!—Fact 2.

"In elucidation of the position that India is verging to the lowest ebb of pauperism," says Mr. Saville Marriott, late Memner of Council at Bombay, I would adduce a fact pregnant with considerations of the most serious importance—namely, that of late years a large portion of the public revenue has been paid by encroachment upon the capital of the country, small though that capital is in itself. I allude to the property of the peasantry, which consists of personal ornaments of the precious metals, and jewels, convertible, as occasion requires, to profitable purposes and accomodation in agricultural purpuis, most frequently in the shop of pawn till the object has been obtained. I feel certain that an examination would establish that a considerable share of this and other property, even to cattle and household utensils, has been for ever alienated from its proprietors, to make good the public revenue."

Can any one wonder at this, after reading such barbarous practices as the following? Mr. Francis War

den, now an East India director, gave in evidence before parliament, that the company imposed a tax on Surat cotton to the grower of £5 16s. per candy, leaving the grower the value of £2 8s. for his share per candy l "The tax was levied before the cotton was suffered to for which purpose deep pits, called 'kullies,' were dug; the cotton was buried in them, and covered over with clods of earth, and there kept under the custody of the evenue officers until the money demanded was paid. When released and removed to the grower's hut in its unseeded state, for the purpose of being deprived of the seed by the women and children of the family, and converted into an article really merchantable, which un-seeded cotton is not; there was next an annual tax levied upon every bow, the instrument required to rid the cotton of the dry leaves and clods of dirt it had contracted in the government pits! If the cotton was consumed in the country, there was an annual tax levied upon every spinning-wheel, for spinning it into thread; and an annual tax upon every loom employed in weaving it into cloth. These taxes upon implements were levied upon every possessor, male or female, or any one of them, without reference to the ability or inability, the opportunity or want of opportunity, the possessor had of using it during the year. If the cotton were required for distant consumption, whether home or foreign, there was levied upon it, until within a few years, a transit duty, through a country where there was no trade; and there was levied, until the present year, an export duty, whence or wheresoever it was removed by sea, even to a neighbouring port!"

Is it possible that man, or produce, or trade, can flourish in such a country! Next we ask—

WHY COTTON AND THE COTTON TRADE PLOURISH IN THE UNITED STATES?

Mr. Macgregor, in the 3rd Volume of his "Commercial Statistics, says, referring to the great authority, in the United States, the work of Mr. Seabrook, a planter of South Carolina—"Cotton, from its exchangeable value, and constituting, as it does, one half of our exports, has greatly accelerated the growth and flourishing condition of the plantation states, aided to build up the prosperity of their political associates, the other states, and added vastly to the wealth and greatness of the union. Of the total value of our exports from the United States in the year 1841, amounting to 106,382,722 dollars, cotton furnished 54,330,331 dollars, or more than one-half. The production has increased more than 5676 times in half a century. England now pays to America 55 millions of dollars per annum for a single product of the American fields."

Why is this wonderful difference? Why does our cotton culture and trade fail, and that of our rivals flourish in this amazing manner? Simply because ours is crushed by the most abominable and suicidal taxation and that of America is free! On this subject let us quote the opinions of two great authorities. The Economist observes.—"The truth is, that there is nothing, except food itself, which is of such material consequence to the well-being of this country, as an abundant supply of cotton; forming, as it does, the basis of so large a portion of our commerce, and of the employment of our work-people."

The Times of May 12th, says:—"We more than

The Times of May 12th, says:—"We more than once directed the public attention to the motion of Mr. Bright, respecting the cultivation of cotton in India; and it is impossible not to admit that the debate which at length occurred on Thursday night last, fully confirmed the importance which we attached to the subject. Apart from all considerations of the revenue and improvement of India, there is another point involved, which can hardly fail to be appreciated at the present

moment.

"On the supply of raw cotton, does it absolutely depend whether the population of Lancashire shall or shall not be reduced to the state of the population of Cork. The cotton plantations of New Orleans feed the inhabitants of Manchester as directly as the potato-fields of Mayo or Galway feed or starve the peasantry of Connaught. For this supply we are now almost entirely dependent on a single market. Of an annual consumption of 1,600,000 bales, above 1,200,000 bales come from America. We are not particularly apprehensive that any political incidents could operate materially in diverting this immense supply from its usual channel. if Georgia and Florida grew a million of bales, England would get her due share. But, suppose they should produce no such crop? What is then to supply our deficiency? Nor is such supposition extravagant. The cotton crop is only a little less liable than the potato crop to the influences of the atmosphere; frost or sun, floods or drought, storms or blight, may effectually destroy the pod; with the pod go the hopes of the Georgian planter; with his hopes go the importations of the Lancashire spinner, and with these importations go the daily work and the daily bread of hundreds and

thousands of Englishmen.

"If cotton were as exclusively the gift of the United States as cloves and nutmegs of the Spice Islands, there would be nothing further to be said, nor would the case be mended by any artificial plantations for the forced production of an unnatural and ungracious crop. But the facts are not so. At present New Orleans exports the best cotton in the world, and, therefore, nearly monopolises the supply; but the source of its excellence lies in the people, not in the climate; in causes within our reach, not in circumstances beyond our power. These gigantic plantations, which now supply the materials for clothing half the civilised world, have been created for nothing within the last sixty years. We possess in our own dominions millions of acres which might be rendered just as productive, and it is now asked, why we delay so desirable a consummation?

The question is, why a soil and climate as favourable as those of Georgia are not turned to the same account?—why we should not, at least, have two strings to our bow, when the breaking of one of them would be followed by such terrible mischief?

" Nothing can be clearer, from the researches already made, that we have no work to do against nature. It is quite certain that the sun and soil of India not only can, but have for centuries produced cotton of admi-rable quality. The samples lately despatched for examination were fully equal, intrinsically, to the best upland America. • • The obvious remedy is, not to reduce the enlightenment of America to our own level, by taxing their exports, but to raise the Indian to the level of the Georgian, by removing his burdens "

Such are the facts regarding cotton. We might extend the same reasoning to every other great production of the tropics. Sugar can be delivered in London of the very finest quantity—that of Rajamundry—at 4s. per hundred-weight; while that of Brazil, slave-grown, cannot be delivered under 15s. In the Delta of the River Godvery, situated about 250 miles north-east of Madras, 800,000 acres are under cultivation, which alone are capable of sending us a million and a half tons of fine sugar at that price, yet as we have forced the United States into a great slave-holding power, by going to them for our cotton, instead of to our own free fellow-subjects of India, so now we are stimulating the slavery of Brazil at a vast cost to ourselves, instead of having recourse to our own territories and our own population, who to a proportionate extent would become our customers, returning the comfort they received back all over our manufacturing districts, and, indeed, throughout the whole empire.

At present we cannot pursue further these ideas, but we are greatly obliged to Mr Brown for bringing them

so opportunely before the public. Let every man ponder deeply on their importance to himself and the country. Let our new members bring them into parliament with them, and let every one of us, set instantly and earnestly to work to assist in doing away this fatal apathy and delusion regarding our magnificent Indian possessions. Let us be assured that this is no mere speculation or fancy, but that we really have in that great country the means of supplying ourselves with every species of tropical produce we want, at a rate far below the possibility of its production anywhere else. We may have cotton, sugar, rice, cocoa, India-rubber, wool of the finest quality, coffee, tea, various fruits, gums, spices, and linseed; and can, if needed, have them in any quantity that we desire, and by employing the simple native at 2d. a-day we can create from one to two millions of customers for our manufactured goods, who would make us independent of the world, and prosperous as we are industrious. It is the interest alike of merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics; and if we will not arouse ourselves in one great and combined effort to have Free Trade and security of property established in the vast and fertile plains of India, let us no longer bewail the troubles and distresses that surround us, for they only exist by our own apathy and infatuation.

LIFE.

By ERNEST JONES.

BIRDS above me, flowers around me, Forest-lights, so golden green; Like a chain the glory bound me, Like a chain the tranquil scene.

Calmly past me, gently sighing, Flowed the river, silvery blue,
Ever hieing—ever flying,
Till I longed to wander too.

Lulling music, low, beguiling, Lingered on the level waves, As on lips of syrens, smiling,
At the thought of distant graves.

To the measure of their playing Danced a barque upon their flow, Like a waterlily, swaying
To and fro, and to and fro.

On the luring waters riding, On and on it floated fast, Swiftly gliding, nor abiding At the pleasant spots I passed.

Wider still the stream was growing, Fainter still appeared the shore; Stronger still the tide was flowing; Deeper still its smothered roar.

Echoes wandered, faintly flying From the glade I left behind, Sadly sighing, dimly dying On a melancholy wind.

Then I longed, with passion burning, Homeward, homeward, once again! Onward, onward !-unreturning, Sweeps the river to the main!

Ocean rises up before me, Dim and vast, with flood and foam: Tell me where that river bore me? Tell me why I left my home ?

THE RECRUIT AND THE INVALID A SKETCH OF MILITARY LIPE.

THE Town of Chatham, in Kent, is one of the greatest military depots of the kingdom, from whence the different regiments on foreign service are recruited; the places of those who have fallen victims to disease, intemperance, and the foeman's sword, are supplied by fresh human beings, in their turns to suffer, and, most

likely, to perish.

To this, "manufactory of the raw material," as it has been facetiously denominated,—this place of prepara-tion for the "animals" destined to slaughter—this workshop where the "mechanics" intended for the business of destruction are drilled and made perfect, parties of fine, active young men, varying in number from eight or ten, to fifty or sixty, are daily arriving from the different parts of the country. The traffic in human souls goes on briskly, and it is no uncommon sight, especially when Death has been reaping plentiful harvests on the colonial battle-fields, or the pestilential fevers of foreign climes have made greater demands than usual on the troops exposed to their baleful influence, to behold three or four such parties of recruits enter the town in the course of a single day, and often have I paused with a mournful interest to notice the manners and appearance of many of these individuals, who have sold themselves, body and soul, to a service, in most cases as destructive to the one as the other. Here, with ragged habiliments, and a brimless hat set jauntily on one side of his head, and countenance flushed and swollen with the unmistakeable signs of intemperance, swaggers along the undutiful son, the false lover, the frequenter of the skittle-ground, and the tap-room, young in years, but old in vice, and debauchery: there, with dejected air, and downcast looks, as though ashamed of his company, walks one, whose threadbare, yet decent, clothing, and pinched-up features tell a tale of poverty and suffering, of disappointment and sorrow. An air of recklessness and profligacy, however, distinguish by far the larger portion of these aspirants to military glory, most of whom are youths, deluded by the tinsel trappings of the recruiting sergeant, and his lying tales of

"Lots of pay, and quick promotion, And a soldier's merry life."

But few of them have reached the age at which the law declares a man capable of judging and acting for himself, and yet here they are, bound, or about to be bound, by an oath, taken, in most cases, under the influence of mistaken impressions, to a life-long servitude of toil, and privation, and hardship—a trade of butchery and death. Life-long is the term here used, because it is so in effect, for although the regulations say that the man may claim his discharge at the end of twelve years, yet it is with the proviso that the exigencies of the service no longer require him, and after that period, if he should survive, it is with enfeebled constitution, and habits which unfit him for useful occupation, or social and domestic duties and enjoyments.

Let us now trace the history of one of these deluded youths, passing, as they suppose, along the road which leads to fame and fortune. See where he walks, stepping proudly to the fancied measure of a triumphal march, with the parti-coloured ribbons streaming from his hat. His flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes, tell of the excitement within, which makes his heart swell, and his pulse beat more quickly than is their wont. He burns

to enact the hero, and do some deed of desperate valour, which shall entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen, and that high position in the army, which the wily sergeant has assured him he will one day attain. Now he has health, and strength, and vigour of mind and body, his hopes are high, his resolves great, his antici-pations bright and dazzling! By and by we shall see the reverse of this picture : here we have THE RECRUIT, fresh from the home of his childhood, and the watchful care of his parents, who endeavoured to train him up to a life of piety and virtue, and who, while wondering at his prolonged absence from their humble roof, whence he had gone to the neighbouring market town, little thought of the compact into which he had been en-trapped, to "serve his king and country," and of the heavy affliction which hung like a thunder cloud, over their heads.

Naturally of a sanguine and ambitious temperament, William Woodbridge, our hero, a youth of eighteen, whose well-knit frame and air of eager attention had attracted the notice of the recruiting-sergeant, was led away by that worthy functionary's specious representations of certain honour and preferment, took the proffered shilling, and joined the motley troop that he had collected from various quarters, and was then

conducting to the depot at Chatham.

We will pass over the anguish and distress with which the parents heard of their son's enlistment. We will pass over, also, the worthy couple's exertions and sacrifices to raise the sum necessary to purchase his discharge, and the prayers and entreaties with which, after traversing on foot the weary miles between his late and present places of abode, they endeavoured to prevail on him to accompany them back to that peaceful home, which, without him, their only child, appeared so gloomy and desolate. Let it suffice that the youth, naturally warm hearted and affectionate, though deeply grieved at their sorrow, had too much pride and self-will to confess his error, and abandon his imagined career of glory. The unhappy parents therefore went sadly home again to weep and lament, and weary heaven with prayers, for the safety and restoration of their still beloved though undutiful child.

We will fancy Woodbridge duly examined by the surgeon—a process, by the way, which rather disgusted him, and wounded his self-respect:—cropped by the the barber-another operation to which he submitted somewhat unwillingly, but which he found necessary to constitute him a true son of glory;—and decked in the livery of war. He thought that the materials of his brick-dust coloured coat, and dark grey trousers, might have been finer, and that greater pains might have been taken to fit them to his shapely frame. His dress altogether was neither so comfortable, nor anything like so rich in appearance, as he had expected to assume, and he expressed his disappointment on this head to his friend, the sergeant, who, with a meaning smile to a brother noncom., which the recruit could not, at the time, understand, told him he was but a grub chrysalis then, and would by and by emerge into the full splen-

dour of the butterfly state.

In the crowded barrack-room, where this scene had occurred, all was noise and confusion; oaths and blasphemous expressions were loud on every side, and his soul sickened at the atmosphere of moral corruption which he had now begun to breathc. His refusal to join in the obscene jests and foul conversation carried on around him was attributed to pride; and the "gentleman recruit," as he was called in mockery, began already to be looked upon with dislike by the majority of his comrades, who envied his manifest superiority, and would fain see him as morally debased and degraded as them-selves. "Never mind," said Dick Smith, one of the

[·] By a bill now in progress through Parliament, the pe riod of enlistment is altered to ten years, with a discretionary power in the commanding officer of retention for two years longer. This is somewhat better.

^{*} A common abbreviation for a non-commissioned officer.

most profligate and hardened of their number, as William left the barrack-room in disgust, to stroll forth into the town-"never mind; let him alone, and see if he does not become like one of us. Many a youngster have I known in my time, who came into the service as gentle and innocent as a turtle dove, but never a one have I seen remain so long. Why, I used to read the Bible my self once, and say my prayers, and do all that sort of thing; and as to an oath, it seemed as if it would choke me; now they come out freely enough; prayers I leave to children, and women, and the garrison chaplain, and as to the Bible which my poor old mother gave merest her soul! what would she think of me now?—I have n't looked into it this many a year. Let him alone; he 's taken the shilling, sworn to be a soldier, and must think, and feel, and act as we do, by and by.

Was Dick a true prophet?—But we will not anticipate. We left our hero taking a stroll in the streets of pate. We left our nero taking a seriou in the Chatham; it was evening, the third evening after his arrival. He was alone, without a friend or companion, a sort of reaction was beginning to take place in his feelings; he felt sick at heart, and half inclined to repent the rash step he had taken. His thoughts reverted to his parents, and to the peaceful scenes of his childhood, with a yearning fondness. He noticed not the shop windows, nor the tempting array of wares exposed for sale; he heard not the rattle of the carriages, nor the oaths and blasphemous expressions of the drunken soldiers and sailors who thronged the streets, nor the mocking: "—by which he was every now and then greeted, as they recled past. In this state of mind he was unaware that he was followed by that same Dick Smith, who, unknown to himself, had predicted the speedy overthrow of his virtuous principles and resolves, and who also was very much disposed to aid in the same

"You seem down-hearted, Woodbridge," said the older soldier, overtaking him; what's the matter, my boy? Borry to part with the old people? Well, that's all very natural; only you must n't fret too much about it. Shake off dull care, as the song says, and be merry, like the rest of us. Come, just step in here with me, and we'll have a glass of something to cheer our spirits, for I feel a little dullish myself this evening."

With these deceitful words he led the way down the long sanded passage of a low public-house, and into a little side room, the only occupants of which were two or three degraded and unfortunate females, that abound more especially in all garrison and scaport towns: these Smith introduced to the recruit as "two ladies who would be proud to make his acquaintance." bridge, who was unsuspicious of evil, thought them agreeable sort of persons, the more especially as they took care not to disgust or alarm him by too gross or familiar a manner and conversation, having been warned on this head. After a couple of glasses of spirits and water, ordered by the elder, and paid for, of course, by the younger soldier, they sallied forth to take a walk round "the Lines," as the ground adjoining the Chatham fortifications is called. During this evening ramble the young recruit found the fair lady who had attached herself more particularly to him so very agreeable that he devoted to her all his thoughts; and never did a greater discord jar upon his ear than when the sprightly fifes and rattling drums gave the signal for the men to return to their quarters. After a parting glass, and an appointment to meet again the next evening, they parted, and thus was thrown around the unsuspecting youth the first coil of the net that was to drag him down to shame and destruction.

The recruit awoke the next morning at the sound of the reveille, with a slight headache, and a feeling some-what akin to remorse; but he was within the snare, and retreat from its perils under his circumstances was as

difficult, as next to impossible, as retreat from the lines

It will not be necessary to enter into all the sickening details of our hero's progress through the several stages and degrees of vice; let it suffice that in little more than two months the progress of initiation was complete, and that he had learnt to swear, and blaspheme, and drink, and wallow in the mire of corruption with the best, or rather the worst, of his dissolute companions. His was the common case. Few can resist the demoralizing influence of bad example, especially at that age of un-settled principles at which the young recruit is exposed to all the temptations and allurements of vice, too generally without any warning of the dangers he is about to encounter or encouragement to resist them. So that he is obedient to orders, and attentive to his drill, and other duties, and strives to become what is termed "a smart soldier," it is a matter of little consequence how depraved his hahits, or benighted his mind may be:— Mind? a soldier's mind? They do not recognize the existence of such a thing at "the Horse Guards." True, they appoint chaplains, sound, orthodox men, no doubt; younger sons of noble families, and the like, who must be provided for-to perform the regular services of the church, consecrate the colours, and do all that sort of thing. True, they appoint, or sanction the appointment, of schoolmasters just for decency's sake; but these have only to do with the children—the born bondslaves of the great Moloch, whose hand is red with the sacrifice of millions. As for those who, when grown up, enter into a compact with the grim destroyer of souls and bodies, the schoolmaster has nothing to do with them, and the chaplain but very little-nothing, indeed, individually. Every Sunday they march to church, to hear the triumphing and exulting music of the band, decked in the trappings of pride and earthly glory, to hear the glad tidings of salvation, and to be told that meekness, and humility, and forgiveness of injuries, and dependence, not in human strength, not in carnal weapons, but in God alone, are the marks and qualifications of the true christian; in short to hear preached what they dare not practice for their lives. But let us proceed with our story.

Being a smart, active young man, Woodbridge soon got out of "the awkward squad;" not, however, before he was heartily tired of making mill-sweeps of his arms, and compasses of his legs, and turning his eyes right and left at the word of command, and "standing at case" in a most uneasy position. Having joined a regiment under orders for foreign service, he looked impatiently for the day of embarkation as the commencement of his career of honour and promotion. But months passed on, and still the head quarters of the -th remained at Chatham, and still the recruit plunged deeper and deeper into the excesses and dissipations of a garrison

"Did I not say," said the prophesying Dick Smith, who had taken considerable pains to bring about the fulfilment of his predictions—"Did I not say that he would soon be like the rest of us? Talk about bringing up in the right way, and giving the mind the proper bias, and all that: what's the use of it, if the man's to go for a soldier? We're all tarred with the same brush here—must be alike—must be uniform, same as our coats are, else of what service are we? And as to 'nice notions about religion;' why the sooner we get rid of them the better, for hasn't our great commander-inchief said, the man that has these is n't fit for a soldier? of course he has, and said rightly too. 'The worse men, the better soldiers,' was Buonaparte's motto, and blest if I don't think our young friend Woodbridge is likely to prove himself the very best in the army, according to this rule."

Six months have passed away since William Woodbridge took the fatal shilling, and now he has got the single stripe on his arm which marks him for promotion. He has naturally good abilities, improved by an education superior to that of most of those who fill the ranks of the British army, a vigorous constitution, and a frame well knit and sinewy; so that he possesses the mental and physical qualifications necessary for rising in "the noble profession of arms." And no doubt he will rise, if—oh, that if!—he can but restrain that propensity for drink, which even in this short space of time, has grown upon him, and become so strong a habit, and inclination, that it threatens to render him its complete slave.

Another month has passed, and Corporal Woodbridge, with the regiment to which he belongs, is under orders for speedy embarkation. Several days, however, must elapse before the transports will be at Gravesend ready to take their living freight, and William asks for, and obtains, a forty-eight hours leave of absence, to go and bid farewell to his parents. We will not describe his journey, nor the parting scene; it is sufficient to state that the young man returned to Chatham in the evening of the second day, determined, as he said, "to make a night of it," for he had not to appear in barracks until after the break fast parade.

That night there was a quarrel and a row in one of those infamous public-houses, from whence the sounds of the fiddle, with all the accompaniments of drunken revelry, may be generally heard; and a female was struck dead by the hand of a man, and that man was said to be Corporal Woodbridge, although he strongly denied it; and so much confusion and uproar prevailed at the time, that no one could positively swear that it was he who gave the fatal blow: nevertheless he was committed to take his trial at the next assizes, and was therefore, of course, unable to accompany his regiment abroad.

For two months he occupied the felons' cell, and then, being acquitted for want of sufficient evidence, was sent back to barracks, and tried by a court-martial for being absent without leave. The stripes were taken from his arm, and he was again private Woodbridge, with the brand of imputed murder upon his name, and the stigma of drunkenness upon his character, the first of which caused him to be shunned by all but the most hardened and vicious of his fellow soldiers, while the latter rendered him an object of distrust and dislike to

his officers.

We will not dwell at any great length upon the remainder of our hero's career; henceforth he was a doomed man; there was no return for him to the paths of innocence and good repute. Whether he really did or did not commit the dreadful crime of which he was accused, we cannot say, but certain it is that a settled gloom took possession of his countenance, and a sense like that of conscious guilt seemed weighing him down. From being the most boisterous and merry in the barrack, or tap-room, he became the most silent and melancholy; in his fits of drunkenness, which were now more frequent than ever (for he took every opportunity of drowning his consciousness in drink) he grew absolutely ferocious, and it was only by force that he was prevented at such times from doing some mischief to himself or those around him. He was again imprisoned, and twice subjected to the brutal and brutalizing punishment of the cat for selling his necessaries to procure liquor, and committing other offences against subordination and good discipline.

But these were not the means to effect improvement; harsh treatment and lashes never yet made a bad man better. "Severity is not the way to govern men or brutes," said the great Lord Mansfield, and the wisdom and policy of this maxim is now, we would hope, beginning to be understood, even in the army.

It may, however, be said that I am arguing against

It may, however, be said that I am arguing against myself, and refuting my own theory, when I tell the reader that, after his second flogging, there was a marked alteration for the bettter in the conduct of Woodbridge; he became more attentive to his duties, more careful of his clothes and accourtements; was seldom seen intoxicated, and shunned the company of the drunkards and debauchees with whom he had of late

principally associated.

"Flogging has done wonders for that man," obscrved the captain of his company to the garrison adjutant one day at mess; "we must try it with some more of them; I never saw so good an effect produced by any punishment before;" and henceforth the lash was more and henceforth the lash was more frequently used at Chatham, than it had been for many years past. But could they have looked beneath the surface, and seen what was the inward change produced by this reformatory process, they would surely have abandoned it altogether, or, at least, have used it much more sparingly. They had changed a man—brutalized and degraded, no doubt, by the vices into which, for want of care and superintendence, he had fallen, yet still a man, with some of the finer feelings and more generous impulses of humanity within him,-into a demon, resolved to accomplish all the mischief he could, and to drag as many of his fellow-creatures as possible down to his own level. He thirsted for revenge, and took a fiendish pleasure in believing that he should be able to repay with usury the debt of wrongs and injuries which had, as he thought—and, to a certain extent, thought rightly—been inflicted on him by his officers, and comrades, and society at large; and, as a means to that end, he, by the influence of a powerful will over his bad habits and inclinations, conquered them so far as to appear reformed. He took good care to foster the delusion that it was the flogging that had wrought such wonders for him, and hailed with inward satisfaction the growing frequency of punishment, consequent upon this notion; while to the sufferers under it he spoke of the injustice and cruelty of the infliction, and of a time for revenge. In short he had become an extremely dangerous man, and the more so for being trusted and considered a repentant one.

After remaining three months longer at Chatham, making up the term of his service to a year, he was sent with a convict guard to New South Wales, en route to join his regiment in India; his rank of corporal was restored to him, and a promise given of recommendation for further promotion, should his conduct merit it. The communication into which he was now brought with the worst offenders against the laws of God and man completed his education in crime; and when, after the usual routine of service, he joined his regiment, he was, perhaps, one of the most finished villains of which the British army could boast. But, what of that?—he was a good soldier; had plenty of that bull-dog courage and daring which distinguishes the Englishman; and was troubled with no scruples or qualms of conscience, but was ever ready to do any devil's work which he might be set about. While secretly fomenting discontent amongst the men of his regiment, he openly preached the doctrine of blind, unquestioning obedience, that key-stone of the arch of

military discipline.

One incident will serve to illustrate his mode of working out what was now the great aim of his existence,—revenge, for his own fancied wrongs and injuries, upon whomsoever might come within his sphere of action. Dick Smith, now a sergeant, of the company to which Woodbridge belonged, had caused a private to be punished, for using towards him threatening and disrespectful language; this private was of a sullen, unforgiving disposition, and capable, when under the influence of drink, to which he was much addicted, of any act of desperation and crime. Woodbridge and Scrieant Smith had long since quarrelled, and our hero now made up his mind to be revenged. He, therefore, pretended great commisseration and sympathy with the

private, and so wrought upon his evil nature as to induce him to take the life of the offending sergeant by shooting him on the parade ground one day, when the men were practising volley-firing. The perpetrator of the crime would most likely have remained undiscovered, for it was impossible to tell from which musket the ball came, had not Woodbridge pointed him out, and, with every mark of horror and reprobation of the deed, gave unquestionable proofs of his being the murderer. The poor man was hanged. Smith was buried with military honours, and Woodbridge, who was made sergeant in his place, led the funeral party.

Years passed on, and the climate and the strong drink, in which our hero still indulged to a very great extent, made fearful ravages on his health and constitution; the effects of his early excesses, too, on account of which he had been twice in the hospital while at Chatham, began to be felt; and it was plain that the man was breaking up, and would not be much longer fit for active service.

The war with the Sikhs broke out; his regiment was ordered to the Punjaub, and shared in all the glory, honour, and carnage of Moodkee Ferozeshah and Sobraon. Woodbridge escaped with the loss of the right arm, a severe gash over the left eye, and a bullet wound in the side, and was sent home, with many more of the mained victims of legalised murder, to be examined and pensioned off, according to their hurts and length of servitude. Behold him now, after the medical board of Fort Pitt had been duly consulted, and decided on his claim for compensation; and after his arrears of pay have been handed over to him;—behold him now, we say, with the medal—the glorious reward and memento of bloody deeds—dangling by an inch of parti-coloured ribbon from his breast, and the empty sleeve, and the black bandage on the temple, which covers the eye, where sight is gone for ever; and the sullen cheeks, so sunken and hollow, and the emaciated limbs—a veteran soldier! How different to the comely youth, who, but twelve short years ago, stepped proudly along, full of ambitious dreams and aspiring thoughts!

What a wrcck of manly beauty, of power and energy, and perfect physical organisation; and still more a thousand times of the heart and the whole moral being, may be traced in the discharged soldierthe cast-off and broken-down invalid! Look at him as he staggers through the streets; listen to his obscene and blasphemous language, broken and interrupted by the hollow cough and the hiccough of drunkenness! Mark the lurid light that flashes from his bloodshot eyes, and the ghastly hue of his embrowned visage Is it not degrading to human nature to call such a creature a brother? And yet he is so; pity and compassion and Christian love yearn towards him, and would snatch him, as a brand, from the burning. Horror and detestation of the system which has reduced him to the deplorable condition, we may, and ought to entertain! and it is our bounden duty to raise a warning voice to the young and inexperienced man, who may listen to the words of the scarlet-coated tempter, to deter him from becoming a RECRUIT; lest, at no very distant period, he realise our truthfully-drawn picture of the invalid, those two stages which form the Alpha and Omega of military service, and between which such an amount of crime and misery are included.

TIMOTHY CLODPOLE.

REFLECTIONS ON A PASSAGE IN HUMBOLDT'S "KOSMOS."

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

HUMBOLDT in the admirable work in which he has registered the experiences and reflections of a scientific life-I allude, of course, to his "Kosmos"-records the sensations and thoughts which occur to an individual, when subject for the first time to the shock of an earth-The impression, he says, which an earthquake then makes upon us, even though unaccompanied by subterranean noises, is indescribable, deep, and quite peculiar. It is not, he contends, the consequence of any recollection of destructive catastrophes presented to the imagination by narrations of historical events; but the strange feeling of being disabused of an almost innate faith, cherished from childhood, in the fixity and solidity of the earth; and of the habit of contrasting the immobility of the soil on which we stand with the mobility of the water. "Hitherto," says the great traveller, "all the evidences of the senses have confirmed this belief: but when suddenly the ground begins to 'all the evidences of the senses have confirmed rock beneath us, the feeling of an unknown mysterious power in nature coming into action, and shaking the solid globe, arises in the mind. The illusion of the whole of our earlier life is annihilated in an instant. We are undeceived as to the repose of nature, we feel ourselves transported to the realm, and made subject to the empire, of destructive, unknown powers. sound—the slightest rustle in the air—sets attention on the alert. We no longer trust the earth upon which The unusual in the phenomena throws the we stand same anxious unrest and alarm over the lower animals. Swine and dogs are particularly affected by it; and the very crocodiles of the Orinoco,—otherwise as dumb as our little lizards, leave the shaken bed of the stream and run bellowing into the woods."

Now this no doubt is a startling and striking fact; but it stands not alone, and indeed forms one of an extensive class. It is what Lord Bacon would have called a "prerogative instance;" and which, as such, modern science will only permit to excite attention, but not to direct enquiry. Less remarkable examples—some so minute as to escape common observation altogether—suit better the calm spirit of inductive philosophy. The illusion so violently exploded by the earthquake-shock, is continually assailed in our daily experience by the most trivial occurrences. The repose of nature and of man are subjected to repeated—to perpetual disturbances—which, though less attended to, read the same lesson quite as powerfully, when properly considered. Some examination of them may not be uninteresting.

The unreasoning belief in the stability of things belongs, for the most part, to the uninstructed mind. Man is deceived into confidence by ignorance. The uncorrected senses perceive nothing but fixities and concretes. As objects are at the moment, they might have been for ever; for the senses by themselves are incapable of reflecting that what they now apprehend may be the result of previous processes, the last change of many that have preceded, and but a point of transi-tion for many more to come. The rock—the marble have become such by degrees—and even while we look at them are becoming something else. The senses never dream that all is thus in a state of transition, and that such transition is perpetual "Could we," Humboldt, "have daily news of the state of the whole of the earth's surface, we should, in all probability, become convinced that some point or another of this surface is ceaselessly shaken; that there is uninterrupted reaction of the interior upon the exterior going on. Reflection supplies the place of this daily news, and

thus to Thought the universe is not what it is to Perception. Nor are the the organs of perception less mutable than their objects; they are capable of improve-ment and liable to disease and disorder. Nothing, in fact, can equal their fickleness and inconstancy, and their servile dependence on the state of the mind and the condition of the health. The sense of touch may become so irritable as to be susceptible only of pain; and the entire range of feeling be pervaded with intolerable anxiety. It may become more acute than it ought to be, or altogether obtuse in parts, or even in the whole of the body. The organ may be corrupted by gangrene, burning, cold or contusion, and the sense itself depraved, as in the case of delirium. The organ of taste is particularly liable to be depraved; sometimes we have a perceptive taste without the application of anything to the tongue; and sometimes none, or different from the right one, when something is actually applied. Thus, also, the organ of smelling may be too acute, or too dull; while the sense of hearing is liable to be most vitiated of all, from the delicacy of its texture and the multitude of small parts which compose it. Some-times it is deaf to the loudest sound, and sometimes it seems to hear of itself when there is nothing in fact audible but its own arterial throbbings. The organ of sight is subject to manifold varieties; some it enables to see afar off, others it constrains to look close at the object. Some persons cannot distinguish colours at all; some cannot distinguish them rightly; others can discriminate to the nicest tint. Any one, or more, of the senses may be totally obscured; and with each an entire world of objects perishes. Close the ear, and there is no sound; the eye, and there is no light; and so of the other senses. Were it possible to add another sense, there would be another world revealed, even though the objects remained the same. If it were possible to change the entire character of the senses, the appearance of the Universe would necessarily undergo appearance of the Universe would necessarily undergo to the mind correspondent alteration. The man of understanding accordingly considering these important facts, is compelled to make allowances for such contin-gences, and habitually to draw a distinction between the phenomena of his perception and the objects they are supposed to represent. While the vulgar and uninstructed observers will pronounce dogmatically and positively on the reality of things, he has mental reservations and doubts as to their permanence and substantiality, and propounds as a matter of faith what they describe as matter of fact. And thus it is that where they rest, he moves—for thought is motion, and to the eye of reflection nature is in a correspondent state of ecstasy-no rest, but all motion.

To the contemplative mind, then, nothing is stationary, but everything in progress. Accordingly, such a mind contents itself not with the present, but connects the present with the past and the future. It traces, in imagination, the concrete object to its primitive elements; even the very stars it reduces to nebulæ, and the nebulæ themselves, as Mr. Farraday now tells the scientific, to "spheres of power." The first effort of thought, says Mr. Emerson, the great American essayist, "is to relax the despotism of the senses, which bind us to Nature as if we were a part of it, and shows us Nature aloof, and, as it were, affoat.' is when the Mind is thus awakened that it becomes capable of perceiving the presence of Beauty and Sub-limity; it traces the former in the indefinite line of motion, for ever productive of new relations, and confesses the latter in the motive power which it is impossible to evade, and sometimes to resist. At length it discovers that it is even itself such a power, and that as such it co-operates with the spirit of the universe in the generation of effects. It then detects the sublime in itself as well as in the external world, and recognises the emotions of the soul as the beautiful emanations of

an ever-active and unwearied energy. Hence sang Akenside—

"Mind-mind alone, bear witness heaven and earth,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beautoous and sublime."

And hence Platonic philosophers contemplate Nature simply as the mirror in which these almost divine attributes are symbolically reflected; while others, holding the balance of justice more evenly, ascribe an independence to Nature as well as to the Mind.

Two worlds are thus opened to man—the spiritual

and the natural—the former consisting of intuitions of While in himself; the latter, those of other beings. the former, he apprehends a special identity; in the latter, he is conscious of perpetual change—in both a ceaseless motion, an equal reality. If he be a poet, the natural object itself, even while it remains, becomes transfigured at the bidding of a moody will; if a lover, it varies with his passion; if a philosopher, it is accepted as the exponent of a law. But the mass of the unreflecting are inapprehensive of these mutations; with them, it is proverbially said, that "a fact is a stubborn thing;" while with such a man as Coleridge (as we have it on record) it is "a nose of wax." But while asserting the immobility of objects, even this same mass is compelled to acknowledge its own mobility. This quality is so characteristic of it, that it has become its name. The mob is so called because of this very attribute. If all the objects of nature be fixities thereto, nevertheless it is itself a fixity to nothing. Its fickleness and inconstancy have become a byeword; it is affected by winds from all quarters, blown this way and that, according to the pressure of the occasion. This, however, is only another illustration of the law of progress; the mobility of the populace is a condition of its working. In whatever way man apprehends nature, he distinguishes himself from it, asserting a quality, and claiming a distinctive creed and identity; and. indeed, Nature herself would seem to lose no oppor-nity of also doing the same. Earthquakes, storms, and other great convulsions, serve her turn, on the large scale. But it is not less fertile in neater expedients. Our transatiantic sage above quoted remarks, that she frequently does this by certain mechanical changes or small alterations in our local position. "We are," says he, "strangely affected by seeing the shore from a moving ship, from a balloon, or through the tints of an unusual sky. The least change in our point of view gives tue whole world a pictorial air, A man who seldom rides, needs only to get into a coach, and traverse his own town, to turn the street into a puppet-show. The men, the women-talking, running, barking, fightingthe earnest mechanic, the lounger, the beggars, the boys, the dogs, are unrealised at once—or, at least, wholly detached from all relation to the observer, and seen as apparent, not substantial. What new thoughts are suggested by seeing a face of country quite fami-liar in the rapid movements of the railroad car! Nay, the most wonted objects (make a very slight change in the point of vision) please us most. In a camera-obscura, the butcher's cart, and the figure of one of our own family amuse us; so a portrait of a well-known face gratifies us. Turn the eyes upside down. by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it anytime these twenty years!"

We have witnessed the manner in which an individual of the mobile mass contrives to keep up the sense of difference—his own excessive mobility and his belief in Nature's immobility. This, we have seen, arises from ignorance, from a want of the understanding being cultivated. Give him knowledge, and his error will be corrected. Only the man to whom knowledge comes

is the true noble man—(Latin, nobilis from nosconovi, to know). It is knowledge that adds Thought to Perception; and, by so doing, shows Nature herself like the human mind, in a perpetual state of activity. There seems to be, however, on the part of the class who arrogate exclusive Nobility, in all countries, a disposition to encourage a habit contrary to that which is said to characterise the crowd. If the latter would move too fast, they would stand still; if the latter would change too often, they would not change at all. The law of Nature and of Mind, as we trust our remarks have demonstrated, encourages neither extreme, but points out the happy means in which may be best reconciled the principle of permanence with that of progress. Above all things, the cultivation of the Understanding is needful equally to the peer and the peasant who would realize their connexion with Nature, and secure their power over her resources, for their mutual advantage.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

By Goodwin Barnet.

Onward flows the Stream of Time,
Wave on wave, with course sublime,—
Rippling, bubbling, gurgling, foaming,
Bubbling, tinking, singing on;
Rising, spreading, flooding, foaming,
Surging, billowing, ebbing—gone!
Now with gentle purling playing
O'er the pebbles of the rill;
Now with quiet motion straying
O'er bright sands, so blue and still;
Now with gurgling dimples ringing
Foam-bells, lily-like and fair;
Now, like mermaid, sweetly singing,
Parting trim the rushes' hair;
Or adown the mountain dashing,
Wreathing rainbows in the sun,
Streaming, beaming, sparkling, flashing,
Tumbling, falling, leaping, rushing,
Booming, thundering—echoing—crushing,
Crowned with spray-clouds, torrents on.

Onward flows the Stream of Time,
From the dim, eternal mountains,
With a distant echoing chime,
Rising from their sun-like fountains;
Onward—from those streams which bounded
Eden's garden's golden prime,
And each breast of green earth rounded,
In that paradise of time,
Where the voice of God first sounded
In the sweet Arcadian clime,
And the world's great pulse was founded
Upon harmony and rhyme.

With bright trains of mist attended,
On still flows the Stream of Time,
In the depth of ages splendid
As a distant torrent's chime;
Through the dark primeval wild-wood,
Far from Eden's flowers it rushes;
With the eagle's mighty childhood
From the mountain cairn it gushes;
Like a snake it hath unrolled
Its treacherous folds of blue and gold;

Like a long gaunt wolf it speedeth
Through the hide-clad shepherd's flock,
Flooding where the white lamb feedeth,
Gulphing vale and scaling rock;
But amid the pastures still,
Sometimes flowing sweet in glee,
Like a gently-tinkling rill
Playing rural minstrelsy:
Well accompanied by the reed
Damon plays to lovers' gushes,
While the lambs beside him feed,
And the willing Phillis blushes—
Willing nymph, and loving swain!
Notes of that old pastoral strain!

Onward flows the Stream of Time—
Through the shepherd's pasture fair,
Down to where the spreading lime
Shades the tribes' huts circled there;
Where, beside the beaver's dyke,
Swarthy clans have built their homes,
Who in moonlight's white beam strike
The yellow salmon as it roams;
Or in noontide's scorching hour
Lave their limbs amid its stream;
Bind the bark, and try its power
O'er the swelling waves to gleam;
Or beside its leafy bank,
Hunt wild Nature's savage brood,
In the trackless forest dank,
Dreadful in its solitude,
Lonely in its sweetest mood,
As they pass its rocks sublime,
Sailing on the Stream of Time.

On it flows: its many waves, Gushing, eddying, roaring on, Past the tribes'-mens mounded graves, 'Neath the setting of the sun; On to where the great chief's tent, Centre-placed is bright-besprent With the purple's royal dye; And at length a palace grows
Where the barbarous monarch shows Conquest in his blood-shot eye; Bridges o'er its streams are thrown Rudely, as it floweth down; O'er them pass wild nations on From a bleak and barren strand, Like fierce stream to still lake, gone To a sunnier sweeter land While, alas! the flooding tide Is with gory crimson dyed, As if Nature shed in pain ' Bloody tear-drops, and not rain.

On yet flows the Stream of Time—Bluer depths and currents lighter,
Charmed by sweet romance of rhyme,
Softer gleam, and glow the brighter.
On it glows by tourney plain
Where the feudal barons meet,
Friendly force in arms to strain,
And to lay the guerdon-gain
At the fairest ladye's feet;
Bright their arms! as wave on wave,
Flows the tide of chivalry—
Banners floating o'er the brave;
Sounds of martial minstrelsy!
While, like foam-wreaths of cascade,
Flow their snow-white plumes, above
Seas of lances! and the glade
Is sweet with song of war and love.

Thus from the Provengal clime
Of chivalry, love, arins, and song!
Onward flows the Stream of Time
With a broader current strong;
By the mill and by the cot;
By Baron's plain, and yeoman's lot;
And through the town where anvils ring,
And looms their wheels intricate fling;
And where the burgher keepeth guard
In jerkin stout, as watch and ward,
And dons the steel cap on his head
Whene'er the chartered rights he won,
By skill as by the blood he shed
Are threatened by the Baron's son—

He spreads the flag of liberty,
With heart no tyranny appals,
With stalwart arm, and bosom free;
While mill-fall waters cheerly chime,
As onward flows the Stream of Time.

For sheltered in his moated walls

On it flows, and pauses never; Glory to its gushing tide; Now an ocean, once a river, How its billows leap in pride! As through towns the streamlets glide, Onwards, shining to the seas, So it flows, and on its bosom Bears the bud, that has to blossom All amid wild forest trees. On its breast, swelled to the gale, Commerce spreads her snow-white sail, On its ocean ships of iron, Fed by fire, and breathing steam, Rvery anchoring port environ, Before, by night, a flery gleam— Behind, by day, a sun-tinged cloud— Misty as the Flag of Dream! Hopeful as the rainbow proud! Civilizing, bringing nearer, Joining lands and making dearer, Linking fields and marrying nations. Bearing written messengers. Fraught with love and aspirations: Doves with notes unto the stars!

Wires, which lead the electric fires From the distant heart to heart!-Like sunrise on village spires, Beacons of the Better Part: Racing Time, and conquering space, Flying on the winds of heaven, Hallowing with life each place, Saving hours for goodness given; Bidding War's red course to cease, Harnessing the steeds of Peace, Driving them through sea and land With a progress good and grand; Making way for that blest day, When God's own sun, indeed, shall shine; And men all brethren in its ray, Shall share communion divine; For this the stream amid the rushes, Purling, bubbling, tinkling, gushes; For this the river from its fountain Floodeth, foameth down the mountain; For this it streameth in commotion, That it may flow into the ocean; For this the course and end sublime. For which we float the Stream of Time.

FROGS' LEGS .- THE GHOST AT WILLINGTON.

SIR,—Frogs' legs were the means of revealing to the human mind the first signs of the invisible world of galvanism; and no doubt, in the order of progress, every new subject, also, has its frogs' legs—its delicately susceptible test of new spheres of truth. This reflection is a prologue to one or two remarks which I have to make on that notable ghost-story of Willington, which, with so much true courage, you have authenticated in your influential Journal.

I may as well state at once, that for myself, I believe, on what I conceive to be evidence, both in ghosts and in the marvels of somnambulism, and that it appears to me these two things will subsist when not one stone of some of our great philosophical edifices will be left upon another. However, I do not ask the reader to believe in either, but simply to try an experiment.

In the article above alluded to you say—"What was not a little singular, Mr. Proctor received, in consequence, a great number of letters, from individuals of different ranks and circumstances, including many of much property, informing him that they and their residences were, and had been for years, subject to annoyances of precisely a similar character."

Now, I myself might have been one of these individuals; for such things have occurred to me and mine,—and what is very singular, the facts have received an explanation (a ghostly one, however), from the chance presence on the premises of a mesmeric somnambulist.

Let me then suggest, through your wide circulation, that where convenient, some of those persons whose houses are "haunted," should endeavour to procure the presence there of a person in the deeper stages of mesmeric sleep. If this suggestion be followed out, I cannot doubt, from what has come to my own knowledge, that a new field of human thought will be opened up; in a word, that the Mesmeric somnambulism is the very frogs' legs of another invisible world, which may thus be revealed to us.

I cannot promise through this means a cure of the ghostly disturbances; but I can hold out the prospect, that the causes of them may very probably be ascertained, and much fear averted, by a greater knowledge entering the world on these mysterious, yet often benign and elevating events.

Such things, I am inclined to think, are common beyond belief; but, almost always, there is a repugnance on the part of those who know most, to disclose them; and this, for very obvious reasons. Thus, I believe, they cannot appeal to the world with a thousandth part of their force as facts.

Another word, and I have done. If the public should ever betake itself to the unprejudiced examination of these particulars, which have long been dismissed with a towering prejudice and conceitedness quite alien to the spirit of the inductive philosophy, there can be no doubt they will then find great instruction in the narrative of "The Seeress of Prevorst," a book which appears to have fallen still-born from the press, although there is a rationality pervading it, and a quantity of experimental fact, which ought at least to have secured it a hearing from a liberal age.

To authenticate this I enclose my card.

I am, Sir, yours,

[The high character of the writer of this letter in the religious and philosophical world, induces us with pleasure to give it publicity.—Eds.]

The Child's Corner.

SEASONABLE TALES FOR CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

AUTUMN.

Of the Sweet Uses of Adversity.

SUMMER was past; the roses, and the jasmines, and the sweet peas, were all over and gone for this year; but the poet's garden was full of flowers for all that The dahlias were out, and the chrysanthemums and china-asters, and great big cock's-combs, like crimson madrapores, made of velvet: the leaves were changing on the trees; but apples were yet hanging golden and red upon the boughs, and looking as beautiful as flowers; and as frosts had not yet come, there were whole borders of scarlet geraniums. and verbenum, and other borders of heliotrope, which filled the air with a soft and delicious perfume.

It was real autumn; but as yet without any signs of decay; and in early morning, when the poet took his usual walks, with his children beside him, they found a thousand objects of beauty and interest to linger over. Above all things did they admire the webs of the spiders, which were at that hour hung with minute dew-drops, which as the sun shone upon them looked like so many tiny prismatic mirrors. There were yet a few butterflies and bees flying about, but the poor little butterflies seemed rather benumbed or sleepy; they flew a little way, and then settled upon something; often on the gravel walk, as if they fancied that must be a pretty variegated flower; they were evidently

a little bewildered in their heads.

Every thing had undergone a change since the springtime, when we wrote about the red peony shoots piercing the garden mould, and the lilacs and labur-nums, and the crimson hawthorn in blossom; the eggs that the birds then sate on were now little living birds, that flew with great flocks of their kind into the stubble fields. The rooks had reared their young ones, and so had the blackbirds, and all for the time present were living in a land of plenty, forgetting that in the westerning the pantry-door key had been lost for a season. Every thing was changed, but most of all was there a change in the pigeon-house, where Jessy and Crow and Snowdrop and Cravates had lived "on clover," as the saying is, when all the world around them were starving. They lived then, as they did now, in the higher regions of the dove-house, and the fat little guinea-pigs, Toby and Jenny, with all their nume-rous family, lived below them.

When first we spoke of these pigeons, Jessy, and his handsome wife, Crow, in her blue and green shot-satin, were the lord and lady of the place, and Cravates and his wife their respectable neighbours. Jessy and Crow built their nest, and laid their eggs, and reared their broods, and all things went prosperously with them. Cravates and Snowdrop did the same, but they were unfortunate. "Cravates must be in bad circumstances," said Jessy to his wife; "he has such a down-cast look with him. He never goes strutting about on the roof in the sunshine, as I do. You may take my word for it, his banker has broke, or he has over-speculated; or he has got an execution in his house!" and with that the next time they met on the roof, Jessy swaggered up to him and shoved him aside. Jessy was tremendously proud in those days; and his wife stood by, and admired what she thought her husband's spirit; and what was still worse, their eldest brood, now a couple of flaunting pigeons, named Pecksey and Flapsey, seeing

the little respect their parents had for Cravates in his trouble, never saw him out without treading on his toes, or on his tail, till it had quite a draggled and disconsolate look. Poor Cravates did not resent this illtreatment; but when he saw them coming, tried quietly to get out of their way. Nobody pitied Cravates but the poet's children; and tears were often in their eyes, when they saw his troubles and the unkindness of his neighbours. These children were to the pigeon-house like the good angels of God to human beings. They looked on and pitied the sorrowing, and mourned over the arrogance of the proud; but morning and night they duly gave to all of their bounty—to the good and to the

evil alike.

One day, while poor Cravates was in his trouble, a new pair of pigeons made their appearance in the house; they were both dressed in black velvet and white satin; she wore a black velvet dress, and white satin petticoat; he, a black velvet coat, and white satin waistcoat and breeches. They looked exactly as if they were going to court, and as if they had new dresses for every day. They were evidently in good circumstances; they were pigeons of birth and breeding, and they settled themselves down in their new home with a selfpossession and propriety that was quite instructive. Jessy and Crow saw from the first moment that they must be treated with respect. The new comers were called Dico and Dixi. Jessy could see at a glance that they had ancestors, perhaps, as far back as the Norman conquest; they looked as people do who have loads of money in the bank, and who, from time immemorial, have had a fine old family seat of their own. If they had been men and women, they would have been the most noble the Marquis and Marchioness Dico and Dixi, and their children would have been earls and countesses. Jessy immediately sought to make their acquaintance, and endeavoured to enlist them in the persecution of the poor unfortunate Cravates. Dico and Dixi, however, treated Jessy with the utmost coolness; they said they did not wish for his acquaintance, and as to poor Cravates, he and his troubles were matters of no consequence to them; they knew nothing of him, either for or against; that there was a deal of trouble in the world,-there always had been, and always must be,-but they did not see what they had to do with it. They must have thought Jessy a snob and an upstart, a purse-proud fellow, and a parrens, from the way in which they treated him. As to poor Cravates, he had too much on his own spirits to trouble himself about any of his neighbours. Jessy's wife and his eldest brood, Pecksey and Flapsey, were equally unsuccessful in making acquaintance with the grand new pigeons; they, therefore, set them down for a couple of proud aristocrats, who thought themselves too good to associate with their fellows; they were very much vexed, but they did not dare to begin any perse-cution; for Dico and Dixi looked like those whom it was better not to meddle with.

About this time Cravates died; and Jessy and his wife, and Pecksey and Flapsey, and the other young pigeons, had a deal to say respecting the post-morten examination, which the poet and his children had made. Something like copper was found in his stomach. "He had taken poison," said Jessy; "no doubt, there-fore, but that his circumstances were bad, and that he was on the point of bankruptcy, and had committed suicide. He even told this to Dico and Dixi; but it did not interest them at all! Never in this world was there such pride as this! Jessy thought how he should like to tread on their black velvet and white satin: but there seemed no chance of such a thing

Cravates was dead. Pecksey and Flapsey set up housekeeping together; and the most noble the Marquis and Marchioness Dico had an heir and an heiress. Snowdrop was solitary; but neither Jessy nor Crow offered her any consolation; nay, even—I am ashamed to confess it—when they saw her come out to sit in the sunshine on the roof, they shoved her off, just as they had done poor Cravates; they strutted about, and admired one another as the sun shone on their beautiful plumage, and grew more and more self-satisfied and tyrannical

But a great change was at hand. One day, a stout-built, thick-necked, positive, domineering sort of pigeon, was introduced as a resident into this little community. He was dressed in black, with a white patch under his beak. He was the famous champion, Blackbeard; not so called because his beard was black, but because he wore black and had a white beard.

Jessy, when he saw this second new arrival, of course introduced himself; but such a fellow as this Blackbeard had never been in the pigeon-house before. He did not strut about in the conceited way that Jessy and Crow did, as if they were always thinking about them-selves; nor did he carry himself at all with the cool self-possession of the most noble Dico and Dixi; he was a positive, dogmatical, overbearing, unscrupulous fellow, with impudence and audacity for anything. Jessy thought at first he was just the fellow to join with him in putting down the pride of their aristocratic neighbours; but Blackbeard cared nothing for the pride and indifference and self-possession of Dico and Dixi; he did not trouble himself about them. Jessy and Crow set down Blackbeard for a low, vulgar ruffian, and they hoped Dico and Dixi would join them in putting such an insufferable fellow down. But Dico and Dixi would do nothing of the kind; and though they never had any intimacy with Blackbeard, it was not long before Jessy had the mortification of seeing that they were quite as civil to him, in their cold, proud way, as they had ever been to himself-perhaps a little more so.

In a very short time there was a regular feud between Jessy and Blackbeard. Jessy had never in his life met with his match before; and one day, when he was strutting about in the sunshine on the roof, that his wife might admire him, what should Blackbeard do but strut up to him, and try to tread on his toes. It was more than Jessy could bear. His spirit was roused, and he strutted up to him in return, meaning to shove him right off the roof; but he might as well have tried to shove off the roof itself. They fought, and each said he had won the victory. Poor Jessy! a most uncomfortable feeling rose in his mind that Blackbeard was not so easily to be conquered. He wondered that Pecksey and Flapsey, his own offspring, did not join with him, and give the fellow a regular beating; and then it came out that Blackbeard was paying attentions to Flapsey, and there was every reason to suppose that she would become his wife.

To Jessy it seemed as if the very world were coming to an end; there was a convulsion everywhere; no-body seemed quiet and cool but Dico and Dixi, and they did not condescend to mix themselves up in the affair. Jessy, who now began to feel the force of adverse circumstances, bethought himself of the guardian and guiding angels of the pigeon-house, and wondered they did not interfere to put things to right.

Things, however, had to get a great deal worse before they could be mended. The poet's children looked on and mourned, but the time for their interference had not yet come. Blackbeard cast off the poor solitary Snowdrop, and Flapsey and he became husband and wife. He had a prodigious notion of his own importance, and was determined to master Jessy, but he did not ask Dico and Dixi, or anybody, to help him, because he fancied he was strong enough for anything.

Jessy and Crow had now another young brood,—it was the fourth or the fifth they had had, for they were a most domestic couple—the very best of parents. Blackbeard turned all this into ridicule; he said that people were fooliah for bothering themselves with large families; so his wife Flapsey sate on one egg, which in due time was hatched.

Poor Jessy never now went out to sun himself on the roof, or to pick tares and barley, which morning and night the poet's children scattered out of that basket which never was empty, without Blackbeard thrusting himself before him, and shoving him away, or picking up the very grains that he wanted. Again and again they fought, and now it was no uncommon thing for Blackbeard to tread upon Jessy's toes.

There were several beams which ran across the pigeon-house. Jessy had his nest over one of them, Blackbeard over anther, and the mansion of the noble Dico and Dixi was just by a third; and beside them, there were others, which, like public pleasure-grounds, had hitherto been common to every one. Now, however, Blackbeard laid claim to all; he even encroached upon the demesne of Dico and Dixi; as to Jessy, he would not suffer him to set his foot anywhere but on his own beam, whilst he himself marched about here and there, up this beam and down that, with all the daring swagger of a bravo.

Anybody who had seen Jessy now might have said that his circumstances were embarrassed, that he had been over-speculating, and that he would be a bankrupt some of these days, so careworn and dejected did he begin to look. He no longer strutted about on the roof in the sunshine; and when he saw Blackbeard approaching, he flew away. His spirit was subdued; everything seemed gloomy and discouraging. The summer was past—the long, bright and warm days, the days of his glory and self-gratulation, were over. The leaves of the sycamore were brown and curled, and every wind that blew shook hundreds of them down. The lark, the linnet, and the blackbird, that eloquent poet of spring, of gladness, and of hope, were silent; he and the rest of his fellows were out on the abundant stubbles, rejoicing in the bounty of autumn. Jessy sate alone, and to him the world seemed a dreary history of oppression and discouragement. Blackbeard, who had neither sentiment nor pity, thought only of crushing the bird that he hated; and he fell upon him on every occasion, and persecuted and tormented him. Jessy would now have given anything to be quiet; perhaps he now remembered poor Cravates with pity, and wished that he had shown him kindness and mercy He and Crowsate together on their beam, and Blackbeard swaggered about over his broad territory; he was lord and master of the pigeon-house. He had humbled the pride of Jessy, but that did not satisfy him; and it seemed now as if he would have his life. Jessy's and Crow's feathers, plucked by Blackbeard, flew about the pigeon-house, and even in the autumn sunshine and among the falling leaves of the sycamore. It was a melancholy sight.

Poor Jessy sate on the roof of the garden-house, and long trails of the gossamer-spider's web floated around him. The garden was as still as death, excepting when the wind passed mournfully among the shivering leaves and scattered them down with every breath: or now and then when an apple fell on the grass from the old apple-tree with a dull sound, and then lay motionless. There was something mournful in the garden, and Jessy thought of his own torn and dingy plumage when he saw the seared and unsightly leaves of the trees. His pride was gone, like the pride of the year; they were both sad and dishonoured together.

With slow steps the poet walked up and down his arden. An expansive spirit of love filled his heart,

which was sedate rather than gay; for he, too, was thinking on many things which were calculated to sadden.

All at once, amid the silence of the place and the melancholy of the fading and falling leaves, a little robin redbreast began to sing.

Its song was low but clear, and tender as the song of an angel. The poet heard it, and as he was a real poet, he understood every tone that it uttered. It sang of the sweet uses of adversity; how winter gives birth to spring, how death opens the portals of eternal life; how suffering and sorrow, unkindness and ingratitude, and the hardness of men's hearts, bring forth love, and pity, and forgiveness in noble and pure natures; it sang how that there is no suffering, no humiliation, no sorrow, which has not its compensation, and that in a hundredfold degree, if we will only receive our affliction in meekness and patience and the submission of love. It spoke of angels that watch over the mourner,-that breathe into his soul consolations which cannot be spoken by words; it spoke of hope, and truth and faith; and the chorus of his song was still "the uses of adversity are aweet.

The sorrowing bird and the poet received willingly the consolatory influence. Crow joined Jessy on the roof; but there was no more strutting about, no desire to lord it over others. They sat side by side in silence, as if they were waiting for something. And they were, but they knew it not.

Justice and Mercy had in the meantime done their work in the pigeon-house. Blackbeard, the tyrant oppressor, and his weak companion, Finpsey, were gone; their fellows would see them no more, and their nesting lay beside Jessy's and Crow's in their nest. Now was an opportunity for them to return good for evil.

Jessy and Crow fed the young bird as if it had been their own. The poet's children told their father, and he explained to them all that the robin had sung of the sweet uses of adversity.

Literary Notice.

The Demands of the Age upon the Church. A Discourse delivered on the opening of the "Church of the Saviour," Edward-street, Birmingham, on August 8th, 1847. By George Dawson, M.A. London: C. B. Mudie; Birmingham, E. C. Osborne; Manchester, T. Forest.

Mr. Dawson has acquired great and deserved fame as a lecturer; but, if he will go on preaching in his new chapel sermons like this, he will acquire far higher and more good-producing fame as a Christian teacher. He and his friends have built this association on the true broad principle of Christianity, love, unity, and the natural equality, and the benefit of all, in opposition to creeds, and dogmas, and sectarian jealousies. It has always been an astonishment to us that Christian teachers and believers never saw in the conduct and the declarations of Christ, how absolutely his religion was a religion of tolerance; how thoroughly of spirit, and not of opinion. When his disciples came to him, and requested him to forbid certain persons whom they found healing the sick and casting out devils in his name, and he replied, "Let them alone; for they who are

not against us are for us," how is it that people do not see that Christ and those over-zealous disciples represent two very opposite classes. The disciples represent that class which has too long been the great and dominant class—the sticklers for creeds, for sects, for salvation by dogmas and opinions, by expulsion and oppression of all that cannot think as they do. Christ represents that class which is willing to think for tiself, and to allow all others to do the same, who do not expect to find favour with God through the subtlety of their casuistry, but by the honest piety of their hearts; who really do believe Christ, when he says, to "do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before God," are the whole duty of man.

We thoroughly agree with Mr. Dawson, that the time is come for a broader, more benevolent, and more affectionate faith. That Christianity is a thing to be preached to the poor. That the world is weary of the heart-burnings of Sectarianism. That every one must take the New Testament into his hand and read it, and understand it as well as he can for himself; laying far less stress on any particular doctrine than on the spirit of love and truth that pervades it. We must, as he insists, have a church that will allow men to doubt, as well as to believe; for without this, there can be no liberty in the faith, and no mental progress; and in nothing do we more commend him, than for his faithful testimony against the pride of wealth, which gets into the most rigidly dissenting churches.

"Take some dissenting communities, and watch the conduct of the "leading men," "ruling deacons," "influential men," "liberal supporters," "men able to sustain the cause," "men who can advance the interest." Verily, one would think it was a temple of money-changers; there is a Mammonic sound about the thing. We feel as amongst those who bought and sold in the temple, and not amid the disciples of Jesus Christ. Must we not read out again to these modern Christians the severe description of the apostle James, "If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in, also, a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say to him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?"

"So, now, with a rich man; what making way for him; what opening of pews, and offering of seats, and handing of books; chairmanships, presidencies, and deaconships for him. The poor man in the church, is he not told to "stand out of the way," to "make way" for "influential men?" "Go thou to the other side; thou only bringest me a greasy penny; make way for richer men, men of weight, men able to serve the cause and the interest more." Some of us know the working of these things; we have been behind the scenes of modern religious life, and know its manœuvres too well to love them. We want more equality in this matter. We want that the poor man shall receive more care and attention; though I believe, and say it in all sincerity, that there is a reform going on in each sect in this particular"

Let George Dawson and his friends stick to this in practice as in words. Let them remember how many a fair beginning has ended by a sliding gradually into the spirit and the image of those they set out to reform. We will say to them as William Penn's father, on his death-bed, said to him: "Son William, if thou and thy friends are faithful to that which you now profess, you will make an end of priests and priestcraft to the end of the world." But, to be faithful,—that is the trial of men and of associations—that is EVERYTHING.

THE POETICAL RECORD.

We have for some time proposed to give occasionally a Portical Record. Amongst the signs of progress in the rultitude, none is more striking than the universal taste for poetry. As soon as the mind of an individual is awakened in him by reading, he feels an impulse to write. All those ideas and feelings which break upon him like a new spring, are too delicions to be cooped up in his own heart. To him they are new, and he has yet to learn from further experience that to others they are stale and old. Every editor knows in what masses this poetry of the inexperienced is forced upon him, and how difficult it is to convince his correspondents that he can neither cope with the quantity offered him, nor regard it with the same eyes as they do. Yet, amid this mass of mediocrity, there are, ever and anon, signs of genius, buds of promise, showing themselves; and we, for our part, would, were it possible, afford a space for their unfolding themselves. The only chance appears that of giving, occasionally a Poetical Record, and we have, for the first time, made the attempt, selecting such pieces as by their brevity assist our intention, and that are by working men, or applying to the fortunes of their class.

THE LOG.

BY THOMAS WATSON, OF ARBBOATH.

I was a nursling of untroddden soil, In dim primeval forest of the west I grew, and reared aloft my leafy crest Remote from men's turnoil:

And when the spring had clad my branches bare, I waved them in the breeze, all blossom-laden, And shook my green locks like a gleesome maiden Whose light heart flouts at care.

And when impervious to the summer heat I gave my shade to worlds of fluttering things That stirred the air beneath my brooding wings, With humming music sweet;

Then in my green recesses carolled free The merry minstrels of the listening woods, Wearying sweet echo in their solitudes, With warbling melody.

And silvery threads by fairy fingers drawn At eve on my unbending twigs were hung, But all unseen till rich with bright pearls strung, And glittering in the dawn.

When the old forest heard the pealing thunder, And the rent clouds came rushing down amain. The hunter listened to the pattering rain, My leafy covert under.

Sere autumn came, like death in fair disguise, Or like the dying dolphin changing aye, Her variegated beauty of decay With tints of many dyes.

And in her withering breath my branches waved,
And every twig its leafy honours shed
In rustling showers, till the cold ground was clad--With oride of summer paved.

Cold winter came, I was a naked tree, Streaked with whiteness of his hoary hair, With wild winds howling through my branches bare, Like the loud meaning sea.

And thus, returning seasons o'er and o'er In endless round bring blossom and decay; But never more to me—or night or day, I reckon time no more.

The spoilers came, the ruthless pioneers---My giant stem, that bent not to the breeze, Fell by the axe-the crash of falling trees
Was music to their ears.

They lopped my boughs and launched me on the river, With many a lifeless log I floated down, Through mangled woods, by many a mushroom town, Leaving my home for ever.

TO DEATH.

WRITTEN DURING THE ILLNESS OF MY WIFE.

[Our readers will regret to learn that the infant and the wife alluded to in our "Visit to a Working Man," have since been lost by that interesting individual. These stanzas, which he has sent us, express his feelings, in anticipation of that sorrow.]

O strike not, Death, thy fatal blow? O leave the cherished one below! A little longer spare her breath, And I will bless thy mercy, Death!

O turn aside thy threatening dart! Pierce not so young, so fond a heart! Her soul, O Death! can ne'er be thine,— Her life is life to me and mine!

Pass on, then, Death; away! away! Nor on my threshold pause to-day. Fill not my happy home with gloom; Change not my dwelling to a tomb!

THE WANTS OF THE AGE.

BY J. A. LANGFORD, OF BURNINGHAM.

What wants the age? Heart-carnest men
To speak the truth, the truth defend,
Such on the earth we need again
As God in ancient times did send,
Men reckless or of wealth or fame,
Of ignominy, scorn, or shame,
The stake, the faggot, or the flame,
Their only object God; and truth their only aim.

What asks the age? Heaven-given powers,
The seeds of discord to remove;
To make this dædal earth of ours
A scene of aye-increasing love.
To banish hatred, strife, and feud,
And error's evil-bringing brood;
To gain the pure, the true, the good,
To join our struggling race in one great brotherhood.

GO TO THE FIELDS.

BY THE SAME.

If thou art sorrowful and sad,
And thought no comfort yields;
Go leave the busy, bustling world,
And ramble in the fields.
Blessed Nature will have sympathy
Both with thy sufferings and thee.
Have friends proved false; doth for une frown;
And poverty depress?
Ne'er, ne'er with unavailing grief,
Increase thy wretchedness.
Go to the fields, and Nature will
With pleasant thoughts thy bosom fill.

If thou have placed thy youthful trust
U pon some maiden's love,
And she regardless of her troth,
Should false and faithless prove,
Ne'er mope nor pine. In pleasures holy,
Drive away thy melancholy.

If thou have seen thy cherished hopes
Like bubbles burst to air,
Ne'er let thy manly courage sink
In cowardly despair.
Go list the lark's ethereal lay,
'Twill soothe thy gloomy thoughts away.

Kind Nature solace offers all; Gives joy in storm or calm; For every pain a pleasure has; For every wound a balm. A mightier physician she For heart-ills than philosophy.

Go to the fields, and Nature woo,
No matter what thy mood;
The light heart will be lighter made,
The sorrowful imbued
With joyous thoughts. The simplest flower
Has o'er the soul a magic power.

Alone, communing with thyself, Or with congenial friends; If joy expands thy coaring soul, Or woe thy bosom rends, Go to the fields, and thou wilt find Thy woe subdued, thy joy refined.

THE NEGLECTED BARD.

BY JOHN MITCHELL, THE POET-SHOEMAKER OF PAISLEY.

The laurels are green, though his locks have grown ree, Who often and sweetly has sounded his lay; Where, Scotland, thy streams glide away to the sea, Through vales where no slave bends to tyrant the knee. In youth's buoyant morn with delight he would roam, Where the deer has a haunt, or the clansman a home; The steeps, where the eagles repose, he would climb, To lean where the clouds roll o'er regions sublime.

But Spring must to Summer resign all her flowers,
And Autumn's sere leaves hoary Winter devours;
The joys of our youth will subside like the wave,
And Hope's golden dreams in cold age find a grave.
And Time has revealed to the bard that the tongue
May with melody's blandest enchantments be strung;
Yet the minstrel, though hoary, o'er want has to pine,
For oft hard is his fare who makes love to the "Nine."

Yet still, with delight, when the twilight is nigh, And ere's golden clouds gild the far western sky, ite will lean by the stream where in boyhood he ran, Undisturbed by the cares that assailed him when man. There, forgetting his years, will the scenes of his youth Arise on his soul, like the visions of truth, And the tones that erst broke on his soul will arise On the wings of the wind to their birthplace, the skip,

But the shadows of night will his dreamings awake,
And the time-weary bard his loved haunts will forsake,
To lean by the hearth that Neglect calls her own,
And sigh o'er the years that for ever are flown.
Yet, sigh not, poor bard; a new morning is breaking,
The grave is at hand and a joyful awaking,
When thy spirit unfettered 'mid angels shall soar,
And old age and poverty crush thee no more!

THE POOR MAN'S CHILD.

BY ELIZABETH HOY.

The poor man's child---oh! hear his tale, Wordless, yet on his pale brow stamped: Born, nursed, and fed in Sorrow's vale, With every noble impulse eramped.

In stern experience see the man; In woes the martyr—years the child! Few care his fire of love to fan, Or train each impulse fond as wild.

Man counts by weight of gold-dust worth; And not by virtue's stamp of soul; But God bids Genius vinit earth, And cast sweet drops in sorrow's bowl.

Oh! then, my boy, in whose bright eye
Language and love portrayed I see,
Wake to a sense of right!—the sky
Of knowledge hath its stars for thee.

Wake, and look up! the grey dawn's light; Want hath not blighted that which smiled Thy nobler portion. Mind is might! And oft great-souled the poor man's child!

And struggle still, ye sacred fires! Immortal soul, look unward—on! Will He who gives them quench desires, Oppress the fallen, or leave the lone!

Worlds may dissolve, and matter change Its form, its nature; yet shall dwell In every sphere the soul's wide range, Crowned with a light ineffable.

THE BOAST OF THE LOWLY.

BY THOMAS HARRISON, OF LIVERPOOL.

No knightly name my fathers bore; No deeds of blood or shame In moated tower, or tented field, Unlifted them to fame.

In conscious dignity of soul,
They did not shrink from toil;
They knew that manly hearts could dwch
In tillers of the soil.

Unknown they lived—they died unknown, Save to the neighbouring few, Who, poor and humble as themselves, Their thousand virtues knew,—

Their truth—their honesty—their love—And, when their days were sped,
None were who knew their living worth,
Who did not mourn them dead.

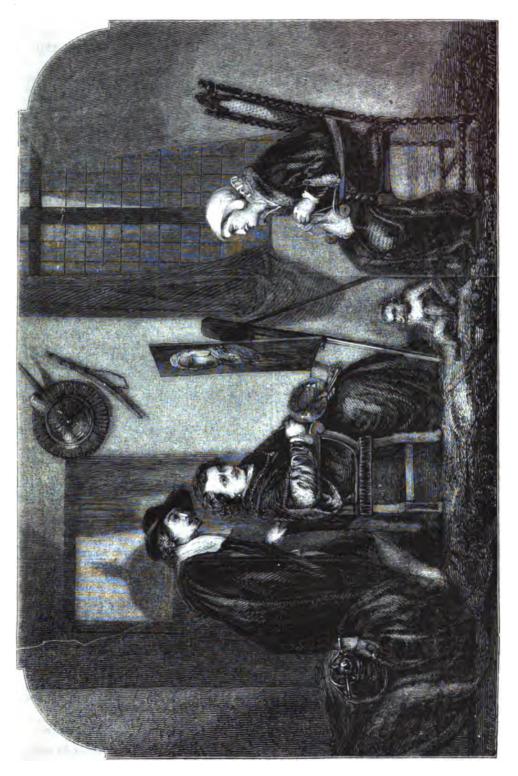
Rise, laurelled warrior, conqueror, king!
Rise from thy sculptured tomb!
While shields and blood-stained banners bang
In fit sepulchral gloom!---

Rise! count o'er all thy knightly deeds, Whose fame doth still endure; And say, can'st thou make such a boast As those forgotten poor!

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No. 45. - Vol. 11.

REMBRANDT YON RYN.

THIS great painter was born in 1606, near Leyden. His father was a miller, and occupied a mill on the banks of the Rhine, from which he received the surname Van Ryu; the family name was Gerretas. The miller, perceiving in his son an unusual degree of mind, determined to make a learned man of him, and sent him to study at Leyden. Rembrandt was unsuccessful, and drawing alone occupied his time. Having aban-doned literature, he pursued his artistical studies under several masters for several yours, astonishing them by his extraordinary progress and powers. Despising all instructions of man, he soon quitted Amsterdam, where the last several years of his life had been passed, and threw himself entirely upon the instructions of Nature. The old mill of his father's, which he has immortalised, became his studio, and there, cut off from all intercourse with the world, he imagined himself formicrousse with the wars not lost sight of; his contemporaries with rare generosity vied with each other in making his name widely known. A friend counselled him to 'carry a picture which he had just completed to the Hague, where he met with a purchaser, who paid him down one hundred florins for it. He had gone thither on foot, but so impatient was he to reach home and communicate his good fortune to his father, that he took a place in the stage-waggon, and thus escaped the fate of Correggio. Rembrandt would not even quit the carriage to dine, so fearful was he of losing his treasure. This was the epoch of Rembraudt's great success; the desire of gain excited him to labour with etill more zeal and assiduity. He painted several portraits, which obliged him to visit Amsterdam, and his success at length determined him to take up his abode there. Overwhelmed with work and pupils, he hired a warehouse, and had asparate little studies fitted up for his scholars.

Rembrandt having now ensured himself wealth and fame, married a handsome young peasant of Remedorp. He has aften painted her portrait. It is to be seen baside his own in one of his etchings. Rembrandt's great defect of character was his exceeding preciness of gain, and miserly disposition. He was himself well gain, and miserly disposition. He was himself well aware of it: and although he made no attempt at self-correction, bore good-humouredly the hadinage of others on it. More than once his pupils, to deceive him, have painted money on bits of card, which he greedily picked up, yet left the offenders unpunished for their joke. Rembrandt was a great oddity on many points. He never took any one as a guide, and in painting a picture would often finish with the greatest care some unimportant part of his composition, leaving scarcely touched the principal ones. His reply to any observation of surprise uniformly was—' The picture was finished when the painter had accomplished the end he had had in view." he had had in view."

One day, whilst painting a family group, which was nearly completed, news was brought him of the death of his favourite monkey; he was greatly grieved at this loss, and ordering the body to be sent for, he imat the loss, and ordering the body to be sent for, he immediately, without paying any regard to the family he had been painting, commenced introducing the portrait of the monkey into the nicture. This addition naturally displeased the family, but he would never efface it, and preferred keeping the picture himself. This favourite animal figures in our present illustration, which is from the clover peacil of Bobert Fleury.

Reminurally had only one are Titus when he in

Rembrandt had only one son, Titus, whom he instructed in his art, who never rose above mediocrity, At his father's death, in 1674, he inherited his great wealth, and many valuable pictures and etchings.

TO THE WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND TRRUAND.

FELLOW-COUNTRYWOMEN, -An outrage is contemplated by the executive of this country on our common nature which it behoves us all to protest against. With a woman on the throne, we have a peculiar right to call for attention to everything which concerns the interests of woman, and, through her, of humanity.

Mary Ann Hunt is now imprisoned in Newgate for

murder; but on the ground of her pregnancy, the time of execution is postponed till after her delivery. She is to suffer the long anticipated horrors of a public and violent death, in order that she may give life to her child. She is to be nursed and raised again to health and strength—for what? To nurse her child; to repent in the secret of her prison, and to be punished in a mannor that shall restore her to virtue, and thus to mye two human beings instead of one? Is that the beneficial and wise object—an object worthy of an enlightened age, of a Christian land, and of a nation on whose throne sits a woman and a mother? No! Such a measure as this is not intended; on the contrary, after this unhappy mother has given birth to her child, the intention is to tear her from it by a hideous process of public strangulation; after having kept her alive for months, and nursed her into strength, after the pains of maternity-to kill her.

My country women! I do not lose sight of the guilt of this poor creature. I am no advocate for murder, either in private or in public, either by the depraved slave of evil passions, or the hangman who depraves thousands by his murder in broad daylight. But I have, by long reflection on the subject, and on the results of our past policy, arrived at the conclusion that official murder is no cure for private murder; that the rope will not restrain either the knife, the hatchet, or the dose of poison; that we have no right to take life by any means, or on any pretence, and that our so taking it neither diminishes crime, nor instructs ignorance (which leads to crime)—while on the contrary, violence is the fertile seed of violence.

Admitting, therefore, the crime of this woman, and asking for no exemption for her from any just sufficient, rational and reformatory punishment, I cannot help regarding, and feeling that you will regard with me, the cool barbarity of the proposed postponement and aggravated infliction of death in this case as one mest revolting to every feeling of our natures, as dis-graceful to the age and country in which we live, as tending to check the pure and benevolent feeling in which lies the surest hope of our onward progress towards the wisdom and the blessings of Christianity, and as violating two divine laws at once—that against shedding human blood, and rending asunder a bond of God's own knitting, that of mother and child.

It appears to me that here is an opportunity pecu-liarly afforded us for bearing our testimony against the longer continuance of a revolting, inhuman, and, I sincerely believe, unchristian and criminal practice; and I, therefore, my countrywomen, respectfully and affectionately entreat you to join everywhere, in your maternal and womanly character, in the following, or a similar, petition, to the Queen, for the commutation of the punishment of this condemned criminal.

Yours very truly,

MARY HOWITT.

To HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA The Humble Petition of Mary Howitt, and other women, Showeth,

That your petitioners earnestly beg to call your Majesty's attention to the case of Mary Ann Hunt, who now lies in

the prison of Newgate, condemned to death for murder.

That we do not approach your Majesty with any plea of palliation of her offence, or any doubt as to her guilt, but we, in common with large numbers, both of our countrymen and countrywomen, have long been convinced of the inutility of capital punishment as a preventive of crime—believing, on the courary, that the direct tendency of public executions is to stimulate crime, and to produce, especially, on the minds of the uneducated classes, callousness of heart and a barbarous pleasure in the sufferings of others.

That, such being our earnest conviction, we are, at this moment, particularly anxious to call your Majesty's attention to the revolting circumstances attending the case of the said

criminal Mary Ann Hunt.

That this unhappy woman should be preserved for some months only to give birth to her child, and then to be violently torn away from it and life together; that she should be carefully raised from the bed of her pains for the purpose of undergoing a public and terrible death has something in it so repugnant to our common nature, no less than to the benign spirit of Christianity, that we cannot but pray ear-nessly that the fulfilment of her sentence may be spared to

That we feel it to be a case peculiarly calculated for your Majesty's consideration. That as a woman and a mother, as the chief woman of the nation and the mother of her people, your Majesty cannot be behind the greater portion of your female subjects in desiring to set aside the barbarism now

impending over one of your own sex.

That we believe the moral sentiment and the Christian principle of England demand this concession of the ruling powers to the growing development of these qualities in the heart of the nation; that we speak the sense of a large portion of the wisest and the best of the community, and that while no long time can elapse before penal homicide is for ever abolished from the British code, the execution of Mary Ann Hunt, under present circumstances, would be felt as an

outrage to public humanity.
Your petitioners therefore earnestly entreat, as a matter of Christian principle, of humane feeling, of deference to the best sympathies of woman, and from all these causes, of the soundest and most enlightened policy, that your most gracious Majesty will consider the case of Mary Ann Hunt, and moved by such consideration as cannot fail of influencing the wise and humane ruler of a great and magnanimous people, will mercifully grant a commutation of her sentence.

And your petitioners will ever pray, etc.

[N.B.—Any sheets of signatures properly written on one side of the paper only, from any part of the nation, can be appended to the above petition, which lies at the office of this journal, 171, Strand, for the purpose of signature; or, if it be preferred, independent petitions may be got up throughout the country, when complete, forwarded by post to the care of Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street, without any expense, merely by leaving the case which contains the petition open at both ends,-Ens. l

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—GAME LAW TACTICS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

No IV.

THE HUNT; OR, THE LANDLORD'S POWER AND THE LANDLORDS' VENGRANCE.

The days of chivalry are over! Thank God for whose termination the people of all nations might pray, they were the days of chivalry. With pretence to the redress of wrongs, they were full of wrongs and outrages squires, and of scores of lofty peers, what would be the staple of them but political jobbery in town, and poacher-

the proud boast of honour, the sense of real honour was lost. With the gallant boast of courtesy to women, what violence and abductions of women then abounded! With crosses and Christian symbols emblazoned on their chivalric shields, how every principle of Christianity, peace, love, and mutual sympathy, were trodden under foot! All that remains to us from those times are the ruins of robbers' nests, and institutions which, for the good of society, ought to have been in ruins ages

On the tops of all hills all over Europe, the grim vestiges of castles bear witness to the trade of the knights and earls of the ages of chivalry. The Germans give them the plain name that designates their true character—Raub-Ritter, robber knights. But not only in Germany, but over all Europe, did these strongholds of titled robbery abound. What crimes are linked to the memory of all those places! What dungeons are therein, some with holes only from the top, through which the victims were let down to perish of the slow agonies of hunger! What racks and instruments of torture did they contain! What deep abysses, with wheels armed with scythes, and with other horrors, remain yet, into which the wretched were plunged, and dashed and crashed, and crushed and carved to pieces! Behold thy monuments, O chivalry! and let no one wonder that we rejoice that thou art gone. But art thou gone? Are there no other monuments left? Ah! what are all the institutions of aristocracy? What are the privileges of peers, the entails of vast estates, the law of primogeniture, barricading the power of the oppressor against the just assault of creditors, and preserving the despotism of class to keep down the aspiring heart of the people? What are State Churches and State Offices, to be filled only by the feudal tribes? What are Game Laws, filling our woods with murder, and our moonlight fields with blood? These are all fragments of the old mystery of iniquity. Till they are gone, the days of chivalry are not over.

There are no occasions in which the features of ancient feudality show more fully than in the atrocities of the Game Laws. George Sand, in the story of the Mauprats, has shown to what a late period in France the savagery of the robber knights continued; but they who are not familiar with English rural life can have no conception how much of it remains still even in this country. It is amazing what a curse those Game Laws are in the midst of us. It is amazing how they turn the noblest hearts into flints—how they corrupt the blood of the best-how men otherwise humane and enlightened are very Neros and Caligulas where game is concerned; nay, some women, and young women, who have not only gone to a Christian church almost every Sunday of their lives, and prayed that their trespasses might be forgiven as they forgive those who trespassed against them, but have read whole wagon-loads of romances, and shed hogsheads of tender tears over them, and the sympathics they have awakened for virtue in distress,—even these, where game and poachers are concerned, are bitter as the northern blast itself. It is not long since we heard a young lady lamenting over a tame fawn that a blood-hound of theirs had killed; and when asked whether they had not the dog destroyed or sent away, she exclaimed, "Oh no, indeed! Why, he is worth his weight in gold in catching poschers. He will seize a man by the throat, and pull him to the earth in an instant."

In this amiable young lady's eyes poachers were vermin; fawns only drew tears when their throats were torn out by bloodhounds! Let the very memory of insti-

hunting in the country. There are men, who sit on the benches of the county magistracy, and doom poor devil sumers, of whom it would be a very light thing to say that they ought years ago to have been hanged, if any men ought. There are old, wild, out-of-the-way districts, and other districts not so very old, wild, or out-of-the-way either, where the lords of the soil seem to grow up without any such idea as the opposition to their will. They indulge in the uncontroverted exercise of passion and appetite; they are hated by the poor, execrated by the virtuous, shunned by their fellows, and yet mix with them on many occasions, and sit on the seat of justice.

We don't deal with fables, and we will select a single specimen of the race we speak of,-a race whose deeds can only be hinted at, after all, for they are too revolting for the purity of pure English, but a race which will only end with the Game Laws.

In the heart of England lived, not long ago, a mighty hunter. He had various old estates and old houses. person, he was a very fine animal indeed,—tall, well built, of handsome features, and of surprising agility. His life, which from his boyhood had been spent very much amongst the woods and fields, had given him a vigour and elasticity like that of the ancient heroes, who were glorified and deified, because they could knock everybody down. But his education had not been neglected, so far as money and colleges could educate him. He had been at Eton, and Cambridge, and could quote Latin, and talk poetry and sentiment to the ladies. All the ladies admired him to distraction, because he was so very handsome, and because, or although—we will not be uncharitable enough to say which, he ruined every country girl that he came near. We don't say that he seduced them, for simple seduction was a mere trifle with him; he did as he liked, and regarded the gallows as only for vulgar fellows. As for our squire, or Nimrod, or Nimbus,—for we must have a name for him, so let it be the last,—as for Nimbus, he was a very jolly fellow. He kept horses and hounds, and a brave table; he galloped over the whole country with half the country at his heels,—gentlemen, farmers, all sorts of men, mounted or unmounted. His father had left plenty of money, and plenty of acres; and he had plenty of strength and animal spirits, and he seemed resolved to live and spend. He ran riot, and indulged all the huge animal in every animal propensity. He eat, he drank, he sang, he swore, he got into debt, and then married himself out of it again. He married what ?—a fool, a vulgar woman, a creature like himself?—No! one of the most gentle and intellectual creatures in the country. Why did she marry him? Because he was such a fine, handsome, jolly fellow, and because (as she afterwards said) she was bewitched.

Well! he broke her heart, just as he would break any thing else that he came near; just as he would break a hedge, a pale, a horse, or an empty bottle. Such women should not marry such men. Why do they?

Nimbus spent his whole life in pursuit of game of some kind. In the autumn and winter he was shooting and hunting, in the spring and summer he went into the north trout and salmon fishing. He had his eye always on some woman to ruin, or his cars were regaled by his creatures with the reports of such; and all his spare time was spent in hunting weasels, polecats, and the like with his keepers, and above all in lying in wait for poachers. He had a nice band of pretty fellows, who were always on the watch for these poachers, and with guns and stout little flails, that they could carry in their pockets, and one stroke of which would crack a man's skull as completely as a hammer would crack a wallnut.

Such was Nimbus in his best days: and besides all these pursuits, he soldiered a little in the yeoman cavalry. He did not like that much; for though the mess

was very good, and he got very drunk at it, there was no flogging, and a great many fellows that, as suspected poachers, or as sturdy boxers that had thrashed him for insults to their sweethearts, that he longed most sin-

cerely to flog.

But withal Nimbus was pious. He went to church every Sunday, except when he was too drunk over night, and made all his servants, steward, tenants, and cottagers go. He supported the church as a valuable institution that supported the state, which again made nobles and squires, magistrates, and good laws against poachers, encroachers, threateners of assault, and the

He had, it would seem, a conscience, of some kindbut of what we cannot pretend to tell. It must have been a very good one, for it never troubled him at all. He was always jolly, always on the best terms with the parson who was the most constant follower of his hounds. and the most merry guest at his table. Nimbus lived as many of his ancestors had lived before him. He was a wild fellow, the gentry said, but then, what a consti-tution, and what an estate! Young gentlemen like him would have their way.

There were a good number of the young farmers on his property that were also zealous partisans of Nimbus, spite of his running over their corn and crashing down their hedges. As to these things, why, what squire did not do so? but then it was not every squire who made his young tenants his pot companions, and liked to have them crashing over their own hedges with him. These young men served in his troop of yeo-manry, attended all his hunts, defended his character at market and in the public-house, and as far as they durst imitated him in his dress, his oaths, and his

tally-hoing.

Now amongst these was George Wagstaff. George's father had a farm within half a mile of the hall. It had been in the family three generations. George's father was a quiet man who looked after his business, never went anywhere but to market and to church, and soldom went anywhere but to market and to entirely and sections came in the squire's way. When he did he took off his hat very respectfully, and answered any questions very simply, and there was an end of it. He passed for a very still, innocent sort of a man, and his wife for a very good, superior, and sensible farmer's wife. Besides George they had one daughter, Jane, who had been at boarding-school, and was said to be handsome. As for that, George was a tall, clever, and handsome fellow, and a great favourite of the squire's. He was a famous judge of horses, cattle, and dogs. He cut a fine figure in the troop, and was a zealous pursuer of poachers as well as of foxes. George's great friend was the only son of the miller of the Abbey mill, Michael Corden. It was said that George paid his addresses to Betsey Corden. Michael's sister, who next to his own sister, was said to be the handsomest girl in the parish.

Certain it was that the Wagstuffs and Cordens were great friends. They were always going to and fro be-tween each other's houses, which luy on each side of a great wood, called Raddig's Park, at about a mile distance. This park stretched over some hundred of acres, covering the summit of a hill that was seen far off into the country, and down which descended a wild, woody glen, along which the stream ran which filled the Abbey

mill dam, and turned the Abbey mill.

The farm-house of the Wagstaffs was on the flat of the same high country on which stood the hall, amongst its old woods and moss-grown walls, courts, and outbuildings. The farm was a good farm, called the Reeves Farm, and the farm-house the Reeves. It was a plain, but good, old fashioned house, with capital out-buildings, and garden and orchard. It had a look of prosperity about it. There were ample sheds, and foldyards for cattle, with straw racks, and turnip troughs for feeding cattle in the winter, and carts, wagons, ploughs,

in abundance under cover. Huge barns bore testimony to the extent of the farm, and a steam-engine chimney showed, as did various implements, the modern improvements were adopted there. There was no lack of cattle, horses in the stables or poultry in the yard. Mrs. Cor-den prided herself on her poultry, geese, turkeys, and the like, on her pigs and calves. No one showed at the county-town market finer ducks, geese, and pullets, than she, or more numerous eggs, and young pigeons.

On the other hand, the Cordens' mill was a piece of

antiquity. It was one of those nests down in a most retired valley, buried in woods, which are so often found near monastic remains. It was supposed to have been the abbey mill for seven hundred years. It had ground corn for generations of monks; and when monkery was abolished, and the property became that of the family which still in scrited it, it continued to grind for them and all their tenants, as well as for a good part of the neighbourhood. High banks, hung with ancient wood, and upland fields, farmed by the Cordens, shut it in. The large mill-dam above the house, with its thick screen of fruit-trees, was a beautiful object, with its little island, its flocks of geese and ducks and its water-hens, that went to and fro amongst them with a flirting motion. Not far off, but quite hidden from the house or mill, stood the ruins of the ancient abbey; and fine ruins they were, now beautiful with hanging branches of wild roses, and with trees that had grown up in the midst of them, besides certain very ancient yews that stood in the cemetery.

The Cordens were a peculiarly quiet and hospitable family. They consisted of the same number as the Wagstaffs—father, mother, son, and daughter. As we have said, it was generally settled that there was to be an exchange of daughters between the families; and that was all the change that was likely to take place till the elder generation went to their rest, and left the ground to their children and grandchildren.

Between the abbey mill and the Reeves the road lay through Raddig's Park. It was one of those deeply worn, uneven cart-tracks that have been the work of centuries, and lay deep between steep banks, and over-hung by trees. These banks were every spring covered with violets and primroses, and every summer thick with hanging wild flowers of sundry kinds. It was a cool and somewhat damp way; but there was also a foot-way, that went up another valley and out over the hill. This was a very delightful way, giving many deli-cious openings and dell views, and led by a very short divergence to what was called the Abbot's Well, a most beautiful spring, issuing out from the foot of a steep bank, beneath an ancient crab-tree, whose ivied drapery hung in heavy masses from its boughs, and the crystal stream thence taking its way down the green, grassy valley in rapid brilliancy. Hither people often came from great distances, on account of the reputed virtues of the water; and seats were cut in the banks of sandstone, equally agreeable to the weary invalid or lingering lovers.

The Wagstaffs and the Cordens were frequent passers along this path. By it the young Cordens walked to church, while the old ones drove in their taxed cart along the lower road. At a cross road on the hill they often fell in with the Wagstaffs, and walked on in company to the church, and back also to the Wagstaffs, where on Sunday the Cordons often stayed to spend the afternoon.

Everything seemed to promise that the families would be rooted down on their respective homesteads as firmly for the next generation as they had been for many past ones. Young George Wagstaff in particular was, as we have said, a great favourite of the squire's. He frequented his hunt, often shot with him, gave his

she was glad that he should stand well with his landlord was not, however, without her fears for his morals.

Many a secret and solemn warning did she give him against the contagion of the squire's vices. Sensual license and the bottle she dreaded, and depicted in their effects ruin and misery. Above all, she intreated him never to bring the squire there, or to give occasion, if possible, for his coming. Jane had been at school for some time after he came to the estate, but every one now noticed her beauty, and the anxious mother had not omitted to observe the glances which the squire had of late more and more east towards the pew where she sate with her friend and future sister-ln-law, Betsey Corden. George treated her cautions as utterly needless. The squire, he said, knew very well that these girls were engaged to two of his best tenants, and was not such a fool as to entertain any dishonourable designs towards them.

But it was not long before the squire rode into the yard at Reeves to inquire for George. Once having done that seemed to give occasion to do it again. The ice was broken, and he was riding that way accidentally or coming on some business to George in a manner and a frequency that had never occurred before. In these visits, however, old William Wagstaff or Mrs. Wagstaff were assiduous to go out to him if George were not about, and it was rarely that Jane was visible. Once, however, the squire came riding up on a Saturday, when all were gone to market except Jane, and now she was compelled to speak to him. Nimbus did not conceal his pleasure at seeing her; he sat on his horse at the door, and detained her there by many inquiries and some compliments. Jane, who knew his character, and most thoroughly despised it, made every possible attempt to withdraw into the house; but he put fresh questions to her, and fear of offending the landlord overruled her. From this day the attentions of Nimbus were more un-disguised. He would come riding up, fling the bridle on his horse's neck, and march into the house without any ceremony, inquire for Jane, if she did not appear, and if he saw her would sit and talk for hours. things did not fail to create a good deal of uneasiness in the whole family. Jane Wagstaff was a young woman who was capable of creating a strong sentiment in the mind of any man, pure in the pure, passionate in the licentious. She was a frank and fresh country beauty. Somewhat tall, of a fine growth, a pure and healthy complexion; a free and buoyant carriage, and a face full at once of sense, intelligence, and the most kind hearted beauty. You saw at a glance that no care had ever dimmed those large, dark, yet laughing eyes, or had shaded that roseate and delicious cheek. She was like one of the summer mornings that broke over her native dwelling, brilliant, dewy, fresh and fragrant as anything on earth could be. In her light and ardent spirit the most virtuous and high-toned sentiments prevailed, for she had sound sense, a fine nature, and had had an education above what many might consider necessary for her station. Such was not a woman likely to encourage the advances of a married libertine like Nimbus, but to resent indignantly any approaches to such. She, therefore, kept as much as possible out of his way.

Her friend Betsy Corden was of a somewhat different temperament. She was timid, sensitive, and inclined to religious sentiment, that found much solace in poetry. She was as tall as Jane, but of a slenderer figure, and of a paler and thinner cast of features; but there was an expression in her beautifully-formed mouth and in her clear blue eye, that was full of a fascinating beauty. The two damsels, who had grown up almost together from childhood, who had run as little girls across the neighbouring common to a day-school, and who had been at the same school in the county town, were more judgment in the purchase of hunters, and could lend a like sisters than friends. They were often together at hand to secure a batch of poachers. His mother, while each other's houses, and were continually passing to and like sisters than friends. They were often together at fro together or to see each other. The footpath through Raddig's Park was trod by them almost daily in fair weather, and they would often stroll along it, accompanied by their brothers and lovers, listening to the music of the woodland birds, or seated by the Abbot's Well.

It was at this well, one summer's evening, as they had loitered there alone till it was growing dark, that they were suddenly startled by the presence of the squire. They rose hastily, returned his "Good evening," and were hurrying away. But Nimbus seized them familiarly by an arm each, and declared that he was not going to part with them in that manner. He endeavoured to persuade them to sit down again, and enter into conversation, asking them what they were afraid of? But they firmly, but respectfully excused themselves on account of the lateness of the evening, and with a significant look at each other, resolved not to separate, but to go together on to the Abbey Mill, which was near at hand. Nimbus accompanied them, making himself as agreeable as possible, and asking whether he could not see Miss Wagstaff home; but Jane replied, "That she was going to stay all night at the mill." The squire on this took his leave with a familiar "Good night."

(To be continued.)

THE BREADFINDER

' By Edward Youl.

CHAPTER I.

In the month of April, 1831, a gentleman waited upon Mr. Ross, of No. —, Bedford-square, the referee of a young man, who had replied to an advertisement inserted in the Times, for a person qualified to instruct the advertiser's son in the higher branches of the classics and mathematics.

"I am very particular in the matter of testimonials, said Mr. Duncan, the gentleman who had advertised, "for I intend to give a liberal salary; and the party with whom I make an engagement must be quite respectable, and fully competent for the very responsible situation which he aspires to fill."

"The young man, William Harding," said Mr. Ross, "is very estimable. I am sure that I greatly respect him. His attainments are of no ordinary character, but he has one fault."

"And that, sir?—
"Casts his virtues and excellencies into the shade," replied Mr. Ross. "He has the misfortune to be a visionary."
"Ah!" said Mr. Duncan, "that is, indeed, a fault.

a Radical politician, I presume?"
"Socially and politically, he is a visionary," said
r. Ross. "He speaks at low Radical meetings, and Mr. Ross. talks Utopias."

"I must apologise for troubling you, Sir," said Mr. Duncan. "I wish you good morning. The salary I shall give will be liberal; the party, therefore, must be respectable. I am your servant, Sir."

William Harding, who, at the age of twenty-one, had married, for love, a portionless girl of twenty, sat that evening in the little back parlour which he rented at Islington. A very little back parlour—eleven feet by nine. In popular phrase, you could not have swung a cat therein. When his wife urged that circumstance as an objection to their longer remaining in it, he replied that he did not wish to swing a cat. To which, she never failed to rejoin, that she did not suppose him capable of hurting a dumb animal; still her objection was valid—a cat could not be swung there.

"When I get Mr. Duncan's son to teach—" said William, on the night in question.
"If you do get him!" interrupted the young wife.
"Well; if I do!" continued Harding. "And I have little doubt of being well recommended, Emma; for I did justice to Ross's stupid boy-I will buy you a satin dress with my first quarter's salary.

"I don't want a satin dress, William," said the young wife. "I am quite content with my present wardrobe.

"Which contains two cotton gowns, and a worn-out

silk one," said Harding, laughing.
"You forget, William," remarked Emma, "that a satin dress is but one expense, and that I should want a suitable bonnet and shawl to wear with it.

"There are bonnets and shawls to be bought, I

suppose," said her husband.
"Oh, plenty of them, William dear," she replied, gaily. "One only wants the money."

Which I will earn," said William. "I am to have

eighty guineas a-year from Duncan-The postman's double knock resounded through the house. Shortly afterwards a note was brought in. It

ran:—
"Mr. Duncan presents his compliments to Mr. Harding, and regrets that, owing to the political opinions entertained by Mr. H., he must break off the negotiation pending between them."

Harding suffered the note to drop from his hand.
"This is Ross's doing," he said.

"This is Ross's doing," he said.

"Blame yourself," replied his wife, peevishly. "This comes of your opinions about hanging. You know that Mr. Ross was more shocked at them than at anything."

"My dear," said poor William, "I only echoed the opinions of wiser men than myself."

"And very wise you are," said Emma; "your wisdom has lost you eighty guineas a year; and I might have had a satin dress, and a shawl and bonnet."

"My love," began Harding.

"Don't love me," retorted his wife. "What had you to do with who was hung and who wasn't? Eighty guineas a year, and now you havn't eighty far-

Eighty guineas a year, and now you havn't eighty far-things, and people will be hung just the same. You

"Beccaria," said William, "was of opinion—"
"Oh, don't talk to me, of your Beccarias: send to them for eighty guiness a-year, and see what they will say. You are always picking up some fine name or other, but send to any one of them, and ask them for a shilling."

"But, my love," pleaded poor William.
"I am not your love, Mr. Harding," rejoined the young wife, majestically. "I might have gone to Mrs. Peasnap's next party—you may be sure she will invite us, and a pretty figure I should cut in a cotton gown, and my silk one is worn out, as you observed,—but your absurd notions, Mr. Harding, will blight my prospects everywhere; and I declare that Julia Copperbolt passed me in the street only last Monday was a week, and it was only because you talked so stupidly about every man's having a vote,—as if every man wanted a vote, and as if I wanted one; and if I'm only a woman, havn't I as much right as a man? And it was only because you talked so like a fool—and I could see with half an eye what a fool you were—that Julia Copperbolt turned her head, and looked right into the

baker's shop that we were passing, because she wouldn't acknowledge me."

"My dear Emma," began Harding.

"Mr. Harding, Sir, your Emma—yes, ill-luck to her, she is your Emma—is not dear to you. Her purse at this moment holds nine shillings; that is all, Mr. Harding, that your Emma's purse holds; and this night you might have been engaged upon eighty guineas a year, which," added Mrs. Harding, snapping her little fingers contemptuously, "you have flung away." "But, my love," said Harding, "It isn't my fault if this Mr. Duncan is so absurd as to believe that I can't teach his children Latin, and Greek, and Algebra, without thinking just as he does."

out thinking just as he does."

"A man who has his bread to earn," observed the young wife, "has no business to think at all. It is a luxury, Mr. Harding, which he can't afford."

She sank into a chair, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. What was poor Harding to do? This was the first scene that had occurred since their marriage. All had gone on so smoothly hitherto. But it was a sad disappointment, and William felt for the poor girl she was but a girl, whose heart had sunk under it.

The next morning, as he was about to quit the house, the landlady accosted him in the passage.

"If you could settle my little matter, Sir," she said—she well knew that he could not;—"I am sure that I wouldn't have troubled you, but I have a bill my-self to meet to-day, and where can we go for money, as my dear late husband used to say, but where 'tis owing?"
"You must give me till to-morrow, Mrs. Brandy-wine," said Harding.

"If you could do it to-day, Sir," urged the woman, who had overheard the conversation of the previous night, and knew that only nine shillings was left in Mrs. Harding's purse, of which elevenpence-halfpenny went that morning for a loaf and butter.

"Upon my word, I couldn't," answered Harding.
"Because, if you remember, Sir, the agreement, when I consented to let you the apartments, was punc-

tuality—you must recollect that, and the week is three days over, which is irregular."

Poor Harding, with dismay upon his countenance, backed towards the door.

'And if you could make it convenient to suit yourself with other lodgings in a week, I should be obliged, Mr. Harding.'

"Very well, Mrs. Brandywine, I will," said William.

escaping into the street.

When he returned home, he was afraid to meet his wife. He felt like a guilty man, because Mr. Duncan had rejected his services. But she met him kindly, and told him that she had paid the week's rent, and had money enough to last them a month longer.

"You have, Emma?" cried Harding, astonished.

"Don't scold me," she continued, looking into his face, with a sweet smile, "I—bend your ear lower, William—I pawned my gold earrings during your absence. But we must seek a cheaper lodging, William dear,—we must have only one room. And indeed, and indeed, I shall not fret. You don't know how brave I can be, for all my foolishness last night."

He caught her to his breast and kissed her. He knew not till that moment how dear she was.

It was the time immediately preceding the passing of the Reform Bill. England was convulsed to the remotest extremitics, and London was especially agitated. The news had gone abroad that the iron railings in front of houses in the suburbs had been forcibly torn up, and that the men in the manufacturing districts, and the Cornish miners, were preparing to march to the metropolis. Pawnbrokers, it was said, had experienced a run upon their establishments for second-hand guns and pistols. The crowd that was daily con gregated in Parliament-street, and in the vicinity of both Houses, was so great, that members with diffi-culty reached the Senate. Meetings of the working classes, and of reformers generally, were everywhere held. Openly in Lincoln's Inn-fields, where the eloquence of the orators electrified the multitude.

"You will join us to-night, Harding," said one of the popular speakers, who visited him that afternoon. He dared not reply that he was engaged, for that

his defection must be attributed to his wife's influence. "I will attend, if I can," he contented himself with

would be a lie, and he was ashamed to confess that

saying.
"How! are you growing lukewarm, Harding?" said

the other, reproachfully.

"I am not, indeed," replied Harding, stung by the accents of his friend. "And, to convince you that I am as earnest as ever in the cause, I will join you tonight, and speak bolder things than any of you.

He returned from that meeting with elated spirits. His speech had gained him the notice of a member of Parliament, who was present on the platform, and who made him his secretary, there and then. With the first quarter's salary his wife was to have—it was a bargain between them—a new satin dress, and a suitable shawl and bonnet. The behaviour of Julia Copperbolt no longer preyed upon her mind, and she looked forward to Mrs. Peasnap's party with a stout heart.

But what hope is there of human nature? The member of Parliament had sundry conferences with an influential statesman, and voted against the Reform Bill at the next division. He wrote a very polite note to Harding, declining his future services, and enclosing

a cheque for five pounds.

"We have made a mistake," ran the note. cannot get reform in the present state of the nation, without revolution and subsequent anarchy, and to this I cannot consent, or be a party. Perhaps, in thirty or forty years, the country will be prepared for the change. In the meantime, I should recommend you, my dear young friend, to moderate your political opinions. Take the good with the bad, and ours is a glorious constitution."

Harding sat dismayed. His wife read the note many

times.

"Well, William," she said, at last, "you must follow Mr. Weathervane's advice; you must moderate your opinions. You ain't rich enough to have opinions. Oh, you're going to be cross, I can see. Poor me must never speak a word. But I will think as I like, and that's all shout it." that's all about it.

He pooh-poohed her gently, and with a faint attempt at pleasantry, reminded her of a favourite apophthegm of her own about the good fish that the sea always

contained.

"But they won't come to your net, William," she replied, "while you go on as you do. What are Gatton and old Sarum to you?"

The fish in the sea seemed, indeed, to shun William Harding, for not an advertisement did he answer that produced him anything;—not a situation that he sought for, did he get. The winter was coming on, sought for, did he get. The winter was coming on, too, and the strange fowl that were shot off the Battersea fields, told, according to the prophets, that it would be a severe one. They were now in one little room, and poor Emma was reduced to the greatest strait in housekeeping. Moreover, she expected a small stranger, and what provision could she make?

"I havn't even stuff for one little cap," she said, pettishly," and where are the socks and frocks to come

hom?'

"They are sold ready-made, ain't they?" said Wil-

"Oh, what a foolish thing you are, William!" his young wife replied. "As if money wasn't wanted to

buy them with."

"I forgot that necessary part of the business,"
observed Harding; "bnt, perhaps, before many

days——"
"You may catch a fish," said Emma, finishing the sentence for him.

CHAPTER II.

Harding's father was yet living, but his wife's relations were dead, except one brother, who was in Australia, trying his fortunes there. Harding's father was a money-lender by profession, and dwelt in Finsbury. They parted to each other's satisfaction about two months before Harding married the lonely little girl, who was yet in mourning for her mother. He loved her certainly, but her loneliness won him more than her beauty. It he had been prudent, the world said, he would have remained single, for how could a young man, whose father would not advance him one penny, keep a wife, when it was only with difficulty, and by many privations, that he supported himself?

Harding's difference with his father had respect to the profession of the latter.

Strange and unsuited to the world. Have there not always been usurers? But Harding, one day, read some letters of his father's, which he should not, for his soul's peace. have read. You may efface the stain of blood, but widows' and orphans' tears are indelible. When he had read these letters, he asked his father

how many creditors he had in prison,

"Three," replied the old man, without a twinge.
"And how many post-obits do you hold?" proceeded the youth.

"Not many now, Bill," was the answer. "Only

"What is your interest?" demanded the son, growing bolder.

- ' It depends upon the value of the security," said his father. "As low as twenty per cent.; as high as one hundred and fifty. In Snooks's case, I had two hundred."
 - "Snooks is ruined, ain't he?" queried Harding.
 "He is, the spendthrift," answered the usurer.

"And how many more have you ruined, father?" "I ruined? They ruined themselves, Bill. They only came to me when the game went against them.

Harding retired from that conversation sick at heart. He began to despise his father. He could not sit at meat in the house without choking. Was he squeamish in his virtue? Let the world judge; for he would now have been in no strait if he had not come to an open rupture with the old man.

The winter had set in with more than its accustomed severity. Harding and his wife had managed to exist by parting with all they possessed to the pawn-brokers. They had nothing left to part with, and the little stranger was daily expected, with no provision

made for the reception.

How very hard and cold and selfish is the world, especially the world of London, to the poor! Every thing, from the splendour of fine houses to the gaudiness of shop-windows in the better streets, seems to twit them with their poverty, as though it were a heinous crime, and they stood without the pale of humanity. I will ever say that our social evils are greater than our political ones. We bow before the well-cut coat and the flounced silk dress, but the warm manhood, fresh from the Great Maker's fashioning, we look down on that, we despise that, unless the tailor or the milliner has covered it with flimsy trappings and dexterously tricked it out. Fearfully and wonderfully is this man made. He has quick sensibilities and tender affections. His head aches as yours does, and his heart too He loves his wife and children. His rough, coarse, honest, horny palm, has offered laborious worship in the early morning, when you, with head buried in pillow, were the hero of absurd adventures in a stupid dream. He is your brother—your better,

though your rent-roll dates back for centuries-tour better, too, O radical reformer, who with coat of superfine Saxony babblest at London Tavern and elsewhere about Universal Suffrage, alteration of the currency, and shunnest, with eye askance, thy fellow-reformer. clad in fustian. Alter the currency? Yes, but alter thy heart first : and know this. that of a truth, never was a proud man, or a man who scorned his fellow, the model of a good republic.

We are all guilty, for which of us will take the artisan, in mechanic's dress, by the arm? And will the artisan on good wages hail the mere doer of errands? Let us not fume about aristocracy. There is no aristocracy so repulsive in its tone as that which exists

among the working-classes.

Harding, now that he was poor and ill-clad,—for his better garments were in the pawnbroker's keeping, was browbeaten in turn by the butcher, the baker, the greengrocer, and by the man who sold coals and wood. The pot-boy at the neighbouring tavern treated him with insolence. Fine dames, the wives of tradesmen, scowled at him. The shoemaker who mended his boot, tossed his shilling into the till, as if it were bad money, and stared at him as if he were a suspicious character. The policeman turned on his heel as he passed, to scrutinise him; and if he loitered at a shopwindow, bade him move on. The crossing-sweeper bespattered him with mud, and did not ask his pardon. The very dogs, so Harding thought, copied the churlishness of their masters, and met him with teeth displayed. It was no fancy,—the dog reflects, as a mir-ror, the character of his owner, and will chase a beggar till his legs are weary.

"To-day there will be three of us," said the young wife, one morning. "I feel too ill to get up. William, dear, light the fire, will you, and spread the breakfast things?"

things?

Harding obeyed, almost sullenly.
"There is no butter," he said, presently.

"No, love; only dry bread. I am not hungry." "I am!" cried the young man, with a frown. "You think of nobody but yourself, Emma."

"Yes, I do, she replied, meekly; "but I can't make butter."

"Havn't you anything," he said, "that will get it?"
"There isn't one halfpenny in the room, William,"

was the response.
"I know that," he said; "but something convertible?—something to pawn? You know what I mean."
"There are my boots," she answered, "I shan't want them for a month. You can get a shilling on them.

He caught them from the floor and went out. Was the butter wholesome that morning, purchased with

the young wife's boots?

Such scenes as these are frequent!—seek them in the next street, But, great God! how they demoralise! Preach away, priest, with "forty parson power;"—preach away, and duly take thy tithe! Art thou harassed in the attainment of the difficult bread? O bread-finding is stern work to the most or us, occavione. Dost hunger and thirst? Art cold o' nights?—o'days, too? Eats into thy heart the acid poverty, which milk of human kindness? Turn the souring the milk of human kindness? Turn the brightness of thy countenance from the wellcushioned pews to the hard seats of wood, where the poor sit!

(To be continued.)



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT-NOVEMBER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Spring's blossoms! Summer's heat ! Autumn's riches Faith! but life is fleet! Why, we are here With another year. All sad and drear, Nearly counted out complete. Nothing now but storms remain; Nothing now but mire and rain; Turgid rivers, winds in laughter, And old Winter creeping after. Creeping, weeping 'mid his cold. Mid the snow-storms on the wold : 'Mid freezing town and foggy moor; With his hatred of the poor. Darkness, starkness, hunger, woe, Winter! why so old and slow? All thy fellows, they are young, All immortal, fleet, and strong. We would have them ever stay, But so young they hie away. Winter! why not young as they? Thou, immortal! yet, so old? Lord of Death, and King of Cold-Why not young that thou may'st be As fleet as are thy kindred three ? For, around thy icy throne The poor still pine, and shake and groan, Find no pity In the city; Fruit in forest, food in field; Nothing that can comfort yield.
"Hie thee hence!"---their only ditty; Think on't, Winter! scorn to be So prodigal of thy loathed company. Or---old Winter, slow and chill, Bring us good as well as ill; Bring us fire and bring us clothes; Books and nooks of warm repose; Scatter food unto the rich, And to the beggar in the ditch. Don't forget the thousand dwellers In Manchester's dreary cellars. In holes, in huts, in barn and byre Beatter food and scatter fire. Bring us music and old tales: But waft cheap cotton on thy gales; Bring us labour that shall warm us;

Bring as Hope once more to charm us; Bring Prosperity—and bring Back again thy daughter—Spring!

NOVEMBER, say the French, is the month in which Englishmen hang themselves. Perhaps so: but, unfortunately, the French, now-a-days, outdo us in suicide. Has the despairing influence of November stretched itself across the channel? Or, rather, where does not the influence of this gloomy month show itself? But, it is not in fog and dirt, and rain and wind, that this depressing influence resides. It is in the prospect of winter, with all its sufferings and privations.

In nature there is nothing melancholy.

In nature there is no season that has not its charms. I believe that to healthy frames, and minds at ease, there will never cease to be inspiring music in the wild winds of November as something that we love to gaze upon in the gloomy strife of the elements. How much poetry there is in the sound of tempests as we are seated over the evening fire. Nay, the terrors of winter would be no terrors, if men were well provided for that season. On the contrary, all would delight, warmly clad, to rush forth into the clear, clasping air, and feel the blood tingle in the veins at the healthy influence of cold;—would sally forth to the pleasures of skating, walking, riding, or to the many duties which life in town and country presents. Who does not remember the pleasures and active labours of winters gone as amongst the most delightful portions of past life? No, truly,—

In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

God has framed us to draw enjoyment from every change that comes, and every wind that blows; but, the fact is, that after nearly six thousand years that the world has stood, we have not yet learned to live. Providence sends his sun still, to "shine on the just and the unjust;" he fills the world with enough for us all, but we cannot learn the simple lesson of dividing his blessings, so that each shall have his due portion. It is in our social arrangements that the misery commences and that the melancholy lies. Huge selfishness stands and snatches the portion of thousands. Every one is anxious to be, not well off, but enormously rich. The frenzy of gain grows desperate, and

the whole machinery of society becomes not a machinery of blessings, but of mangling and destruction. The country is full of every thing that can contribute to human comfort; but the million, by some mysterious effect, cannot come at it. Every man is in the condition of Tantalus,—plenty touches his lip, but cannot be brought within his teeth. We starve, with warehouses and shops loaded with provisions, and go half-naked, with manufacturers in despair, because they cannot sell their fabrics; we have everything, and can get nothing. Care sits and gnaws voracionsly at every heart; he is the only thing that feeds.

Never was this state of things so strikingly displayed as at the present moment. Who would not enjoy November, if there were nothing but the clouds, and fogs, and storms of Nature to dread?-they are the clouds, and fogs, and storms of social life, that over-whelm us with sadness. True, the flowers are gone; the long grass stands amongst the woodland thickets withered, bleached, and sere; the fern is red and shrivelled amongst the green gorse and broom; the plants, which waved their broad white umbels to the summer breeze, like skeleton trophics of death, rattle their dry and hollow leaves to the autumnal winds. The brooks are brimful; the rivers turbid, and covered with masses of foam, hurry on in angry strength, or pour their waters over the champaign. Our very gardens are sad, damp, and desolate. Their floral splendours are dead, and naked stems and decaying leaves have taken the place of verdure.

But, what of that? If the heart be strong and sound, all the light and heat, the joy and the beauty of whole seasons have retreated with it, and in the very gloom and silence, the fogs, and winds, and whirling leaves, it finds the food of intensest life and the power of poetry. In its sternest moods, the season presents solemn thoughts, and awakes solemn feelings. Great philosophical minds have in all ages borne but one testimony to the charms of its quietude. In the profound repose of the country at this season, the mourner seeks to indulge the passion of grief, as a solemn luxury, In it the projector of some great work in art or litera-ture flies to mature his labour, and while hidden from all eyes, to achieve that which shall make his name familiar to all ears? And to the poet, what is more affluent of imaginative stimulus and precious sugges-tions than strolls through wood-walks, mountain-glens, and along wild sea-coasts, at this season. The unusual stillness is felt through the whole soul, and the very dreariness, the mists that envelope mountains, and the darkness that broods over sea or forest, give wings to the imagination, and clothe the passion of the muser with all the language and the colours of sublimity.

No! there is no melancholy, no sadness, there; it is when we turn to the crowded masses of living humanity that we perceive the suffering, and hear the wail of wretchedness. It is time that we awoke from this wretchedness. It is time that we made up our minds to be "men and brothers." It is time that we set free our commerce, as God has set free his winds and waters from the foundation of the world. It is that freedom that covers the earth with plenty; it is our infatuated fondness for cunning schemes of policy, and wires and webs of restriction, that turns all that plenty into poverty, nakedness, filth, crime, and death by suicide and broken hearts. We are ingenious in the manufacturing of wretchedness. We are pre-eminently successful in defeating all the bountiful intentions of Providence. We labour night and day for a large crop of starvation, for a huge return of bankruptcy. Behold the boasted science of modern times! Before men talked of political economy, they lived. They had roomy and quiet dwellings; simple, but abundant tables; quaint, but cheap garbs; and in their lives they enjoyed an almost perpetual portion of that peace and

repose, which no wealth nor splendour can compensate for, and which the multitude, without winning the splendour, lose from the cradle to the grave.

Let us abandon all our science, and return to the

simple ignorance of our ancestors, who exchanged what they did not want for what they did, and were happy without custom-houses, long parliaments that benefit nobody but Hansard, or lawyers that open in this November term a more terrific prospect for the wretched victims of a false state of things than the worst winter that ever froze.

Well may the poet sing of the charms even of the

wilderness

"Where there's neither suit nor ples, But only the wild creatures, And many a spreading tree.

Man is his own tormentor; and it is only to the quiet retreats of the country that we can yet turn, and regard with a calm pleasure the remains of the simple pursuits of old times. In large farm-houses many useful avocations enliven the fire-side to the servants. In some districts they mend their own clothes and shoes; in others, repair smaller implements, as flails, sieves, etc.; and it is now become a laudable custom in some to encourage reading.

The cottager often by his fireside will be found constructing bee-hives, nets, mole-traps, etc.; and out of doors the spirit of activity is never greater than in this month. Thrashing and wintering cattle are resumed. Many operations of manuring, draining, levelling anthills and other inequalities, irrigating. ploughing, and fencing go on at intervals, as the weather permits. Timfencing go on at intervals, as the weather permits. ber of all kinds, except that of which the bark is used, is felled. Gates, carts, flakes, etc., are made; and these labours send the husbandman with a great relish to the long fireside evening, and the occupations just mentioned.

And November leads in winter. Snows often set in towards the end of the month; and not only man, but the whole race of wild creatures have prepared for it. Moles have made up their nests for the winter; frogs have sunk to the bottom of ponds and ditches, and buried themselves in mud and sleep. The lizard, the badger, the hedgehog, have crept into holes in the earth, and remain torpid till spring. The bats have hung themselves up by their heels in old barns, caves, and deserted buildings, and wrapping themselves in the membranes of their forefeet, doze winter away. Squirrels, rats, and mice shut themselves up in their winter stores; and the dormouse has betaken itself to slumber. How many of God's human creatures would rejoice to do the same!

But courage! Let us hope that all our striving for a better day; all our educational labours, all our know-ledge and Christianity, will not be lost; but that we shall as one man arouse ourselves to shake off the evils that oppress us; and that every man shall ere long be able at the approach of winter to exclaim

And welcome art thou, melancholy time, That now surrounds my dwelling-with the sound Of winds that rush in darknessthe sublime Roar of drear woods-hail that doth lightly bound. Or rains that dash, or snows that spread the ground With purity and stillness: at their call Bright flings the fire its fairy summer round And the lamp lights the volume-trophied wall, Thought is once more enthroned-the spirit in its hall.

> A HALLOW-EVE CHANT. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. [AIR-Unknown.]

THE Autumn's fairy gold turns pale, And twilight closes fast and chill, And dirge-like winds, with lengthening wail, Moan low, or rise with whistle shrill:

In winter's night the year declines,
Yet gaily we that night receive,
For thick with happy stars it shines,
Its Hesper, Hallow-eve!
Fresh-dawning Hallow-eve!
Sweet, new-old Hallow-eve!
For what thou xert, for what thou art,
Thrice welcome, Hallow-eve!

II.

It freezes; but no frost on earth
The scasons of the soul can blight;
Here bloom at once a Spring of mirth,
A Summertide of joy to-night;
Though days grow short, the fire's a sun
That will not set without our leave;
Our hearts are flowering, every one,
In the beams of Hallow-eve!
Bright-blazing Hallow-eve!
Warm-glowing Hallow-eve!
Far sweeter flowers than April's dowers
Are these of Hallow-eve!

TII.

'Tis fruit-time, too; who can may snatch
Gold apples from the branch or pail;
But Fire and Water closely watch
The treasure, as in fairy tale:
And sure this is a fairy hour
That lets the ghostly world retrieve
A little while its ancient power,
In right of Hallow-eve!
Mysterious Hallow-eve!
Weird-mantled Hallow-eve!
Much joy and pain have cause more vain
Than ours of Hallow-eve!

IV.

Heaven's stars were used as lamps, of old,
The mist from future time to clear;
By earth-stars are our fortunes told,—
The nuts in constellation here:
Glimpse of the patterns, gay or dull,
From which the Fatal Spinsters weave,
Or work our lives, like Berlin wool,—
Is caught at Hallow eve!
Love-sybil Hallow-eve!
Heart-prophet Hallow-eve!
A nut can hold the story told
All through by Hallow-eve!

V.

Now Love in cabbage-stalk can read
Papyrus-wealth of mystic lore;
Or raise full-grown from garden seed
A human crop like that of yore.

(I.) In the game of "Snap-apple," a sort of chandelier is hang from the ceiling, with an apple on one branch, and a lighted candle on the next, and so on. It is set revolving at a moderate speed, and you must only use your mouth in eatching the apples—as, also, in diving; when the apples float in a pail

(II.) Divination from the burning of nuts is well known, I believe, over the three kingdoms.

(III.) The cabbage-stalks are pulled in the dark, and predictions made from their shape, size, taste, etc.

(IV.) "Seed, seed, I sow thee, And thou that art to be my love Come after me and show thee!"

(V.) This is a lady's charm. The sloeve of a shift (if I may be allowed the expression) is washed with certain ceremonies and hung to the fire: at dead of night, a phantom of the "intended" turns the sleeve. To-night, before the wasted fire
A semblance turns the drying sleeve;
The treasured thought, the heart's desire,
Takes place at Hallow-eve!
Yet truly, Hallow-eve,
In love-craft, Hallow-eve,
Thy magic arms with needless charms
Our witches,—Hallow-eve!

VI.

Come, then! let none look sourly grave,
Nor creak, this night, in rusty talk!
Let cares take flight before our stave
As ghosts at crowing of the cock!
How many things that are indeed
Mere ghosts and shadows men believe
The sole true substance!—Men whose creed
Despises Hallow-eve.
Without one Hallow-eve,
Or time like Hallow-eve,
Of loving mirth,—how great a dearth
Is theirs—dear Hallow-eve!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By FREDERIC ROWTON,

Honorary Secretary to the Society for the Abolition

of Capital Punishment.

THE GALLOWS CONSIDERED AS RESPECTS ITS GENERAL EFFECTS ON SOCIETY.

No. IV.

My last chapter went to show that the public infliction of death as a punishment, has a most baneful and brutalising effect upon the multitudes who witness it; and that it clearly tends to weaken that regard for the sanctity of human life, which it should evidently be the first care of a Government to promote.

But it will probably be urged that although the immediate scene of an execution may be evil in its effects upon the actual spectators, it yet conveys a deep and lasting moral to the world at large. It may do harm to those who see it, but it may do good to those who only hear of it.

who only hear of it.

This seems to me a logic which effectually refutes itself. It is impossible to suppose that what is known to be injurious in operation, can become beneficial when presented through exaggerating report. It is most unreasonable to imagine that what brutalises the Eye, can moralise the Ear. If it does harm to the beholder by arousing a sense of sympathy for the criminal, it must do at least as much harm to the individual who reads the account of the scene in the morbid columns of a newspaper, or to the person who listens to a history of the spectacle from the lips of an excited beholder of it. Moreover, the admission that the scene of an execution is injurious, is a virtual surrender of the whole argument; inasmuch as it gives up the only ground on which the infliction of death can be politically defended—namely, its exemplarity. Nevertheless, as the gauntlet is thrown down, I will not hesitate to take

The fear of death, then, it is said, is found to restrain the mass of men from committing the crime for which death is inflicted—murder. This is a simple question of experience, and as such I will now consider it.

I start by asking for the proof that the fear of death restrains. There must be evidence of it, if it operates at all. It will not do to appeal to the constitution of human nature: for we have seen that however great may be man's instinctive horror of death, he is not able to realize the idea of its infliction: and, consequently, that the threat of death is not calculated to restrain or

affect him. To establish the position, therefore, only direct evidence will avail. I repeat the question, then,—where is this evidence? Is there a man to be found who has been checked in his desire to perpetrate the deed of murder by the fear of suffering death on the scaffold? Is there in the world's annals a single case recorded wherein the raised hand of the assassin has been arrested by the dread of the capital penalty? If the restraint be so wide-spreading as it is said to be, surely there are some persons to be found who have felt it. But where are they? Who ever saw one of them?

Brethren! there never was such a case: there never could be. For this simple reason: that a man never comes to the determination to commit a murder until he is past restraining altogether. Every idea is swallowed up in the one all-mastering thought of crime; and as to the fear of death-he laughs at it. He despises the threat of even hell itself: and if he will brave eternal death, how much more will he despise the momentary agony of the gallows? Why he will look upon it (if indeed he considers it all) as the smallest item in the whole calculation: or else he will turn to it as the end of all his troubles, perhaps as the expiation of his sinful career.

Or, if you will not go so far with me as to suppose that every murderer is under an infatuation which blinds him to the penalty which he is about to incur; if you rather believe that he retains the full possession of his rational faculties, then I tell you he calculates his chances; that he sees the majority of murderers go unhanged, and thinks, of course, that he will be of the lucky number who escape; that he is buoyed up by those false hopes of impunity which always attend the contemplation and commisssion of crime; that in addition to this, he is misled by the exaggerated notions of the good which he expects to realise by his deed; and that consequently, he finds the incitement to guilt far more powerful than the dissuasives from its perpetration .

In either case, then, the threat must fail. To the criminal of passion, it is nothing: he does not see it. To the criminal of calculation it is outbalanced by his expectation of impunity: it is too weak to bind him. No wonder, therefore, that we cannot find the man whom the fear of death restrains from perpetrating

But on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that every committed murder is a clear proof that the penalty of death does not restrain. Every man who commits a murder knows that he will incur the chance of being hanged,—yet he perpetrates the crime. This shows that at least the threat has no effect on him, - and if not on him, why on others? Experience teaches us that there is a class of men whom no penalty can restrain; and it also tells us that from this class alone do murderers come. To hold out the fear of death to such, is, consequently, to endeavour to restrain the unrestrainable; and will always prove, as it has always

proved, labour utterly in vain.

Were the position of our opponents a sound one-that the practice of killing for crime prevents crimewe should of course find that the countries which follow the custom, produce the fewest malefactors; and that those which do not adopt it, are the most fertile in criminals. But, unfortunately for the supporters of the gallows, it happens that this is not so: that the facts are precisely the reverse. It is as unquestionable as that the sun gives light, that where Capital Punishment most prevails, crimes of violence are the most common: that where Capital Punishment least prevails, crimes of violence are the rarest; and that crimes of violence increase or diminish just as Capital Punishment is enforced or discontinued. This is no random statement; but one which I am going to prove. And I beg the

reader to notice that I do not confine my proofs to any isolated age or nation, but select evidence from the records of all times and countries.

If I were to ask what kingdom in Europe is the most ferocious, brutal, revengeful, anarchical, and miserable, I know I could get but one reply—SPAIN. There murder stalks abroad at noon-day, and every description of violent crime is frightfully rife. And it is in this very country of Spain that executions are more common than in any state in the civilised world. One person in every 122,000 suffers death upon the scaffold annually. And if I were to describe a state wherein murder is almost unknown, wherein peace, order, contentment, and brotherly love prevail, wherein wherein crime of every kind is rare, who would not tell me instantly that I spoke of Beloiux? Well, in Belgium, the gallows is unused. It was employed there once, and then crime flourished; but a wise government discontinued its barbarous exhibitions, and crime began to disappear.

These are facts within our own experience. History

records many more of similar character.

In ancient Rome, the Porcian Law abolished the punishment of death as regarded citizens, and the experiment was attended with increased security to life and property.

In the reign of Alfred the Great in Britain, the punishment of death was rarer than it has ever been since; and at that time, the historian tells us, a child might walk with a bag of money from one end of the kingdom to the other, without being molested.

In Henry the Eighth's time, the gallows was em-

ployed to so frightful an extent, that two thousand persons were slaughtered by it annually—forty every week! and yet that very reign was Britain's worst period of depravity. The very crimes, too, which were punished with death, increased most awfully:—this fact we learn from many sources-one of which is the preambles to the Acts of Parliament extending the

punishment.

In Tuscany, during Duke Leopold's sway, the punishment of death was totally abolished towards the close of the last century. And after the change had been tried for 23 years, this is what the enlightened sovereign referred to says concerning it:—" Instead of increasing the number of crimes, it has considerably diminished that of the smaller ones, and rendered those of an atrocious nature very rare." Dr. Franklin, writing hereupon, says—"In Tuscany, where murder writing nereupon, says—in luscarry, where manuer was not punished with death, only five were committed in teenty years,—while in Rome, where that punishment is inflicted with great pomp and parade, sixty murders were committed in the short space of three months, in the city and vicinity."

Let me go on to remark concerning Tuscany, that under the influence of the French Revolutionists, Capital Punishment was restored in that country, and that thereupon the crime of murder, and indeed all atrocious offences, immediately increased. M. Berlinghieri, the late Tuscan Minister at Paris, writes in reply to M. Lucas, Inspector of French Prisons-"I know that all crimes became less frequent when the pain of death was abolished,—I know that many executions took place during the French occupation of Tuscany, and that then crime increased,—and I know that since then, while executions have become rarer, crimes have diminished both in number and in turpitude, though they are more frequent and more atrocious than when there was no pain of death at all."*

In India, Sir James Mackintosh tried the experiment of governing without a gallows, and here is the result. In the seven years before the change was made, there

[•] See M. Lucas, de la Peine de Mort, p. 359.

were twelve executions and sixteen murders; in the seven years of the experiment, the murders were only six; and Sir James says in his charge:—"Two hundred thousand men have thus been governed for the last seven years without a Capital Punishment, and without any increase of crimes."

Lord Metcalfe, when resident at Delhi, wrote, that in that district they never punished with death, and that

"it was in no degree necessary."

In Russia, under the Empress Catherine, the punishment of death was totally abolished; and as far as can

be learned, with the happiest effect.

Even from savage countries we learn the same leson. In Messrs. Bennett and Tyerman's Journal of their residence in the South Sea Islands, we find that the penalty of death is rejected as unreasonable and wicked, and that murder is a crime almost unknown there. Captain Ross, in his "Voyages to the North Pole," tells a similar tale.

But it may be said that all these assertions rest only on general authority, and that clearer proof is needed. Very well. Then I will present that clearer proof. I will bring unquestionable figures, recorded by state authority, to show that whenever and wherever the punishment of death has been abolished or discontinued, the crimes for which it was formerly enforced have diminished, and that the periods of fewest executions have always been the periods of fewest crimes.

have always been the periods of fewest extensions. I select Belofum to begin with. I take forty years of its history—the years from 1800 to 1840—a period long enough to satisfy even the most fastidious objector

surely.

Dividing these forty years into eight successive periods of five years each, we have these results:

In the first five years, 1800 to 1804, there were 353 capital condemnations, 150 of them being for the crime of murder; and there were 236 executions. In the eccond five years, there were 152 capital condemna-Lons, 82 murders, and 88 executions. In the third five years there were 113 capital sentences, 64 murdor; and 71 deaths. Io the fourth period, there were 71 country and 26 deaths, In the fifth period, 61 capital condemnations, 38 murders, 23 executions. In the sixth period, 74 capital sentences, 34 murders, and 22 executions. At this juncture it occurred to the minds of the Belgian rulers to carry still farther the principle of mercy, which, as we have seen, they had already tried with success. find them next discontinuing the punishment of death altogether. And now note the result! In the seventh period of five years, during which death was never once inflicted, there were but 64 capital condemnations for all crimes, and but 30 murders—only half as many as there had been when death was inflicted but sparingly, and not one-seventh so many as when the punishment was invariably resorted to

Will it be believed that in spite of these plainly-recorded figures, in spite of the fact that murder was diminishing just as executions were being discontinued, there were in 1835 to be found Belgian statesmen (!) who maintained that "the greatest crimes were on the increase, and needed the example of the scaffold to repress them!" Whether it will be believed or not. there were such persons, and by their influence the practice of public homicide was restored. But what followed? A further diminution of crime? Fewer murders? No!—a great and immediate increase. Capital condemnations rose in the next five years, when criminals were killed, from 64 to 80—twenty-five per cent; and murders from 20 to 31—

upwards of 50 per cent.

Here, then, we find both points of our argument proved for us. When executions are most frequent, murders are most common; and when the practice is discontinued, the crime rapidly diminishes. In the

first five years, with 235 executions, there were 30 murders per annum; in the five years when there were no executions, there were but four murders per annum. What facts can possibly speak more plainly?

I will next instance France; though from that country we shall get but a small result, as the infliction of death by the law has been very capricious. Still the facts tell the same way. In the five years ending 1829 1182 murders were committed, and 352 persons were executed for the crime. In the next five years, (ending 1834.) the proportion of executions was very considerably diminished, there being but 131 during the whole period; and yet so far from the crime increasing, we find the number of murders reduced to 1172.

Let me now speak of Austria. In the Magazine of Capital Punishment, the following passage occurs: "An intelligent correspondent writes thus: 'I visited lately the great prison at Prague, in which about 800 criminals are confined. The Director informed me that since the accession of the reigning Emperor, no one in his dominions had been executed for murder. I asked, have murders increased? He replied, No; they

have diminished.'

Lastly—for I must not trespass too much on the space of the Journal—I will refer to Prussia. In the five years ending 1824, 69 persons were convicted of murder, and 54 of them executed. In the next five years, there were only 33 executions, and only 50 murders. And in the next five years, ending 1834, there were only 19 executions, and only 43 murders. Prussia clearly found that by diminishing the number of executions by two-thirds, the result was not merely a saving of human life, as far as the malcfactors were concerned, but a greater security to society, inasmuch as the crime of murder decreased by one-third.

as the crime of murder decreased by one-third.

So much for foreign countries. We have now to turn to the records of our own land. We have seen that the "no-hanging" principle has succeeded wherever it has been tried abroad. Let us proceed to inquire into its

success at home.

But I must reserve this inquiry for my next chapter.

(To be continued.)

ROMANTIC STORIES FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF IRELAND...

Concerning the history of Ireland, there is an immense amount of ignorance still existing,—ignorance that can be removed, ignorance that must remain. This little book, though bearing a humble title, is calculated to remove much of the former.

There are traces in the land, of commerce, wealth, and learning, in such remote ages, that the kings who are chronicled, seem to belong to a degenerate period, and these flourished when the English were in a savage state. Eodach, surnamed for his crudition, Ollamb Fodhla, or the learned doctor, held the sceptre about 600 years B. C. After the lapse of 300 years from this time, (the account of which period is filled up with tales more worthy of being inserted in a collection of fairy legends, than of being recorded in the page of history,) a mighty sovereign, called Ingaine Mone, or "Hugony the Great, is said to have swayed the sceptre of Ireland." This prince sailed with a large fleet to the Mediterranean, and he was, on account of his extensive conquests, styled, "Monarch of Ireland, Albany, and the Western Isles of Europe." Notwithstanding this preface, we require a large amount of credulity, to give his grandson

^{* &}quot;Outlines of the History of Ireland for schools and families," Curry, Dublin.

the respect due to an historical character. Ingaine was succeeded by his son Laogaire, who was loved throughout his realm with the warmest attachment. One person only seemed insensible to his merit, his brother Cobthach, who, having in view the attainment of the crown, resolved to sacrisce everything to his ambition. He pined for envy, say the chroniclers, and soon, from the state of his health, became unable to go abroad. His brother little suspecting the cause of his malady, paid him frequent visits, always inquiring tenderly after his health.

On one ... these occasions, the invalid, instead of thanking him with the courtesy which was due, upbraided him for coming attended with such a train, demanding

if he suspected him of any bad intention.

exclaimed the generous prince, "I did but intend thereby to do honour to my father's son; but since I have wounded his feelings, to-morrow I will come alone." The traitor's purpose was quickly formed. On the following day, Laogaire, nobly confiding in his brother, came unattended, and bending over Cobthach's couch, tenderly took his hand, when the monster starting up, drew a dagger from under the coverlet, and stabled the monarch to the heart. The throne which the assassin had gained by blood, he was resolved to secure in the same manner-and the murder of his nephew soon succeeded that of his brother. But still an obstacle remained in his nephew's son, who was doomed to experience unrelenting cruelty from his barbarous relative. Invited to a banquet by the king, he ate heartily of the viands set before him; when the entertainment was finished, he was asked by his tormenter, how he liked it, and on his replying, was informed by him, with a grim smile, that "his dainty meal had been the hearts of his father and grandfather.

The unfortunate youth fell, in a short time, into a state of morbid melancholy; he refused nourishment, shunned society, and shewed every symptom of approachin, insanity. Cobthach rejoicing at this, inquired from his soothsayer, how he could complete his work without again steeping his hands in blood. "Let a living mouse be swallowed by h.m.," suggested the adviser, "and the charm will be concluded." The counsel was followed, and the soothsayer's prophecy appeared accomplished. The young man seemed to lose the faculty of speech, and in that state, being rendered by the tyrant powerless, was committed to the guardianship of his relations.

But Maon, or Labradh, for he was called by both names, who was reserved for a noble destiny, was conveyed to Munster, where under the genial influence of kindness, his strength returned, his intellect expanded, and he soon became "the flower of chivalry." So thought the fair Moriat, daughter to the king of Munster, with whose beauty the king had become captivated, and who confessed to her father their mutual affection.

The king was in no wise averse to it, but declared that whoever won his danghter, must prove his noble birth by noble bearing. Labradh took the hint, and having bestowed on h's mistress a casket of splendid jewels, enlisted in the army of France, then marching on a distant

expedition.

Stimulated by love and mmbition, he quickly distinguished himself; the fame of his exploits extended to his native land, and in France and Ireland the minstrel celebrated his victories. One day a harper was introduced to the French court, whose verses on this all-prevailing subject were of surpassing beauty; and he strongly urged him to return and endeavour to recover his possessions. There was something about the minstrel which excited the prince's curiosity, and desiring a private interview with him, he inquired his name and that of the composer of the song.

"My name," replied the harper, "is Craftine, and the owner of these jewels was the composer of my lay." So saying, he presented the astonished youth with one of the gems which he had bestowed on the fair Moriat.

Labradh required no more, but hastily bidding adieu to France, he repaired to his native country, where, with a large army, which he quickly raised, he appeared before his uncle, "who was now," says the bardic historian, "become, through the force of conscience, a walking shadow, no flesh being en his bones nor blood within his veina."

Refusing to relinquish the throne, he led a small body of troops to oppose his nephew; but his cause was too unpopular to afford the smallest prospect of success. He was defeated and slain by Labradh, who, marrying the

beautiful Moriat, succeeded to the crown.

Though possessed of his kingdom and his love, the happiness of Labradh was incomplete-for his vanity was mortified by the unnatural length of his ears; which are described as having resembled those of a horse. His hair was usually adjusted in such a manner as to conceal his deformity; and that a circumstance which he considered so disgraceful might not transpire to his people, his hair-dresser was put to death as soon as his business was performed. The person to undertake his fatal employment was determined by lot; and it happening once to fall to the share of the only son of a widowed mother, she hastened to the king, and, throwing herself on her knees before him, petitioned for the life of her offspring. Her request was granted on condition that he should swear to observe inviolable secrecy as to what he should witness in the palace. The youth joyfully agreed to a condition which appeared so easy; but, at the sight of the unnatural ears of his royal master, he was so shocked, and so oppressed with the weight of the secret; " for says the bard, "is ever oppressive," that he fell into a state of health which soon appeared hopeless. His anxious mother flew to a druid for advice, to whom the youth confessed that his illness was owing to his being entrusted with a secret which he was forbidden to disclose.

After having reflected for a few moments, the sage advised him to go to a neighbouring wood, and when he came to a meeting of four high ways, turn to the right, apply his lips to the first tree he came to, and whisper to it the secret. The youth obeyed, and a willow was fated to be the confidante of Labradh's misfortune.

Soon after, the harp of Craftine being broken, he sought in this wood for a tree to make a new one, and accidentally selected the willow, of which he made his harp; but when the instrument was put in order, it would sound but one tune, which was thus interpreted, "Labradh has the ears of a horse." Many musicians tried to play on it, but still the same words would ever sound. The king at length imagining that this was a judgment on him for putting so many innoccut men to death, avowed the deformity, and never again sacrificed another victim to his vanity.

This marvellous story ought to have a date anterior to that recorded here, and take its place in the fabulous period or doubtful chronicles of Ireland. The auricular appendages of the Irish monarch seem to point to an eastern original, either of the tale or the man.

When the Phonicians colonised Ireland, perhaps some relation of Midas's may have emigrated from Phrygia, and been the progenitor of Labradh!

So anomalous were the alternations of learning and ignorance, that in the reign of our Edward the Second, no vestige could be found of that learning for which the island had once been celebrated. In a country which had sunk into such deplorable ignorance, superstition, as might be expected, attained unlimited sway; and neither sex nor rank were security against the persecution caused by the accusation of witcheraft.

These "Outlines" are sketched with much taste and judgment, and we recommend the volume not only to "Schools and Families," but to all who have not the means or time for Moore's more serious and elaborate "History of Ireland."

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

FARDERICE DOUGLASS AND H. C. WRIGHT. PUBLIC FEELING IN slaveocracy, although the tenor of the proviso has been formally adopted by eleven of the Free States. Indeed the spirit anting to show us the hateful nature of slavery and the curse of slavery is in various forms rampant and malignant amongst THE UNITED STATES REGARDING SLAVERY .--- If anything were wanting to show us the hateful nature of slavery and the curse it is in a Christian country, this would be found most forcibly expressed by those good men who have recently returned to the United States from England. Here they have been accustomed to mingle with society, and address large bodies who deeply sympathised with them in their abhorrence of this moral plague; but the moment they set foot in their native country they are only made more keenly sensible by this temporary intellectual case of the terrible condition to which it has re duced a large portion of public opinion there. Frederick Douglass has been making a tour with Garrison, during which they have been insulted and persecuted in almost every possible way, including a fierce pelting with rotten eggs. Frederick Douglass, in his letters to the Liberator and Anti-Slavery Standard, speaks also of the gross indignities which he receives on his travels in public conveyances and places of sojourn, on account of his colour, and still more of his exposure of the vile crimes and tyrannies of slavery in this country. We regret to see that Garrison has been very ill, in consequence, it would seem, of the harass and excitement to which this crusade of himself and Frederick Douglass has exposed him. The following scene will give a lively idea of the glorious object of the present Mexican war, as well as of the effect of slavery on the human mind, which " to be hated needs but to be seen."

Extract of a letter just received from Henry C. Wright by Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, dated Philadelphia, September 26, 1847 :-

"No man can live here now, and not truckle to the slave power and the pro-slavery sentiment of the nation, without a constant and most exciting warfare. I have felt as if a mounsides from the living voice—I read in the newspapers continual boastings of "our republican institutions"—of "the land of liberty and the home of the oppressed!" Only yesterday, while travelling in a stage-coach in the State of Delaware, I had a terrible rout with a Maryland slave-breeder, a rich tyrant. He was boasting how the Americans would carry republican institutions and principles into Mexicotestants were about to introduce Christianity into those dark regions of Romanism, and be the means of converting and saving many souls ready to perish, and plucking them as brands from the burning. I laughed him to scorn, and told him it was a joke that would shame the devil, to think of republicans marching into Mexico, driving gangs of slaves before them, to plant republican principles and institutions; and of Protestantism going to plant true Christianity, whilst environed with slave whips and fetters and slave auctions. I told him it was a rich joke indeed, to think of slave auctions and coffies of manacicd slaves accompanying the introduction of genuine republicanism and pure Chri-tianity into Mexico. ' Friend,' continued I, ' can you be serious when you speak in this manner!' 'I am serious,' said he; 'but don't call me friend.' 'Why not? are you not my friend?' 'No,' he replied.
'What are you, then?' I asked. 'Your enemy till death,' said he. 'Well, then, mine enemy till death, are you sure you do not jest when you express such sentiments?' This query made him more wrathful than before. But such is the present feel-ing of the democratic party, and to some extent of the Whigs Their cry is, 'Let us get Mexico, slavery or no slavery; and let us spread our glorious republican institutions over that country.' Even the Liberty Party papers are chiming into the same cry. A terrible crisis is before us at the next election. The Wilmot Proviso will be the great point to which the attention of all will be turned for good or evil. [This is a stipulation which has been proposed to Congress by a Mr. Wilmot, to the effect that slavery shall not be permitted to exist in any new territory that may be added to the United States by conquest or treaty.] The South is organising in opposition to this proposal, and I fear the Nor h will finally cower before the that it would be a Samaritan act in any individuals residing in

At this moment eleven men are seen in our horrible penitentiary, so vividly portrayed by Dickens, for assisting fugitive slaves to escape. Riot was ostensibly the crime of which they are accused; but their real offence is known to be their having attempted to aid the fugitives from slavery.'

TEMPERANCE Source.--This source will be held on Wednesday, Nov. 3d, by the members and friends of the National Temperance Association, in the National Hall, High Holborn, in the secretary-hip. W. Janson, jun., will be in the chair.

ELECTORAL LEAGUE.---We are requested by Mr. Humphries Parry to state that this League did not originate with him, but with Mr. J. H. Tollet, of Norwich, and was established by his exertions and his alone.

DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS .-- Distress is the great topic of the day. It is a singular fact that the country never was fuller of all the necessaries of life, and yet everybody is suffering, and tens of thousands are starving. seems to have actually vanished; great houses come toppling down, and a frightful winter appears to be before us. This is not the work of God, for he has sent an abundance, but it is the work of man; and every exertion should be made by the public to induce government to call Parliament together, at once to consider on the best remedy for this terrific and unnecessary state of things. Ireland, with its people turning out by tens of thousands at the sound of the bugle to demand and seize on food, can expect no help this winter from England, itself now entirely distressed. The vast population of the manufacturing districts has no prospect, without some speedy change, but of utter starvation. In Manchester, at a meeting of operative delegates from twenty-six districts, who urged the necessity of the manufacturers waiting on the ministers to demand a relaxation of the money laws, it was stated that in most manufacturing towns the masters had announced a reduction in wages of 10 per cent.; that many of the mills were only working two or three days a-week; that in Bolton there were firms that for years had worked full time, doing this; that in Preston only six mills were working full time; in Manchester, thirty-three mills were standing still. Since this things have been growing worse. At Ashton there has been a grand turn-out, in opposition to the 10 per cent. reduction. This is a dismal state of things, in a country full of food and wealth, and with nearly nine millions of bul-lion in the Bank of England! But perhaps no place presents more stern features of distress than Warrington. We have received a letter from a benevolent lady, in which she says that the number of unemployed operatives is 2,245, who with their families form 5,000 persons, or nearly a quarter of the population, entirely destitute of the means of subsistence. All the mills have been closed for periods varying from three to eleven months; and, when working at all, have done so on short time. Besides this, the fustian-cutting trade is very bad. In some measure to palliate these evils, an Industrial School for young women was opened five months ago, and has been very successful: 200 females have been taught to sew, and a most beneficial influence exerted over them. This school was closed for want of funds, but is now re-opened. It is anxiously desired to establish similar schools for boys and young men. The success which has attended this measure makes the committee anxious that it may be adopted in other places. Any information will be gladly given by the committee to parties wishing to establish schools of the same kind, in answer to letters addressed to it, Post-office, Warrington. We are informed, however, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that the inhabitants of the town, under the severe pressure of circumstances, can furnish the necessary subscriptions, and

more favoured districts, to furnish assistance to so praiseworthy a work. The cases of distress, which have been described to us as coming under the eye of the promoters of the school, remind us of the famine scenes in Ireland.

THE UNEMPLOYED LETTER-PRUSS PRINTERS OF LONDON .-We are sorry to learn, by an appeal put forth by the committee of this trade, sitting at the Falcon Tavern, Gough-square, that for the last eighteen months, owing to the extreme depression of trade, and the utter impossibility of obtaining employment, the sufferings and hardships endured by them are, perhaps, without parallel. In the hour of their prosperity they were not forgetful of the necessity of providing for the duy of adversity; and to meet it, established a Provident Fund, which, however, owing to the numerous calls upon it, has for some time ceased to exist; and thus. houseless, half-clad, and in a state bordering on starvation, on which it is painful to dwell, hundreds are now only enabled to subsist through the benevolence of others unconnected with the business. The Relief Committee, therefore, feel it to be their duty to make the present appeal to the public generally, and more especially to the literary portion of it, to enable them to meet the urgent claims of the unemployed. This is but too plain an indication that the prevailing stagnation is as extensive in the publishing world as in all other quarters of society.

THE MARVLEBONE WORKING MAN'S ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE held its weekly meeting on Monday, Oct. 18th, at the Princess Royal, Circus-street, New Road, Mr. Godwin in the chair. Several kind gifts of books, &c., were received, and five new members proposed. Mr. Hancock proposed, and Mr. Anderson seconded, that "Howitt's Journal" be taken in by the Society. Carried.—The Committee avail themselves of this medium for thanking those persons who have rendered them assistance, and beg to state that any donation will be gratefully acknowledged, in order that they may have the means of extending and diffusing in this vast and populous neighbourhood such useful and instructive information as will tend to the enlightenment of the public mind. Meetings on Monday evenings at eight o'clock.

PROPOSED WARRHOUSES FOR THE GOODS OF THE POOR DURING THEIR ACCEPANCE OF IN-DOOR RELIEF FROM THE PARISH.—A benevolent correspondent at Stoke Newington suggests this plan, in order to obviate the reluctance of the poor to accept in-door relief in their distress. They assert truly, that if their few goods are sold they are ruised; they never can replace them; they are pauperised for ever. Now it is highly desirable that this should be prevented on all accounts; and we therefore have much pleasure in giving publicity to the humane suggestion, that in each parish there should be a warehouse maintained by subscription, in which the poor could deposit their few goods while they accepted temporary relief when out of work. Our correspondent says truly that the honest poor suffer astonishing distress rather than sacrifice their few chattels, and the hope of a speedy return to a home of their own.

l'opular Progress at St. Mary Cray, in Kent.—At the closo of the last year a library and scientific institution was established here, through the influence of the proprietors of the large paper-mills, W. Joynson, Esq., and T. H. Smith, Esq. Viscount Sidney was elected patron, and Joseph Berens, Esq., president. A hundred pounds have been spent on books, of which there are already nearly twelve hundred volumes. New premises have been erected for the use of this excellent institution for the industrial classes.

To prepare the population for the full advantage of such an institution, however, there needed a school; and Mr. Joynson, the proprietor of the paper-mills already mentioned, purchased and appropriated a large and eligible building for a Simday School, and engaged entirely at his own expense a master, to live on the premises, and superintend the practical working of this institution, which bears the title of the Christian Sanday School and Educational Institute. No sectarian principle is admitted into its management, Sunday School teachers and older scholars of Day and Sunday Schools are at liberty to avail themselves of the advantages of the institution. In these advantages are comprised morning and evening classes, conducted by the superintendent, Mr. J. S. Featherstone, and Mr. Sawers, an intelligent person employed in Mr. Joynson's mills; a geographical class by Mr. Atkins, a British School teacher at Orpington; and a local music class on Hullah's plan, led by a true friend of the people, Mr. John Rogers.

There are, also, bible classes, lectures, the library, a museum of natural and artificial curiosities, with every means of teaching by maps, pictures, diagrams, models, etc. In short, this admirable institution may be truly called a PROPILES' College. To the advantages of such a college are added numerous religious advantages, for those who desire to avail themselves of them, in preaching, and prayer and other meetings of devotion. The whole presents a noble example for the imitation of gentlemen, and particularly of manufacturers; and if such an institution were attached to every great establishment where many operatives are employed, we should soon see not only the children educated, but that those who felt their educational deficiencies would prize the opportunity afforded to advance themselves in a better knowledge, in history, morals, music, drawing, mechanics, and in domestic, as well as political economy. May we have the foundation of many such to record.

PHILOSOPHICAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Pigmonth, Oct. 12.— The wetting of coals is very false economy, as, though they bern slower, a great deal of heat is wasted in drying, and carried off in the steam.

It is false economy too to purchase moist sugar, for a half pound of pure refined sugar gives more sweetness than one pound of raw. A slight trial in coffee will prove this.

In airing rooms, both the upper and lower parts of the window should be opened, as the bad and heated air, from its lightness, will pass out at the top, and the fresh cool air come in at the bottom.

A blanket is a cooler covering than a sheet in summer, because it allows the perspiration to escape. Sheets feel cooler at first, because they carry off the heat of the body quicker; but when they become as warm as the body, they feel warmer, by confining the perspiration.

Roast meat is more nutritious than boiled, as in boiling the gelatine is extracted, and dissolved in the water.

Coffee should never be boiled, as boiling extracts and dispels the fine aromatic oil, which gives it flavour and strength. It should be made by pouring boiling water through confee in a strainer.

Writing paper dipped in brandy is often used for covering preserves and jams; but it has a bad effect, as the spirit soom evaporates, and the moisture which remains produces mouldiness.

Measuring Medicine by Drops is very fallacious, as the sizes of the drops vary, both with the consistence of the fluid and the size of the lip of the vessel.

Hot scater should never be poured into glass vessels till they are moderately warmed with tepid water, as the sudden expunsion of the bottom by the heat of the water has a tendency to force it from the sides. Thin vessels are better able to endure sudden extremes of heat and cold than thick ones, because they are sooner heated through their thickness, and consequently expanded equally.

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HOWITT'S JOURNAL.



THE COMING FOOTSTEP.

DESIGNED BY T. F. MARSHALL, Esq.

I can't think why he stays so long!
My fluttering heart is filled with fear;
The nightingale begins her song,
And yet her song I hardly hear;
The village clock is striking eight;
I can't think why he stays so late!

The sun has reached the western hill,
And if he come before it set,
Then heaven and right are with us still;—
It sinks, it sinks! he comes not yet
But what puts doubt within my head?
I wish this thing I had not said!

Lower and lower! 'tis almost gone?
I'll shut my eyes, and will not see
My dearest hope in life go down!
But hush! oh heavens, it must behe!
It is! it is! he climbs the hill:
Now let the sun sink as it will!

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—GAME LAW TACTICS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

No. V.

THE HUNT; OB, THE LANDLORD'S POWER AND THE LANDLORDS' VENGRANCE.

From this day the young friends never ventured alone across Raddig's Park, nor even together in the evening; but in the day-time itself they found themselves more than once accosted suddenly by the squire, who seemed to spring out of the ground, and was not got clear of without much difficulty. On one occasion, the two damsels had reached the Abbot's Well, and had sate down there to talk over something of particular interest to them. It was on an autumn afternoon. As they parted, Betsy Corden had scarcely disappeared in the footpath, descending towards the mill, while Jane ascended up the little dell towards the higher and open ground, when she was startled by a rustling in the hazel bushes, and out stepped Nimbus, gun in hand. At sight of him Jane replied hastily to his "How do you do?" and was passing briskly on, when he seized her by the arm, and endeavoured to detain her. Freeing herself from his grasp by a sudden start, she took to her heels and ran. She was fleet of foot as strong of frame, and fear gave wings to her speed. But Nimbus sprang as fleetly after her, and to her horror she saw Black Beardall, the most ill-looking and ill-favoured of the squire's keepers, step from beneath a tree, across her path, and clasping her in his arms, said, "Not so fast, my pretty bird. The squire is a sure hand at all kinds of game! Jane gave a shrick of horror, but in the next instant she found herself in the arms of Nimbus, and the keeper with a devilish leer turn on his heel and retire to a distance on her homeward path. The spirit of Jane Wagstaff, spite of her situation, rose proudly within her, and turning towards Nimbus, she said, boldly, "Sir! what is the meaning of this? Permit me to pass on." "Anon!" said Nimbus, endeavouring to imprint a kiss on her lips, which, however, she repelled by a very unceremonious slap in the face, and an indignant, "No, sir!" Once more she endeavoured to rush past him down the valley, but with a loud laugh, Nimbus caught her round the waist, and pointed down the path, where also stood another keeper beneath the boughs of the wood. Alarm of the most dreadful kind now seized the unhappy girl. She assumed a stern and dig-nified air and tone, and insisted on being allowed to pass on. But the only answer on the part of Nimbus was to seize her more firmly. A desperate struggle ensued. Shriek after shriek the terrified yet self-possessed damsel sent forth, that it might reach some woodman, or some passer on the footpath. She defended herself with a vigour that evidently amazed her betrayer; and in a fortunate moment espying a dog-whip in an outer pocket of his shooting-jacket, she plucked it forth, and his hat having fallen off in the struggle, she dealt him a blow with the heavy end on his temples, which made him relax his grasp, and reel backwards. In an instant she darted amongst the bushes, and plunged forward with a frantic fury. She heard the keepers call to each other, and knew that they would give chace. But she knew, too, that she was not so far from the lower road, and the Abbey mill, but that she might hope to reach one first, and then pretty certainly the other, before these fellows should have given the necessary assistance to their fallen master. On she went, but soon found that one, at least, of the base keepers was in pursuit of her. She heard his rapid

crash through the underwood; she heard his panting respiration as he ran, and conceiving that the noise of the parting boughs directed him in his chase of her, she took such a course as presented a clear opening, stooping and diving, as it were, beneath the thick branches, and beneath the dense hazels. But, spite of her care, the rapid steps and hard breathing of the pursucr came ever nearer. She stood to consider what she should do; and instinctively screening herself from view in the dense and soft verdure of a mass of willows, she saw Black Beardall rush past. It was evident that he was hurrying to intercept her escape to the mill. Quick as thought, therefore, she took a direction towards the footpath, reached it, darted across it, and got into the underwood on the other side. Here, feeling that no pursuit would be dream of, she more leisurely threaded her way, taking a circuit so as to reach the ruins of the Abbey below the mill. Once in sight of these hoary walls, she felt herself comparatively safe, for within them lived the head labourer of the farm, and springing over a low part of the wall from the wood, she rushed into the cottage, and closed the door behind her, locking and bolting it in the same instant, to the no little astonishment and terror of the labourer's wife.

The good woman, if astonished at this sudden apparition and frantic action, was still more so, when she contemplated more closely Jane Wagstaff's appearance. Her clothes torn to rags; her face flushed and bleeding, from the lashing and scratching of the branches and briars of the wood, she sunk into a chair, and exclaiming, "Oh, my God!" fainted away. The poor woman in the utmost terror endeavoured to recall her to some consciousness; and was not long in succeeding. Jane bade her not be terrified, but to keep the door fast till they had ascertained that the way was clear to the mill. This once certain, she bade the dame accompany her, and with a hurried flight she gained the miller's door, and darting into the house, created as much astonishment there as she had done in the labourer's cottage.

It may be imagined what consternation and what indignation this adventure occasioned at both the mill and Reeves farm. The parents, the brother, the lover, all equally felt the burning sense of the wrong inflicted, but they felt, too, in what a position they were placed with their landlord. Neither of the farmers were secure; the mill was held on lease. The love of absolute power had made it a fixed rule with Nimbus to grant no leases. These had fallen out, and both Corden and Wagstaff were now merely yearly tenants. To resent such an outrage as it ought to be resented, would ensure an instant notice to quit their holdings. They were attached by the residence of generations to the spots. All their recollections and associations were bound up with them. To murmur, even, was to ensure dismissal, and much persecution, besides. What means of ruin and vengeance do the rich not possess!

And yet, to be utterly silent on such an occasion was more than human nature could bear. The wronged spirit would rebel; the wounded honour would swell the tortured bosom. There was an unusual silence around the Abbey mill and the Reeves farm. The squire was seen nowhere for weeks abroad. There was a report of a serious illness; and then that he had left for London till spring.

It was not till the following June that Nimbns came

It was not till the following June that Nimbns came again to the hall. By that time it might be supposed that the passion of injury had subsided, and that prudence might dictate to the injured to be silent, though not quite satisfied. But, in the interim, neither the Wagstaffs nor the Cordens had restrained the expression of their feelings towards the guilty keepers; and these had carefully forwarded exaggerated, and enve-

nomed statements regarding these matters and others connected with the Wagstaffs and the Cordens to their master in town. Rumours, moreover, had got abroad of the transaction in Raddig's Park. It had assumed many and most distorted shapes; and the keepers had taken care to give to them such as were injurious to the reputation not only of Jane Wagstaff, but of her friend, Betsy Corden. It was said that both these young damsels had been accustomed to meet the squire clandestinely in the wood, and that a discovery of these assignations had led to an encounter between the squire and the young men, their lovers and brothers. All this tended to irritate and wound deeply every member of both families. The old people grieved, but counselled, for prudence sake, to take no notice. They were reluctant to be torn, at their time of life, out of their beloved habitations, and to see their children disinherited of all that the labours of their ancestors had made valuable and pleasant. But Jane Wagstaff resented deeply the unjust aspersions cast upon her by those who envied her beauty, or had been rejected by her; while Betsy Corden, with her less energetic and more sensitive nature, suffered manifestly in her health. two young men, on their parts, had lost much of their former gaiety; were much together, but far less in the society of their neighbours. They rode together to market, and returned together from it early. There was a spirit about them which, though it did not express itself in words, was felt, and it was one of brooding uneasiness.

Such was the state of things when George Wagstaff, riding in the deepest part of the deep narrow lane, between the Abbey Mill and Reeves, met the squire. George, at sight of him, gave a spur to his horse, and riding a party was the standard was considered. riding up pretty briskly, touched his hat, and was going on. Nimbus, however, drew up, and holloed out to George, "Hillo! Wagstaff; how now?" George stopped, and turned round his horse.
"What the d—l, man, is the meaning of this?" said the squire, half offended and half gaily.

"Of what, sir?" asked George.

"Of what, sir!—why, sir, of riding past me, like a plaguey black thunder-bolt. Don't you know me, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I know you very well," added George.

"Come, no nonsense, Wagstaff; I am no stranger to what has been going on here down in the country while I have been in town. You and others have been making very free with my name, and I just want to tell you at once I'm not the man to put up with it. Let you at once I'm not the man to put up with it. Let what's past be forgot; mind—I'm quite willing to that. Come again to the hall: you and I should be friends for mutual interest,—or, if not friends—take notice, then,—d—me you will find an infernal enemy in me, I can tell you. Verbum sap, Wagstaff. You know the proverb,—you have been to school."

"Sir!" said George, assuming as cool and respectful a tone and manner as possible, "you know I was always glad to serve you in any way I could; but there are things that no honest man can bear; and my sister's

are things that no honest man can bear; and my sister's reputation is of more consequence than any interests of

mine.

"Pooh!-the d-l! What ails your sister? I tried to get a kiss from her,—is that such a sin? She should not be so devilish handsome—that was all. And, by the bye, she paid me off for it. She nearly did for me, I can tell you. Well, there need be no more of that. Your sister is safe enough for me. I'm not at all inclined to fight the Amazons. Be wise, George, and look like yourself, and not like a regular bully-bagor.

On Monday the troop assembles at M.—."

"I shall be there," said George; "but, allow me, sir, to say that my sister's reputation has been made very free with all round the country, and it is not in human nature to sit easy under it."

"Then sit uneasy, and a murraiu on you! Get your sister married; that cures all bruises.

George Wagstaff felt his blood begin to mount and boil in his veins; he did not venture to reply, but

touched his hat, and turning his horse, rode off.
On Sunday, the Wagstaffs and Cordens were at church, but without the daughters. Nimbus cast looks of no friendly sort towards their pews. It was soon known to him that on his return to the country these young ladies had left their respective homes-gone, it

as said, to relations a long way off.

The next day, George Wagstaff and Michael Corden were riding towards M.—, to join the Ycomanry troop, in full regimentals, when Nimbus and some of the officers, his friends, overtook them. Nimbus gave them a scowl of no favourable augury, and his party gallopped on. It was soon seen when they reached the parade-ground at M-, that Nimbus meant to make it a bitter drilling to the two young men. The very first time that he rode along the ranks he stopped and scrutinized their accoutrements minutely, and found fault with the state in which everything was. Their clothes had been badly kept; their carbines were rusty; their belts and the rest were slovenly. This was continued from day to day. No two young men in the troop were finer or more adroit soldiers, rode better horses, or had their arms and accountrements in nicer order. But Nimbus was resolved to find fault, and to mortify them. Their horses were, according to him, rough as bears; could never be half curried and cleaned down; they were too fine gentlemen to clean their down; they were too me gentermen to crean their horses, and should have brought servants with them. As he rode along the line, he cried, "Back, Wagstaff!" "Keep the line, Corden!" and gave George a slap with the flat side of his sword on the chest, to make him draw back into true line, when he was already there. The two young men saw that they were marked out for persecution, and it was not long in reaching its height. One day, George Wagstaff was called out of the ranks by Major Nimbus, and reprimanded, before the whole troop, for negligence in his dress and duties. He underwent the most malicious and insulting criticism, and took his place again in the ranks with a heart bursting with rage.

That very evening the two friends sent in their uniforms and accoutrements, and rode off home, having sent off during the day for their ordinary suits.

It was a fatal step, but it was one perhaps that the implacable Nimbus would have compelled them to sooner or later Their parents were struck with consternation when they saw them arrive, and heard what they had done. "God help us!" they exclaimed—"it's all over with us. The squire will be like a raging fury. He'll ruin us. Out we must go. And we must

turn out from the old places where our families have been so many generations. Alack! alack!

"Let us turn out, then," said the young men. "The world is wide enough. Who would live to be a slave to a fellow like Nimbus? Is he to insult our sisters. and to trample on us because we won't endure it? No! England is not so narrow yet."

Thus the young men spoke, but their minds were dreadfully distressed, and the old people seemed struck dumb with grief. And swiftly came the evil. It came in the shape of letters from Nimbus, ordering the young men to quit his estate at once, or threatening to turn

out the old people. It was a command, in fact, for the old people to turn their children out of their homes.

"Nay," said they, "that we never will do. Let us go altogether." But the young men said. "No, we are young and able; we are not without means; we will go and farm for ourselves." That very day they rode off the ground of Reeves and the Abbey Mill farm, and took up their quarters in a distant village.

The quictness with which all this was done seemed to enrage rather than to pacify Nimbus. It was as if what he meant for a severe punishment was treated with contempt. He heard two whispers in the country regarding it. He had terrified, it was said, the young women away by his licentiousness, and had now driven away the props and stays of the old people in their sons. He heard, too, that these sons were about to establish themselves at spring on farms of their own. In the good times of the war, as they are called, the Cordens and Wagstaffs had saved money and bought land. On this they meant to live, and to marry. But there was a weak spot in their plans, and their indefatigable enemy found it out. To complete the purchase, they had borrowed a certain portion of the money, and the fall of prices since the war had reduced the value of the land purchased to little more than the value of the borrowed capital. Still they hoped to be able to live upon it at no great charge; but Nimbus knew their mortgagees, and prevailed on them to call in the money, offering to take it at a higher interest, or purchase the lands if they came to the hammer.

This was a dreadful and unexpected blow. The young men saw nothing but ruin before them. Autumn went on. Their parents deprived of their active aid and counsel, gathered in their harvest with heavy hearts. Their children were banished from their presence, and the places of refuge which they imagined they had secured for them were about to be wrested from them. The poor old people went on their way in sorrow that rapidly bowed them down.

It was during this melancholy time that their children could no longer refrain from coming to see, and to comfort them. Their sons after nightfall would ride over, and spend the evening till a late hour, keeping close within with closed shutters, and riding off as softly as possible near midnight But this did not long escape Nimbus. His keepers observed these visits, and reported them; and the old people had notices at Michaelmas to quit their holdings.

This final stroke broke down entirely the fortitude of the poor people. The old miller and the old farmer went together to the hall to implore that they might be allowed to remain. If there had been a grain of real human flesh in the heart of Nimbus it must have quivered with remorse at the sight of these two meck and respectable old men. They and their fathers had been the tenants of his and his wife's fathers for generations. They had been all their lives peaceful, industrious, and virtuous. They were as much portions of the estate as the house in which he lived, or the noble trees which embellished his park. Their pale and attenuated faces, their frames enfeebled by unwonted trouble, their white thin hair would have pleaded in the bosom of Nero, but they produced no pang in that of Nimbus. "No! those upstart young scoundrels should never tread his acres, and therefore they had better all pack off together.

Brutal wretch! as he saw the two venerable men proceed with unsteady steps along the grand avenue leading from his house; he only looked after them with a base triumph in his power of hurting them, and said—"A pretty kettle of fish they've made of it with these conceited sons, and their fine boarding-school daughters. We must teach them what comes of it."

This act raised the passions of the sons to a terrible They vowed vengeance on the oppressor. degree. They returned at once to their homes to assist and defend their parents. The daughters also came back for the same purpose; but they never crossed the park on any occasion, and were never seen abroad except with their brothers. They came duly to church, where, however, scarcely an old neighbourdared speak to them, and the rest of their time they were busy at home ma-

king all preparations by clearance of corn and domestic stores for the removal atspring.

Never, however, was such a winter passed. They were involved in litigation in defence of their mortgaged purchases. They saw, as it were, the very ground sliding away from beneath their feet, and no home presenting itself where they could receive the grief-stricken old people. They saw their powergrief-stricken old people. They saw their powerful foe preparing still to humble and to trample on As the hunting season advanced, they found at first to their surprise, but soon to their horror, that the course of the hunt was directed by a malignant dexterity across their farms. Black Beardall seemed to possess the art of unkenneling the fox in such places hat he should take his course over the land of the Wagstaffs or the Cordens. In frosty mornings, after wet, half a hundred horsemen would come crashing over the hedges, and dashing along the springing wheat, tearing up the hope of the coming summer, and of that tearing up the nope of the column summer, and of that which should be valued to them on going out. Time after time this took place; Nimbus, like another Wild Huntsman, gallopping with headlong speed, came on shouting—"Yoicks! yoicks! Forwards! forwards!" His huge figure in scarlet; his loud, sonorous voice; the fury with which he ramped along, with all his horde of mounted savagess clattering after him, making the earth and young corn fly in all directions, and the yelling of the hounds, presented a scene enough to make the outraged sufferers rush forth in frantic agony to curse the whole demon route.

On more than one occasion the young men had rushed out, and cried shame on the reckless hunters; but it was like howling to the winds themselves. On went the ruthless rabble of destructionists, and the "Yoicks, yoicks!" of Nimbus was heard going on and on like the voice of an exulting and indomitable fiend.

The whole scene would have reminded a German reader of Bürger's description in the Wild Huntsman, and a wilder or more devil-inspired huntsman than Nimbus never existed.

And hurry, hurry! on they went, Through woods, o'er hills, down valleys low.

And wilder blasts the grim Earl blew, And onward raged both foot and horse, Now here, now there, see! riders flew, Flung from their seats with fatal force. Plunge! let them plunge to death and hell A prince's sport that sweetens well,

The countrymen, as that mad troop came like a hurricane over his fields, might well again have addressed their leader in the indignant words of another of Bürger's lyrics :--

THE PEASANT.

Who art thou, prince, that without ruth Crushest me with thy chariot wheels, Tramplest me with thy horse?

Who art thou, prince, that in my flesh, Thy friend, thy bloodhound, unchastised,
May set his teeth and claws?

Who art thou, that through corn and holt Drivest me with thy hurraing chase, Panting as the wild game?

The corn thy followers trample down, Which horse, and hound, and thou destroy-That bread, thou prince, is mine.

Thou draggs't no harrow, guids't no plough, Nor swelterest through the harvest day. Mine, mine's the toil and bread!

Ha! thou a magistrate from God?
God's scatters blessings wide—thou robb'st;
Tyrant, thou'rt not from God!

But in this case there was to be a still closer resemblance to the scenes which Bürger, the Burns of Germany, has written with a firebrand.

The game cowered in the young corn green. And hoped in safety there to hide:
And, lo! a countryman was seen,
Who to the earl in anguish cried,
"Mercy! O noble Sir!—O spare
The poor man's labour, sweat, and care!"

"Away, thou dog!" with curse and frown, The Earl did to the ploughman say; Or quick my hounds shall tear thee down,—On, comrades, all!—away! away! And prove I wake no idle fears, Crack all your whips about his ears!"

'Twas said! 'twas done! the wild Earl flew O'er hedge, o'er ditch!—from rear to van; 'Twas crash and clang; whips cracked, horns blew, And forward dashed horse, hound, and man; And horse, and hound, and man did tread To steaming mire, the people's bread.

Poor old Wagstaff! as he saw a similar rabble carrying similar destruction across his crops, he could no longer restrain himself. He rushed out bare-headed; and as the hunters were about to leap into the very home field that showed a noble expanse of springing wheat, he stood and begged in God's name that they would spare that. It would have made almost any human being pause to see such an appārition—a tall, thin old man, pale as a ghost, his large grey eyes wildly gleaming from amongst the thickly cross-hatched wrinkles of his thin and withered face, and his long white hair flowing in the wind. To see him stand with uplifted hands, imploring them to turn aside to the next field, and not ruin him out and out. "As God is in heaven!" exclaimed the poor old man, "As ye hope to be saved, gentlemen—spare me this once; ride where ye will over the grass lands, but—"

"Yo-hoicks! Yo-ho-hoicks!" sung out the impla-

"Yo-hoicks! Yo-ho-hoicks!" sung out the implacable Nimbus, pushing his horse over the fence at once; and as poor old Wagstaff stood and wrung his hands, and continued to exclaim, "Oh, God! Oh, God! there is no pity—no feeling," he rode up to him in a livid fury, and, shaking his whip over his head, exclaimed, "Villain, if I were not a magistrate, I would flog you to death!"

The scene was so outrageous to every feeling of humanity, that the very hunters paused—there was a moment's halt—a silence, in which the old man, looking on his landlord with a calm look, though every limb trembled as with ague, said gently, "May the Lord forgive you," and turned away.

These things are so dreadful—they are so un-English, so utterly inhuman—that our readers may believe that they are not only imaginary, but exaggerated beyond all possibility of occurrence. But I reply only, that there are no scenes that can be selected from history, full as that is of horror, scenes which could not have been exceeded by the ministry of fiends—there are no barbarities which have been enacted in any age or any country which do not meet with their parallels in this age and this country in the exasperation which Game Law struggles produce.

(To be continued.)

ROOM FOR THE RIGHT.

By J. B. MANSON.

The world is wide, the world is fair,
And large as Mercy's heart can be,—
'Twas, sure, a voice of fell despair
That said, "There is no room for me."
No room! O man, the fields are white,
The harvest lags, the hands are few;
And few are earnest, strong, and right—
The human harvest lags for you,
O man! and such as you.

In chariot rolls the millionaire
Among the golden acres vast,
With purple robes and sumptuous fare
For every day—except the last.
The poor man sighs, "For all the fields
On which yon Harvest-moon doth shine,
And all the stalks each furrow yields,
Not one is, or will e'er be mine!
No stalk will e'er be mine!"

The poor, the rich,—shall these the poles
Of this fair world for ever be?
Shall mankind never count by souls,
Or aught, save purse and pedigree?
If so, earth ripens for its blaze,
So withered, and of love so bare,
And there is room—much room—to raise
A desert-prophet's cry, "Prepare!"
Relent, repent, prepare!

Boom! Valour carves the room he lacks, And Wrong—wherever dispossessed— Leaves vantage-ground for new attacks, And room for—anything but rest. Up, Worker! seek not room, but make it, And do whate'er you find to do; Ask not a brother's leave, but take it; Bide not your time—time bides not you; Let nothing wait for you.

Bannockburn, Oct. 21st.

THE FOLK OF NORTH ITALY.

By ABEL PAYNTER.

No. I.

There is an ancient idiot at a farm I wot of in the North of England, good only for the keeping of hens, who is accustomed to conclude his nightly prayers with—"And O Lord, make me not king, for I should not know how to go-varn this people!" Some such language as his I am tempted to use whensoever I think of politics, and all the moral and social difficulties they involve. But a collection of facts and figures (either such as the Statist or the Artist uses) made in a truthful spirit, must have its use according to its humble order. Those who desire to reconcile are, possibly, as worthy of a hearing from time to time as those whose part is attack and destruction. The sanguine panegyrist, again, and the dogmatic recommender of some final and infallible nostrum, stand in peril of change as sanguine as the adoption of new panacea no less infallible than the old ones. Think of a friend of mine, who met Mrs. Trol-

lope the other day, describing her as being now all heart and soul—"Young Italy"—and frankly owning herself ashamed of her praise of Austria and Austrian institutions! All well, and welcome, as regards herself; but what is the World to think? Her book is gone forth beyond recal. Let every fervent person, then, be cautious in deciding on the affairs of countries he can but understand incompletely. All this "made and provided "—in Europe's present ferment with regard to Italian affairs, a few notes made on one of the loveliest districts of that land, may not be unworthy of the kind

construction of the people of England.

I do not understand of what stuff or metal the tourist can be made, who does not feel his heart leap, when the mountain-chain is crossed and Italy entered. There are certain traits among the Swiss to be glanced at in even the quickest passage through their country, which, I confess, fidget me, and make me not reluctant to quit it, unfair though this be. I do not understand a Bible in the bedroom of my inn-(capital and clean are the Swiss inns)—and an over-charge in my bill. I was "rubbed the wrong way," again, the other day, by hearing a Swiss describe a little adventure which happened this summer at Kissingen, the King of Bavaria's watering-place. Thither came the silly old Monarch, and with him Donna Lola Montes, now Countess of Lansfeld! The German ladies, alas! all got up when she entered the Pump-room. "We Swiss who were there," said my friend, "sate still. But everybody else was on his feet; and so—how could we help it?—we were obliged to do as the rest did." Surely the sycophancy was all the worse for the playing at sturdiness which had gone before! There is something, too, not very exalted, in the universal confession, that be the decision of the Cantons now at issue on the Jesuit question what it may, they will not work the matter out, till the summer tourists have gone through Switzerland.

These are possibly mere skin freckles, having no re-lation whatsoever to the state of the body beneath: but they are not engaging to those who have not the time to probe deeper: and who are teazed, as I own I am, by obvious profession, accompanied by such superficial meanness. As regards its scenery—God bless Switzerland! will every true man say. It is a greatmoment in his life, when he first sees an Alp, or when he first hears an avalanche from the Jungfrau. But the Italian side of the Alps is better; in right of much beauty, superadded to nearly as much grandeur. I made a on the Lake of Como, of the trees within touch of the road: Cypress, plane, chesnut, willow, walnut, acacia, olive, fig, vine, mulberry, sumach, bay—on a ground thickly embroidered with gourds and maize, and buckwheat; all these within ten short miles, in view of the wheat; at these within ten short miles, in view of the snow-peaks: dipping into water of a tint to be found on no painter's palette, and lit up by a sun which goes to the bone—nay, let me say to the heart—of every one that feels it. Throwing by all association, all romance, all picturesque dreams, which the sight of hill convents call up, all the notions we imbibed in childhood, that every peasant who passes you, besides being a "subject" for a picture, could himself sing and improvise—there is surely enough here to content even him who goes forth with the pencil and ruled paper of the catalogue-maker: a feast of varied beauty not to be had in the North.

True, there is Arr!—all that architect and painter, and musician have done, to make Italian travel so charming, and (to speak figuratively) of every grace and grandeur, "from the Cedar of Lebanon to the Hys-sop on the wall." But this, albeit it speaketh, (and long may it speak!) to every man according to his capacity, is comparatively a dead thing, and I would fain write of living ones—of the people, whom every en-

gineer's day's work is bringing an instant nearer to us; who now seem more earnestly bent on asserting their nationality than has been the case within our generation. Let me leave Art, then, to the more competent: and if I gossip about barbers, boatmen, vetturins, silk winders, waiters at inns, and "such small deer," it is some comfort that I have a ring of listeners about me, who are too honourable not to admit the honour of

work: and to care for the Workman.

Where shall I begin? Here at Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como, in the midst of a life which seems to me as primitive as it is cheerful. 'Tis a nook in one of the earth's golden corners, consisting mainly of half-a-dozen houses; at the end of a plane avenue, on the edge of a lake, and a large inn, by which-almost through which—the by-road to Tremezzo passes. On this wellnigh as many varied figures are to be seen as Tenny-son's Lady of Shalott beheld in her mirror. One day, a high potentate of the Catholic church, in his red stockings, who replies to your "Good morrow" with a gran-deur of manner totally Southern, because not stiff nor over-mannered; the next, an old couplet-singer, with his guitar, who makes a simile on your red beard, and ventures the agreeable discovery that you are twenty-five: or one of those wild-looking Hanaks, linen-mer-chants dressed in linen I used to admire so on the

Danube. It is very gay here.

Five brothers and their widowed mother keep our hotel:—fine, courteous, civil fellows as ever made traveller comfortable by kindness. North Italy would seem to be a land where large families can agree to live together. The inn Della Ganascia ("Jawbone") at Bergamo, is, in like manner, served by a tribe; so is the "Golden Cannon,," at Lovere (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's place), the family party there, including a son's widow and her sister. It is true that every now and then a breeze of scolding and bustle sweeps the flower regions of this mansion of a vociferation which srightens English nerves, till its unimportance is understigates angular herves, this is inimportance is understood. But, in the main, there seems harmony, goodnature, and confidence. A very distinguished Italian was, the other day, speaking of these social arrangements as generally common and successful in his country: ascribing their practicability there to the absence of that "iron rule" which played so prominent a part in old-fashioned English education, and which has led to more domestic false doctrine, "heresy and schism," than Man can ever count! The divided families in England, how painfully numerous are they! But, beside this easier mode of education (not unaccompanied by laxities, it were here impossible to trace), something may—must lie in the facility of the Italian character:—in that mobility, not want of will, which makes continuous exertion or opposition so difficult to them as

These good Brentani-to return to Cadenabbia-live in a sort of patriarchal plenty and intercourse with in a sort of patriard pienty and intercourse with their peighbours. We (one can't help a sort of cou-sinly feeling towards such worthy folks) pass half our time in the path before the house: and all the hamlet lives with us. I should say that nine out of ten of the Cadenabbia men are boatmen. Each has his bit of ground, some their bits of a trade. One is a sunny-faced, stammering barber, who has particularly addicted himself to us. Almost every man too, has his bit of household work furnished by this large and busy inn. They are in and out of the kitchen from morn till midnight. I saw two, yesterday sitting sociably on the roasting flags of the parapetwall, plucking little birds for the cook with an excellent diligence. Many have boats—a boat costing, when complete, some 220 zwanzigers (71. 6s. 8d.) and the lake is free for all men to fish in. They have a smile and a joke for every one; are coarsely but sufficiently

clad, and are clean and civil, not servile; in spite of the perpetual strain upon their virtue, made by summer ourists. I suppose that from "China to Peru" your Boatman is a chartered extortioner; beginning with our brave harpies (noun and adjective alike well descrued) at Deal and Dover—and you know that in Italy to bargain about items is a part of every man's daily work and pleasure; but these Cadenabbia men are the best of their class I have even fallen in with—save, perhaps, it be the Gondoliers of Venice: one or two of whom are among the merricst company, the most trustworthy, and the most grateful persons in my acquaintance.

I do not remember to have seen one very pretty accident of Italian lake-fishing mentioned by previous travellers. The pilgrim will find his ear at eventide pleasantly caught by a faint fluttering warble on the waters—sweeter, because more fitful and less monotonous than the tinkle of the cow-bells on the high Alpine pastures or the home-coming chimes of the goats, he may meet by scores, as I have done, "in the gloaming," on the roads of the Tyrol. These are the bells to the nets, which are spread to catch the agone at nightfall: and being apt to drift withthe breeze and the slight current, would be with difficulty recovered or distinguished were there not some such indication of their place, which tells every man whereabout he will overtake his own property. Few sounds are more cheerful and fairy-like than this. Another lake noise, which and fairy-like than this. Another lake noise, which recalls to me night in a German small town or dorf, is the long lugubrious horn, blown as the market-boat goes and comes from Como—a most melancholy version of "What d'ye lack?"—especially since it is chiefly promulgated towards nightfall. The smugglers' boats, which the Austrian paternal and preventive policy is sure to encourage and multiply—drop into their anchoring places more quietly; and their trade goes on without trumpet blown. But it is considerable—a matter openly owned and partaken in by evorybody.

I am wandering, again, from my home at Cadenabbia: in another respect a peculiarly pleasant one, because the lounger is not beset by beggars, as in other stations of the kind. The Brentani will not have their albergo converted into the gate of a lazar-house. They began by giving cold provisions, the Cook told me, but this only brought the ravens in greater numbers. The plan at last was adopted of paying so many soldi a day to the poor, on condition that the inn was never infested—as pleasant a mixture of good nature, good prudence, and (I suppose) bad political economy, as one could cite. The mendicants gave in-all, save one old man, as brown as a piece of a vine branch, whose linen, however, is always as white as snow-who does a little civility, and makes a little prayer, as he creeps along in lhe sunshine; and if you give him nothing, smiles potitely all the same. He is a perfect character, eighty years of age, and was a soldier for many years under Napoleon. They tell me that the little room he lives in is as clean as if he were not an Italian; a row of polished tiles by the bedside being burnished every day with sedulous pains: that he bathes all the year round, and piques himself on his good manners. Every morning he makes the round of Cadenabbia or Griante, claiming his bit ef polenta for breakfast at one house or another. -carefully husbands and lays by all that the tourists —carefully husbands and tays by all that the tourists give him in the summer for his winter subsistence; and if invited to work, to take a message or the like, has always a pain his back!—an Italian version, iu short, of Scott's Edie Ochiltree, or the less distinguished mendicant who used to trot merrily iuto my grandfather's court-yard upon an ass! "I hope no one hears me," as the reduced Irish gentlewoman used to say, when compelled for her livelihood to cry "mutton-pies!" but I shall miss the Gaberlunzie of Cadenabbia,

though Industry forbid I should see a successor to him!

Besides the bells, there is another sound peculiar to the place, which also leads me to speak of the family who are virtually its good genii. This is the click of the wooden clogs of the silk-winding girls, who shamble up and down my favourite plane-tree walk, to and from their day's labour, most of them belonging to Tremezzo. A poor careless merry set they seem: working at their pretty manufacture for wages ranging betwixt four-pence and tenpence, English, a day; this, be it recollected, for only a part of the year. You will find the class perfectly hit off (perhaps a little idealized) iu Browning's "Pippa." Hungry, cheerful, eager, crea-You will find the tures! Well. a Brentano, too,—cousin to my capital hosts—owns the establishment, here, where the silk is wound. This evening it closed for the season. The entire crew withdrew to his drawing-room by invita-tion. Greater happiness I never saw : nor odder contrasts. Bare feet, when the wooden clogs were slipped off—and an array of silver pins (worth at least a couple of pounds) in most heads. Signor Brentano, a middleaged man, played the piano excellently. The Overseer, a somewhat queer-looking person, in an olive-green suit, shorts, and black silk stockings, helped to set the waltz and the monfring a going: and the nymphs threw off their pattens and danced madly on the brick floor in their bare feet—madly, not impudently, there being a distinction. On the festino (as they called it), breaking up, each was gratified by a friendly word and a bottle of wine, and they careered homeward in the moonlight, past the Sommariva villa, the craziest, blithest troop to be found in "Christendie." Somewhat addicted, I own, to parallels and contrasts, I could not help thinking what a different race these were from the oldhamese damsels of my own county, Lancashire; or, still more, from the young ladies of Lowell, described by Miss Martineau, who have their magazine, their pianofortes, and who received their President, history tells us, down an avenue of parasols three miles long! It is not only the sun and the lake: the grapes, as many as every girl can eat, and the hereditary head-gear, which make the difference !

But more of matters like these in another letter.

THE BREADFINDER.

By EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER III.

The breakfast finished, and the young wife's boots, in part, consumed as butter, William Harding lighted his pipe, and seated himself before the fire, placing a foot upon each hob of the stove.

"Am I to remain here and die, William?" said Emma, presently. "I have already told you that there will be three of us before the morning."

"Would you have me beg or steal, which?" he returned, hastily. "Will any doctor come into such a hole as this, or a nurse either, without first having their money paid down to them?"

"Then I am to die," said the poor girl, beginning to weep. "O William, I would have made the man ashamed of himself who would have said such a thing

of you."
"Don't grumble, don't Emma," he replied. "What am I to do? I declare that I could hang myself as readily as I could look at a rope."

" I will pray to God for both of us, then," she said. " But, oh! William, if you should ever marry again—' "That's it-that's her way," cried Harding. had need be patient. Fine consolation she gives me!

Such a helpmate as I have got."

Strange contradiction! He had left his father because he had made widows destitute, and had eaten orphans bread; and now he could treat a young wife, a young mother almost, in a manner so brutally selfish.

He started up presently, and vowing that he would get money somehow and somewhere, left the room without further explanation of his intentions.

Through the streets, threading the crowd, tearing along as if for a wager. It came on to snow. Children gazing through windows in snug apartments, clapped their little hands at the pretty white feathers that the heavens were shedding on the earth. People well wrapped in coats and shawls only hurried home the faster, anticipating warm fire, and tea and toast at nightfall. But the poor gnashed their teeth, and the rheumatism gnawed their limbs.

So thick and fast, that the light of day being intercepted by the falling flakes, tradesmen lighted the gas in their shops, and muttered that profits had need be great. So thick and fast, that drivers of vehicles moderated their speed lest they should run down adventurous individuals, who were bent upon crossing the streets at all hazards. So thick and fast, that churches and large edifices loomed through the mist in halfchaotic shape, or seemed about to fade away altogether.

as in a dissolving view,

Whither bent? He knew not. Only to get money somehow and somewhere. A strange notion that he might find a purse upon the pavement took possession of him, and he walked and walked till every thread in his garments was soaked by the wet, cold, penetrating

SDOW.

We do not know when we talk of the trials of poverty what those trials are. We but faintly appreciate the sufferings of the poor. It is not the bodily pain that is the real evil. The wound that the soul gets in the unequal conflict with the world is the only enduring pain. That endures; that lingers. The hunger of to-day, the cold and pain of to-day, are forgotten in the feasting and warmth of to morrow; but the slight and insult that lacerate the soul, in too many cases, yield hideous harvest in after years.

Except in the noblest natures, which are rare in any class: but with such natures, "poverty." to use the words of a great German, "is but as the pain which attends the piercing of the young maiden's ears, who hangs beautiful jewels in the wound."

It could not have been wholly by chance—for is there in the universe such a thing as chance?—and certainly it was not by intention that Harding found himself in Finsbury, near to where his father dwelt. The old house where his childhood and youth and dawning manhood had been spent, stood before him. It rather seemed to have risen up before him in his walk than to have waited in the old spot for his approach. But there it was, the house where his mother died-he was not a twelvemonth old then—and where his father had reaped such gains, as, when society is improved, will be offered to no man's sickle. But even usurers' wealth is not always tangible, and will not unfrequently

resolve itself into waste paper

How he found himself with his finger on the knocker he did not clearly know. The startled servant let him pass without a note of recognition, and he was immediately in his father's presence.

"Zounds, Bill!—the carpet — you'll spoil the carpet with the snow, boy. Havn't you got an umbrella?"

He had been, mentally, in a fog up to this point;

but now he perceived that he was everywhere whitened, like a twelfthcake.

"It's a Brussels, and nearly new," the usurer continued. "You can't hurt the oil-cloth in the kitchen. Run down there, and dismiss the girl. So you are come back to the old man," he added, when they pected it. Well, I'm forgiving. Shall I kill the fatted calf, eh?"

"I want some money, father," said the young man,

doggedly.

"No? Do you now? Dear me!" cried the elder

Harding, with feigned surprise.

"Getting it from you is better than stealing. perhaps," the son proceeded. "and I shall rob if you don't let me have it. I know what you will say—that I once affected to be squeamish about the way you got your money. Well, I did. But I am cured of that, I hope. I see that we should all be honest if we could, but when we can't-

"Aye, when we can't," said his father, taking up the sentence, "what then?"

" Why," said William, we make the best of circumstances. I have made the best of mine, and come to you to aid me."

"To aid you? Just what other people do. They come to me to aid them," said the usurer. "But there's the wrong I do them. I no aid them, and my son cuts me for my inhumanity, though I've had them here before now ready to go down on their knees for

"I am not going down upon my knecs, father; but I want fifty pounds.—Let me have it," said the young

"Fifty pounds;—that's a large sum. On—on good security, Bill?"

"On the devil," replied William, pettishly, "or," he added, with a grim smile, "YOU MAY TAKE A POST-OBIT.

"Which means that you will pay principal and interest after my death," said the money-lender. do it."

"Eh?" said the son, raising his eyelids.
"I'll do it," repeated the usurer. "That is," he added, "at two hundred per cent—not a farthing less, Bill, because it may turn out that there will be no as-

sets. At a cool two hundred, payable at my death."

The young man looked at his father's feet. "Well." he said, presently—for he thought of the young wife at home—" as you will. I'll sign to it."

He was about to follow the old man for the purpose,

but the latter motioned him back, and said that the Brussels carpet was nearly new.

"Won't you take a little of something, Bill? A glass of sherry and a biscuit," he said, when the requisite forms had been complied with. "Do let me prevail upon you."

The other counted the gold before he replied. "If you will give me a fresh bottle, and let me draw the cork, and fill for myself, I will take two or three glasses," he said.

The usurer seemed puzzled.
"Why a fresh bottle?" he asked.

"Because you may poison the decanter, dear father,"

returned his son.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the old man. "Tizzy," cailing the servant, "bring a bottle of sherry from the cel-lar; we'll drink," he added, when the woman had executed the order, "to the health of Mrs. Harding. Eh? Shall we?"

His son tossed off four glasses of wine without replying, and with a rough farewell, left the house. He took a cab at the first stand, and having called to treat with a doctor on the way, rejoined his wife after three

hours' absence. She had not been left alone all this while. Harding found a woman, the wife of a fellowlodger, in the room, who was employed in airing some baby-linen before the fire, while the contents of a small "I've made bold, sir," she said, when he entered,
"to look in upon your good lady."
She seemed half afraid of him, as if her Samaritan

deed had merited reproach. Bending first over the bed to kiss the little enduring creature, whose heart had been so full for many and many a long day, and whisper his adventures in her ear, he advanced and shook the friendly neighbour by the hand.

"It's so good of you, Mrs. Merrythought," he said; but you women are always so considerate. I don't know what we men should do without you."

She had something to say to him, of which she did not know how to acquit herself in his wife's hearing; so, feigning to believe that she heard her husband's voice in the passage, she opened the door and went out upon the landing-place, where she stood coughing and beckoning to attract his notice. He had stepped across to the bedside, however, to kiss his little wife once more, and she was obliged to call him by his name.

"There's a nice doctor," she said, when he had Joined her without the apartment, "as did for me when

my last was born. If you don't mind going to him, and using my husband's name, sir, I'm sure he would come, and wait for his money till it was quite convenient. And then," she added, checking his disposition to speak, "as for a nurse, I've sent my eldest son over to Poplar for Mrs. Boss—maybe you've heard of Mrs. Boss, sir? I once was housemaid to a lady she attended, and then she said—I wasn't married then, sir, or even keeping company-' Cheekey,' she said-Cheekey was my maiden name, sir-'when it comes to your turn, my girl, my name is Boss, and I lives, when I'm at home, which ain't often to be sure, in Tozer-I'm at nome, which ain't often to be sure, in 102erstreet, Poplar.' And every one of my eight, sir, she
has been the nurse to; and a good nurse she is, which
I can put my oath to if you wish."

"My good Mrs. Merrythought," said Harding
touched by her kindness, "I have already provided a
doctor, but I am greatly your debtor for Mrs. Boss,"

CHAPTER IV.

WE are the slaves of stone and wood and iron, wish we could import somewhat of the Hindoo philosophy into our religion. This apparently solid earththese clouds that go tearing along in a strong wind, an hundred miles an hour they say—that sun and moon, those stars, how we are cheated into a belief of their real existence! When the fact is, that the landscape I saw last night, in that foolish dream I had, was just as real as they. I awoke, and the landscape was nought. But I passed from that delusion to another, and fancied the bed and the chair and the window to be real, when, like the landscape in my dream, they were only apparitions. We are the slaves of matter—of substance (forgetting the meaning of that word Substance, which implies that which stands, or exists, under appearances.) But in all ages, there have been seers among the men, whose names endure as household memories, who have discerned the truth, and have roundly asserted it. Others, venturing half-way, admit Time to be a delusion: but if Time, then also must Space be a delusion, for I can only traverse from one point of space to another in Time, and it would require many years for a can-

non ball to reach the sun. And that Time is a delusion. hour seemed that was passed with a pleasant friend, and how long it was when he spent it upon the rack of anxiety. Sixty minutes. being real and independent of the mind, must be always of the same length in all circumstances. But we perceive that an hour may be as a day, a week, when we spend it in terrible expectancy, and the messenger delays. And for spaceterday the journey appeared to me so short, and to-day it was so long, yet I did not lengthen it by ten paces. Yet if the distance were real, and independent of my mental condition, it must have been on both occasions of the same extent. We are the slaves of matter; but this matter is an arrant cheat, and we are the constant dupes of its imposition.

Is it not so with us, when God sends a new ray of his Divinity upon earth, and we say a child is born? We are the slaves of Matter again in those little human limbs which are only the form that our thought has taken, and are as unreal as Time and Space. The miniature man or woman is two spans long. I can measure its length by extending my hand twice, but that act of extension implies Space, and is done in

Time. I say we are the dupes of Matter.

Quitting the region of metaphysics, however, which is no dim haze, as divers persons would have us believe,-let us see whether the baby-clothes which had swathed the limbs of Mrs. Merrythought's last, required any mending before they were ready for their new office. No; in no one instance; so good had baby Merrythought been. Very soon the doctor arrived in a cab, and Mrs. Boss was dropped at the end of the street, by an omnibus. Very fat was Mrs. Boss, and very goodnatured and obliging. Her warm heart, moreover, like her body, seemed ever on the increase, and she

daily became greater, in two senses.
"It will be the death of me," she said, as she followed Mrs. Merrythought up the stairs, which were by mishap very narrow. "I never can do it. I never

mishap very narrow. "I never can do it. I never can—that's for certain."
"Bh?" said Mrs. Merrythought, "What's amiss?"
"Can it be expected of me?" proceeded Mrs. Boss, halting to pant more at her ease. "Is any one so ridiculous as to suppose I could do it? If the door-way is as narrow as the stairs, when I once get into the room, I shall be like a cork in a bottle, and as difficult to get out again."

"Ah!" remarked Mrs. Merrythought, gravely. "I

see.'

"See, child! Yes, and so do I see it. It can't be done. Positively, I'm stuck fast already," said Mrs. Boss, "and tighter lacing would be of no use, bless you."
"I suppose it wouldn't," returned Mrs. Merry-

"Not a bit of it," said the nurse. "You may as well ask me to creep through a key-hole, as to get up and down these stairs half-a-dozen times a-day

- "Well, I must wait upon you—you shan't have to leave the room," said Mrs. Merrythought, who always did her best to diminish difficulties.
- "Is the room a large one?" gasped Mrs. Boss.
 "Not a very large one," replied Mrs. Merrythought,
- faltering.
 "It's small,—isn't it? don't deceive me," said the nurse, anxiously.

"Well, it is smallish," answered her friend.

"I never can,—It's of no use," said Mrs. Boss. "I

never can,—It's of no use," said Mrs. Boss. "I want air. I must have air, or perish,—its my nature." "But you must come up," said Mrs. Merrythought, "now you are got so far. You can't turn upon the stairs, and you can't go down backwards. You must come up, if it's only to turn in the room and go down again."

The good, unwieldy woman seemed struck with this surgestion, and applied herself anew to the task of mounting. Once in the room, and recovered in some measure, she turned her eyes upon the little wife she

had come to tend.
"Pretty lamb," she said, compassionately, to Mrs.
Merrythought, "and is it her first? Deary me, what a many ladies I have nursed, whose first it was, and hoped to be the last; and I said,—No, please God; for Scripture says, they shall be like olive-branches round about your table."

"You won't go home again,-promise you won't." said Mrs. Merrythought, who saw that with the increased facility of breathing, she was waxing into the

best of humours.

Mrs. Boss did not reply, but set herself to survey the room, the walls of which she swept with her eyes, and rested her gaze upon the window.

It was a very small window. If wishing could have made it larger, Mrs. Merrythought would have had it as

big as a shop-front.
"You can try how you feel for one night, at least, nurse," she said.

"Don't leave me, please don't," said Emma Harding, "I see you are kind and good, and you shall be made

as comfortable as possible.

"And I won't leave you, my pretty dear, said Mrs. Boss; "make up your mind to that. As, many a time, the doctor has said to me,—Boss, you're worth your weight in gold.—which it's not for me to say that I am; but I won't leave you, my lamb, till you can go strong about the house.

The doctor, who had been talking with Harding be-low-stairs, now came in. Harding remained in Mrs. Merrythought's room, surrounded by an army of children, and took a cup of tea and a mutton chop with her husband, who, being the father of eight, did his best to entertain his fellow-lodger, whom he now met for the first time.

"A man," he said, "is naturally pulled down at these times. I was, myself, with all my eight. Jack, you dog, let the cat alone (this, parenthetically, to the third, who was always a graceless urchin with a cat.) Tom, if you suck your thumb, I'll put you to bed,—(this to the seventh). You know, Mr. Harding,

a man that can feel at all, must feel on such occasions.

What do you say to a pipe?"
"Thank'ye," returned Harding, "I'll smoke one."
"I think," remarked Merrythought, reaching his tobacco, "that of all animals,—and they tell us that man is an animal,—we are the most dependent. There's my Joe, there, the eldest,—he's twelve years old, and not able to help himself yet, and won't properly these four or five years." Joseph Merrythought hung down his head, as if his helplesaness were a crime. "But, there, for that matter," his father added, "if you come to philosophy, I don't know where you may end. That philosophy bothers me, Mr. Harding."
"Yes, very likely," said Harding, who was not

much interested.

"Oh, but it does, though," proceeded Merrythought, who wished to consider himself contradicted. shall we account for a whale's not being a fish, eh? And yet, they tell us, it isn't one. Now, can you answer that?

"I can't, indeed," replied Harding, who was disin-

clined to talk.

"If we come to philosophy, we had need light two candles, for we shan't see with one, I can tell you. I have dipped into these things, I have. Have you

been much of a reader, Mr. Harding?"
"Yes,—pretty well—tolerable," ya "Yes,—pretty well—tolerable," yawned poor William, who was getting sadly tired of his host's conver-

But he had to endure it for an hour longer, at the ex-

piration of which period Mrs. Merrythought ran into th, room, and bade him bless his stars, for it was all over and the girl-a girl it was-was such a little love. The young father hurried off to see his baby, and then bethought himself of getting a bed out.

After deducting recent expenses, and redeeming his own and wife's garments from the pawnbroker's, Harding found himself, in a month's time, possessed of thirty-eight pounds, With thirty-eight pounds, you may go, on seven hundred and sixty occasions, to the pit of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and see Shakspeare played from the restored text. If you have only thirtyeight pounds in the world, I don't think that would be the best way of spending it. Harding proposed twenty schemes for profitably investing that very moderate sum, but he could not satisfy himself with any one of them. He at last determined to advertise in the newspapers for an engagement as a Classical Tutor; and while awaiting the result, to fall back upon his fortune.

Accordingly, the readers of the Times were one morning informed that a gentleman, thoroughly competent to instruct in the advanced classics, and conversant with the higher mathematics, was open to an engagement. The next day, Harding, calling at the library to which, as signified in the advertisement, letters were to be addressed, found a letter, which, upon perusal, he pronounced to be satisfactory. He was yet more satisfied, when he visited the writer on the following morning, and was engaged as an instructor in the Classics, without preamble or delay. The party with whom he treated was a youth of nineteen or thereabouts, who announced himself as his own master, and independent of all control

"I am an aspirant, Mr. Harding," he said. "I have not been badly educated, but I want finishing off. I think you are just the person I want. Don't think me rude, if at this early stage of our acquaintance. I ask you what your politics are, and what are your views of

humanity?

Harding did not immediately reply, for he was purzled. There was about this youth, who proclaimed himself independent of all authority, such a coolness of procedure,—such an assumption of superiority, which, while it did not offend him-it was too delicate and refined for that,—took him greatly aback when he looked at the other's beardless face.

"I am liberal in my opinions," he said, presently, "but I never speak of my politics where they are not

agreeable."

"You are liberal in your opinions," returned the youth. "Then we are friends, I am a Radical, and something more, Mr. Harding."

Harding replied that he was glad;—he did not know

what to say.
"I write," proceeded the youth.
"Indeed," remarked Harding.

"And publish," the other rejoined, "under the signature of Philo-Junius."

-I am not familiar with your-

"With my writings. I suppose not. They appear in a penny weekly publication, called, 'The Startler.' It isn't much, but it possesses a merit, as being the herald of the People's Press. Startling publications will appear in scores by-and-bye. We have no People's Newspaper yet;—we shall, hereafter, have one. There may be a hard struggle to establish it, but it will come, and it will utter stern truths."

Harding had been distressed for the bread that is so difficult to get, and his young wife had hungered for it. and they had known much sorrow. He had almost denied principles, and forsaken honesty in his trials. He had confessed to his father, that honesty was good. while it could be adhered to, but must be parted with on an emergency. In the presence of this young enthusiast he felt shame and contrition. Boldero.—for such was the youth's name, only needed encouragement to enter, at length, into his views of the future. The tutor and the pupil had much rich discourse that day, and at parting, they believed each other's destination to be that of a glorious Reformer. One had been twenty-two years in the world, and the other, nineteen, and they believed in the perfectibility of human nature. Fools!

Which was to be the pupil, and which the tutor?

(To be continued.)

EMERSON AND HIS WRITINGS.

BY GOODWYN BARMRY.

OF Emerson, as a writer, in the first place, and secondly of his writings in themselves, a few words may not be inappropriate, on the occasion of his present visit to England. His thoughts on paper have already brought some new life to our old country. His spoken words are listened for by ears which hope to hear another melodious note from out the harmony of the spheres.

Most American is Emerson. More than Washington Irving, more than N. P. Willis, more than Fennimore Cooper. His literature is the elevation of Yankeeism. Mont Blanc may be very fine, but there is Niagara. Parisian dandyism may hail its Voltaire, but the Kentuckian backwoodsman is a man. Better hominy and God's bright sun overhead, than fricassee and the drawing-room chandelier. Thus, with all his universalisms, Emerson is a patriot. He has not only house-hold gods, but national gods. The genius of a new country inspires him. He claims place for its cities, its customs, its familiar words, in the vocabulary of the nations. It is Paris and Constantinople, and London, and New York. It is Stonehenge and the Ohio circles. It is Magian, Brahmin, Druid, and Inca. He finds certain things true in Concord, whatever they may be in Cornwall or Bretagne. There is thunder in Chatham's voice, but America in Adams's eye. There is a Salem hanging of witches, and animal magnetism, in Paris or in Providence. He ever wars with Anglo and Italomania; Massachusets, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay are never such paltry places as John Bull thinks. The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread. Did not the new world clothe the form of Columbus with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Thus is Emerson most American. Not the worse, though, is he for that. The Far-West has its forest voices which it is well to hear. We may behold the Alps, and at the same time the Blue Mountains. Emerson wishes no other than this. He would not have us confined to Maine, although he would let us know that Greece and Rome are not altogether European.

The names of Emerson and Carlyle are everywhere associated together. Carlyle first introduced Emerson to England. As writers they are both bold thinkers, and possess original styles. In this there is friendly relation, and in that sympathetic respect. Otherwise there is striking difference between them. Carlyle is picturesque—Emerson is statuesque. Carlyle is dramatic—Emerson soliloquises. Carlyle is bizarre—Emerson is unique. Carlyle's page is full of action, scene, costume. He sees into the philosophy of clothes, but he does not stand alone, and naked. As the poet used to perform a part in his own plays, so is he one amid the groups of his painting. He is in a studio, surrounded with the likenesses of heroes, not alone with

God. He comprehends the messianic more than the divine. Emerson, on the contrary, is like the Grock Apollo—non-multitudinous. In effulgent loneliness he passes on his luminous track, through stars innumerable, looking with the most solitary eye of glory from his zenith down upon the earth. His is a Grock Muse, playing upon a lyre. calm and pure as Parian marble. Carlyle has all the characteristics of a picture—its colouring, its grouping, its moving life, its drama. Emerson has all the characteristics of a statue—its purity, its simplicity, its repose, its monologue. Carlyle's is the romantic drama, tragic and comic. Emerson, when he approaches the dramatic, follows the classic type, with its unities—its chorus.

The style of Carlyle has been objected to as being bizarre and affected. There is, without doubt, some truth in the charge, although there are times when we trace from Carlyle's pen the wild grand touches of Salvator Rosa—meteoric flashes—sulphureous flames, and every now and then the little bit of blue amid the clouds of the sky. In Emerson's style, however, there is an even grace, a nice proportion, a just harmony, a purity, a chastity. In his bold affirmations of virtue, it resembles the iron, close-welded sentences of Seneca and the stoics. In his prophetic utterances, he assimilates the wondrous mystic tongue of Plotinus and the later Platonists. Now and then he approaches, at a humble distance, the beautiful, child-like, simple speech of Jesus of Nazareth. Throughout there is in Emerson's style something of "the large utterance of the older gods." Round, and mostly clear, his sentences fall upon the desert of the mind, like rain-drops from the sky upon the thirsty earth,

On the tendency of Rmersen's writings, a few words. They are now stoical, now mystic, now Christian. close observer will soon see, nevertheless, a oneness of design throughout. This design is, in plain words. indesign throughout. This design is, in plain words, in-dividual culture—self improvement. We believe this is the first sign of reform, but we ever want it verified by the second, social work—societary rectification. It seems Emerson slights this. We think wrongly. "By their fruits shall ye know them," not only personally, but socially. Your Hindoo diet may be well, but in giving up beefsteaks, do not relinquish brotherly kindness. Subscribe if you will to prevent eruelty to animals, but assist me also in lightening the taxes. Enter into the sanctum sanctorum of mystic reverie, and attend to your sabbaths, but do not forget practical policy, and that there are working days in the divine economy. Emerson, as a Pantheist, should know this. Emerson's idea of Nature is Pantheistic-not the simple, devout, Pantheism of Jesus-not the negative hard Pantheism of Spinoza, nor the artistic Pantheism of Schelling, but the Pantheism of Emerson. We have not space here to treat this subject as it ought to be treated. We may merely say that on this head there is a confusion in Emerson's writings which does not obtain in his heroic trumpet-blasts, in his stoical aphorisms, or even in his mystic improvisations. His Panthe same appears to confuse the individual and the universal. He seems to mistake the general for the universal. He does not categorize. He mistakes melody for harmony. He masses in one indiscriminate heap thrones and dominions, and principalities and powers, things, past, present, and to come. He does not understand the law of the series—the tribes of Israel. derstand the law of the series—the tribes of Israel. History to him is biography. His aristocracy and hierarchy are without gradation. Society with him is without dates. Persons are fused together, composing a formless whole. God's special commissioners are vastly mingled with the mission of mankind generally. The impression is identity, which is contrary to nature. It is Solomon, Alcibiades, and Cataline. It is Cæsar, Plato, Christ, and Shakspere. In all this there is at least confusion. It is at best a misty sky—not a heaven of stars and suns—there the north star—there Orion and the Pleiades, and there the milky way.

Passing over this to Emerson's more practical ten-dencies, we find his recommendations of self-improvement resolving themselves into precepts of isolation, individual culture, temperance, heroism. Keep at home, says he, with the soul. Gad not abroad. Travelling is not wisdom. Look into thyself. There is Rome and Greece, Homer and Hesiod, Virgil and Lucretius, Demosthenes and Cicero, Cæsar and Alcibiades. Develope thyself. Thence all arts, all sciences, all graces, all amenities—religion, politics, and domestic order. Be temperate. The temperate man is Health, is Independence. He commands the fates, and by fasting feasts with the gods. Be a hero. Steel the soul against all its enemies. Arm thyself for battle with the world. Draw the sword of the spirit. Whatever a hero has done thou mayst do; more even, for who can circumscribe the illimitable?—Such is the sum of Emerson's What has been their effect upon his precepts. readers? We hesitate not to say, some good, some bad—wine and lees—corn and chaff. They have caused much thought, much remark and dissension in society. There is a progressive tendency throughout them. Falling upon the humble soul, the good ground, they have strengthened it, invigorated it with bracing breezes, nerved it as with a bath. Falling elsewhere, self-conceit has adopted the name of individual development; intellectual selfishness has called itself self-culture. Waiting for the genesis of the heroic in himculture. Waiting for the genesis of the heroic in him-self, the Emersonian has neglected assisting and acknowledging the manifest heroic in others. Looking inward, his eyes have been otherwise blind. Looking inward, Looking inward, there was nothing or little, but to him it was something or a great deal. An Emersonian is not an Emerson. Emersonianism is the Quakerism of free thought—each has the spirit. Each undoubtedly has, but there is much self-delusion as to the true spirit. There is a good individuality and a bad individuality. Be good in thyself, but also let me see thy good among others. The silent agony in the garden is well, but so also is Christ among the people. When thou prayest, shut the door; but Jesus likewise revealed a social prayer—"Our Father." Go up to the mountain, but expound also in the synagogue. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, but call in the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, to the supper. There is a certain slight in Emerson, however, to the social work. The contemplation in solitude and the activity in the crowd are nevertheless both parts in man's mission. There is a mountain on which we can retire, and there is a sea on whose waves we must ride our barque. Solitude is well, and society is well. Upon the mountaintop let us strengthen ourselves by contemplation, by self-culture and examination, that on the ocean of agitation we may guide our barque to the right port. The waves of agitation and the meditative mountains have both their call. No dogma can rightly bind us down to either alone.

> Two voices are there—one is of the sea, One of the mountains—each a mighty voice, In both from age to age thou didst rejoice; They were thy chosen music—Liberty!

Grace, however, to Emerson! Grace to him for his bravery! Well has Carlyle called him—"that brave Emerson!" Never has he feared to be in the glorious minority of one. Truer is his practice than his precept. Now humming his song alone in his cottage at Concord, and then at Boston or London repeating the strain to the world. I have seen a star in the skies, which has rapt my gaze in a mystic mood, wandering, and my eyes

following it. It has not been the loved planet upon which I dwelt, but I could not but admire its golden globe—its crown of rays. Like that star is Emerson to me.

THE RECORD OF THE AGES.

By EDWARD Youl.

I question of the Ages,
And peruse the pages—
The pages of the volume that they open to my eye:
The scribe, with blood inditing,
Has set down in writing
The record of the Past, and all its history.

O not in hieroglyphic,
This catalogue terrific
Of heinous human crimes, is spread unto my ken;
O not in phrase oracular,
But in the child's vernacular,
The scribe hath writ the chronicles of the ancestral

A bell in an old grey tower, Rings wearily forth its chimes; And this is their constant burden, Alas, for the good old times!

My blood seems like a rushing
Of many waters gushing
In a chafed and surging stream, that has overflown its
banks;
My hair with awe arises,
As when a foe surprises

A band of sleeping soldiers, they bristle to their ranks.

Why blood was shed like water;
The carth was red with slaughter,
And men were hanged by twenties and by fifties in a
day.
The priests, for their religion,

Went through a smiling region,
And hacked and hewed, and burned and sacked, and
then knelt down to pray.

With consecrated sabres
They slew men at their labours;
With hallowed red hot pincers they tore human flesh
from bone;
With rack and wheel and pulley,
Each cowled and reverend bully
Enforced a creed as Christian, which was not Christ's,
but his own.

He gave the word, they told men,—
These insolent, these bold men,
These clerical assassins, these mitred murderers,—
They said that God commanded
The sword of the red-handed
To slay the human mother, and the children that were
hers.

The bell in the old grey tower
Rings wearily forth its chimes;
And this is their constant burden,
Alas, for the good old times!

And Kings, with usurpation, Came down upon a nation,

And said that God's anointed had privilege to kill: Thus they made God their patron,

And so they slew the matron,

And the child, and the meek virgin, and they said it was His will.

> They trampled on the spirit, They frowned upon all merit,

And when a great good man arose, they bore him to his death;

But like true men and zealous,

For their religion jealous,
They told their beads, and did these deeds, and did both in a breath.

For intellect and knowledge, Except in monkish college,

They had the stocks and dungeon, the torture and the stake:

The Baron had his castle,

The poor man was his vassal, And some pleasant little liberties the Baron used to take.

A little mutilation

Made vassals know their station,
And the Baron,—why he did it—yes, he did it, for their good:

Their wrongs-they dared not urge them-He could brand them-he could scourge them, He owned their thews and sinews, he owned their flesh and blood.

He could hang them if it pleased him, And he hung them when they teased him; He could seize their goods at pleasure, and they had no redress

The wrongs that he committed Were sanctioned and permitted By the law;—the poor submitted, dismayed and spirit-less.

Their souls were his possession; They truckled to oppression;

What use was in resistance? He was strong, and they were weak.

An eye out, or an car off, Were evils to beware of :

So the rich were proud and haughty, and the poor were mild and meek.

Poor men,—I write for poor men,—May very well be sure, then, That monarchs, priests, and barons had red hands dyed with crime;

The scribe of the past ages Records, in blood-stained pages, Atrocities, which man has sworn shall stain no future

> The bell in the old grey tower Tolls wearily forth its chimes: And this is their constant burden, Alas, for the good old times!

Literary Notices.

The Miller of Angibault. Translated from the French of George Sand by the Rev. Edmund Larken, M.A., Rector of Burton-by-Lincoln, etc. London: Churton, Holles-street.

THE Miller of Angibault, in two parts, forms the ninth

and tenth parts of the works of George Sand, translated by Miss Hayes. This work comes forth with the singular fact on its title-page of being translated by a clergy-man of the Church of England. Surely Miss Hayes could require no better testimony of the propriety of her un-dertaking, or the public any better guarantee of it. And, in truth, as conducted by Miss Hayes, the issue of works by this celebrated French writer to the public has been calculated to convey much pleasure and no mischief. We could not desire a safer guide through the perils of French literature, In the present instance, the Miller of Angibault is a work to which no clergyman need blush to set his name. It is one of the plea-santest of the productions of Madame Dudcvant, though not one of her most elaborate ones. It has her constant characteristic of finding heroes in humble life, and the improbability of ladies of rank resigning station and fortune for such heroes.

Madame Dudevant writes as she would have things be, not as they are. At the same time, she never fails to introduce us to new scenes and new characters. The present work cannot be read without the deepest in-

PARLOUR LIBRARY. Part IV. Consuelo. Second Notice.

The publishers of the Parlour Library appear to be particularly uneasy under some remarks of ours on their introduction of George Sand's writings into their series in competition with Miss Hayes, and particularly Consuelo. It is carrying the matter somewhat too far to draw us into a correspondence on the subject, and then to send a copy of this correspondence round to the press to take their opinion on it. The answer which we have seen in one quarter reminds us of King James I. asking the two bishops whether he might not take his people's money without a parliament. As Bishop Neal said he might, Bishop Andrew, on being questioned, replied that certainly his Majesty might take brother Neal's money, as he had his permission. So, if the critics approve of Messrs. Sims and Macintyre attempting to swamp Miss Hayes's translations of George Sand's works by a cheaper introduction of American translations, these gentlemen will certainly have a good right to swamp any translations by these critics that they can. Our opinion of the matter remains exactly as it did, and would remain the same in opposition to all critics that ever wrote. Fair play is a jewel. It is not the question whether anybody has a right to translate from any foreign author that he pleases. It is simply the question, whether when an individual, and especially a lady, undertakes a task that no one else dare undertake, does it at her own risk, both of pocket and reputation too,—whether, we say, there should not be a feeling of delicacy, of honour, not to say of gallantry, in publishers to stand out of her way, and not endeavour, as soon as the danger seems past, to snatch away her wellearned advantage by means of a poor competition of low price.

That was the question with us; and the publishers of the Parlour Library assigned two reasons in their own defence, which we promised to give them the advantage of the next time that we came on a work of George Sand in their series. The first was, that they had announced translations of George Sand before Miss Hayes's translations appeared. There they should have made their stand. That reason was quite legitimate and quite sufficient. It made our remarks fall short of them. But then came a second reason—"It was not, as we had supposed, an American translation, picked up for nothing. They had paid a lady for altering it. It was almost re-written."

So! a lady had been paid to alter another person's translation, without his consent? What right is there, then, for such a transaction? Are publishers to seize on, mangle, and dismember the works of American authors at pleasure? An author has a keen feeling of the sanctity and integrity of his work, and if we treat American authors thus, never let us complain of the treatment of ourselves by American publishers. Accordingly we have received the following letter from the author of this translation of "Consuelo:"—

This report, published by the committee, consisting of a number of the Aldermen and Councillors of the bo-

Boston, U. S. 12th Oct., 1847.

To the Editors of Howitt's Journal.

SIR AND MADAM, --- I beg to draw your attention to a matter of great interest to myself. I refer to the translation of "Consuelo" noticed in the September part of "Howitt's Journal."

It is true that a portion of that translation has been copied from my own, in some cases literally, in others with alterations; but on this particular point I have no remarks to make at present. I would wish, however, to call your atten-tion to the fact that the "Consuelo" published in London is not George Sand's "Consuelo." The omissions and alterations in those parts of the book which I have examined, are so numerous and so extensive as to render it very different from her production. I forbear to characterise the act which knowingly imposes upon the public a curtailed copy of a correct transla-tion. The terms employed by yourselves in noticing the publication of "Marie," may, in my opiniou, be applied with the same justice, and greater severity, to this transaction. The injustice to the author is much greater.

I take the liberty of forwarding to you by this steamer a copy of my translation of "Consuclo," and "The Counters of Rudolstadt," that, if time and inclination serve, and you have no original by you, you may verify my assertions. I hope that you will be induced to make the facts in this case known to your reading public, in justice to the author, while my own feelings as one who endeavours to be a faithful and correct translator, will be gratified in having it understood that the London edition is not a copy of my translation, although this has been copiously made use of in its preparation.

I remain, Sir and Madam. Respectfully yours,

FRANCIS GRORGE SHAW.

We will only further observe, that we regret that a sense of literary justice should have demanded from us the remarks we have made concerning this issue of "Consuelo;" because, in all other respects and instances, we regard the Parlour Library as not only one of the cheapest, but the most popular series of the time, and calculated to enable the working classes in particular to possess themselves of a great number of standard and elevating works. We wish it, as a series, all success.

Life of Heinrich Stilling: Abridged by John Wright. from the Original Translation by Samuel Jackson. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This is a very neat pocket edition of one of the most interesting books ever introduced to the notice of the English public. It is abridged with great skill, prebright public. It is abridged with great skin, pre-serving all the most striking details of the author's life, especially of those early portions which are so full of the true German village existence. Nothing can be more faithful to the features and spirit of that existence than the life of Stilling. We rejoice that the book is thus brought within the reach of all classes of readers, for by none can it be perused without delight and benefit. It opens up a new world to the reader of it for the first time, which, while it has all the charm of a work of purest fiction, is yet a true world, and one

existing at this day. To us, who have seen that world and its life, it brings back many delightful remembrances.

REPORT ON THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE BOROUGH OF SHEFFIELD.

rough, is one of the most convincing proofs possible of the necessity of a general sanitary inquiry and reform. The unwholesome condition of many parts of the town from want of proper drainage, proper family conveniences, and a good supply of water, makes us wonder how such things could so long have escaped attention. No town is better situated than Sheffield for florough drainage and water, yet no town would appear to be worse off in these respects. The state of our towns is equally destructive of health and morals.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROSE ALLEN. Edited by a Lady. London: Longman & Co.

A very interesting story. The friend's family in it is certainly sketched from the life. We would recom-mend the volume to all ladies who furnish a kitchen library. It will be good for both servants and mis-tresses to read. The latter may take a profitable lesson from it on the treatment of their servants.

THE HEIRESS: A Tale. By W. C. Eaton. London. Groombridge and Sons.

This poem, in three cantos, is evidently formed on the model of Byron's Corsair. Nevertheless, it displays no mean poetic powers; and if the author, as he intimates, be a poor man, it does him great credit.

THE FLOWERS OF IRISH MELODY. A Selection of Popular Irish Songs; the music by eminent composers. Arranged for the Voice, Flute, and Violin. Belfast, Henderson.

To all who are fond of Irish songs, this is a perfect treasure in a small compass, got up very much in the manner of the song books of the German students

SHAKSPERE.

Bard of the Passions! whose great art did weave Garlands of fadeless beauty on thy page That wondering admiration will engage Long as a pulse the human breast shall heave! This simple leaf into thy wreath receive Fresh laurelled favourite of each coming age! Grand thought! that unborn millions round the stage

Shall at thy life-warm language smile or grieve. Though Death's cold finger long has made thine ear

Indifferent to voice of praise or blame, Yet still, Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Create emotions plauditing thy name! How dwarfed do kings and warriors appear, Standing beside thee, 'neath the dome of Fame!

H. F. LOTT.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

by Miss Griffiths, October 29th.—Lynn, Mass. Oct. 13th, 1847.
—Kind Friend—Please accept my warmest and sincerest thanks, and extend the same to the many kind friends who cooperated with you in presenting to me the most excellent and valuable collection of books, pamphlets, tracts, and pictures, which, through your own persevering industry, have just come to hand.

Words are too weak and insipid to express the depth or intensity of my gratitude for this valuable and appropriate tes-I am as well pleased with the manner as the matter of your noble present. Free from all embarrassing compacts and agreements, it comes the free gift of free and confiding hearts. Such a gift, in my estimation, outweighs millions, all girt about with provisions, importing a bargain. If it he more blessed to give than to receive, you have your reward, and it must be great to exceed mine.

You will the more readily understand my pleasure at receiving such a gift, when I tell you that but a few years ago, the fingers now penning this note of thanks, were used in fishing from the muddy street gutters in Baltimore, scattered pages of the Bible, that I might learn its precious contents. Had any one given me a Testimonial then, I should have felt myself blest, indeed. What a contrast is my present with my former condition? Then a slave, now a free man; then degraded, now respected; then ignorant, despised, neglected, unknown, and unfriended, my name unheard of beyond the narrow limits of a republican slave plantation; now, my friends and benefactors, people of both hemispheres, to heaven the praise belongs !

Again, dear Friend, accept my thanks, and in a very especial manner extend them to William and Mary Howitt, Serjeant Talfourd, Dr. Bowring, Mr. Gilpin, to Messrs. Chambers, and others, who kindly contributed to assist you in making me this valuable present. With my best thanks, also, receive my hum-ble assurance that the cause on behalf of which you have become interested in my welfare, shall never be deserted nor betrayed by me.

With sincere gratitude, I am very respectfully, yours,

F. DOUGLASS

A BOOK SOCIETY IN ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S DOCK-VARDS. Sir, -- As a pleasing evidence of the signs of the times, I beg to inform you that a Book Club is formed among some of the labourers (carning only 12s. per week), working in one of her Majesty's Dock-yards. Thirty or forty of these humble individuals, who believe books to be better than beer, club together, each his penny, and thereby purchase, weekly, one or two respectable volumes of standard literature. Hoping this notice may inspire others to follow so good an example, is the earnest desire of yours, truly,

BENEFIT SOCIETIES INVESTING THEIR FUNDS IN LOAN SOCI-TIES .-- It is not legal, but if the individual writing to us on the subject wishes for a fuller answer, he must send his address to us. We have not room to answer correspondents in the Journal.

PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY, 96, St. MARTINS'S LANE. first meeting of this society for the Sessions, was held on Thursday, October 28th. This Society is established to afford young gentlemen an opportunity of practice in Parliamentary debate, and Parliamentary forms are used, The attendance was respectable, and amongst the company were some ladics. The subject of debate was national education, but from the report furnished us, we cannot say that the youthful speakers advanced to the needs and the true spirit of the age. Young men must look forward, or they will lag behind the time. The people are awake, and those who mean to lead must be awake too. In the new House of Parliament, cobwebs must not be allowed to accumulate.

DESULTORY HINTS ON THE GENERAL ECONOMY OF A FAMILY .-

COPY OR A LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS (received Our observation convinces us that much of the distress of the poor, and middle classes of our population, arises from ignorance of the practice of economy in its best sense. We do not mean that sordid. niggardly, begrudging style of living which is worse than death; that close, mean, false economy, which starves a family for a month, in order that a grand display may be made at the end of it, for the eyes of others. A liberal economy is the reverse of this; it consists in adapting our expenditure to our means; in making the most of our appliances; in the prevention of waste; while, by that very prevention, we are enabled to afford a satisfactory outlay, which else would be unbecoming our station in life.

To permit the waste of food by children and servants, is an egregious error in itself, a wrong to ourselves, and a wicked evil to those who, being dependent on us for example, are rent spheres. It is no excuse that the waste of the nursery and the kitchen is given to the poor; this is the worst kind of charity; for it allows those who require instruction to commit a fault; it lessens the value of our donation, because those who receive the bits and scraps, know that we give that which is useless to ourselves; and it raises rather their ire than their thankfulness that they are put on a par with hungry curs.

The prevailing extravagance of families is as various as the dispositions of individuals. In some, dress is the source of extravagant outlay; in others, the pleasures of the table, etc. etc. And too many heads of establishments are reckless throughout. Wo to the children of such parents!

Our remarks are, of course, confined to those persons only who are liable to be placed in circumstances of distress, by

neglecting obvious duties of economical management in their establishments, and who, feeling their inadequacy to arrest the growing evils of unthriftiness, are willing to receive aid in their praiseworthy efforts to acquire habits of economy. The results of practical experience are worth all theories. Indolence and ostentation have no small share in the waste, and improvident expenditure.

When persons, for example, think they find it desirable to keep an extra servant, they are apt to calculate, as an additional outlay, that servant's wages, only; alas! how small an item in the arrangement. Then, too, after the necessity--so called---for adding another domestic---say a nursery-maid--has ceased, (the child or children no longer requiring close attendance), how frequently indolence or ostentation, and sometimes both, conspire to prevent her removal, although the very increase of expenditure caused by the birth and education of that child or children have already entailed considerable

outlay,
We have a theory,nay, let us use a better, because a more truthful, expression, --- we have had practical experience, that however closely we may calculate apparent expenses, in adding one servant to our establishment, we ought to reckon on the our-goings that would be caused by two.

We believe that the present mode of educating our daughters in the middle classes of society, is the main cause of defect in our wives. This is not intended as an easay on education; but we would ask a question which must startle, and induce a little healthy thought among other fathers of families,---whether an expensive modern education, of show, glitter, elegant accomplishments, drawing-room manners, recherche dress, fancy work, and all the other useless ways of occupying the hands and head of a future eareful mistress of a family, who may be beginning the world upon a small capital (perhaps no capital at all, but borrowed money!) whether this erroneous system of education, we repeat, can by any possibility enable our daughters to become useful wives and exemplary mothers?

In the management of servants there are wide-spreading errors. Too frequently they are allowed so much power that we are their slaves; they hire us, we scarcely hire them. England will rue her incongruous servility to and oppression of the poor; she is fostering a spirit of pride and self-consequence among a portion of her peasantry (that is, domestic servants) at the same time that she is persecuting the sons of the soil by the operation of iniquitous Game Laws. Verily John Bull is one of the weakest and most inconsistent of created beings! Equality never did and never can exist. There always will be people to pay, and persons to be paid; this is self-evident. It is for us, then, to assert and maintain our supremacy over those who, by the force of circumstances, are to receive remuneration for their services; and this superiority ought to exait our own natures, so that our conduct towards them should be one consistent whole of considerate, kind, firm, and just treatment. Our very education, if nothing more, ought to elevate us, and convince them that we are their superiors in the best acceptation of the term. Unanimity alone on the part of employers can bring the relative positions of master and servant to a natural and proper standing.

Who that knows the waste, extravagance, and insolence of a servants' hall but must dread to receive one of a great man's retainers as a domestio in a well-ordered household in the middle ranks? Indeed, it is a good rule never to engage servants who have resided in a family of superior station to our own. They have too probably become initiated in the peculations so easily carried on, and which it is so well known exist in the kitchens of the opulent. Vails and perquisites, particularly the latter, are evils of great magnitude; the former are bribes, and perquisites are incentives to theft, which few, excepting persons of high principle, can resist. It is advisable, therefore, to abjure all domestics who are not prepared to suit their habits to those of their employers.

It must not be supposed for a moment that we could tolerate a system of oppression towards those who by the force of circumstances are placed in dependence upon our will. The very contrary is our own feeling; and no class of persons in the community is more the objects of our commiscration than the generality of those unfortunate domestic slaves, servants of allwork. Want of consistency, justice, and mercy, is the fault to be deplored in those to whom power is given for good or for evil.

It is essential to the well-doing of a family, whether that of a farmer, a shopkeeper, or of a man retired upon a moderate competence, that the mistress of the establishment should overlook the domestic arrangements. It is surprising how much may be either saved by her superintendence, or squandered if this duty be neglected.

With common prudence and care, there ought to be no hogwash, in which bread and meat are nearly sufficient to feed a whole family; and this we know to be a fact. To suffer such an improper distribution of food is to encourage our dependants in shameless extravagance, waste, and theft; if there be portions of precisions not considered available either for the family or servants, they should in some way be made worth a poor person's acceptance; and not sent forth in filthy baskets, ostensibly for his pigs, but abstracted thence for hungry children.

Improvident persons are not aware of the great advantages to be gained by stewing or digesting bones, before thev are discarded. If there be a yard-dog kept, what so apparently suitable for his provender as the bones from joints of ment? These will, however, amuse him equally well after they have been stewed for human beings; and the health of a dog that is generally chained will be better preserved if his chief food be composed of biscuit boiled with the liquor in which meat and puddings have been cooked. If no other use be made of the stock from digested bones, there are poor families around us to whom, with the addition of a little rice, or peas, it would be most acceptable.

It is a duty to inculcate upon our servants the wickedness of waste. It is a kindness as well as a duty, for they themselves, if reduced from servitude to the needy houses of their pare us, would doubly feel the pinchings of that poverty from which mere adventitious circumstances had enabled them to escape. Such persons should not be permitted to waste food which would feed the hungry, but their employers should set the example of prudence; for how is it to be expected that this is to come from the poor and the ignorant! "Enough is as good as a feest."

COMMITTEE OF CHARITY AND BENEVOLENCE. Paris,....This committee gives to workmen who, in consequence or long illns and unforescen accidents, are reduced to beggary, the means of

resuming their work. The members of the committee buy themselves, the tools, instruments, and other articles, under the inspection of those persons to whom the relief is granted.

COMMITTEE FOR PLACING OUT OF ORPHAMS: This committee places out as apprentices children of both sexes, whom it adopts, and provides for their maintenance. It watches over their conduct with their masters, and takes care that they discharge all their religious duties.

COMMITTEE OF PRISONS: This committee has for its object, let. The collection of information respecting the situation and diet of the prison establishment. 2nd. To secure a gratuitous defence to indigent accused. 3rd. To give lodging and food to the acquitted accused, who require assistance in consequence of a lengthened legal investigation, and to support them until they can procure themselves lucrative employment; also, to watch over and reward the conduct of liberated prisoners.

COMMITTEE FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE AND SLAVERY: This committee is engaged in employing its utmost exertions on the entire suppression of the trade, and changing the condition of the slave into that of the domestic servant.

COMMITTEE OF PEACE: This committee is in communication with the peace societies of foreign countries. It publishes all documents the tendency of which are to refute opinions in favour of war, and to conduce to the maintenance of peace between the nations.

COMMITTEE OF MORAL IMPROVEMENT: This committee is engaged in searching for means of moral improvement. It has opened a correspondence to establish a statistic of morals, and it publishes works intended to spread the principles and practice of Christian morality.

A Word to Young Man.—In this age of progress, when numerous and gigantic strides are being made in a right direction, there are nevertheless some paths in which many joung men are "going a-head" with greater vigour than propriety.

I particularly refer to the rage for "going alone" as early as possible in matters of judgment and conduct, and to throw off with a hot impatience the control of parents, and to disregard the counsel and experience of seniors.

The race of fathers has given way to a generation of "old governors," and mothers are now so much out of date as to be only remembered as "maternal ancestors."

Perhaps it would not be worth while to quibble merely about terms if they were not the expressions of ideas. The epithets above referred to originate in disrespect or indifference, and surely on such subjects both are reprehensible.

It is not a little pleasant to turn from the contemplation of this increasing folly, or vice, to two speeches recently delivered in public by Mr. Spooner, M.P., and Mr. Walter, M.P., in both of which there is a spirit of filial piety which is quite refreshing, and which we should all do well to cultivate, showing by every means in our power that we have no sympathy for those who respect not the guardians of their infant days.

"Honour thy father and thy mother," is a command which cannot be misunderstood, and assuredly must not be disobeyed.

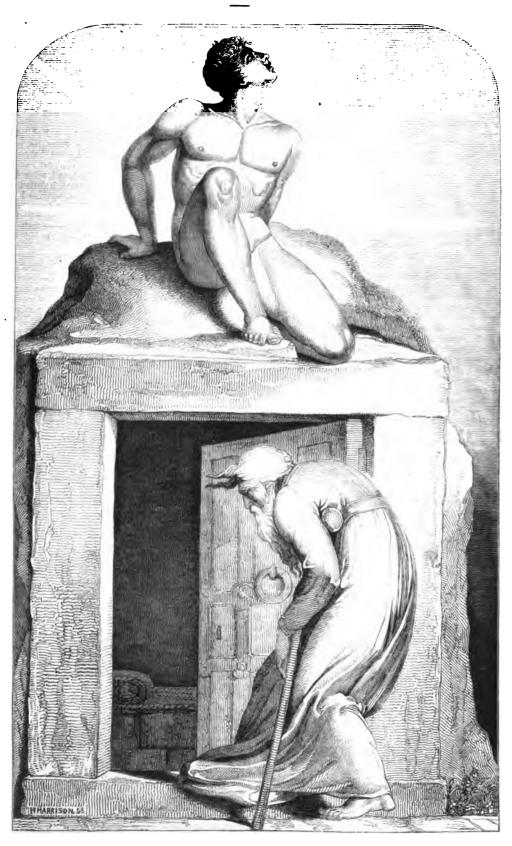
W. BRATHWATE

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Painted for the Proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Paneras, County of Middlescx, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

HOWITT'S JOURNAL.



DEATH'S DOOR.-From a Design by WILLIAM BLAKE.

DEATH'S DOOR.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Ove illustration for this present week is one of the twelve "Inventions," as he called them, by which William Blake illustrated Blair's "Grave." It is the Death of the Good Old Man. The words are these :

> Behold him in the eventide of life. A life well spent, whose early care it was His riper years should not upbraid his green: By unperceived degrees he wears away; Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting. Oh, how he longs

To have his passport signed and be dismissed! 'Tis done ! and now he's happy! the glad soul Has not a wish uncrowned.

A word or two must now be said of William Blake, who, as a poet and artist, was one of the most spiritualminded and original men that ever lived. Of his poetry, we shall take another opportunity of speaking. We now see him as the man and the artist. He was a now see him as the man and the artist. He was a friend of Flaxman and Fuseli, and in many respects his genius was kindred to theirs. By profession he was an engraver, but he was too unworldly to make much money by it. "Were I to love money," he said, "I should lose all power of thought. Desire of gain deadens the genius of man. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing god-like sentiments." Thus his days were devoted to engraving, and his evenings to making designs and paintings, which he illustrated by original poems.

At six-and-twenty he married an excellent young

woman, of humble connections, by name Katharine Boucher, who made him a noble wife. The beginning of their courtship is curious. He was one evening in company, and was describing the wrongs he had suffered from some capricious lady, when she said to him, "From my soul I pity you." "Do you?" said Blake. "Then I love you:" "and I love you," she responded, and so their courtahip commenced.

Blake was a believer in the intercourse of departed

splits with the living, and therefore believed that the spirit of his brother revealed to him the best means of engraving his designs. In this manner he illustrated his "Bongs of Innocence and Experience," his "Gates of Paradise," the "Books of Thel and Urizen," which works are now, not only from their extraordinary power and originality, but from their great scarcity, bought up at high prices. He illustrated Young's light's Thoughts, Blat's Grave, and the Book of Job. This tast, as a whole, is the noblest of his works. It was in subjects of this kind that Blake excelled. The Stand simplicity of the Scriptures was in accordance with his imagination; and he was too devout to attempt more than a literal embodying of the majestic scenes which they portrayed.

Old age came on; and the little popularity that he had enjoyed was leaving him, and in its stead came paid his debts, and continued many and in its stead came boverty; but he was cheerful even in his poverty,—baid his debts, and continued manly and independent to the last. In the year 1828, he was living at No. 3, Fountain-court. Strand. Fountain-court, Strand. He was then seventy-one, and his only home a garret. Let us look at his death-bed scene, which is as simply sublime as any of his own

plctures.
"I glory," said he, "in dying: I have no grief but in leaving you, Katharine; we have lived happy, and we have lived long: we have been ever together, but

we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death? I do not fear it. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands, and I have sought to worship truly in mine own house, when I was not seen of men. He grew weaker and weaker; he could no longer sit upright, and was laid in his bed with no one to watch over him but his wife and she herself was old and feeble.

He had painted a picture which he called "The Ancient of Days," and it was such a favourite with him, that three days before his death he sat bolstered up in his bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it, held it at arms' length, and then, putting it from him. exclaimed, "There, that will do! I cannot mend it."

exclaimed, "There, that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears—she felt that this was to be the last of his works. "Stay, Kate," cried Blake; "keep just as you are; I will draw your portrait. for you have ever been ah anget to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness.

On his death bed, he lay chaunting songs, and the versus and music were both the uniting of the moment. He lattented that he could no longer commit these "inspirations," as he called them, to paper. "Kate," said he, "I am a changing than; I used to rise and write down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose, too, and sate beside me—this can be so no longer." me—this can be so no longer."

He died on the 12th of August, 1828.

William Blake was of low stature and slender make, with a high pallid forehead, and eyes large, dark, and expressive. His temper was quick, and when moved, he spoke with an indignant eloquence which moved, he spoke with an indignant coquence which commanded respect. His voice, in general, was low and musical, his manners gentle and unassuming; his conversation, a singular mixture of knowledge and enthiniasm: his whole life one of labour and privation.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—GAME LAW TACTICS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

No. VI.

THE HUST; OR, THE LANDLORD'S POWER AND THE LANDEGEDS' VENGEANCE.

On went the hunt, and poor old Wagstaff reached his house and gave himself up to despair. Fathers and sons, wives and daughters, of the two devoted amilies were sure that they had nothing to expect but what the fellest hate could dictate. Winter was here; spring was coming, in which they saust quit. And they had to arrange with this fury of a landlord for improve-ments done and the value of crop; on the ground. How ?-

They were soon informed by the steward that no allowance would be made for improvements. Their

allowance would be made for improvements. Interholding was of ancient date, and there were no stipulations on this head. All that they had done, they had
done voluntarily, and must lose it. But the crops?
They must be valued. Yes. The steward would do
that. They refused so flagrant a proposition, and
claimed to appoint their man too, and he with the
steward to decide on an umpire. No—it was refused. and there remained but a lawsuit to settle it. Poor people! A lawsuit with a wealthy landlord, and they

themselves already ruined!

But glaring and revolting as this fact was, the squire did not trust to his purse alone against a British jury. When there are wanted causes of prejudice, they are soon found. Towards spring, a fox-cover of high old gorse took fire near the Wagstaffs, It was one which the squire was known to hold in the highest estimation. It burnt with fury, and carried its flames to a larch plantation, and consumed some acres of fine thriving young timber. It was immediately spread abroad that this was the work of the disaffected families. They were known to be in a state of the bitterest hostility with the squire. They were in hot dispute and deepest discontent regarding the valuation of the crops and the pending suit. There were not wanting fellows -there are plenty on such occasions, and Black Beardal was very ready on this-to say that they had heard the Wagstaffs and the Cordens vow vengeance on

the squire.
"The greatest of all scandals," says Leigh Hunt,
"is that the world is so ready to believe scandal." This charge, made without the slightest foundation, as it came to be well known, for the very purpose of creating a serious prejudice against those doomed families, was accepted by the public with an avidity that was astonishing. Everyone exclaimed—"O dreadful! O the revengeful wretches! O poor Mr. Nimbus!" All the crimes and tyrannies of Nimbus were overlooked, nay, they seemed to be hugged and caressed as virtues, and the full vial of the indignation of the virtuous public was poured on the victims of the most diabolical oppression. A short time showed that the burning of the fox-cover and plantation enabled Nimbus to carry out some changes that he contemplated in his ark, but this told nothing in favour of the Wagstaffs.

They had done it, and the squire made the best of it.

Imagine the situation of these families. The time drew on for quitting their farms. Everyone looked on them with real or affected aversion. They ceased to go to church, for no one would speak to them. They were then declared to be godless and infidels. The health of Mrs. Wagstaff gave way under all this hatred and calamity. The day came when the sale must take place. Farmers and country people flocked from near and far to examine and purchase, and in the midst of all this most comfortless confusion poor old Mrs. Wagstaff was obliged to lie, and the furniture of her room to be excepted.

The house and farm were stripped, except of a few necessaries that they reserved for their accommodation in some other dwelling: and in this melancholy situation, and with the more melancholy prospect of losing Mrs. Wagstaff, they awaited the day of final removal.

Perhaps no days of a more gloomy and depressing nature ever passed over human beings than those. the spot where they had grown up and enjoyed all the brightest seasons and associations of life, they were about to become aliens. They must depart to a day, or they would be intruders. Both farms had been taken long ago. There had been a perfect scramble for them. No one seemed to trouble himself about the character or the tyranny of the landlord, but, on the contrary, far higher rents were offered for them, and were given. These facts made both the Wagstaffs and the Cordens seem to see what desirable places they had sacrificed through their opposition to Nimbus, and to feel more sensibly the blame of the country people. Amongst the young people, however, there was but one opinion, that they had done right; and that it was impossible to have lived under Nimbus with honour; that it was better to make great sacrifices than to remain near him. But old Wagstaff, though he acknowledged that the squire was a dreadful and wilful man, shook his head

at the condition to which they were reduced, and the old miller Corden was querulous and irritable about it. It was all the consequence of boarding-school educa-tion—it was being "too spiritty." Their forefathers had managed to live well enough there—but he did not reflect that their ancestors never had such a landlord to deal with. The ancestors of Nimbus's wife, who had been the proprietors, had always been humble and generous

These things deeply pained the young people, and lay with a heavy weight on the dying Mrs. Wagstaff's mind. Jane and George tended her with the utmost affection. It was all they had now to do, and she would often gaze on them with tears, and wonder what

would become of them when she was gone.

The great embarrassment now was, how in her reduced state they were to take her away. declared that to remove her would be her death, but to ask the incoming tenant, who was eager to take possession with a large family, for time, was useless; it would have been mortal offence to Nimbus. The day of quitting hurried on, and Mrs. Wagstaff lingered be-tween life and death. There wanted now but two days, and go they must, if she died on the road. The son and daughter were in agonies, but Providence removed their perplexity—that night, two days before Ladyday, Mrs. Wagstaff expired.

All now was hurry. Preparations were commenced at once for the funeral. The coffin arrived on the afternoon of the next day, the day when the funeral must take place, for they must be off the premises before twelve o'clock on Lady-day itself. Wretched in the extreme was this funeral. A woman was gone who had lived respected and deserving respect by the neighbours, but no neighbour came to testify that respect by their presence. The terror of the lord of the soil kept all away. The procession set out—it consisted only of the dejected widower, the deceased's son and daughter, and Michael and Betsey Corden. It was a day calculated to add yet deeper sadness to their hearts. Instead of a fine, dry, March day, there was a chill and dreary sleet abroad, and the shades of a dreary evening were falling as they reached the church-yard, where they had to wait for some time the arrival of the clergyman, who was dining at the hall, in the immediate vicinity of which the church stood. The sexton unlocked the gates to let in the procession, but no groups of villagers collected according to wont to witness the solemn scene. There were poor in that village who had many and many a time received food and raiment at the Reeves, and comforting words from the deceased as well as from the living successors; but the ban was on these families, and though these poor might send up a prayer in the secret of their cottages, they dare not appear here. There were only some boys, who, in the dusk of this cold damp evening, thrust their hands into their pockets, and seemed rather waiting to warm themselves by helping to fill in the grave than for anything else. At length the rector came, glowing and rubicund from the wine of the dinner-table, and hastily despatching the ceremony, beckened to George, when he approached to pay the fees, to give them to the clerk, and departing without a word to old neighbours, at whose hospitable table he had many a time been right jovial, he took a short cut to the hall again by slipping over the wall and dropping into the

adjoining shrubbery.

The mourners, with hearts from which all feeling of human comfort and love of life were thoroughly crushed, wounded in their self-respect, feeling themselves hated and despised—abandoned by all the world, and torn up root and branch from every spot and thing that their whole existence had taught them to cherish, withdrew in silence, and the sexton closed and locked

the gate behind him without one final word of farewell. That night the respective families made haste, loaded their few goods, and departed before daylight, leaving a farm-servant to give up the keys to the incomer. Not a soul came to take leave of them; and they departed from the place of their families' long settlement without one token of kindness. Such is the power of the petty rural tyrant over the fortunes, the fears, and even the virtues of the people. Yet—let not human nature be too severely judged-on the neighbouring heath, where no prying eye could well lurk, for all was open, bleak, and dark, as the two carts which carried the goods of the late tenants of Reeves Farm and of the Abbey Mill went slowly on their way, followed by their owners in a spring, covered tax cart, a voice accosted them, and the vehicles making a halt, several dark figures ad-vanced to that containing the fugitives. They were old neighbours, who dared not show what they felt near home, and who might encounter ruin if their present interview were known. It was a melancholy pleasure to the persecuted group to receive at the last moment this evidence that all had not entirely abandoned, or entirely misjudged them. There were tears, prayers, and familiar shakes of the hands in abundance, and the friendly neighbours disappeared in the darkness, and the travellers again went on their way

What became of the Cordens and the Wagstaffs it was long before any one knew. In the autumn of that year, those riots which attended the rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords took place, in which, at Bristol and Nottingham, such extensive burnings were perpertated. At the latter place, the mob which destroyed the castle and attempted, and in part effected, other outrages, were so well organised that they were supposed to be under the guidance of superior minds. They manifested, as such mobs do, a desire to execute justice where they thought it had been neglected by the proper authorities, and vengeance where the offenders against humanity had escaped punishment from their wealth or position. The Duke of Newcastle had incurred their resentment by the profligacy of his political doctrine of "doing what he liked with his own," but it was said that he had shamefully broken faith with a lady, a tenant of the castle, who in consequence had quitted it, and as it lay thus empty, the mob decreed its fall.

Never was there a more magnificent bonfire. The crowd, led on by evidently able leaders, advanced to the work of destruction in admirable order. Having forced their way in at the gates, and broken in the doors of the castle, they proceeded to tear down the cedar wainscotting, and pile it in heaps in each room. They then set fire to it, and rending down the ancient tapestry, they wrapped it around them as robes, and danced in them around their fires. Over the whole town the great building soon cast the splendour of its flames, and the odour of its burning cedar, and amid the darkness of night and the incessant fall of drenching rains, that stupendous blaze arose, and flickered in the thick and vapoury sky, and innumerable sparks rising like a gigantic fiery tree, rose over the blazing fabric, that aloft on its rock displayed its catastrophe to the whole country round for scores of miles.

But still as the whole huge pile appeared one brilliant mass of flame, thousands of spectators saw, as it were, dark figures still dancing on amid intensest fires. Some declared that they were only curling and wavering columns of smoke, others protested that they were exulting flends, but they were men and women intoxicated with the excitement of the scene, who continued to dance till there was no longer any retreat by the staircase, and effected their escape only by issuing from the windows, and descending by the indentures of the quoinstones. We speak of facts derived from the confessions of the parties themselves.

There was a magistrate in that neighbourhood who was said to have committed a capital crime some time before. It was said that the weight of his purse had purchased his exemption from the punishment decreed by the laws. It was said, however, that at the very next assizes, three poor men were hanged for the commission of a crime of the very same kind. The mob vowed to execute the law upon the rich man, who had escaped by his riches. They vowed, also, to march into this distant neighbourhood, and punish Nimbus for the tyrannies which we have here recorded. There were heard voices in the throng which urged these measures, and urged them eloquently. There were seen two young men, of tall figures and commanding features, but stamped with an indelible and, as it were, a mortal melancholy, who marshalled the mob and directed its movements, leading them on their march from one point of attack to another by the charm of simultaneous singing. Who were they? It was said that numbers recognised them, and that they were no other than George Wagstaff and Michael Corden! It was believed that, resolved to take a signal ven-geance on Nimbus for their cruel ruin, they had lain, concealed from every one, watching for an opportunity, than which no greater could offer than this. But their object was first to gratify the mob in their own more immediate objects of vengcance, and then to lead them to the estate of this tyrant. It was said that for this purpose they addressed the assembled tens of thousands on the forest by night, and there worked them into such a pitch of fury by the recital of their sufferings, that they desired to be led away at once to the destruction of Nimbus Hall. But that night the castle was doomed to fall, and the sensation which this occasioned called forth the next day the slumbering powers of both town and country. The mob fled before the military, and Nimbus escaped his doom.

Had no real intelligence of the further fortunes of the Wagstaffs and the Cordens reached their native neighbourhood, this belief would have become a fixed faith. We can well believe that in the breasts of these two young men many a bitter thought brooded and rankled against their oppressor. It is not to be supposed that they could have been so insulted, so injured, so torn up from every place and thing and person that they held dear, so covered with calumny and ruin, without ideas of vengeance kindling in their excited brains, and sentiments of hatred to this tyrant swelling their indignant breasts. But over all these, it will be seen that they triumphed; and though, when Curly Hearson and his fellows were hanged at Nottingham as ringleaders of the rioters, it was said that greater and abler ones had escaped, we can satisfactorily show that

these were not these young men.

When the two fugitive families were crossing the heath, on the night of their departure, they were directing their course to the neighbourhood of a great iron-foundry, in which the Wagstaffs had a relative as the chief clerk. This worthy man, the nephew of old Mr. Wagstaff, and the cousin, therefore, of George and Jane, had sympathised unflinchingly with them in all their troubles, and had offered them a cottage which he had lately purchased, as a temporary abode, till they finally settled themselves. Thither they were bound, but after their friends had parted with them on the heath, they fell into conversation on their future prospects, and George suddenly proposing to leave all their troubles and the law-suits, out of which they would probably gain nothing but further loss, wrong, and aspersion, and go to America; the project was universally assented to, as if the same views had already been occupying each individual mind. They, therefore, stayed only a day with their relative, for a ship being on the point of sailing from Liverpool to New York

they hastened thither, leaving their relative to dispose of their few articles of furniture at his convenience.

This worthy man had it, therefore, in his power to state, that it was impossible for George Wagstaff and Michael Corden to have been at Nottingham at the time of the riots, having proof that they embarked for America within a week of their quitting their farms, and having maintained a correspondence with them ever since, by which their whole history was familiar to him. Enough of this history may be known from a letter which, ten years after their emigration, George Wagstaff wrote to this cousin; for in this letter the writer seemed led by the completion of a term of ten years, to take a review of the past. With this letter our narrative will conclude.

> Corden's Mills, Wagstaff Township, Banks of the Wabash, Indiana, October 1842.

Wabash, Indians, October 1842.

Duar John,—Betsey and I have been talking over with the children about us, the wonderful changes of the last ten years. Yes! ten years! They are gone, and luckily we are here, free, wealthy, happy, and I hope both useful and thankful. But, feeling all this, and the gratitude of it, we could not help thinking a deal of you and your truth and constant loving-kindness, and Betsey said, "Do, George, write to John, and tell him what we feel." So here I am writing; and again I say, what a wonderful change in ten years!

When I look out on the scene that lies before my window, and see this beautiful valley, with the beautiful river running along it, the sloping uplands backed by the distant hills, and all the signs of a busy and happy population, in good houses, mills, and rich cultivation, and reflect that we have here two thousand acres of our own, meadows, pasture, arable and woodland, how can I help looking backward with wonder to the time when we were driven, as it were, with ignominy from the land of our birth! Everything seemed to conspire to drive us out of it. We can now thank God for it, for we believe that it was his work. From the moment that we set foot on these shores, the spell of misfortime seemed to be loosed from our backs; all was open easy, and even inviting, to prosperity. We met, in New York, with an old countryman from Selston, who told us of this property to be sold, and Michael and I came on at once this property to be sold, and Michael and I came on at once with him, and were enraptured at the sight of the spot. Wood, water, fertile fields, and beautiful scenery—what could we desire more? The remnant of our property sufficed to pay for it, and we soon found ourselves as well off as Nimbus himself. Everything has prospered. My Betsey, whose worth I go on every day learning, has given me four dear children. Jane and Michael have six, and are as happy as virtue and plenty can make people. We carry on considerable concerns besides our farms; Michael and I are partners in everything. We have flour-mills and saw-mills; we are both magistrates, and I am, also, colonel of the district militias. We can live without fear of the vengeance of landlords; we can shoot and hunt over a finer range of country than Nimbus ever knew. The old people are all living, and enjoy a hearty old age. The only drawback was that my mother did not live to see her children and grandchildren thus happily located, with scope for a dozen generations of Cordens and Wagstaffs.

Who could submit to farm in England, at the mercy of a haughty landlord, that could here for a very moderate sum se a much larger farm. It does seem to us wonderful how Englishmen endure what they do. A man for a decent how Englishmen endure what they do. A man for a decent farm must first sell his seal politically; he must go up to the hustings, and vote for that which shall degrade and impo-verish him. He must then keep his landlord's game, and sow corn for a rabble of hunters to gallop over; and worst of all, pretend that this galloping does his crops good. Such is the servility which tyranny engenders. When Ii Such is the servility which tyranny engenders. When I have heard farmers asserting that galloping over their wheat was good for it, I have asked them why, then, they did not gallop over it every day themselves! But such questions, even, are cruel, for our own fate was a proof of the sure results of any attempts at independence of action or opinion. Oh, that dark time! There was a day when, if ever Satan threw temptation in a mau's way, he threw it in mine. It was during our last melancholy autumn. My soul was bit-

ter within me from accumulated injuries and insults. Ruin stared me in the face, my enemy was triumphant over me, and the world smiled on him in the midst of his oppression. In this mood I had wandered into Raddig's Park. The damp, tawney leaves lay thick under foot, the many-coloured In this mood I had wandered into Raddig's Park. foliage told of the decaying year. I knew that it was the last year that I or mine should breathe there. While a curse hung on my tongue against the sensual and base man of power—behold I there he lay, sleeping on the heathery ground, wearied, it was evident, with his morning's sporting. He was all alone. There was not even a dog. Pro-bably the keeper had led them home; but there stood his only the reper had led them home; out there soon his gun, remed against a tree. It was close to my hand; it seemed to solicit my grasp. I threw one glance on the sleeping monster; one shot, and who would be the wiser! But one, and his career and his crimes would be at an end. But—it needed only a reflection. The innocence of my own soul was worth to me a thousand vengeances. I turned, and walked calmly away. Never do my thoughts rise up to God, without blessing him for the mercy of that moment. For the strength from heaven, and the light of God's spirit, which had streamed from a mother's heart upon mine. And that mother's treatment—but there again was needed her own holy temper!

Good bye, John; come and finish your days here. When from this peace and amplitude we look over the waters to you, how marvellous does it seem that you like to crowd upon and devour each other in your little aristocratic island, and do not, even while you remain there, attempt to deliver yourselves from the despotism of the Game Laws. For them your gentlemen are brutalised, your farmers are degraded into serfs and sycophants, your keepers are made savages and murderers, and your poor men metamorphosed into poachers are knocked on the head with pocket fialls, are imprisoned, and transported. The most miserable Indian that roams these forests, and brings down with his rife at his pleasure the deer, the turkey, or the prairie hen, would look with scorn on free-born Englishmen who could submit to such ignominy. Good bye, dear John; when you think you have "clarket" long enough, come hither, and we will have a shooting together theough the woods which fear no Nimbus, and know no Game Laws, our gentlemen are brutalised, your farmers are degraded

Your affectionate cousin, GEORGE WAGSTAFF.

THE BREADFINDER.

By EDWARD Youl.

CHAPTER V.

MRS, PRASNAP'S Christmas party had proved a failure. The beef was over-roasted—burnt, as Mrs. Peasnap avowed, even to tears, to a kitchen cinder; and the pudding, owing to an accident it met with in the pot, was broken into fragments and watery. The guests, not relishing their dinner, were gloomy. Peasnap's jokes scarcely excited a smile. The port was snap's jokes scarcely excited a smile. muddy, and the brandy, obtained in lieu of a debt, was British and flery. The sherry was pronounced thin, and even the veteran drinkers preferred goose-berry negus, of which they sipped a thimbleful every half-hour till tea-time. The holly-berries were pale contrasted with the hue of Mrs. Peasnap's indignant

Hence it was that Mrs. Peasnap resolved to give another party, which should prove a triumph, and efface all remembrance of the Christmas mishap. Her husband went into the city and made a treaty with a wine-merchant. Claret and champagne, in limited quantities, was the result; and Peasnap, encouraged by his wife, even went to such lengths as to hire a frosted silver claret-jug and finger-glasses. Moreover, he engaged Chimpanzee, the celebrated comic singer, and Maudlin, who excelled in sentimental recitative.

Emma Harding was a proud little woman when she received a note sealed with two beak-embracing doves, and containing an invitation to Mrs. Peasnap's ladyday party for herself and husband. Going, indeed, was out of the question, unless William hinted at the long-promised satin dress, which he did that night, and bade

her buy it the next morning.

The satin purchased, and "made-up" by no secondrate hand, the next consideration was the baby. Could Mrs. Boss spare one night from her ordinary avoca-

tions ?

The afternoon of the Peasnap party arrived, and rought with it Mrs. Boss. It was not without some brought with it Mrs. Boss. It was not without some irresolution, however, that Emma resigned the infant to her care. She stood wavering—Should she, or take golden care of the jewel, she well knew.

"As my own, I will," said Mrs. Boss, "and my own

I have, thank God, who ploughs the salt, salt ocean at

this moment, in one of his blessed Majesty's ships."
"I have soaked the tops and bottoms," said Emma, "and you will only have to keep the saucepan simmering. And if you should want it, the Godfrey's on the mantleshelf."

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Boss, "I won't hear of it. That's not my plan. Some may. out do. Godfrey, I always will maintain, is unnatural. That's not my plan. Some may. but I never

When Emma joined her husband. she found him engaged in reading a note, which a lad had just delivered

"Emma," he said, "you must go alone to Pea-

map's."

"Eh?" she exclaimed. "William, dear?"
"You must go alone to Peasnap's," he repeated.
"Why cannot you come?" she anxiously inquired. "I can't," he curtly answered, "Remember me kindly, and say that sudden busidess-particular busi-

kindly, and say that sudden business—particular business—there, you know what to say."

"I don't, indeed," she replied innocently. "And you frighten, me, William. For God's sake tell me what you mean! Are you going to prison?"

"To prison," he rejoined, laughing. "No, no. Say at Peasnap's that I couldn't come. There is no need

to be more explicit,"
She looked at the lad, who had retired to a little dis-

tance, but his face revealed nothing.
"I will call and fetch you home," added Harding.
"Very well" she said, dolefully. "You know best." "And act for the best," he returned. "Come, I will see you to Peasnap's."

He spoke apart to the lad, who immediately shot forward with boyish alacrity. Then he walked with his wife, in silence, to the corner of the street where Peasnap dwelt, and quitting her there, hurried in the direction of Boldero's residence.

In the front of the house where Boldero lodged, a man was standing dressed like an artisan, who, when he saw Harding approaching, advanced and met him.
"Mr. Harding?" he said.

"That is my name," replied William.

"Secretary of the P.F.D.?"

"What motive have you in questioning me?"
"You have just received a note from Mr. Boldero?" " I have.'

"You were about to visit him when I accosted you.

" I was."

" Mr. Boldero has been suddenly called from home. He will see you at the usual hour at the usual place."
"You,"—said Harding, "are you of the P.F.D.?"

"I joined last Monday. Mr. Boldero knows me well. I have already been trusted."

"I am glad of it. I like your face. Give me your hand.

"With pleasure. I hear of you everywhere. motto, like yours, is Death to the Tyrants."

otto, like yours, is Death to the Tyrants.

"I shall perhaps meet you to-night," he said.

"Undoubtedly, I shall be present."

"I will then talk further of this Death to the Tyrants.''

It was now five o'clock, and Harding had three hours to wait before he could join Boldero. He thought, at first, of retracing his steps, and sitting down to Pea-snap's dinner. But he re-considered. Whom should he meet there? What was Peasnap himself but a witless jester? He would be plagued to death with his host's conundrums. He shuddered as he thought of the dull addled brains which the wine would heat into unnatutural activity. He walked irresolutely down two or three streets. It began to rain, and he had no umbrella. Should he return home to Mrs. Boss? Her gossip would distract him. He turned into a better sort of tavern, and ordered a glass of brandy and water and a The parlour was filled with people, but as he cigar. was not spoken to, he felt himself alone. The newspa-per was engaged, but the waiter offered him the Black Book—the Newgate Calendar of the priests and the aristocracy. He turned over its well-thumbed pages. tts contents he already knew well,—its column after column of legalised depredation in the shape of pensions. He read and read. His hair almost stood erect. Has not yours over the same pages? Mine has.

"Death to the tyrants," cried a voice near him. The speaker was seated at the next table.

"Weofthe P.F.D. say so," added another voice.

Harding looked at these men. They were unknown to him. But the P.F.D. had augmented their numbers greatly during the last week, for the popular commotion was at its highest.

At half-past seven, he directed his course towards Westminster. It had ceased to rain, and the stars shone down brightly, beautifully. People were gathered in the streets, talking sedition. Above, the sky was calm, holy. But there were perhaps miserable beings in those distant worlds—if they were worlds—and wretched girls, who, driven to crime for want of the difficult bread drowned themselves. The great God

"The Bill will be again thrown out," said a man, addressing a group of his fellows, as Harding passed.

The speaker made a noise with his tongue resembling the cocking of a gun.
"Yes. Death to the tyrants," added a third. "We

of the P.F.D. say so."

Harding hurried on.

Into a lighted room, where hundreds of men were assembled, On a raised platform were the committee of the P.F.D., and amongst them Boldero. Harding was greeted by the whole assemblage with a loud clapping of hands. Every moment the numbers increased. The room presently became densely thronged.

"We shall move in three months from this time," said Boldero apart to Harding. "The delegates have made their returns. Birmingham alone has added nine thou-

sand since our last meeting.

"You intend to move then?" said Harding.
"Undoubtedly," replied Boldero, looking astonishent.
"Otherwise we have wasted our time and ment.

"But this death to the tyrants—is it so well, then, to use violence? We seek, do we not, to make men better ? "

" Do you shrink," said Boldero.

From violence I do. From blood I do," replied Harding.

" Are you afraid?"

"No, no; but when have the people ever won their cause by an appeal to arms?"
"In Cromwell's time," said Boldero; "you are a

coward, Harding."

"I am not-you do me wrong. But let us try what Moral Force can do."

"Moral Force!" returned Boldero, fiercely. "We

are P.F.D., Physical Force Democrats.

"You profane that holy word, Democracy. Yours will be Mob Law and Mob Strength,—the law and strength of brutes."

"You knew our resolution when you accepted my

invitation to join us. Why are you a turncoat?"
"I knew it; yes. I believed it was the will of God.
But I erred. I blasphemed. Love, my friend, is the Law of the Supreme. We must conquer only through love. We must be better men than our oppressors. I have thought deeply of what I now utter. Elevated natures rely on the moral law. The weapon and the fist are left to ruder beings, as we see the dog worry with his teeth, and do not wish to imitate him.

"And do you think to prevail with our oppressors by persuasion—by entreaty?" returned Boldero, with a sneer. "Will they give us our rights because we ask them, and behave ourselves like good children? When they yield to the pressure from without, as it is called, is it not because they fear the growing discontent, and know what tough and stubborn sinews knit the frames of Englishmen? It is the fear of a resort to physical force that makes them yield, when they do yield, to moral force."

"Legislators are amenable, as we all are, to the law of progress," replied Harding. "You will find that as the age moves forward, legislation, though it may lag in the rear, and will never anticipate, will yet be obliged to follow at a respectable distance."

The business of the meeting commenced, and they talked no more. The speakers were noisy, for they were demagogues, and appealed to the coarser pas-

sions of their audience.
"Better," said one, "that the pavement should run blood than the people be oppressed. The people? Say rather, the slaves: for we are slaves. (Cries of "We are, we are!") Our tyrants ride roughshod over us. They bow our necks to the ground. But we will crouch no longer. We will teach them our strength," etc., etc., etc.

They all spoke after the same fashion.

But one said, in addition, that they must never stop till they had community of property. "Mine must be he said, "and thine must be mine. The grapes must not be mine or yours-they must be ours.

"And you would soon be quarrelling for the ripest bunch," thought Harding.
"I am the Secretary of the P.F.D.," he said to the

committee, when the meeting was broken up. "I wish to resign the office. I dissent from your doctrines, and with the same hatred of oppression, and the same ardent desire for reform, -a more thorough reform, -I think, than we shall get—I am a convert to moral force and the law of love."

"A coward!-a traitor!" cried Boldero, striking the

table with his fist.

" Hush?" said the Chairman of the evening. "These are words that we should pay attention to. Our friend may be mistaken, but he is neither a traitor nor a coward."

"You say that the people are oppressed," said Harding, "I grant it. Are you indignant at the servile condition of the masses? So am I. But let us be

sure that we do not aid to keep them servile. Let us ask ourselves if we are free from the cursed leaven of

aristocracy.

"I saw, to-day, a tradesman, whose business produces him, perhaps, from two to three hundred a-year, treat a mechanic with rudeness. The mechanic fumed at the insult. His course was also mine, and we passed down Holborn together. A vendor of some trifling articles begged him to purchase. There was as much conventional difference between him and the ragged creature who supplicated him, as between himself and the rude tradesman. He was suffering from the tradesman's insolence; but, mark you, he did not hesitate to insult the vendor of these trifling articles. Now, each of these individuals—the tradesman in his way, and the mechanic in his, was an aristocrat. 'I am better than thou?' was the spirit in which each addressed his supposed inferior. The wearer of a superfine coat, my friends, treats with scorn the wearer of fustian; and the artisan holds himself superior to the owner of a smock-frock or a fantail hat.

"Abolish rotten boroughs? Abolish, I say, the rot-

ten heart!

" It is this this which keeps the masses servile, and leaves them an easy prey to corrupt legislation. We have no LOVE amongst ourselves. Each seeks to vaunt it over his fellow. The aristocrat in his ducal hall, is not prouder than the aristocrat of the counter.
"I will go even further. I will say that the duke is

less imperious, less arrogant, less insulting to a pre-sumed inferior than the opulent shopkeeper.

"I have known an aristocrat among the dwellers in a row of small tenements, the rent of which, paid weekly to the landlord, was five or six shillings a-week. A man, living in one of those tenements, earned five and-twenty shillings a-week, while his neighbours earned only sixteen or seventeen. They looked up to him, and he looked down upon them. He would not associate with them. ciate with them; and when he spoke to any of them, there was condescension in his tones.

"Your political grievances are great, but your social ills are greater. Root out—root out this cursed pride. O my friends, let us reform ourselves! All reform of corrupt institutions in Church and State will be easy after that. Let us be better men than our rulers.

Do you trace our personal corruption to the ex ample which the great have set us? So do I. We have been inoculated by their virus. But let us now set them an example, and inoculate them with our love. Love, my friends, is mighty; love, my friends, is

omnipotent.
"We are politically oppressed. Let us begin a political agitation; but let it be, also, a peaceful one.
Never abating one jot of our just demands,—never being cajoled, never intimidated, let us press onward and onward. Shall we the soonest obtain our triumph by the appeal to arms which you recommend, or by crowded rooms in every town of England, by reason, friends,—by argument? By eloquent human speech you shall better persuade your opponent than by dealing him a buffet on the face."

"There is reason in what you say," observed the Chairman, "and I, for one, fear violence. I——"

A general hiss drowned the remainder of his speech.

"From this moment I wash my hands of your counsels," said Harding, when the noise had subsided.

Boldero and two or three others, renewed the hissing as he passed out of the room.

"I am quite alarmed, William," said his wife, when he joined her at Peasmap's door; "they say the Asiatic cholera is coming to England."

"It is," replied her husband. "It has been on its mysterious march for nearly two years."

CHAPTER VI.

Scarcely had Harding finished his breakfast on the following morning, when the late Chairman of the P. F. D., accompanied by two members of the com-

mittee, paid him a visit.

"For the purpose," said the former, "of conferring with you respecting the formation of a league for carrying on a Moral Force Agitation. We are converts to your opinions, Mr. Harding, and believe that all violence would be destructive of the ends we have in

"I am but a young man, Mr. Headcorn," replied William, "and do not pretend to teach my elders. But the error of the P. F. D. seems to me now so glaring, that I am ready to contest it anywhere and at any season. Of the league you speak of, I could not, however, be a member."

They had evidently reckoned on his instant acquiescence in their scheme, for they were taken aback by this announcement.

"And why, pray?" asked Headcorn. "Why, in the

name of consistency, Mr. Harding!'

"Because," replied Harding, "I have learned of late to look upon mere politics with less interest than formerly. I told you last night that our social evils far outweighed our political ones. They do. The evil of which we have to rid ourselves dwells in ourselves."

"That may be true, but-

"It is true. Beside that evil all others shrink into insignificance. That which fetters my manhood is not my political disqualification, but my spiritual incapacity. I am ruled by meat and drink and house-rent and coals. I am the servant of these things, and not their master."

"You would not, then, fan the flame of political

discontent?

"Tell me, can bad men make good laws?"

"I can't say,—perhaps not."

"Go on and get a reform in parliament. You will then send into the House men who were never there before, and who under the present system of representation could not get there. Do you think that in ten or twenty years' time, the people—the masses—the 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' will be improved, even in worldly condition—will be better off, in short, than they are now, in this year 1832?"
"Of course we think so," replied Mr. Lynchpin, one

of Headcorn's associates.

"You are mistaken," said Harding. "They will be worse off in twenty years' time. And for this reason. The hideous cancer of our immoral social system is ever increasing. You do not attempt to heal that. You are trying to mend a gap in the hedge, while the gate stands wide open."

"Your meaning is not very clear, Mr. Harding," re-

marked Headcorn.

"A. is a great Radical," said William. "He is to be met with at all public meetings, and is foremost in rebuking the pride of the aristocracy. He plumes himself upon his republican opinions. He asserts the natural equality of man. He talks much of human brotherhood. A. is well to-do. The world has smiled on him. He ordinarily takes, after his dinner, his halfpint of port, that has been twelve years in the wood, he tells you, and is mild as maternal milk. Well B. is also a great Radical, but a poor, striving man, finding bread by strenuous six days' toil. His wife takes in washing, and his children are taught by charity. never tastes port. A. meets B. They are equal,—they are brothers. B. is honest, clean, sober, intelligent, a good father, a good husband, a good neighbour, a good

citizen. Now, tell me, will A. shake hands with B.?"

"Why, perhaps not-"And why not? Because B. is poor. There is no other reason. A. is the servant of meat, drink, houserent, and of wine that is old in the wood."

"But would you carry this practice of equality so far as to shake hands with your servant?" demanded Mr. Meadowgrass, who had hitherto listened in silence.
"Why not?" asked Harding.

"Well, really," said Headcorn, "I go as far as most men, but I wouldn't demean myself to that extent, neither. I can understand A., as you call him, giving B. a 'Good morning!' or a 'How d'ye do?' but as to shaking hands with a servant-

"You wouldn't do it?"

"Well, frankly, Mr. Harding. I wouldn't."

" And why?"

Headcorn moved in his chair, but did not reply.

"B., resumed Harding, " receives, one fine morning, a letter, which apprises him that he is the unexpected heir to a goodly estate. The news gets spread abroad. It is told to A. Does he think better of B. than he did before? Does he remark to his wife that he always had a good opinion of B., who really would be quite presentable in a good coat? He meets B. a day or two afterwards. Does he shake hands with him on this occasion?" There was no reply.
"Yes; he does," proceeded Harding. "And why? Because B. is rich. So again A. is the servant of meat,

drink, house-rent, and a good coat."

"I don't see how this bears upon our project of a Moral Force Agitation for Political Rights," observed Headcorn, who was unprepared for the turn which the

conversation had taken.

"C. and D. are tradesmen," continued Harding, without heeding his guest's remark. "They are both in one line, and dwell in the same neighbourhood. 'Ho! ho!' says C,, 'D. is getting more custom than I am; I must sell cheaper than he does.' So C. announces his stock at reduced prices; but in order to obtain a profit, he adulterates his goods. "Is it so?' says D. 'I must cheapen my stock likewise.' But, to secure a livelihood, he gives short weight. Now C. and D. are great Reformers, and lament corruption and extortion in Church and State. When tradesmen are aristocrats and peculators, the commonwealth is in danger, not from bad laws, but from bad men."

"You will not join our league, then, Mr. Harding?"

said Headcorn.

"I will not. Understand me, I do not object to it. Agitate, by all means. Expunge the bad law from the statute-book. But I have another mission, and, I think, a holier one."

His visitors took their leave with a hearty contempt

for him.
"William," said his wife, entering the room, when they were gone. "Don't you go to Mr. Boldero this morning? It's past eleven o'clock."
"Oh," replied poor Harding, "I had forgot to tell

you; I am not to teach Boldero any longer."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Emma. "Your opinions, again, I dare say, have lost you that nice young man." man.

"Yes; my opinions. I am not stone or wood. I have

"Well, do you know what I can tell you? I have only seventeen shillings left in my purse. There, now." "Havn't we any—any credit in the neighbourhood?" faltered Harding.

"To the extent of two loaves, and one leg of mutton," answered Emma. "There, don't sit with your head buried in your hand, but go out and get bread. You often say you are a breadfinder. I wish you would find some."

"Emma, dear!" said William, showing a face of expostulation.

"Aye, it is very well to say Emma dear," she re-joined, "very well, and very easy. While you had one pupil, you did not try to get another; and now you have nothing at all to fall back upon. William, you are an idle man."

He felt that there was some justice in her taunt, but he would not acknowledge it. Hastily seizing his hat, he prepared to leave the house. She tried to detain him, but he wrested himself from her, and gained the street. How great the fall from high Philosophy to shabby Fact!

He did not know whither to go, and so he determined to visit Boldero, who, indeed, was in his debt for a month's instruction in the Ajax and Philoctetes. But he was encountered at the door by the same man, dressed as an artisan, who had accosted him on the

same spot on the previous day.
"Do you want Mr. Boldero?" this person demanded,

"Do you want Mr. Boldero?" this person demanded, in nearly the same terms as before.

"I do;" replied Harding. "I am accustomed to see him about this time in the morning."

"You cannot see him to-day. At least, he is not visible in his rooms. You can speak to him at the committee-room of the P, F. D., this evening," the man said.

"I am no longer a P. F. D.," Harding answered. " I wish to see Mr. Boldero on other business."

"It is impossible, I assure you." The speaker interposed himself between Harding and the door of the

"Has he not risen yet?" said Harding. "I can wait if he has not. Or, if he has gone out, I will leave a note."

"I will deliver any message. I am in Mr. Boldero's confidence. But you cannot enter his rooms. He has

locked his door.

The man was evidently a Cerberus, and was acting according to instruction received. Harding thought it strange; but, as he could not get personal access to his pupil—or late pupil, for his relation to Boldero was not well defined, he contented himself with saying he would write a note at his own house, and send it by post. He determined, after a little consideration, to return home; partly for the purpose of writing and despatching this note, and partly to comfort his wife, who would, he reflected, remain in a state of uneasiness about him, from their unsatisfactory parting.

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere; By the dusty roadside' On the sunny hill-side, Close by the noisy brook, In every shady nook, I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May, I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere; In the noisy city street, My pleasant face you'll meet, Cheering the sick at heart, Toiling his busy part, Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere; You cannot see me coming, Nor hear my low sweet humming; For in the starry night, And the glad morning light, I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:

More welcome than the flowers, In summer's pleasant hours; The gentle cow is glad, And the merry bird not sad To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere; When you're numbered with the dead, In your still and narrow bed, In the happy spring I'll come, And deck your silent home, Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Mo st gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land, Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

(From the Liberator.)

INDIA THE SALVATION OF ENGLAND.

No. III.

INDIA AND CHINA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

SINCE our last article on this most important subject, we have seen with pleasure George Thompson take up the question in carnest, and in an address to his constituents in the Tower Hamlets, pledge himself to make it his great topic, both in and out of parliament. A petition has been prepared for Free Trade with India, and Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Dr. Bowring, have been requested to support it, when presented by George Thompson. This is a beginning which, I trust, will never cease till India is free: till she supplies us with all our cotton, with sugar in any quantity, and in return sends demands for our manufactures to an extent that shall tax all the powers of our machinery and our swarming population to supply. This will be the certain effect of our cultivation and just estimation of our magnificent Indian territory

Some eight years ago, the great question was, as I believe I have said, begun to be agitated. A society, styled "The British India Society," was organised. Numbers of gentlemen, who were connected with India by property or commerce, joined it at once. Sir Charles Forbes, the Bombay merchant, known and respected all over India, came forward and put down his £500, declaring that this was a movement that he

had wished to see for the last thirty years. Many members of his family added £50 each. The Society of Native Landowners in Bengal sent over £250 with promises of more. Major General Briggs, who had been in India many years, had been Governor of several states, and is the author of the only standard work on the Land Tax of India, Francis Carnac Brown, Esq., of Tellicherry, a large landed proprietor, and many other Indian gentlemen, immediately became leading members of the society. No society, in fact, ever began with such brilliant auspices. George Thompson went out to lecture for the society, the first object of which was to throw the light of a real knowledge of the true value of India to this country, and of its utter neglect by the government upon the British public. The statements which George Thompson made in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paisley, etc., before large audiences of the cotton-spinners, merchants, etc., of the capabilities of India to furnish us cotton, sugar, and other tropical articles at immensely cheaper rates than we were paying to the slave-owners of America, produced the strongest sensation. The greatest alarm was also created amongst the cotton-growers of the United States. These people began to denounce the movement, and declare that if it went on, the cotton produc-tion of the United States would be utterly annihilated This was too palpable to be overlooked. The United States cannot grow cotton at a less expense than two shillings a-day by slave-labour. We in India have a population of one hundred and fifty millions, ready to work for us at two-pence a-day. Two shillings a-day against twopence a-day is a hopeless contest! If England only once awoke to a real knowledge of the magnificent opportunity which it possessed, down must go the slavery and the cotton growth of America toge-ther, and a career of prosperity and affluence unbounded open up to England. Let India only be appreciated and employed as it ought, and of what consequence would be the trade or the rivalry of all the world besides? As Mr. Brotherton once said in parliament:—
"Employ your Indian population, and you may build
mills all the way from London to Stockport, and they will not be able to spin fast enough to supply that stupendous population with manufactures.

And why, then, did not this British India Society continue? For this reason: the Anti-Corn-Law League, then making every day distinguished progress, was alarmed at the diversion of the public interest which so great and vital an agitation as this must occasion. They implored the members of the British India Society to suspend their movements till the triumph of the Anti-Corn-Law League should be complete. pledged themselves, as the condition of this suspension, that the Corn-Law question once settled, they would unite with the members of the British India Society in the active agitation of the India question. It was agreed; the India question has remained in abeyance. But the time is now come when every circumstance calls for the resumption of the Indian cause. The Corn-Laws are virtually at an end; but the people are not thereby relieved from their distresses. It is impossible that they ever can be by the simple and isolated action of the abolition of the bread-tax. Cheap food, though a most important element of success in our manufacturing life, is but one element. There requires many others. There requires a great reduction of the price of the raw material; and the command of a market of an extent equal to our expansive power of machinery and the rapid growth of our population. We have both in India—or, more truly, in India and China, we have one hundred and fifty millions of British subjects there, ready, at the rate of 2d. a-day, to send us as much of the finest Surat cotton as we please. They are ready to send us it at 2d. per lb., while America cannot send us its Upland at less than 5d. They are ready to send us the finest sugar at 4s. per cwt., while even slave-holding Braxif cannot send it under 17s. per cwt. They are ready to send us coffee, rice, India-rubber, spices, and dyes, at equally cheap rates. They are ready thus to pour plenty and comfort into the houses of all our labouring people, while in return they employ them all in manufacturing for them every species of British goods.

And what is the fact now for want of this amicable and beneficent exchange? Misery at home and misery in India—dreadful and wide-spreading misery. And why are this misery and national difficulty perpetuated, with such a simple remedy at hand? Why has Providence put this great and magnificent India into our hands, but for the purpose of rendering us independent of the whole world, and of enabling us to carry on the great work of colonization and civilization in the earth? and yet we thus stupidly turn our backs on the sun of our fortune and prosperity. For a most singular cause. Simply because our Government, having too much on its hands, has made over this great and fertile India to a trading company in Leadenhall-street, which, with a policy worthy only of a company of Hottentots, is destroying India by a number of the most fatal monopolies, and, for what they imagine to be their own private interests, sacrificing the interests of the whole of the British empire, and of every man, woman, and child in it.

The East India Company exists by monopolies of the land, of opium, and of salt. By their narrow, greedy, and purblind management of these resources, they have contrived to reduce that once affluent country to the uttermost depths of poverty and pauperism. The people starve and perish in famine every now and then by half a million at a time. One-third of that superb peninsula is reduced to waste and jungle. While other colonies pay from twenty to thirty shillings per head of revenue, India vields only four shillings per head. The income of the Government at the last renewal of the charter was toenty millions; it is now reduced to about seventeen millions; and even to raise this, they have been obliged to double the tax on salt. The debt was forty millions; it is now said to be augmented by constant war, and the payment of the dividends, which, whatever the real proceeds, are always kept up to the usual height, to seventy millions. This is a state of usual height, to seventy millions. things which cannot last. It is a grand march towards financial inanition. It threatens, if not arrested by the voice of the British people, the certain and no very distant loss of India.

To enter upon the detail of the working of the monopolies of land, salt, and opium, would be to open up such a scene of oppression, inhuman barbarity, and woc, as would horrify every reader. It is not the of Christians, but of demons. Let those who will venture on such recitals read the speech of George Thompson at the great meeting on Tuesday, Oct. 26th, at the Eastern Institution, Commercial-road; let them read his published lectures and speeches which may be procured from himself; let them read the pamphlet of Mr. Brown, which we have already so freely quoted : let them read the History of India by James Mills, the late Secretary of the India Company, and above all, the letters of the Hon. Frederick Shore, published in India, and republished here. Mr. Shore rose through all the gradations of collector to the office of judge. He saw all the cruelties and extortions that are practised throughout India in the collection of the revenue with his own eyes, and fearlessly published them. There are, besides these, numbers of other works, many of them written by the Company's own officers, which display the secrets of the prison-house; which, in fact, describe such a state of things all over that great country as casts foul shame upon us as a people, both in our Christian, commercial, and governmental character.

We have some glimpses of the treatment of the people in the collection of the and tax, as it is called, but really the rent, in the extracts we have given from Mr. Brown's pamphlet; there are more in George Thompson's address at the Eastern Institution, a full report of which may be seen in the London Mercury, of Saturday, Oct. 30th, and which it is Mr. Thompson's intention to issue in a penny form. But the works I speak of are full of it. The government claims not the mere right of governing, but, as conquerors, the fee-simple of the land. Over the greater part of India there are no real freeholders. The land is the Company's and they collect, not a tax, but a rent. They have their collectors all over India, who go and say as the crops stand, "We shall take so much of this." It is seldom less than one-half-it is more commonly sixty, seventy, and eighty per cent! This is killing the goose to come at the golden egg. It drives the people to despair; they run away and leave the land to become jungle; they perish by famine in thousands and tens of thousands.

This is why no capitalists dare to settle and grow for us cotton, or manufacture for us sugar. There is no security-no fixity of taxation. It is one wholesale system of arbitrary plunder such as none but a conquered country in the first violence of victorious licence ever was subjected to. But this system has here continued more than a generation; the country is reduced by it to a fatal condition—the only wonder is that we yet re-

tain it at all.

The same system is pursued in the opium monopoly. The finest lands are taken for the cultivation of the poppy; the government give the natives what they please for the opium, often about as many shillings as they get paid for it guineas per pound, and ship it off to curse China with it. "In India," says a writer in the Chinese Repository, the extent of territory occupied with the poppy, and the amount of population engaged in its cultivation and the preparation of opium, are far greater than in any other part of the world."

Turkey is said to produce only 2,000 chests of opium annually; India produces 40,000 of 134 lbs. each, and yielding a revenue of about £4,000,000 sterling.

But perhaps worse than all is the salt monopoly. It is well known that the people of India are a vegetable diet people. Boiled rice is their chief food, and salt is an absolute necessary of life, With a vegetable diet is an absolute heressay of the control in that hot climate, without plenty of salt, putrid discard and rapid mortality are inevitable. Nature, or eases and rapid mortality are inevitable. rather Providence, has therefore given salt in abun-The sea throws it up already crystallised in many places; in others it is prepared by evaporation; but the Company steps in and imposes two hundred percent on this indispensable article, and guards it by such penalties, that the native dare not stoop to gather it when it lies at his feet. The consequence is, that mortality prevails, to a terrific extent often, amongst the population. Officers of government are employed to destroy the salt naturally formed; and government de-termines how much salt shall be annually consumed.

Now let the people of England mark one thing. cholera originates in the East. It has visited us once, and is on its march once more towards us. We have heard through the newspapers of its arrival in Syria, in Turkey, in Russia, at Vienna. In a few months it will

probably be again amongst us.

Has any one yet imagined that this scourge may possibly be the instrument of Divine Retribution for our crimes and cruelties? Has any one imagined that we but I have succeeded in finding something far worse. have anything to do with the creation of this terrible I saw Malays, Chinese, men and women, old and young,

pestilence? Yet there is little, there is scarcely the least doubt, that this awful instrument of death is occasioned by this very monopoly of salt—that it is the direct work of the four-and-twenty men in Leadenhallstreet. The cholera is found to arise in the very centre of India. It commences in the midst of this swarming population, which subsists on vegetables, and which is deprived by the British Government of the necessary salt! In that hot climate it acquires a deadly strength —thousands perish by it as by the stroke of lightning, and it hence radiates over the globe, travelling at the speed of a horse in full gallop. visits our deeds upon our heads. Thus it is that God

Such is a brief glance at the mal-administration, the abuse, and the murderous treatment of India, permitted by great and Christian England to a knot of mere money-making traders. We commit the lives and hap-piness of one hundred and fifty millions of souls—the well-being, and probably the chance of retention of one of the finest countries in the world, and the comfort and prosperity of every human creature in Great Britain, to the hands of those who are only from day to day grasping at the vitals of this glorious Eastern region to increase their dividends. This is bad enough, but this is not all. As if we had given them a charter in the most effectual manner to damage our dominions, and blast all our prospects of trade, we have allowed these four-and-twenty men of Leadenhall-street not only to cripple India, but to exast erate, and, as far as possible, close China against us. Two millions of people in India and three millions of people in China—all waiting for our manufactures, and all capable of sending us the comforts and necessaries that we need—it would seem that to us, a nation especially devoted to trade, as if Providence had opened all the gorgeous and populous East to employ and to enrich us. One would have thought that every care and anxiety would have been aroused to put ourselves on the best footing with this swarming region. It has been the last thing thought of.

The men of Leadenhall-street have been permitted,

after having paralysed India, to send to China not the articles that the Chinese wanted, but the very thing of all others that its authorities abhorred—that is, opium.

It is well known with what assiduity these traders for years thrust this deadly drug into the ports of China; or it may be known from "Medhurst's China," from "Thelwall's Iniquities of the Opium China," from "Thelwall's Iniquities of the Crima," from "Montgomery Martin's Opium in China," and various other works. It is well known what horrors, crimes, ruin of families, and destruction of individuals the rage of opium-smoking introduced amongst the millions of the Celestial Empire. Every horror, every species of reckless desperation, social depravity, and sensual crime, spread from the practice, and overran China as a plague. The rulers attempted to stop the evil by every means in their power. They enacted the severest punishments for the sale of it. These did not avail. They augmented the punishment to death. Without a stop to it the whole framework of society threatened to go to pieces. "Opium," says the Imperial edict itself, "coming from the distant regions of barbarians, has pervaded the country with its baneful influence." The opium smoker would steal, sell his property, his children, the mother of his children, and finally commit murder for it. The most ghastly spectacles were everywhere seen; instead of healthy and happy men, the most repulsive scenes. "I visited one of the opium-houses," said an individual quoted by Sir Robert Inglis, in the House of Commons, in 1943, "and shall I tell you what I saw in this anti-chamber of hell? I thought it impossible to find anything were than the results of drinking and ant spirits." thing worse than the results of drinking ardent spirits;

in one mass, in one common herd, wallowing in their filth, beastly, sensual, devilish, and this under the eyes

of a Christian government."

They were these abominations and horrors that the Emperor of China determined to arrest. They were these which our East India Company determined to perpetuate for this base gain. When the Emperor was asked to license the sale of opium, as he could not effect its exclusion, and thus make a profit of it, what was his reply? "It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes, but nothing will induce me to derive a benefit from the vice and misery of my people."

These were the sentiments of the Chinese monarch; what was the conduct of the so-called Christian Englishmen? They determined to go on poisoning and demoralising China, till they provoked the government to war, and then massacred the people to compel

the continuance of the sale of opium.

Will it be believed that the authorities addressed the most admirable letters to Queen Victoria, entreating her to cause this wicked trade to cease? That they cried again and again to our countrymen, "Take away your poison, and give us your manufactures?" Such, however, have been the profligate practices of the East India Company; such the insane apathy with which our government has allowed this to go on, and they are going on to this hour, to shut up all the enormous regions of China and its enormous population to our manufactures, by the sale of which distress would have been driven from our manufacturing districts, and plenty poured into the country like an ocean.

How long is this infatuation to continue? How long are all the interests, the wealth, and the happiness of all England, and of hundreds of millions in the East to be sacrificed for the mere profits of a trading company? It is now for the people of England to decide. In every instance in which liberal measures have been adopted in the East, the most signal prosperity has been the result. Look at the Indigo trade! The indigo of the East Indies was the worst in the world. The growers and manufacturers obtained some privileges and a degree of security, and the trade has grown enormously, and the article is now unrivalled.

Look at Ceylon, which languished under a similar treatment to that at present active in India. It is now well governed, and what is the effect? Mr. Montwell governed, and what is the effect? Mr. Mont-gomery Martin, in his pamphlet on the "India and Australia Mail Steam Packet Company," just published, says:—"The maritime provinces have been in our possession since 1798, and the interior, or Kandian provinces, since 1815; it is only of late, however, that the island has been appreciated. The population of more than a million are peaceful, docile, and industrious. The revenue yearly collected in Ceylon amounts to about £450,000, which is more than adequate to all its own expenses: the maritime commerce is yearly insugar cultivation is now in progress; the cinnamon produced would supply all Europe; provisions of all kinds are abundant, excellent, and cheap; and the tourists, who are weary of traversing Europe, would find great delight by a steam trip to Ceylon, which may be accomplished in the autumnal London vacation.

Look again at Singapore, which Sir Stamford Raffles had the sagacity to see the value of, and which lying at the most southern point of the peninsula of Malacca, being declared a free port, has risen into a surprising prosperity. "In 1819,"—we again quote Montgomery Martin,—"on our occupation of Singapore, it contained a few hundred Malay pirates and fishermen; it has now more than 50,000 active and intelligent Chinese and Malay residents, who furnish a revenue of £60,000.

which is more than adequate to the whole government expense of the island, whose affairs are admirably administered by Colonel Butterworth. In 1821, the maritime trade of Singapore had risen to one million sterling, in 1824 to three, and in the subsequent years it has averaged six millions sterling per annum."

Look, again, at the wonders effected in Borneo by one man, Mr. Brooke.

In a word, in every instance where the least disposition has been shown to adopt liberal and generous principles of action in the East, there has been a response, as it were, on the part of both God, nature, and mankind, which tell us what would be the magnificent consequences of giving such principles diffusion over all our territories and dependencies there. What, then, should blind us, or stay our reforming hands any While we see misery follow our old policy as darkness follows the retiring sun, and blessings spring up as with a celestial elasticity in the path of truth and justice; while we see a zealous desire to honour, and a grateful enthusiasm surround the man who has shown himself wise and good in Labuan, what shall hinder that the principles of truth, justice, and humanity shall be applied to the great empire of British India?

If we will only cast a glance on any map, and see how our magnificent regions of Hindostan are connected. as it were, by a golden chain, with the beautiful Ceylon, with Malacca, Borneo, and the huge continent of. Australia; we cannot fail to be struck with the perception that Providence has it in design to create for us in these splendid tropical lands and islands an empire, such as for beauty, affluence, and glory, the sun never yet shone upon. There lie future kingdoms, rich in every fruit, and spice, and precious metal, and stone, prolific of material for our looms, and which, bound up in an invincible chain with our European energies and stupendous powers of machinery and invention, will crown us with a power and endow us with a wealth that shall make us at once happy, and the promulgators of happiness and civilization all over the earth.

But to realise this—to be what God and Nature evidently designed us to be, we must be just and prompt to redress the evils we have so long permitted. We must, as a great commercial people, apply the principles of free trade to India. As a great mother of co-lonies, we must take the finest jewel now in our regal crown, Hindostan, out of the degrading hands of a sordid and pettyfogging company. We must treat her as a superb portion of a superb empire. We must confer the land on the people, and raise the necessary revenue by a fixed and moderate taxation. We must abolish all vital-consuming monopolies, and the work would be done. Capital and capitalists would flow into India as naturally as rivers flow into the ocean. The employment given to the natives there would be speedily felt in all our manufacturing districts here. Cotton, sugar, rice, silks, wool, dyes, and innumerable other articles, would begin to circulate in abundance at home in exchange for our manufactures, and the days of our darkness—the natural consequence of absurd neglect of natural advantages unparalleled in their kind, unpossessed by any other nation, and of the criminal oppression of millions that would fain enrich us by their labour, would be at an end.

This is the work for the new members of the new parliament to do; it is that to which the leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law League stand pledged; it is that to which all their interests as merchants and manufacturers tend; it is that to which our starving population and embarrassed traders must call them. I have in these pages endeavoured to sound the note of prepara-tion—let us now see what can be done by public meetings, by the combined voice of the liberal press, and by the peoples' representatives in the senate, to free

India and employ England—UNQUESTIONABLY THE GREATEST TOPIC OF THE PRESENT TIME—the one which involves more than all others the commerce, the manufactures, and the general happiness of the nation.

AN EVERY DAY PARADOX;

OE, HOW A MAN LOST ALL THAT HE WAS WORTH BY GETTING RICH.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

There was a little village boy,— Oh! but his heart was full of joy, Had he a stick to whistle on; A bag of marbles and a kite,— Surely there never was delight, Like that of Johnny Littleton.

But time flew on ;—a boy no longer, Up he grew, taller, stouter, stronger, And then you would admire;— For he had made a splendid marriage, And he rode in a shining carriage, John Littleton, Esquire!

No doubt you think this very grand,— But I must make you understand A very different case; Though shrewdest heads might not have found, Had they surveyed this great man round, Misfortune in his face.

And yet he was most sad,—for riches Have something in them that bewitches, And fills with large pretences; Whilst, like a terrible disease, They rob us of our mirth and ease, Our faculties and senses.

And this was now his case; for he Had lost his sight; he could not see Some things, however nigh; The friends and playmates of his youth—He could not see them, though, in truth, Some stood full six feet high.

And then his hearing went; oh! none Had ears so quick as little John For neighbours in their need;— But now, if sorrow cries and roars, What hope to pierce a dozen doors, And ears most deaf indeed!

And soon he lost his common sense, Puffed up with most absurd pretence, He hoped abroad to find Each better man, in poorer case, Bow down unto the dust his face,— He was so out of mind.

His peace of mind expired in glooms. He built a house of many rooms,—
Of many and most grand:
But through them all he sought in vain;
He could not find his peace again,
In all his house and land.

Next memory wavered and withdrew. The more estate and body grew, Still grew his memory thinner; Until he even could not tell. Without a good resounding bell, His common hour of dinner.

So on his housetop it was hung, And loudly, duly was it rung, To summon him to dine; As well as that the poor might be Assured, as they were drinking tea, That he was drinking wine.

Alas! what mattered wine, or food? Oh! but he was in different mood, By his own mother's door, With porringer of milk and bread;—But now, his appetite had fled, And it returned no more.

No! not though dishes did abound; Though powdered lacqueys stood around, In jackets quaintly dressed: With scarlet collar, scarlet wrist, And buttons stamped with a great beast,— John's true armorial crest.

This beast he on his trinkets wore; On harness; on his carriage door; And on his sealed letters; Upon his bed, upon his chair, This beast was figured everywhere,— A beast in golden fetters.

Lost eye and ear; lost heart and health; Good name; good conscience; save his wealth, What loss could still befal? Alas! to crown the dismal whole, He died!—'tis feared he lost his soul— The heaviest loss of all!

Literary Notice.

Jane Eyre. An Autobiography. Edited by Currer Bell. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The autobiography of Jane Eyre is one of the freshest and most genuine books which we have read for a long time. It is a domestic story, full of the most intense interest, and yet composed of the simplest materials, the worth of which consists in their truth. Jane Eyre is a governess, without the least touch of conventionality; she is a sincere, warm-hearted, painstaking, and affectionate woman, and there needs nothing more to make her wind herself as firmly round the heart of the reader as around that of her adorer, Mr. Rochester. She tells, of course, her own story: she is an orphan, left to the care of a cold-hearted, severe aunt, who crushes her affections as a child, and outrages her feelings, till the trodden worm turns again, and reveals to the horror of the hard nature that had crushed her, that she could sting like an adder. This indomitable spirit must be broken, and accordingly she is sent to a charitable institution—an orphan asylum, where she is boarded and instructed for fifteen pounds a-year, the

Rev. Mr. Brocklehurst being at the head of the establishment. What Dickens has so benevolently done. by exposing the atrocities of Do-the-boys Hall, is here done in the description of the institution of Lowood. We believe it to be drawn from the life; is is written with that life-like reality which experience only can give; and he does the work of Christ who relaxes in any degree that severe iron rule which eats into the heart of a child, and cramps and crushes its young and tender spirit. Lowood was under the direction of a clergyman, and it was a so-called religious establishment, in which long daily prayers, scripture-lessons, punctual church-going, an unsightly dress, and coarse and scanty fare, formed conspicuous features,, whilst love, forbearance, long suffering, and the forgiveness of injuries, those essentials of true religion, were not of necessity part or parcel of the establishment, but only sprung up here and there in wounded and oppressed hearts, and beamed in pale countenances that betokened frames wearing away under the hardships of this iron domination to another and a better land.

For eight years Jane Eyre remained at this melancholy place; for six as a scholar, and the remainder of the time as teacher. She lived, however, to see things improve; and that, as is so often the case, through suffering. A short extract shall describe the cause of the change:—

Spring drew on; she was, indeed, already come. The frosts of winter had ceased; its snows were melted, its cutting winds ameliorated. My wretched feet, flayed and swollen to lameness by the sharp air of January, began to heal and subside under the gentler breathings of April; the nights and mornings no longer by their Canadian temperature froze the very blood in our veins; we could now endure the play-hour passed in the garden. Sometimes, on a sunny day, it began even to be pleasant and genial, and a greenness grew over those brown beds, which freshening daily, suggested the thought that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps. Flowers pressed out from among the leaves; snowdrops, crocuses, purple auriculas, and golden-eyed pansies. On Thursday afternoons (half-holidays), we took walks, and found still sweeter flowers opening by the way-side under the hedges.

April advanced to May; a bright, serene May it was; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western or southern gales filled up its duration, And now vegetation matured with vigour; Lowood shook loose its tresses; it became all green, all flowery; its great elm, ash, and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life.

• • • • Have I not described a pleasant site for a dwelling, when I speak of it as bosomed in hill and wood, and rising from the verge of a stream? Assuredly pleasant enough, but whether healthy or not is another question.

The forest dell where Lowood lay was the cradle of fog and fog-bred pestilence, which quickening with the quickening spring, crept into the Orphan Asylum, breathed typhus through its crowded school-room and dormitory, and, ere May arrived, transformed the seminary into a bospital. Semistarvation and neglected colds had predisposed most of the pupils to receive infection; forty-five out of the eighty girls lay ill at one time. Classes were broken up, rules relaxed. The few who continued well were allowed almost unlimited licence, because the midical attendant insisted on the necessity of frequent exercise to keep them in health; and, had it been otherwise, no one had leisure to watch or restrain them. Miss Temple's whole attention was absorbed by the patients; she lived in the sick room, never quitting it, except to snatch a few hours' reest at night. The teachers were fully occupied with packing up and making other necessary preparations for the departure of those girls who were fortunate enough to have friends and relations able and willing to remove them from the scene of contagion. Many, already smitten, went home only to die; some died at school, and were buried quietly and quickly, the nature of the malady forbidding delay.

• When the typhus fever had fulfilled its mission of devastation at Lowood, it gradually disappeared from thence, but not till its virulence and the number of its victims had drawn public attention on the school. Inquiry was made into the origin of the scourge, and by degrees various facts came out, which excited public indignation in a high degree. The unhealthy nature of the site, the quantity and quality of the children's food, the brackish, fostid water, used in its preparation, the pupils' wretched clothing and accommodations; these things were discovered, and the discovery produced a result mortifying to Mr. Brocklehurst, but beneficial to the establishment.

On leaving Lowood, Jane Eyre becomes the governess of a solitary child, in an old country-house, connected with which is a great mystery; strange, but by no means improbable as we ourselves were acquainted with a similar one, which turned out nearly as tragically. The master of this old house, who lives most frequently abroad, a man of the world, and a libertine, rather from circumstances than from nature, of course, sees her, and somewhat old-fashioned, plain, and simple-hearted as she is, he falls in love with her. All this is most admirably managed, and shows the hand of a master. The marriage, however, just on the eve of its accomplishment, is prevented by the mystery of the house with which, though the reader has surmised it all along, Jane herself becomes for the first time acquainted. Tears, agony, and separation, close the second volume, and new scenes and characters, drawn with inimitable skill-especially the character of St. John Rivers. the cold priest, in whose breast duty annihilated love—occupy great part of the second, Jane, beautiful in her perfect womanhood, wins still more upon the reader's love and esteem; and the final marriage with the noblehearted Mr. Rochester, who has had, likewise, to pass through his purifying tribulations, leaves the mind of the reader impressed with that calm, though somewhat melancholy satisfaction which is much more a part of actual life, than those ecstatic and astonishing consummations in which common novel-writers so much delight.

SONNET.

COLONEL PERBONET THOMPSON.

By W. C. Bennett.

GREAT is a noble deed, but greater still
The nobler thought that fashioned it to birth;
Therefore estrange them not from fame, oh earth,
Who labour out for thee the thoughts that fill
The deeds renowning others—for for ill
Shall it be reckoned to thee that fames worth
The reverence of all ages, starved with dearth
Of thy high praise, forgetfulness should kill;
Therefore when thou rememberest the fame
Of those who struck earth's long-barred highways
free,

Blessing the nations, let the honoured name
Of Thompson with their praises mingled be
As that of one upon whose solid thought
Was fashioned the great deed the League's great life
hath wrought.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

KIND WORDS FROM AMERICA .--- Without a wish to revive a controversy now happily over, we cannot however leave words of justification like the following, unnoticed :--- "William and Mary Howitt have come through the ordeal of trial triumphantly, so far as their hopour is concerned. It is feared that the liabilities in which Saunders has involved them, will drain all their hard-won earnings from them. They are receiving retractions and cordial assurances of sympathy from the literary and working classes of England. We are heartily glad of this exoneration; they are talented, and have been long and consistent workers in the people's cause. It is a pity to think of the labours of so warm-hearted and efficient reformers being intermitted, or rendered impotent for good, in consequence of a dispute which we could wish had been privately settled." Elihu Burritt's Christian Citizen.

Letter of the eminent Anti-Slavery Advocate, Wendell Ph lips, to the Anti-Slavery Standard :--- Dear Gay,--- I noticed with pleasure your remarks on a recent article in the Standard. on the Howitts. I am one of those who were deeply grieved at the appearance of that criticism in your columns. The names of William and Mary Howitt, have been early prominent in every good enterprise. As long as I can remember they have been synonymous with Reform and humanity. To the slave, their fidelity has been most rare and unwaveringmost rare when compared with the conduct of those of like position and influence with themselves. Not to allude to the agitation in England, they seem to have understood at a glance, all the difficulties of our position here; in every crisis of our cause they have chosen their part at once, and always chose right
—frank and fearless in their testimony, they have never
stopped before uttering it to count the cost. To our friends
and agents while abroad, they have given not only their continual and cordial sympathy, but active aid; opened to them both heart and home, and been prodigal of labour in their behalf. Under no circumstances can our anti-slavery press have any sentiments to express towards William and Mary Howitt, but those of unmingled gratitude, respect, and admiration. In common, therefore, with, I apprehend, an overwhelming majority of your readers, I was not only grieved, but indignant, at the appearance of such a criticism in the Standard. Your explanation has given me sincere pleasure. I quite agree with you, that the controversy between Messrs. Saunders, and Howitt, should never have been broached in the Standard As abolitionists, and such are we exclusively in those columns, we have no call to pronounce judgment upon it. The matter we have no call to pronounce judgment upon it. The matter having, however, been once admitted, a different question presents itself. That criticism was very definite, pointed, and quite in detail. Your explanation, while it puts you right, does by no means, it seems to me, do full justice to the Howitts. Before you close your columns to the subject, they have a right to be heard by those whose good opinions, judging by their devotion to our common cause, they most value. To do them justice, I think you should publish that brief circular to which you refer, and which I enclose. If you agree with me, let me ask you to do so.-Believe me, very truly yours, WENDELL PHILLIPS. Boston, September 21st."

MARY ANN HUNT.--We are glad to announce that the sentence of this poor criminal has been commuted, and that the proposed petition to the Queen, on her behalf, will not be re-

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT OF MEN IN MANUFACTORIES. AND INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT OF MEN IN MANUFACTORIES.— There are now nine libraries in operation in different parts of London, and lectures in course of delivery at all its auxiliaries, by men of eminence in their various branches of science and These include chemistry, music, poetry, and literature. history of the Crusades, astronomy, London as it was and is,

Race, Druidism, Ancient Rome, Palestine as it was and is, Progress of Nations, Secret Societies, Influence of London on the general condition of Nations, &c., &c. Amongst the lecturers we notice the Rev. H. Hughes, S. C. Hall, the Rev. J. A. Baynes, S. Buckingham, the Rev. W. Champneys, Dr. Ferguson, &c., &c. These lectures thus going on during the winter months in various parts of the metropolis, cannot but be essentially beneficial, and tickets, we do not doubt, of the whole of them may be procured at any of the places of their delivery, as the School-room, George-street, Princes-road. near Lambeth Workhouse; School-room, Castle-lane, Jamesstreet, Westminster; St. Ann's National School-room, Featherstone Buildings, Salmon's Lane, Limehouse; National School-room, Borough-road; and at the Lecture-room of the Bermondsey Auxiliary.

On Wednesday evening, November 3rd, PRACE ADVOCACY. a meeting well strended, especially by the young of both sexes, was held in the Lecture-room of Mr. Joynson's Institute, was held in the Lecture-room of Mr. Joynson's Institute, Saint Mary Cray, in connection with the Cray Branch of the League of Universal Brotherhood, founded by Elihu Burritt, a few months back. The speakers were, the Chairman, Mr. John Rogers, Mr. G. Atkins, and Mr. Featherstone, who united in depicting in forcible terms the horrors of war. natures to the pledge of Brotherhood were obtained, and other meetings determined upon to follow up the impression produced.

meeting determined upon to follow up the impression produced, that war is at all times, and under all circumstances a curse—peace everywhere a blessing.

Phonotopy.—Glassow, October 5, 1847.—Dear Sir,—Allow me through the medium of your Journal, to draw the attention of the friends of Education to the system of Phonotopy, or printing by sound, which if adopted in Ragged Schools, &c., might prove of great advantage. Teaching to read is not the pleasant occupation spoken of by the poet, when practically attempted. The state of our written language renders it not only unpleasant to the teacher, but extremely irksome to the pupil. When a child has learned the alphabet, is it not natural to expect that he has only to run the sounds of the letters together, and thereby form words. But in this reasonable expectation he is most miserably disappointed. He reasonable expectation he is most miscravity userproduct has to learn that the vowel a denotes six different sounds, as matter father.. fall, want." He in the words "mate, many, matt, father,, fall, want." He then finds that eighteen combinations of letters sound the simple a. These and a thousand other irregularities and absurdities must be mastered before he can read to profit. Can we then wonder that the bewildered mind of the learner we then wonder that the bewindered mind of the tearner should seek a refuge in ignorance, rather than attempt to combat such a system of monstrosities. Truly did a writer on this same subject say:---"He who has overcome the difficulties of English orthography, can overcome anything." But to these things we have a remedy. Phonotopy or printing according to sound has now been before the public for some time. In it the alphabet is composed of as many letters as there are sounds in the language. To all then, it must be apparent, that this is every thing which is required to render knowledge accessable to the mass. A child with its aid can be taught to read in a few weeks, an adult in as many days. ` To one who reads the present style of printing, phonotopy is the acquisition of an hour. Has not then, phonotopy great claims on us all. Claims for our energetic support, and unwearied promulgation of its principles. Men of progress, be not remiss in your endeavours to render this system of truth, simplicity, and accuracy, a universally adopted system, and assuredly the blessings of millions who are at present sunk in the most deplorable ignorance, will prove a rich reward for your services.—I am, yours truly, W. White, 34, Dundas-street.

MUMIAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND. .Wick, Nov. 7 .-- Sir, -- I hope that the following account of Irish Character, Literary History of the Bible, The Magic of Nature and Art, Popular Superstitions, Oneness of the Human

to be inserted in your "weekly record." About two weeks ago, a private individual, a mechanic, seeing with regret the want of the means of improvement and healthful recreation for his fellow workmen, issued a small placard, calling a meeting of young men to consider the propriety of taking steps for their mental improvement, in consequence of which, a large number of young men assembled, when the establishing of a Mechanics' Reading-room was proposed and generally agreed to. A committee was appointed to ascertain and report to a subsequent meeting the expense of maintaining such an institution. The result is, that we have now an excellent Reading-room, supported by about seventy subscribers, at one shilling and sevenpence half-penny each per quarter. There is taken into the room of newspapers, "The Times," "Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper," "The Nonconformist," "The Witness," "The Glasgow Citizen," "The Christian News," and "Beformer's Gazette." Of periodicals, "Tait's Magazine," "Low's Magazine," "Chambers's Journal," "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," "Howitts' Journal," and some temperance publications. A few of the more wealthy connected with the town have kindly countenanced this institution by the donations of money and newspapers. I may also mention, as indicative of the character and superior advantages of those who generally form Mutual Improvement Societies, that of the members who formed such a society here, about five years ago, and who were almost all mechanics, two are studying for the ministry, one is employed in the "Times," printing-office, one holds a good situation as a clerk in a house in Glasgow; indeed it is remarked, that almost all those who were members of this society, occupy more respectable situations than those of the same town and class, who were too indolent to make any exertions for their mental improvement. I may add, that it is my impression-an impression confirmed by experience, that for the more intelligent workmen to combine to make active efforts for the mental improvement of their brethren, is the best method for realising the wishes of the friends of progress in small towns .-- I am, with much respect, your obliged servant. Donald Wates.

SHOCKING MISAPPLICATION OF JUVENILE INDUSTRY .ing at Troy, I immediately crossed over the river to West Troy, for the purpose of viewing the Arsenal which Uncle Sam has established at this place. This visit well and richly repaid me for my pains. I was not aware, till the beauty of the spot prompted me to inquire as we passed it on our way up, that an institution of the kind was established here. We found a ready admittance; a gentleman with a sword dangling at his side conducting us to the sights to be seen in the inclosure. We entered first a long, one-story building where were employed fifty boys preparing cartridges. The activity displayed by these little fellows exceeded anything I had before seen. They were sitting at benches, with their cartridge paper before them and boxes containing ball and shot, and the rapidity with which they rolled up the cartridge was truly astonishing. They inserted the ball and three buck-shot in one end, tying with a thread the ball end of the curtridge, and the spaces between ball, shot and powder, leaving the whole to be finished by being taken to another building and filled with powder and closed. The little fellows are paid by the hundred, and we were told some of them made a dollar a day.—Belfust Journal. --- [What dreadful ideas does this scene involve. These innocent children thus daily preparing wholesale destruction for their fellow creatures!

Manufacture of India Rubber.—Here we saw the manufacture of rubber. The man of the house returned from the forest about noon, bringing in nearly two gallons of milk, which he had been engaged, since daylight, in collecting from one hundred and twenty trees, that had been tapped upon the previous morning. This quantity of milk, he said, would suffice for ten pair of shoes, and when he himself attended to the trees, he could collect the same quantity for several months. But his girls could only collect from seventy trees. The Seringa trees do not usually grow thickly, and such a number may require a circuit of several miles. In making the shoes, two girls were the artists, in a little thatched hut, which had no opening but the door. From an inverted waterjar, the bottom of which had been broken out for the purpose, issued a column of dense, white smoke, from the burning of a species of palm nut, and which so filled the hut that we could scarcely see the inmates. The lasts used were of wood, exported from the United States, and were smeared with elay to

prevent adhesion. In the leg of each was a long stick, serving as a handle. The last was dipped into the milk, and imm diately held over the smoke, which, without much discolouring, dried the surface at once. It was then redipped, and the process was repeated a dozen times, until the shoe was of sufficient thickness, care being taken to give a greater number of costings to the bottom. The whole operation, from the smearing of the last to placing the finished shoe in the sun, required less than five minutes. The shoe was now of a slightly more yellowish hue than the liquid milk, but in the course of a few hours, it became of reddish brown. After an exposure of twenty-four hours, it is figured, as we see upon the imported shoes. This is done by the girls, with small sticks of hard wood, or the needle-like spines of some of the palms. Stamping has been tried, but without success. The shoe is now cut from the last, and is ready for sale bringing a price of from ten to twelve vintons, or cents. per pair. It is a long time before they assume the black hue. Brought to the city, they are assorted, the best laid aside for exportation as shoes, the others as waste rubber. The proper designation for this latter, in which are included bottles, sheets, and any other form excepting selected shoes, is borache, and this is shipped in bulk. There are a number of persons in the city, who make a business of filling shoes with rice, chaff, and hay, previous to their being packed in boxes. They are generally fashioned into better shape by being stretched upon lasts after they arrive at their final destination. By far the greater part of the rubber exported from Para, goes to the United States, the European consumption being comparatively very s.nall.—Educard's Voyage up the Amazon.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS .-- TO THE TWENTY MILLION OF LIVING POETS AND PORTESEES OF ENGLAND.—
Dear Friends,—There is such a thing as killing with kindness, and as every one of you is so obliging as to favour ses with your compositions, we beg to inform you that we are actually at this moment gasping under a mountain of poetical effusions. No snow storm ever came thicker than the snowflakes from Parnassus now shower upon us. If you will, therefore, for the next twelve months, oblige us by staying your hands, we will take it as a particular favour. It is now an ascertained fact, that the majority of the public have ceased to read, and become writers; the distinction is now not to write. Aim, therefore, boldly at distinction; there is none to be got by writing verse, every man, woman, and child, does that; there is immense distinction to be obtained by teriting nothing You will, if you adopt this course, stand amongst the exalted fee. And as we feel sensibly how much you wish to oblige us, there is no way in which you could gratify us so much. had rather have one reader than a thousand writers of poetry ---and the money that is spent in paper, pens, and postage-stamps to no purpose, would purchase a large editions of our iournel.

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THOMAS CLARKSON,

THE ADVOCATE OF THE EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY BY MEANS OF INDIA.

No. 48.—Vol. II. November 27, 1847.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

THE ADVOCATE OF THE EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY BY MEANS OF INDIA.

In our recent articles on India, we have urged the importance of that country as a means of rescuing our trade, our manufacturing system, our millions of artizans from their difficulties and distress—as a matter of policy and humanity on both sides of the water; there is still another point of view in which the free labour of India is of equal power and value, and that is in the

extinction of American Slavery.

Draw your cotton and your sugar from India, and down goes slavery in America at once. We ourselves, having paid dearly to abolish slavery in our own colonies, are yet the very people who maintain all the black slavery in the world. With a folly unequalled in any age or nation, we go on stultifying ourselves, by daily attempts and daily expenditure, with the one hand to put down slavery, and by maintaining it as steadily with the other, by giving a preference to the growth of cotton and sugar by slaves, instead of by our own free millions of fellow subjects. In vain does the Anti-Slavery Society exist. In vain does it hold annual meetings and occasional world's conventions, while we go on purchasing the cotton and the sugar that the American slave-masters raise. In vain do its members entertain and promulgate principles against the use of such slave grown articles, till they resolve to renounce them altogether as a matter of trade, and throw them out of the market by the cultivation of them by our own India population, at fifty per cent. less cost.

The case lies before them clear and simple. A hundred millions of people wait their word to produce now, at the cost of twopence per day, instead of two shillings per day, and send us the finest Surat cotton at twopence or twopence halfpenny per pound, instead of American slavegrown Uplands at fivepence; and free-labour sugar at 4s. 0d. per ewt., instead of slave-grown sugar at seventeen shillings per cwt. At their command, American slavery will vanish from the earth; or at their permission it will continue. It lies entirely with the great anti-slavery public of England to abolish or continue it. At their door lies the blessing of its extinction, or the sin of its prolonged existence. India stands before them, and awaits only the word which shall put all her millions in metion, and bury American Slavery for ever beneath the limitless mass of free-labour produce that she will pour in upon us. She points to these millions—to her immense and fertile fields, and to her twopence a day against the American two shillings—and asks why that word is not spoken?

We call, therefore, upon the great anti-slavery body to join the merchants, the manufacturers, the workmen, and work-women of England, in the great but easy enterprise of restoring our commerce, of giving new life to our manufacturing system, of exchanging misery and destitution in the dwellings of our poor for comfort and cheerful labour, and in putting down for ever the slavery of America, at the same moment that they spread over the East, cultivation, content, and the prospect of enlightenment: and to do this more effectually, we call upon them in the name of the late venerable and vene-

rated patriot, Thomas Clarkson.

We have this day placed his portrait in our Journal, to remind them vividly of the sacred cause for which he lived, and of the sacred legacy which he left them almost with his dying breath. It was to India that he looked, in the latest stage of his long life, for the accomplish

ment of that great work for which he had for more than half a century laboured, and in vain.

Thomas Clarkson began his campaign against slavery at the age of 24; he continued it to the day of his death, at the age of 87. When the Slave Trade was abolished by England, he and his friends hoped that the supply being cut off, slavery would of itself soon languish and expire. They found their hopes deceived. The demand continuing, nothing could prevent the supply. They procured the abolition of slavery itself in our colonies—it was in vain. In America and Brazil, as well as the West India Islands belonging to other powers, it only fourished the more. They had slavery and the Slave Trade growing over their heads in spite of all their exertions, and all the power, preventive ships, and treaties of England. The researches of one of their most eminent coadjutors, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, placed this fact in a frightful light.

When the contest against the Slave Trade first commenced, half a century ago, THERE WERE CALCULATED TO BE FROM TWO TO THERE MILLIONS OF SLAVES IN THE

WOBLD!

There are now, according to documents quoted by Sir T. F. Buxton, CALCULATED TO BE FROM SIX TO SEVEN MILLIONS!

When, Afty years ago, the Anti-Slavery operations began, there were CALCULATED TO BE ONE BUNDRED THOUSAND SLAVES ANNUALLY BATISHED FROM AFRICA!

There are new calculated to be FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND ANNUALLY!!!

That is the great fact regarding slavery and the Slave Trade at this moment! It is evident that all the means hitherto used are unavailing; nothing is capable of coping with the hydra-headed monster of alavery, but free labour and a field large enough for its exercise. India is that field; and its population of one hundred millions are the instruments all ready to do the work, which nothing besides can do.

No man saw this more clearly than Thomas Clarkson-When he had seen all other means bowed down and crushed into the earth before the monster power of slavery, as the trees of the tropics are crushed before the hurricane, his eyes were directed to India, and his last days were cheered by the triumphant conviction that there stood the power provided by Providence to accomplish his great mission, and to give to Great Britain the glory of the establishment of universal freedom on the earth. We will now quote his own words. They are contained in the last public speech which, we believe, he ever prepared, and which was not delivered exactly as he intended, but of which a copy, as written, was afterwards published by his authority. This must, therefore, be regarded as his solemn legacy to the Anti-Slavery Society, and the world.

My dear friends, you have a most difficult task to perform; it is neither more nor less than the extirpation of slavery from the whole world. Your opponents, who appear the most formidable, are the cotton and other planters in the southern parts of the United States; who, I am grieved to say, hold more than two millions of their fellow-creatures in the most cruel bondage. Now, we know of these men that they are living in the daily habits of injustice, cruelty, and oppression; and may be, therefore, said to have to true fear of God, nor any just sense of religion. You cannot, therefore, expect to have the same hold upon the consciences of these as you have upon the consciences of others. How then can you get at these so as to influence their conduct? There is but one way; you must endeavour to make them feel their quilt in its consequences. You must endeavour by all justifiable means to affect their temporal interests. You must endeavour, among other things, to have the produce of free tropical labour brought into the markets of Europe, and undersell them there,—and if you can do this, your victory is sure.

Now that this is possible, that this may be done, there is no question. The East India Company alone can do it of themselves, and they can do it by means that are perfectly morel and parific, according to your own principles, namely, by the cultivation of the earth, and by the employment of free labour. They may, if they please, not only have the high bonour of abolishing Slavery and the Slave Trade, but the advantage of increasing their revenue beyond all calculation; for, in the first place, they have land in their possession twenty times more than equal to the supply of all Europe with tropical produce; in the second place, they can procure, not tens of thousands, but tens of millions of free labourers to work; in the third, what is of the greatest consequence in this case, the price of labour with these is only from a penny to three-halfpence per day. What slavery can stand against these prices?

I learn, too, from letters which I have seen from India, and from the Company's own Reports, that they have been long engaged, shall I say providentially engaged, in preparing seeds for the cultivation of cotton there. Now, if we take into consideration all these previous preparations, (by which it appears that they are ready to start,) and add to this the consideration that they could procure, not tens of thousands, but tens of millions of free labourers to work,—I speak from authority,—I believe that if they would follow up their plans heartily, and with spirit, according to their means, that in the course of six years they would materially affect the price of this article at market, and in twelve that they would be able to turn the lide completely against the growers of it in the United Resea

And here I would observe, that this is not a visionary or fanoiful tatement. Look at the American newspapers; look at the American newspapers; look at the American pamphlets which have come out upon this subject; look at the opinion of the celebrated Judge Jay on this subject also; all, all, confess, and the planters too confess—but the latter with fear and trembling—that if the East India Company should resolve upon the cultivation of tropical products in India, and carry it to the extent to which they would be capable of carrying them,—it is all over with American slavery.

which they would be capture of carrying them,—is but but with American slavery.

Gentlemen, I have mentioned these circumstances, not with a view of dictating to you any particular plan of operations, but only to show you the possibility of having your great object accomplished, and this to its fullest extent; for what I have said relative to the United States is equally applicable to Cuba, Brazil, and other parts of the South American Continent; and, besides, the East India Company have twenty times more land than is sufficient to enable them to compete with them all."

FRIGHTFUL CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

IRBLAND, the great difficulty of England, is becoming every day a greater difficulty. We have spent six millions, and Providence has sent a splendid harvest, but the lean kine have eaten up the fat kine, and are leaner than ever. A fresh winter is approaching, and the cry is that the country is worse prepared for it than it was last year. There are no potatoes, no corn, no power of paying rents, or paying the poor-rates, or repaying the loans. It is calculated that half-a-million of people have perished, and that a million more are ready to perish. Tens of thousands have been shipped off to England and America; hundreds of thousands to eternity; and the famine, and the fever, the murders and ejectments, are just as rife as ever. Where are the corn-crops, and the six millions of English gold? God knows. All that is known to mortal man, is that the country, from one end to another, is a howling wilderness, a grave, and a slaughter-house. No one ever

sees any money come back from that country, and yet it seems to do no good there. For ourselves, though we have sent tons of our Journal during the whole year to that country, we have never to this hour seen a single shilling from it. That, we believe, is the general experience as it regards Ireland. There is certainly a hole somewhere in that Island, through which everythere is a race of landlords, who are ready for everything that we choose to send over.

While the cry of murder rings from the country,—while the assassin's shot resounds from behind bank and bush,—while the cottages of the peasantry burn at the command of the landlord, who regards his fellowmen as vermin, and these vermin find means to sting the devastating landlord to the death,—while fever preys on one, and famine on another,—while the cry of "moral force is a farce, and the only remedy is insurrection, and death to the tyrants," is spreading over bog and moorland and mountain,—in a word, while the length and breadth of Ireland offers one terrific scene of man against man, class against class, interest against interest, and life against life, the capital presents the most amazing contrast that ever was presented since this world was a world.

There all is throng, gaiety, revelry, and expenditure. The nobility and the gentry have gathered together there, as if, instead of their country being a hell, a chamel-house, and a Golgotha, its hour of salvation and prosperity was come. Never did so many splendid equipages crowd and glitter on the street; never did such rich dresses strike the eye. The theatres are crammed evening after evening, from pit to gallery: balls and concerts abound, and excel all that have gone before them in splendour and attendance. You would imagine that the land flowed with milk and honey from Coleraine to Cork; that the fields smiled with inexhaustible plenty, the cottages with a stream, broad as the Shannon at Limerick, and that the happy nation celebrated in its capital the Jubilee of Abundance.

Great God! why it is like some frightful dream,—like a nation, driven to madness by the hand of an avenging Delty,—like a remnant, dancing on the hearts or the ashes of their annihilated race. There is nothing like it in all history, except the mirth of Nero, or the destruction of Jerusalem. It is the horrible spectacle of a crisis which never yet took place but on the eve of the fall of a nation,—the last frantic hour of a city doomed of God.

But, what remedy? The people must not perish; the call will be made again on us for fresh millions. Shall we send them? Yet, if we send them not, there will be not only famine and pestilence, but outbreak and bloodshed. Already the organs of Government talk of a new Coercion Bill. Will that fill the empty stomachs? And if they are not filled, there is no coercion that can coerce death, or choke the curses that will rise up to heaven against ages of bad government, which terminate with swarms of soldiery and police standing over the people in the last agonies of famine, and compelling them to die quietly.

Such is the retribution which has come down upon us for our long and infamous refusal to govern Ireland as a Christian country, or any country, ought to be governed. We are come to that pass when we can neither afford help, nor refuse it, without equal crime and mischief. A poor-law would be a good remedy, but it cannot be enforced. It is necessary to employ the population in the cultivation of the waste land, but we can neither furnish the money ourselves, nor compel the landlords to do it. They fly from the rusty

gun of the assassin, and dance and revel in Dublin, as if they had a pleasure-compact from the devil for the remainder of their lives. They will not care for the coming cry of famishing and freezing millions. Can we answer it effectually? Look at home for an answer. Look at the manufacturing districts; at hundreds of mills standing for want of capital; at tens of thousands of people starving for want of employment! Look at your own capital and large cities! Contemplate the bankruptcies and the mercantile distress! Why are you dismissing thousands weekly from your railways? Do not the forty thousand already turned adrift, and the two hundred and fifty thousand who are expected to be thrown on your parish books this winter, for want of the funds you have sent to Ireland and elsewhere, stand in terrible array against your further advances to Ireland? What, then, shall become of her!!

Let the minister of this great nation, who could not the other day answer the simple question of the Bir-

mingham deputation, answer that!

At this gloomy and astounding point of our topic, let us lay before our readers some revelations from Ireland of its condition at the present moment. The first is a letter to a philanthropic friend of ours, who has laboured personally and zealously for the relief of the poer Irish, from that extraordinary American lady, Asenath Nicholson, the author of "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," who has for many months been going amongst the Irish peasantry, examining their condition and endeavouring to attract the notice of the wealthy and powerful to it.

Belmullet, Oct. 30th, 1847. MY DEAR SIR,—Please prepare yourself—I am about applying some of those "offensive points" in my character, plying some of those "oftensive points" in my character, which you say I possess, and which may require not only your "true charity," but untiring patience, to plod through. I have been riding and walking through desolate Erris, and in worse than despair, if possible, have sat down asking what am I to do? What can I do? And what should I do? Every effort of the friends of Ireland is baffled by the demoralizing effects that feeding a starving peasantry without labour has produced. And now the sound again is echoing and rectioning, that on the lat of November, the boilers upon mountain and in Glen, are to be foaming and splashing with Indian meal—while the various idlers shall have nothing to do but fight their way over necks of old women, and starved children, missiles of police-men, elbows and fists of aspirants to secure the lucky hodge podge into can and noggin, pot and bucket, and trail over ditch, and through bog from a quarter of a mile to five, as his hap may be; then to sitdown in his mud-built cabin, sup and gulp down the boon, lie down upon his straw till the hour of 9 or 10 will again summon him to the next warlike encounter. Indeed, sir, your friend who was last here, said that he could think of nothing better than to take up a turf cabin with its inmates and appurtenances, and set it down in England. I can out do him in invention—I would take some half dozen of your George Thompsons, if so many truly independent members of Parliament you have, and would transport them through the waste lands of Erris. and seat them snugly around a boiler under full play. They should sit unobserved and see the whole working of the machinery. The array of rage, each one equipped with his canteen to hold his precious gift. each one equipped with his canteen to hold his precious gift, should approach; the ghastly features, staring eyes, bony fingers, slender legs, in fact ghosts and hob-goblins, hags and imps, should draw rear; the fighting and tearing, tumbling and scratching, should commence, and go on till the boiler was emptied, and these fac-timiles of fighting dogs, tigers, and wolves, had well cleared the premises. I then would invite them to a seat in Samuel Stock's, Samuel Bourn's, and James O'Donel's parlours. Then let them patiently watch from 10 to 12; from 12 to 2; and perchance from 2 till 4, and witness the intensity of action in making patiently watch from 10 to 12; from 12 to 2; and perchance from 2 till 4, and witness the intensity of action in making out lines and columns, diagrams and figures, to show in plain black and white to Government, that Pat Flannagan, Sam. Murphy, Biddy Aigin, and Molly Sullivan, had each

his and her pound of meal made into stir-about, on the 3rd of November, Anno Domini, 1847. And let it be understood that these Pat Flannagan's, Aigin's, and Murphys's had only to spend the day in the terrific contests before described, to earn this pound, and then betake themselves to mountains and dens, turf-hovels, and mud-hovels, to crawl in and there and then" "sup up" this life-giving, lope-inspiring timulus. They should farther be told that these S. Stocks's, Bourns's, O'Donel's, &c., had the privilege of handing over these mighty made-out documents, to officers paid from six tites mighty mane-out accumulate, by contact the might to ten, from ten to twenty shillings per day, that they might have the promise of a six month's nightly campaign, should naners he found to be true and legible as aforetime. This is papers be found to be true and legible as aforetime. This is but a short preface to the story my hearts sickens at, looking over the utter wasting of all that was once cheerful, interesting, and kind in these peasantry. Hunger and idleness have left them a prey to every immorality, and if they do not soon practice every vice attendant on such a state of things, it maniace, some desperate, and some idiots. Human nature is coming forth in every deformity that she can put on, while in the flesh, and should I stay in Ireland six months longer, I shall not be astonished at seeing any deeds of wickedness performed, even by those who one year ago might apparently have been as free from guile as any among us. I have not been able yet with all my republican training, to lose the old school principle of man's totally lost state. I have never yet seen him, without the restraints of custom or religion, any thing but a demon in embryo, if not in full maturity, doing not only what he can, but sighing and longing to do more. The flood-gates in Ireland are certainly set open, and the torrent already has made tearful ravages. From Clare and Tipperary what do we hear? One post after another runs to tell, that not only deeds of darkness are done, but deeds of daylight desperation, sufficient to startle the firmest. What Moses shall stand up to pload with God! What Phineas shall rush into stay the plague! Where are your men of moral, yes of spiritual might! You have them, then bring them out. I look across that narrow channel, I see the graves of martyrs. I see the monuments of men whose daring minds stood forth in all the majesty of holy greatness, to speak for truth and justice; and though they may have long since taken flight, where are their mantles?

There is your George Thompson! He who shook the United States from Maine to Georgia, in pleading long and lond for the down trodden black man? Can be not, will be sinking on the "Isthmus between two worlds," apparently not fit for either. Will he not reach forth a kindly hand, and try to snatch this once lovely and interesting, though and try to shatch this once lovery and interesting, integral now forlorn and forsaken creature, from her fearful position. Must she, shall she die? Will proud England lose so bright a gem as Ireland might have been in her crown? Will she lose her, when the distaff and the spade, the plough and the fishing-net might again make her moun-tains and her valleys rejoice; when the song of the husband-man, and laugh of the milk-maid might make her green isle in wasting despair? Do you say she is treacherous, she is indolent, she is intriguing! Try her once more; put implements of working warfare into her hands; hold up the soul-stirring stimulus of remuneration to her; give her no time for meditating plunder and bloodshed; give her no inducement to be reckless of a life that exists only to suffer. Feed her not in idleness, nor taunt her with her nakedness and poverty, till her wasted, palsied limbs have been washed and clothed—till her empty stomach has been filled; and filled too with food of her own earning, when she has strength to do it. Give her a little spot on the loved isle, that she can call her own, where she can " sit under herown vine and fig-tree, and none shall make her afraid," and force her not to fiee to a distant clime to purchase that bread that would be sweeter on her own native soil. Do you say you cannot feed and pay four millions of these your subjects? Then call on your transatlantic sister to give you food for them. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and though they have a right to say they will not send Ireland food to keep them strong in idleness—they have no right to say they will not send them food to give them strength for labour—they have not a heart to say it—foul as her hands

may be with slavery, yet she will feed the hungry with a cheerful hand. If she have not done her duty, there is room for repentance, yes, effectual repentance. Her fields toom for repentance, yes, executes repentance. Let home the past season have been waving with rich corn, and her store houses are filling with the golden harrest. You have given her gold in profusion for the produce of her soil; the blast of the potatoe has been to her the blossoming and fruitely and containing and fruitely and containing and fruitely and containing and containing and fruitely and containing and containin tion of her pastures, her waving fields of pulse and corn. The husbandman has been stimulated to plough up fresh lands, to thresh his house full of seed, because free-trade has opened your ports, and you will demand more of his corn; opened your ports, and you will demand more of his corn; and why should he not send over a few sheaves as a thank offering to God for all this bounty? America will do it, if required, but an enquiry has come across the ocean, "Is it right to feed a country, to encourage idleness? Will not the evil be much greater than the good?" Answer you who are statesmen, you who are christians, answer you who can? Look at the peasantry of Ireland three years ago, and look at them now. Even their enemies must acknowledge that they them now. Even their enemies must acknowledge that they are a tractable race, to have developed so much intrigue and cunning under the training of the two last years. Shall I scold, shall I preach, shall I entreat any more? What is woman's legislating amid the din of so many wise magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers as have set up for Ireland the last two years. Prophets and priests have so far failed, but certainly there must be a true chord to strike somewhere. For what is now wrong when traced to its source may disclose the hidden cause of the evil, and put the willing investigator into a position to work an amendment. You, sir, who know Erris, tell if you can, how the landlords can support the poor by taxation to give them food, when the few resident landlords are nothing, and worse than nothing: they are paupers in the full sense of the word. What can Samuel Bourn, James O'Donel, and others of the like do, that they have not done? I must and will plead, though I plead in vain, that something may be done to give them work. I have just received a letter from the cura Binghamstown, saying that he could set all his poor parish to Binghamstown, saying that he could set all his poor parish to work, both the women and children, and find a market for their knitting and cloth, if he could command a few pounds to purchase materials. He is young and indefatigable, kindhearted and poor, and no proselyter. Mrs. Stock has done well in her industrial department. William Butler has purchased cloth of her for a coat to wear himself, made of the manufactory of the poor women, and he gave a good price for the cloth. I pray you if this malignant letter do not frighten you, write and say what shall be done! Work, work, is my motto, and nothing can I do without this be put in operation.

A. NICHOLSON.

That is a wretched picture of the state of the Irish peasantry, and of the folly of our modes of attempting their aid. The next is a letter addressed to Lord John Russell by the rector of Kilcomman and his lordship's answer. Was there ever a more striking verification of Christ's words, slightly varied, "They asked for bread, and he gave them a stone."

Belmullet, County Mayo, Ireland, Barony of Erris, 28th October, 1847.

My Lord,—About this period last year, I felt it my duty, as the Protestant incumbent, to call your attention to the destitute state of this isolated Barony, and although I am well aware your lordship is already perfectly informed from official reports of its resources and present condition, yet, as no means seem about being adopted by Government to alleviate the existing distress, pardon me if under a similar sense of duty, I again intrude myself on your notice.

In the asternment I formerly hed the honour to address to

In the statement I formerly had the honour to address to you, I expressed my conviction that unless immediate relief was afforded, hundreds must perish under that visitation; that warning was overlooked till too late, the timely relief we sought for was delayed, and the fearful results were, that not alone hundreds, but thousands, perished from want and consequent disease.

My Lord, whatever small portion of human food was then saved from the wreck of the potato crop, there is none whatever this year, literally none, available to this wide and extensive Barony; we were not enabled to sow, and consequently we have not reaped; even our very flocks have vanished, all is gone with the sole exception of a very limited remaining supply of turnips gratuitously afforded us by the "British Association," and the "Society of Friends."

It is true we are pointed to the poor-rates as the means—the only means of sustaining the lives of the people; this is also value for Lew respected to more their attention to describe the sole was the statement of the sole of the people; the sole of the people is the sole of the sole of the people; the sole of the people is the sole of the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the sole of the people is the sole of the people in the sole of the people is the people in the sole of the people in the people is the people in the people

It is true we are pointed to the poor-rates as the means—the only means of sustaining the lives of the people; this is also vain, for I am prepared to prove their utter inadequacy, even if it were possible to collect them; nay, I think I can satisfactorily demonstrate that the entire rental of the Barony would be altogether inaufficient for the purpose

satisfactorily demonstrate that the entire rental of the Barony would be sltogether insufficient for the purpose.

Fever, and dysentery, and dropsy, have already recommenced the work of death, and the solemn and sober conviction of my mind is, that unless prompt and adequate means are adopted to arrest this terrible calamity, not hundreds, not thousands, but the great bulk of the population will be swept, as with the besom of destruction, off the face of this land.

I forbear to particularize any of those scenes of woe I am daily doomed to behold; they are too shocking, too disgusting; but as an instance of the pressing want of a hitherto most patient people, permit me to state that, while in the act of writing this, my hall door has been burst open by a starving multitude, unable from hunger to endure the regular distribution of a small quantity of rice confided to me by the Society of Friends, for the sick and convalescent in my neighbourhood.

My Lord, should such things be suffered to exist in a country professedly Christian? Those alone who are eyewinesses can form any idea of the spectacles of human misery which throng around our doors for that relief we are not able to give.

Possibly your lordship may be inclined to consider this statement somewhat exaggerated, I can only say I am prepared to have every word of it verified by all persons of respectability, and of every creed in this place.

I have the honour to be,
Your lordship's, obedient servant,
SAMUEL STOCK,
Rector and Vicar of Kilcommon.

Rector and Vicar of Kilcommon. Right Hon. Lord John Russell.

[REPLY.]

Downing-street, November 2d, 1847.

Sir,—I am desired by Lord John Russell, to inform you that he has no funds at his disposal to apply in the manner pointed out in your letter of the 28th ultimo.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servent,
Grong

GEORGE KEPPEL.

The Rev. Samuel Stock.

The above letter is accompanied by one to our friend, expressing the great service which the distribution of turnip and carrot seed by the Society of Friends had been. That the crops had prevented the perishing of thousands.

Such is the awful condition, and such are the prospects of the Irish people, for the coming winter. The difficulty is one which none but a strong and wise government can cope with. It is not so much by a great amount of money, as by the judicious application of what shall be given, that good is to be effected. But, above all, it is by coercion;—not coerciou of the people, but coercion of the landlords, that the misery of Ireland must be surmounted. Let government employ its soldiery and police, but let it be not only to keep the poople quiet, but to compel the landowners to support or to employ the poor. The people once employed and paid, the first difficulty of the great difficulty would be got over The land drained and sown would furnish food; the wages of these labourers would pay for it. Do the landlords reply that they cannot find the money? Ask them where then they find all that which now fills the theatres and the ball-rooms of Dublin? Till there be a Coercion Bill for the landlords of Ireland, all other measures will be in vain. The people

of Ireland will continue to starve, to be demoralised, and to infect us all with their misery. Our government will stand before the world in the humiliating and culpable position of the conjuror's apprentice, who raised the devil, and did not know how to lay him again. We must have a strong government, and a wise one, for this purpose. We must have, not the necromancer's apprentice, but the necromancer himself. Have we got him? If not, he must be sent for in haste. The salvation of the whole empire demands it. W. H.

HYMN TO PIUS THE NINTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY DR. BOWRING.

Italy is waking now Light upon her matin-brow; And her Pontiff, heaven-inspired, Leads her on her glorious way.

And the day so long desired

Dawns—the bright, the promised day, Still of her salvation dreaming, All her sleeping was but seeming.

Listen! how the snowy Alp, As from Etna's blazing scalp, Our united voice breathes forth, Waking transports as it runs : North to south, and south to north Calls Italia's noblest sons, Not the tears of shame to drop, But of glory, joy, and hope.

Hail! all hail! thou noble one! Seated on earth's highest throne; Scatterer of all evil, thou Bounteous fountain-head of Good! Not alone Italia now Bends in fervent gratitude: But the world—the world is pouring Praise and heaven and thee adoring.

Perfect thy majestic plan, Thou of men the noblest man! God is smiling on thy deed,
Earth is waiting thy decree!
Tell the fettered they are freed— Smite the arm of tyranny. How shall tyranny withstand, If thou bless the patriot land?

Peace! shall be the patriot-cry! Peace! and light and liberty! Liberty! and peace and light! Thou shalt give as thou hast given O'er thee, round thee smiling bright, Crowd the messengers of heaven, Pointing out thy pathway here, And thy crown of glory there.

THE BREADFINDER.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER VII.

HE felt, as which of us has not felt, how humiliating to our higher and better feelings are the fretful events of the social life we lead? And then he thought how erring he had been, and how many deviations he had made from the path of rectitude which he had proposed to tread. Beginning with his first disgust at his father's breadfinding, and tracing his own course hitherto,—remembering how he had fallen into temptation, and received at his father's hands the very money he had scorned not eighteen months before, how he had eaten at his own table the food which he had rejected with loathing in his father's house,—how compromised he was by the necessity which had driven him as a supplicant to the hand which he had indignantly spurned in those purer days, he wept-he wept, -and the stern tears fell from his blinded eyes upon the pavement like large drops of rain.

His finger was raised to the knocker, but had not

touched it, when the door was opened, and Emma. she had seen him pass the window,—stood upon the threshold, with eyes in which the tears, also, lingered. She seized both his hands, and pulled him into the

room

"Forgive your bad girl," she said. "Forgive my wicked temper, William. I have been most unjust to you. If you are unfortunate, dear, you are not to blame."

"I am to blame, Emma; and I am not unfortunate," he answered. "I am to blame, because I have not persevered in getting a livelihood; and I cannot be called unfortunate, because I have never yet fairly tried my fortune. They only are unfortunate who try, and fail."

"O my brave husband, when you once fairly try, you will not fail. I know it,—I know it. My whole being throbs with confidence in your success, which once you commit yourself in earnest to the laws which sway this world's right and wrong. When you left the house just now,-hush! don't interrupt me with a word,—I sat in agony beside my baby's bed, but my anguish passed away; and if an angel had become visible to my sight, and I had touched his robes with my hands, I could not have been more sensible of a Higher and Consoling Presence."

"Fancy, Emma; let us trust ourselves, not angels. For the rest, I will become a Doer among men,—a Breadfinder,—an earner of the daily bread that is eaten at my table. If tuition fails me, I have bodily strength, an earner of the daily bread that is eaten and I can follow some handicraft, like other men.

He sat down and wrote a note to Boldero, which was presently despatched. Then, while his wife busied herself about the concerns of their little household, he revolved in his mind many plans for making an effectual start in the world. This dependence upon one or two chance pupils would not do, if any position above that of constant contingency from day to day for the bread and meat of to-morrow was to be his aim.

bread and meat of to-morrow was to be his aim.

Emma,—she was lighter of heart, now that she was reconciled to her husband,—began to sing.

He must work. Must we not all work? Must not our whole lives, as Carlyle says, be a repeated conjugation of the verb To Do? He must work. Yes; but how?—what? He knew no trade; he was disciplined to no profession. With his face huried in his hands and to no profession. With his face buried in his hands, and his elbows resting on his knees, he thought and thought.

At length, starting up, he told Emma that he should be back in an hour or two, and went out a second time.

He had been absent, perhaps, half-an-hour, when Emma, who had continued to sing almost without intermission, was surprised at hearing the heavy tread of a man's foot descending the stairs. It came along the a man's foot descending the stairs. passage—it halted at her door. She responded to a summons which was presently given by vigorous knuckles, by cautiously peeping forth upon the applicant. But what she saw made her hastily close the door and describe held. door, and draw the bolt.

She was never more frightened in her life. She knew that by ringing the bell she could summon the landlady, but she hesitated to do this, and almost held her breath, though a stout door, secured by a strong bolt, was interposed between her and the terror.

Won't you sing? Do sing again," said a voice in oreign accent. "You ravish, you charm. O you a foreign accent. have such quality."

Emma released the bell-rope. She—I don't know

how I shall account for it—felt somewhat reassured.

"You melt,—you make a gentle monster of the savage beast," said the voice.

Emma's heart beat like the ticking of a clock, but she was not angry—not at all. For, since her girlhood, she had dreamed of this, but had sought no confident for her dreams. She could hum an air when she was four years old, but her parents were serious people, and discountenanced her early vocal efforts. I could write a lecture on the sinful mistake they made; but let that pass. From four years of age, however, she had gone on singing: catching up such airs as she could glean, and taking lessons of Nature when no one was near to censure or criticise.

"You make me all one excitement," said the voice. "I hear you sing, and I cannot sit-I cannot read the

newspaper-I cannot drink my coffee.

"He speaks very good English for a foreigner," thought Emma. "It must be the new lodger that came in yesterday."

"Will you sing again? Will you let me in? I will not hurt you. I am a mild man. I was born in Paris, but I call mysel? Signor Pepolini, and I belong to the Grand Theatre."

"If William should wish to make his acquaintance," thought Emma again, "I shall not oppose his desire, certainly. If he belongs to the Opera, he will, perhaps,

get us some orders.

As if Signor Pepolini had divined her thought, he said, "I shall give you tickets for the Grand Theatre. I shall place you in the grand seats. You shall see the King and the Queen, and the grand lords and ladies. I excite them all to be silent when I sing."

"If I wasn't alone," thought Emma, "I declare I

would let him in."

But as she did not respond audibly to his solicitations, did not by word or movement indicate her presence, the Signor concluded that she had retired to an inner apartment, and could not hear him. There was a strong wind blowing that March day, and the Signor's feet were in slippers. The wind gained an entrance beneath the house-door, and swept along the passage. The Signor's ankles were uncomfortable. Moreover, he reflected that his coffee was getting cold. He heaved a deep sigh, and departed.

Emma felt that this was an epoch in her life. could sing, then—might some day (who could tell?) get her bread—her husband's—her baby's bread by singing. It was a pleasant thought, and she gave it

full rein, and let it lead her where it would.

It was rather wild, that thought, and when it was put to flight by her husband's knock at the door, she

was calculating what fifty pounds a-night would amoun to in nine months, supposing that she should be three months in the year without an engagement.

"Well, Emma," said Harding, as he entered, "I have got a situation. I went to an old acquaintance of my father's, and frankly told him my difficulties. He

engaged me directly."
"Ah! thank God!" said Emma, clasping her hands.

"And the situation-

"Will yield eighteen shillings a-week. It isn't much, certainly, but we can manage, perhaps, to live on it. Only we must leave these lodgings, and seek very humble ones."
"Eighteen shillings a-week!" repeated Emma.

"That is not much, indeed, William; and what is your

employer?

"A cheesemonger!" answered Harding. "Cheese, butter, hams, and bacon - you know what such people sell.

"Cheese, butter, hams, and bacon i" school his

wife. "And are you to—"
"To retail them? Yes. There is no diagrace in cutting a rasher of bacon, or two penn'orth of cheese, is there? Besides, sometimes I shall persuade my customers to buy the whole flitch, or the entire cheese, and then my master will smile, and say, 'Well done.' And that will be consolation, will it not?' "Cheese, butter, bason!" repeated Emma, again, in

a tone of keen disappointment.

"He won't dismiss me for my opinions, at least," said William. "All he requires is vigilance, honesty, and a pleasant way of wheedling customers into purchasing pleasant way of wheedling customers into purchasing large quantities, with a quick eye for bad money. Bless you, I might say, 'Hang the King!' fifty times a-day, and he would take no offence."

"Well, I didn't expect this of you, William. And you will have to wear an apron, I suppose!"

"Undoubtedly. What of that?"

"O dear me, what a figure you will look. I would rather starre, William."

"No you wouldn't. Hunger is a sharp thorn as the

" No, you wouldn't. Hunger is a sharp thorn, as the beggars say. I shall bring you home my wages every Saturday night. You will ask, 'What shall we have for to-morrow's dinner? I shall answer, 'What you please.

"There, hold your stuff, William. I have no patience with you. I declare you make a merit of what you have done."

"I do make a merit of it, Emma. God be my witness, I do. I have now the certainty of a roof, a bed, and food, for all three of us. I was a breadfinder,

and I have found my bread.

"Little more than your bread, then, I can tell you; for what will eighteen shillings a-week do, with rent, and clothes, and all to come out of it? My stars, I suppose you think that I can manage with it. But if you entertain any such wild notions, I would have you dismiss them. Eighteen shillings a week, and coals, candles, tea, sugar, bread, butter, meat, potatoes, clothes for you, and clothes for me, and clothes for baby. Shoes for—for two of us, at any rate, for baby's little shoes ain't worth mentioning,—I'll grant that. And you expect me to do all this out of your paltry eighteen shillings a-week! You must have taken leave of your senses, I think.

"Or, you have lost yours,—which, Emma?"
She did not reply. Harding, hearing a noise, looked round, and beheld a whiskered and mustachioed face,

which was protruded into the room.

"I make many regrets; I sak a thousand pardons," said Signor Pepolini,—for the face, with its ornaments, belonged to him. "I will walk in, if you will give me the grand invitation."

Rev. Mr. Brocklehurst being at the head of the establishment. What Dickens has so benevolently done, by exposing the atrocities of Do-the-boys Hall, is here done in the description of the institution of Lowood. We believe it to be drawn from the life; is is written with that life-like reality which experience only can give; and he does the work of Christ who relaxes in any degree that severe iron rule which eats into the heart of a child, and cramps and crushes its young and tender spirit. Lowood was under the direction of a clergyman, and it was a so-called religious establishment, in which long daily prayers, scripture-lessons, punctual church-going, an unsightly dress, and coarse and scanty fare, formed conspicuous features,, whilst love, forbearance, long suffering, and the forgiveness of injuries, those essentials of true religion, were not of necessity part or parcel of the establishment, but only sprung up here and there in wounded and oppressed hearts, and beamed in pale countenances that betokened frames wearing away under the hardships of this iron domination to another and a better land.

For eight years Jane Eyre remained at this melancholy place; for six as a scholar, and the remainder of the time as teacher. She lived, however, to see things improve; and that, as is so often the case, through suffering. A short extract shall describe the cause of the change:—

Spring drew on; she was, indeed, already come. The frosts of winter had ceased; its snows were melted, its cutting winds ameliorated. My wretched feet, flayed and swollen to lameness by the sharp air of January, began to heal and subside under the gentler breathings of April; the nights and mornings no longer by their Canadian temperature froze the very blood in our veins; we could now endure the play-hour passed in the garden. Sometimes, on a sunny day, it began even to be pleasant and genial, and a greenness grew over those brown beds, which freshening daily, suggested the thought that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps. Flowers pressed out from among the leaves; snowdrope, croouses, purple auriculas, and golden-eyed pansies. On Thursday afternoons (half-holidays), we took walks, and found still sweeter flowers opening by the way-side under the hedges.

April advanced to May; a bright, serene May it was; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western or southern gales filled up its duration, And now vegetation matured with vigour; Lowood shook loose its tresses; it became all green, all flowery; its great elm, ash, and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life.

• Have I not described a pleasant site for a dwelling, when I speak of it as bosomed in hill and wood, and rising from the verge of a stream? Assuredly pleasant enough, but whether healthy or not is another question.

The forest dell where Lowood lay was the cradle of fog and fog-bred pestilence, which quickening with the quickening spring, crept into the Orphan Asylum, breathed typhus through its crowded school-room and dormitory, and, ere May arrived, transformed the seminary into a hospital. Semistarvation and neglected colds had predisposed most of the pupils to receive infection; forty-five out of the eighty girls lay ill at one time. Classes were broken up, rules relaxed. The few who continued well were allowed almost unlimited licence, because the medical attendant insisted on the neces sity of frequent exercise to keep them in health; and, had it been otherwise, no one had leisure to watch or restrain them. Miss Temple's whole attention was absorbed by the patients : she lived in the sick room, never quitting it, except to snatch a few hours' rest at night. The teachers were fully occupied with packing up and making other necessary preparations for the departure of those girls who were fortunate enough to have friends and relations able and willing to remove them from the scene of contagion. Many, already smitten, went home only to die; some died at school, and were buried quictly and quickly, the nature of the malady forbidding delay.

When the typhus fever had fulfilled its mission of devastation at Lowood, it gradually disappeared from thence, but not till its virulence and the number of its victims had drawn public attention on the school. Inquiry was made into the origin of the scourge, and by degrees various facts came out, which excited public indignation in a high degree. The unhealthy nature of the site, the quantity and quality of the children's food, the brackish, footid water, used in its preparation, the pupils' wretched clothing and accommodations; these things were discovered, and the discovery produced a result mortifying to Mr. Brocklehurst, but beneficial to the establishment.

On leaving Lowood, Jane Eyre becomes the governess of a solitary child, in an old country-house, connected with which is a great mystery; strange, but by no means improbable as we ourselves were acquainted with a similar one, which turned out nearly as tragically. The master of this old house, who lives most frequently abroad, a man of the world, and a libertine, rather from circumstances than from nature, of course, sees her, and somewhat old-fashioned, plain, and simple-hearted as she is, he falls in love with her. All this is most admirably managed, and shows the hand of a master. The marriage, however, just on the eve of its accomplishment, is prevented by the mystery of the house with which, though the reader has surmised it all along. Jane herself becomes for the first time acquainted. Tears, agony, and separation, close the second volume, and new scenes and characters, drawn with inimitable skill-especially the character of St. John Rivers, the cold priest, in whose breast duty annihilated loveoccupy great part of the second, Jane, beautiful in her perfect womanhood, wins still more upon the reader's love and esteem; and the final marriage with the noblehearted Mr. Rochester, who has had, likewise, to pass through his purifying tribulations, leaves the mind of the reader impressed with that calm, though somewhat melancholy satisfaction which is much more a part of actual life, than those ecstatic and astonishing consummations in which common novel-writers so much delight.

SONNET.

COLONEL PERRONET THOMPSON.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

GREAT is a noble deed, but greater still
The nobler thought that fashioned it to birth;
Therefore estrange them not from fame, oh earth,
Who labour out for thee the thoughts that fill
The deeds renowning others—for for ill
Shall it be reckoned to thee that fames worth
The reverence of all ages, starved with dearth
Of thy high praise, forgetfulness should kill;
Therefore when thou rememberest the fame
Of those who struck earth's long-barred highways
free.

Blessing the nations, let the honoured name
Of Thompson with their praises mingled be
As that of one upon whose solid thought
Was fashioned the great deed the League's great life
hath wrought.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

KIND WORDS PROM AMERICA .-- Without a wish to revive a controversy now happily over, we cannot however leave words of justification like the following, unnoticed :---William and Mary Howitt have come through the ordeal of trial triumphantly, so far as their honour is concerned. It is feared that the liabilities in which Saunders has involved them, will drain the mountries in which seathers are the mountries in which seathers are receiving retractions and cordial assurances of sympathy from the literary and working classes of England. We are heartly glad of this exoneration; they are talented, and have been long and consistent workers in the people's cause. It is a pity to think of the labours of so warm-hearted and efficient reformers being intermitted, or rendered impotent for good, in consequence of a dispute which we could wish had been privately settled."---Elihu Burritt's Christian Citizen.

Letter of the eminent Anti-Slavery Advocate, Wendell Ph lips, to the Anti-Slavery Standard :---" Dear Gay,---I noticed with pleasure your remarks on a recent article in the Standard. on the Howitts. I am one of those who were deeply grieved at the appearance of that criticism in your columns. The names of William and Mary Howitt, have been early prominent in every good enterprise. As long as I can remember they have been synonymous with Reform and humanity. To the slave, their fidelity has been most rare and unwaveringmost rare when compared with the conduct of those of like position and influence with themselves. Not to allude to the agitation in England, they seem to have understood at a glance, all the difficulties of our position here; in every crisis of our cause they have chosen their part at once, and always chose right frank and fearless in their testimony, they have never stopped before uttering it to count the cost. To our friends and sgents while abroad, they have given not only their continual and cordial sympathy, but active aid; opened to them both heart and home, and been prodigal of labour in their behalf. Under no circumstances can our anti-slavery press have any sentiments to express towards William and Mary Howitt, but those of unmingled gratitude, respect, and admiration. In common, therefore, with, I apprehend, an overwhelming majority of your readers, I was not only grieved, but indignant, at the appearance of such a criticism in the Standard. Your explanation has given me sincere pleasure. I quite agree with you, that the controversy between Messrs. Saunders and Howitt, should never have been broached in the Standard. As abolitionists, and such are we exclusively in those columns, we have no call to pronounce judgment upon it. The matter having, however, been once admitted, a different question presents itself. That criticism was very definite, pointed, and quite in detail. Your explanation, while it puts you right, does by no means, it seems to me, do full justice to the Howitts. Before you close your columns to the subject, they have a right to be heard by those whose good opinions, judging by their devotion to our common cause, they most value. To do them justice, I think you should publish that brief circular to which you refer, and which I enclose. If you agree with me, let me ask you to do so .-- Believe me, very truly yours, WENDELL PHILLIPS. Boston, September 21st."

MARY ANN HUNT.—We are glad to announce that the sentence of this pool criminal has been commuted, and that the proposed petition to the Queen, on her behalf, will not be required.

FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE RELIGIOUS, MORAL, SOCIETY FOR THE PERMUTION OF THE RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT OF MEN IN MANUFACTORIES.—
There are now nine libraries in operation in different parts of London, and lectures in course of delivery at all its auxiliaries, by men of eminence in their various branches of science and literature. These include chemistry, music, poetry, and history of the Crusades, astronomy, London as it was and is, history of the Crusades, astronomy, London as it was and in-Irish Character, Literary History of the Bible, The Magic of Nature and Art, Popular Superstitions, Oneness of the Human

Race, Druidism, Ancient Rome, Palestine as it was and is, Progress of Nations, Secret Societies, Influence of London on the general condition of Nations, &c., &c. Amongst the lecturers we notice the Rev. H. Hughes, S. C. Hall, the Rev. J. A. Baynes, S. Buckingham, the Rev. W. Champneys, Dr. Ferguson, &c., &c. These lectures thus going on during the winter months in various parts of the metropolis, cannot but be essentially beneficial, and tickets, we do not doubt, of the whole of them may be procured at any of the places of their delivery, as the School-room, George-street, Princes-road. near Lambeth Workhouse; School-room, Castle-lane, Jamesstreet, Westminster; St. Ann's National School-room, Featherstone Buildings, Salmon's Lane, Limehouse; National School-room, Borough-road; and at the Lecture-room of the Bermondsey Auxiliary.

-On Wednesday evening, November 3rd, PRACE ADVOCACY. a meeting well attended, especially by the young of both sexes, was held in the Lecture-room of Mr. Joynson's Institute, was neid in the Lecture-room of Mr. Joynson's Institute, Saint Mary Cray, in connection with the Cray Branch of the League of Universal Brotherhood, founded by Ellhu Burritt, a few months back. The speakers were, the Chairman, Mr. John Rogers, Mr. G. Atkins, and Mr. Featherstone, who united in depicting in forcible terms the horrors of war. Signatures to the pledge of Brotherhood were obtained, and other meetings determined upon to follow up the impression produced, that war is at all times, and under all circumstances a curse

peace everywhere a blessing.
PHONOTOFY.—GLASSOW, October 5, 1847.—Dear Sir,—Allow me through the medium of your Journal, to draw the attention of the friends of Education to the system of Phonotopy, or printing by sound, which if adopted in Ragged Schools, &c., might prove of great advantage. Teaching to read is not the pleasant occupation spoken of by the poet, when practically attempted. The state of our written language renders it not only unpleasant to the teacher, but extremely renders it not only unpresent to the testing to the replace it into the pupil. When a child has learned the alphabet, is it not natural to expect that he has only to run the sounds of the letters together, and thereby form words. But in this reasonable expectation he is most miserably disappointed. He has to learn that the vowel a denotes six different sounds, as in the words "mate, many, matt, father,, fall, want." He then finds that eighteen combinations of letters sound the simple a. These and a thousand other irregularities and absurdities must be mastered before he can read to profit. Can we then wonder that the bewildered mind of the learner should seek a refuge in ignorance, rather than attempt to combat such a system of monstrosities. Truly did a writer on this same subject say :--- "He who has overcome the difficulties of English orthography, can overcome anything." But to these things we have a remedy. Phonotopy or printing according to sound has now been before the public for some time. In it the alphabet is composed of as many letters as there are sounds in the language. To all then, it must be apparent, that this is every thing which is required to render knowledge accessable to the mass. A child with its aid can be taught to read in a few weeks, an adult in as many days. To one who reads the present style of printing, phonotopy is the acquisition of an hour. Has not then, phonotopy great claims on us all. Claims for our energetic support, and unwearied promulgation of its principles. Men of progress, be not remiss in your endeavours to render this system progress, so not remiss in your enters our sold remark this system of truth, simplicity, and accuracy, a universally adopted system, and assuredly the blessings of millions who are at present sunk in the most deplorable ignorance, will prove a rich reward for your services.—I am, yours truly, W. White, 34, Dundas-street.

MUMUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND. -Wick, Nov. 7 .-- Sir, -- I hope that the following account of

gling; -- these, and a multitude of other offences, more or less enormous, forming a list long enough to fill nearly a whole number of this Journal, were punished with death by the sanguinary rulers of this murderous period; until, at length, there was scarcely a page of our fiendish law-code that was not covered with human blood. And this took place in the reign of the "pious"
King George the Third, in the eighteenth century of
Christian civilisation! The soul of Nero in Hades must have felt outdone!

As samples of the judicial murders to which this era gave witness, I select the following :- A girl, fourteen years of age, was condemned to be burnt alive, for an offence under the Coining Act, committed at the bidding of her master. In 1788, a woman was burnt to death in front of Newgate for a similar crime. This is the newspaper's report of the execution :- " As soon as she came to the stake, she was placed upon the stool, which, after some time, was taken from under her, when the faggots were placed around her, and being set fire to, she was consumed to ashes." About the same time, a young woman (Mary Jones, by name), whose husband had been impressed as a seaman, and who had through that circumstance been reduced from comparative respectability to absolute starvation, was hanged at Tyburn for stealing two yards of yellow calico —her infant sucking at her breast on the way to the scaffold! The following was the mode of killing a criminal convicted of treason:- He was drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there hanged. He was cut down whilst alive, his entrails were taken out, and burnt before his face. His head was next cut off, and his body quartered. His carrion was then left to the disposal of the king. Christian legislators ordered these atrocities, and a "most religious" monarch sanctioned them !

That this slaughter system did not answer is evident (without referring to statistics at present), from the fact that the "necessity" for fresh "examples' so often pleaded. Forgery, for instance, was so common and far-spreading, that, as I have before stated, twenty-nine different descriptions of this crime were made capital in the hope of repressing it: and even a minister of the Gospel—Dr. Dodd—who, doubtless, had often defended the gallows from the pulpit, committed the offence in defiance of the penalty, and be-came the "example" which, probably, he had fre-

quently described.

Matters at length reached such a crisis, that Parliament would pass no more hanging laws, that juries perjured themselves daily, rather than give effect to the atrocious enactments of our statute-book, and that a great majority of the vilest criminals escaped all punishment for their offences. Ten-pound bank-notes were brought in as being of the value of thirty-nine shillings: goods worth a thousand pounds were declared to be under the value of five pounds : and Lord Suffield prounder the value of rive pounds: and Lord Sumeia produced on one occasion, in the House of Lords, a list of 555 perjured verdicts delivered during fifteen years at the Old Bailey, for the single offence of stealing from dwellings. So that it was at last palpable to all that the system would not do. Consequently, a resolute few, amongst whom Sir William Meredith stands chiefly conspicuous, set to work to oppose the killing-theory altogether, and to try whether mildness would not operate far better than murder to restrain men from crime.

Of course they met with the vilest and most malignant abuse; especially, to their shame be it said, from the clergy and magistracy. They persisted, however, in spite of ridicule and opposition—in spite of the stupid cry of "sham benevolence" and of "atheism" which was raised against them—in spite of poor Lord Eldon's solemn warning against "the spirit of new-fangled legislation," which he feared—these are his very words—might bring at length the time "when some men may be found—aye, and with the best intentions—visionary enough to propose the repeal of the Capital Punishment—even for Forgery!" They persisted, I say, despite all this, in urging the reform of the criminal code; and confident in the justness of their principles, they left them as legacies to their great successors, Romilly, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Denman, Brougham, and Peel; through whose unremitting exertions, promoted as they have been by younger Reformers, Sydney Taylor, Ewart, Fitzroy Kelly, and others, we have obtained those successful results to which I will now refer.

The Penalty of Death has been abolished for Forgery (notwithstanding that the great Lord Ellenborough pre-dicted the ruin of our commercial credit were it done), one thousand bankers and merchants petitioning the legislature for this abolition; for Hovebreaking (al-though Lord Wynford prophesied that "we should all be murdered in our beds);" for horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, cattle-stealing, stealing in a dwellinghouse, false-coining, letter-stealing, returning from transportation; indeed, virtually, for every offence but murder. Inch by inch has the ground been defended; and there is scarcely a case, however atrocious, in which the gallows has not found advocates who have persisted to the last in their desire for its retention. It would astonish and disgust a modern reader more than he could conceive possible, were he to turn to the debates in Parliament when these various abolitions were proposed, and mark there the pertinacity with which the "good old custom" of hanging was maintained.

But Truth prevailed; the reforms were accomplished. And now let us note the results.

First as to FORGERY. I find that in the ten years ending December, 1829 (the last of the infliction of death for this crime), sixty-four criminals were executed for this offence, and 716 forgers were convicted -these probably forming but a small proportion of the actual offenders, many of whom we have direct evidence to show, escaped public justice altogether, because persons chose rather not to prosecute than to take away life.* In the next ten years-when the indisposition to bring offenders to justice had disappeared a consequence of the repeal of the Capital Penalty, there were no persons executed for the crime, and only 731 convicted of it. So that the legislators of the former period had at least 64 useless murders to answer for, only as regards this one offence.

Next as to Arson. The law respecting this crime had become so inoperative, that in three years, out of 277 commitments, there were but 28 convictions! In the two years ending 1836, nine criminals were executed, and 148 committed; in the next two years, when hanging was discontinued for this crime, the number of malefactors was only 86, a diminution of 41 per cent. in the offence, notwithstanding the milder punishment

and the saving of life.

Another document bearing reference to this crime, shows the following result. In the seven years ending

^{*} When the subject of Death for Porgery was before Parliament, Mr. J. Abel Smith asserted, "that neither the House nor the country were aware of the numerous offences of this And Alderman Harmer stated, kind that were hushed up." from his own knowledge, that the "prosecutions been no propor-tion to the cases in which no prosecutions took place," adding that "he could not calculate to within a hundred how many compromises of this crime he himself had known."

1836, 64 criminals were executed for this offence, and 538 committed; in the next seven years there were none executed, and only 306 committed. By a third parliamentary paper, it appears that during the last five years of the infliction of death for this crime, the commitments were 391. During the next five years (the first after the abolition), only 193 offences of this sort were committed.

Now, as to Horse-stealing. During the nine years ending 1829, which was the last year of an execution for this crime, 46 mens' lives attested the Legislatorial Idea of the value of cat's-meat; and, in defiance of the threat of death, 1,626 men were found to perpetrate the offence. In the next nine years, when the capital penalty was removed, the committals were reduced to 1,585. You hanged for Horse-stealing, and men abducted 1,600 horses; you transported for it, and then you lost only 1,500!

We go on to ROBBERY. I find that in the five years ending 1833, when the remedy for this crime was the gallows, and 36 persons suffered thereon, 1,949 individuals braved the penalty. I go on to the five years, commencing with that in which our rulers removed the capital, and substituted a secondary punishment, and I find only 1,634 commitments. Sixteen per cent. less crime without the destruction of life, than with it.

Here is a table relative to Corning. In the four years ending 1828, when the Punishment was Death, seven persons were executed for this offence, 42 crimes of this sort being perpetrated. In the first four years of a secondary punishment, the number of crimes was diminished to 41.

SHEEPSTEALING merits a word, too. For, yes! the life of a sheep was once thought by our law more valuable than the life of a man. The following anecdote, related and vouched for by the author of "Old Bailey Experience," shows how much the penalty was feared, ' shows how much the penalty was feared and what it was thought of. "A sheepstealer in New-gate, under sentence of death, persisted in entertaining some of his fellow-prisoners at dinner, and provided a leg of mutton for the meal. Of this joint, the man so near death ate most voraciously. When he had finished, he said, 'As I am to be hanged for sheepstealing, I was determined to have a good feast of mutton for my last dinner.

Let us now refer to the Tables relating to BURGLARY and Housebreaking. I see that in the six years ending December 1832, when 56 malefactors became "examples," 5,199 individuals so profited by the warnings, that they became housebreakers, too. In the next six years, ending 1838, there were but three of these examples, and only 4,621 offenders. With the smaller penalty, ten per cent. less crime!

Some hyper-critical reader may, perhaps, think the foregoing facts scarcely evidence enough, and may, like Oliver Twist, "ask for more." Well; more he shall have. As much as he likes. I will beg his particular attention to a very remarkable Return, moved for in May, 1846, by that indefatigable advocate of a merciful system of Punishment,—Mr. Ewart. It takes eighteen offences for which the Capital Penalty has recently been repealed; and it shows, First, the number of crimes committed during the five years ending with the last year of an execution for it; and, secondly, the number of the same crimes committed during the five years immediately succeeding the abolition. There could not, so far as I can see, be a fairer mode of com parison between Capital and secondary punishments.

The result is as follows: (I give the Table in a note. In the Pirst Period, while the Penalty was Death, and when 242 persons were executed for these crimes, the total number of commitments was 11,603; whilst in the second period, when the penalty was a punishment short of death, the total number of commitments for the same offences was only 10,854. In other words, the experiment of saving life was not only made with safety, but with large and positive benefit.

The above statement refers to all England; but if I take the metropolis alone, the result in favour of secondary punishment is even more remarkable. I find that in the three years ending with 1830, 960 capital crimes were committed, 52 persons suffering death. In the next three years, when only 12 persons were executed on account of these offences, there were but 896 of the same crimes. And in the following three years, when none at all were executed, there were but \$23 of these offences. From every paper on the subject indeed we get similar results.

It was in the highest degree satisfactory to philan-thropists to find from the criminal returns of 1845, that their conclusions respecting the inexpediency of capital punishment were strongly supported by the figures for that year. It appeared by the tables, as compared with the previous year,—

I. That wounding with intent to maim had diminished

from 221 to 136.

III. Burglary, from 476 to 412.
III. Robbery, from 78 to 74.
IV. Attempts to Murder, from 19 to 9.

V. Robbery, by persons armed, from 291 to 208.
VI. Arson, persons not being in the building, from 217 to 78.

VII. Assaults, etc., from 127 to 86.

All of which crimes had recently ceased to be capital. It further appeared that two offences had shown

an increase.

I. Altempts to murder attended with injury, increased from 17 to 21,

II. Burglary attended with violence, from 5 to 11, and both of these offeuces continued capital. The abolitionists of the gallows were hardly pre-

• Number of persons committed and executed for each of the following offences :

	Ouring Five y with the last of tion		During the Five years following.	
	Committed	Executed	Committed.	
Cattle Stealing	144	3	119	
Sheep Stealing	1231	11	1320	
Horse Stealing	990	87	966	
Stealing in				
Dwellings	834	9	875	
Forgery	296	17	3 31	
Coining	44	8	16	
Returning from	l			
Transportati	on 52	0	50	
Letter Stealing	14	1	27	
Sacrilege	33	3	33	
Robbery	1829	17	1579	
Arson	891	42 ,	183	
Piracy	52		4	
Attempts to				
Murder	687	8	1111	
Assaults, [etc.]	278	14	819	
Riot and				
Pelony	215	6	68	
[Other] Crimes	105	11	118	
High Treason	81	8	ı	
Burglary	4327	46	8734	
Total	11,608	242	10,854	

pared for such conclusive evidence, such indeed overpowering testimony, to the truth of their sentiments, and felt that the news was almost too good to be true. But they were much more surprised, though much less agreeably so, when the returns for 1846 appeared, as compared with 1845, to show a considerable of the surprised for the peared, as compared with 1846, to show a considerable increase in the crimes lately relieved from the punishment of death. They could not understand it. The acute mind of one of them, however,—I must give his name, John Thomas Barry, of Plough Court, to whom the cause of philanthropy (especially as regards the question of the punishment of death) owes more than to any of its advocates, living or dead; who has spared no means of time, labour, or expense, to promote the cause which these lines are urging; and who has the deep, solemn satisfaction of having saved many innocent lives even from the very clutches of the hangman:—it oc-curred to his sagacious mind that there might be some error in the Returns, and he discovered that a winter assize at the close of 1845 had been omitted from that year, and added to the next—thus unduly favouring one year and prejudicing another. Seeing this, he procured through Sir Fitzroy Kelly a return to the House of Commons, in which the error was amended; and the result is, that in the two years 1845-6, as compared with 1843-4, there is seen a great diminution of every kind of crime.

The total committals in 1843-4 were 56,133 1845-6 ,, 49.410

Showing a difference of 6723 in favour of the later years; or, in other words, a diminution of crime throughout the kingdom, amounting to no less than

14 per cent.
With this statement I will conclude the present chapter. Its aim has been to show that every experi-ment hitherto tried in England of secondary, in place of Capital Punishments, has resulted in a diminution of the crime concerned; and with this conclusion triumphantly established, as it most assuredly is, we shall be enabled to urge with greater confidence the point which it is the one object of these papers to promotethe abolition of Death Punishments altogether.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. By Thomas MEDWIN. 2 vols. London: Thomas Cautley Newby.

Wz cannot know too much of Shelley. His life is a poem, and its study exerts an influence deep, pathetic, spirit-stirring, and ennobling. Captain Medwin dis-arms criticism, by the humility which he brings to his work. "It has been written," he says, "with no in-decorous haste, by one sensible of the difficulty of the task—of his inadequacy to do it justice—of his unworthiness to touch the hem of Shelley's garment, but not by one unable to appreciate the greatness of his genius, or to estimate the qualities of his heart."

This admiration and love for his subject, render Captain Medwin a biographer more to our taste than one who would be inclined, perhaps, to sit in judgment. Concerning Shelley, we want neither criticism

nor apology. His work is done, A work which has left to the world a great lesson, a vast and increasing influence. By his early death,—it is scarcely possible to believe that he was but nine and twenty,he has been preserved to us, fresh and entire, like some form of symmetry and beauty, saved from the ashes of Pompeii. His course from childhood to the grave is traced in these volumes, and the friends who revere his memory will forgive to the author some of the assertions or remarks about themselves which are mistaken or unworthy, for the sake of the tenderness and affection with which every incident relating to the main topic is treated.

Shelley is here shown as he was—a being of rare gifts, imbued with genius. From his earliest days he hated all tyranny, baseness, vice, and wrong; while he loved every created thing. His sympathies were so he loved every created thing. His sympathies were so acute that the sufferings of the poor and oppressed all over the world were anguish to him. His fine imagination brought them before his eyes, clothed in all their pitiful forms, and thus fed his ardour for a reformation. Nor was he like many of wide sympathies, unable to see what was near him. Wherever he went, the had only to find sorrow, and to try to remove it was the instant movement of his mind. Wherever he has lived for any time, there he is remembered as the friend of the poor and comforter of the unhappy; while his generosity to his friends seriously impaired his fortune. He had an unquenchable ardour for truth, and so perfect a sincerity, that, with him, "to believe" and "to declare his belief" were one and the same. Hence, when in early youth he was a searcher into the mysteries of life and Deity, and put forth his questionings; and when, because all he found around him concerning the Deity in men's notions and creeds was low and unworthy, in comparison with the great Idea floating over his own spirit, he wrongly styled himself "Atheist," he fixed a brand on his name which gave his enemies a handle through which to persecute him throughout his mortal course; and because they persecuted him in the name of Christianity, and he saw that all the like persecutions of centuries had been conducted in that name, he was an enemy to had been conducted in that name, he was an enemy to it, while his own spirit was moulded in its very essence. The name is nothing. "It is the Spirit that giveth life,"—and this Shelley had. To few, very few, is it given to feel the truth of the words, "God is the Father!" "God is Love!" as he felt them. We say the words,—we think we feel them, But to feel them, to have the thrilling consciousness of their truth, was a part of his being. Witness his invocation to the was a part of his being. Witness his invocate Creative Power, quoted at page 276, vol. 1.:-

"I vowed that I would dedicate my powers To thee and thine --- have I not kept the vow? I call the phantasms of a thousand hours, Each from his voiceless grave---they have in visioned bowers Of studious zeal or love's delight, Outwatched me with the envious night They know that never joy illumed my brow, Unlinked with hope, that thou would'st free This world from its dark slavery; That thou, O Auful Loreliness! Would'st give whate'er these words cannot express."

What does it not say for our systems, educational, literary, and social, that such a being as this was subjected to tyranny at school, to expulsion from College, to contemptuous and condemnatory criticism, and to a life-long martyrdom from the world's tribunal of morality. He had the compensation from the last which a circle of true and firm friends can give; from the first he probably never recovered. To a sensitive mind, the tyranny it endures in childhood, is an evil influence, a true "worm in the bud," as to the physical part of the nature, and to much of the intellectual. The literary wrong was partly redeemed even in his life-time, by some of the finest criticism that has ever been written, amongst which Leigh Hunt's must be singled out, and now, it is entirely avenged. Any such vituperation as the "Quarterly Review," published at that period, would now only meet with a smile of contempt.

The following extract describes some of Shelley's habits at the time when he resided at Pisa, and alludes to his frequent suffering from ill-health:—

Shelley had, indeed, during the winter, been subject to a prostration, physical and psychical the most cruel to witness, though he was never querulous or out of temper, never by an irritable word hurt the feelings of those about him. I have accounted already for the causes of his dejection and despondency. His imagination was his greatest enemy—that poetical temperament which those who possess it not, that poetical temperament which those who possess it not, cannot comprehend, is no enviable gift. So sensitive was he of external impressions, so magnetic, that I have seen him, after threading the crowd in the Lung Arno Corsos, throw himself half fainting into a chair, overpowered by the atmosphere of evil passions, as he used to say, in that sensual and unintellectual crowd. In order to shelter himself from this feeling, he would fly to his pen or books. He was indeed ever engaged in composition or reading, scarcely allowing himself time for exercise or air; a book was his companion the first thing in the morning, the last thing at night. He told me he always read himself to sleep. Even when he walked on the Argine, his favourite winter walk, he read sometimes through the streets, and generally had a book on the table by his side at dinner, if his abstemious meal could be called one. So little impression did that which constitutes one of the main delights of ordinary mortals, make on him, that he sometimes asked, "Mary have I dined!" Wine he never drank; water, which as I have said is superexcellent at Pisa, being his chief beverage. Not, but he was a lover of tea, calling himself sometimes humorously a Theist. Let not, however, my readers imagine that he was always dejected or despondent, at times he was as sportive as his child, (with whom he would play by the hour on the floor,) and his wit flowed in a continuous stream, not that broad humour which is so much in vogue at the present day, but a genuine wit, classical I might say, and refined, that caused a smile rather than a laugh.

The following two pictures are exquisitely painted:-

"The eternal child!" This beautiful expression so true in its application to Shelley, I borrow from Mr. Gilfilian, and I am tempted to add the rest of his eloquent parallel between Shelley and Lord Byron, so far as it relates to their external appearance. In the forehead and head of Byron, there was a more massive power and breadth. Shelley's had a smooth, arched, spiritual expression; wrinkles there seemed none on Shelley's had a smooth, his brow; it was as if perpetual youth had there dropped its freshness. Byron's eye seemed the focus of pride and lust. Shelley's was mild, pensive, fixed on you, but seeing through the mist of its own idealism. Defiance curled Byron's nostril, and sensuality steeped his full, large lips; the lower portions of Shelley's face were frail, feminine, and fexible. Byron's head was turned upwards, as if, having proudly risen above his contemporaries, he wer daring to claim kindred, or to demand a contest with a superior order of beings. Shelley's termand a contest with a superior order of beings. Shelley's was half bent in reverence and humility before some cast vision seen by his eye alone. In the portrait of Byron, taken at the age of nineteen, you see the unnatural age of premature His hair is grey, his dress is youthful, but his face is old. In Shelley you see the eternal child, none the less because the hair is grey, and that "sorrow seems half his immor-

We must conclude with the graphic description of that fatal storm, in which, by a strange coincidence, Captain Medwin actually witnessed the wreck of the ve ssel in which Shelley perished, together with Captain Williams, without being conscious of the identity of the

vessel, or even knowing that his two friends were then on the bosom of the treacherous element.

I embarked on the 5th day of July, with a party with whom I was acquainted, on board a merchant vessel we had hired at Naples for the voyage to Genoa; during the first two days, we had very light winds, lying becalmed one whole night off the Pontine Marshes, where some of our passengers were attacked with malaria, but which, though sleeping on deck in my cloak, I escaped. On the fourth day the tail of the Sirocco brought us into the Gulf of Genoa. That gulf is subject in the summer and autumn, to violent gusts of wind, and our captain, an experienced sailor, as the breeze died away, foresaw that we should not get into port that night. The appearance of the sky was very threatening. Over the Apennines, which encircle Genoa, as with an Amphitheatre, hung masses on masses up piled, like those I have seen after the explosion of a mine, of dark clouds, which seemed to confirm his opinion. The squall at length came, the precise time of which I forget, but it was in the afternoon, and neither in the Bay of Biscay, nor Bengal, nor between the Tropics, nor on the Line, did I ever witness a severer one, and being accompanied by a heavy rain, it was the more felt. We had, however, close reefed, and were all snug and in comparatively smooth water, in consequence of the squall blowing right off shore. We must have been five or six miles from the Bay of Spezzia, when it burst on us. As I stood with the glass upon deck, only one sail was visible Mediterranean, the latine, and from the ordinary one of the Mediterranean, the latine, and from the whiteness of her canvass and hulld, we took her for an English pleasure boat. She vass and build, we took her for an English pleasure boat. She was hugging the wind with a press of sail, and our skipper observed that she would soon have it. As he spoke, a ficros gust drove furiously along, blackening the water, and soon enfolded the small craft in its misty arms, or in Shelley's own words,---

"Enveloping the ocean like a pall,
It blotted out the vessel from the view."

then came a lull, and as soon as we looked in the direction of the schooner, no traces of her were visible.

That schooner was Shelley's. It was afterwards apparent, that Williams had prepared to swim, by having removed part of his dress, but that the hurricane had surprised Shelley in his favourite occupation. When found, he had his right hand locked in his waist-coat, enclosing a volume of Keats's poems, open at the "Eve of St. Agnes." This is a touching incident, and fitly accompanies the thought that leads us in imagination to the two graves in the Protestant burial-ground among the ruins of Rome, where the brother poets lie side by side.

THE LOCAL HISTORIAN'S TABLE-BOOK of Remarkable Occurrences, Historical Facts, Traditions, Legendary and Descriptive Ballads, &c., connected with the Counties of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Durham, and Northumberland. By M. A. Richardson. Part IX. Legendary Division. Part XX. Historical Division. Newcastle: Richardson. London: J. Russell Smith. WE have long meant to notice, but by some means overlooked this valuable work. For all those interested

We have long meant to notice, but by some means overlooked, this valuable work. For all those interested in the rich history and legend of the northern counties, we mention it as a perfect treasury of information. It may now be had in nine handsome volumes, and ought to be in the library of every lover of history, and collector of curious tradition. We shall endeavour to draw forth, occasionally, some of its vast mass of interesting matter, and recommend the work itself to that general acquaintance amongst literary men which it so well deserves.

A TABULAR VIEW OF EUROPEAN GEOGRAPHY. By Edward Hughes.

This little manual is particularly useful for oral instruction. It is compiled by one who has had great experience and great success in teaching in one of our public schools. The whole is systematically arranged, with the animal, vegetable, and mineral productions of each country annexed; in fact it is the rationale of Geography, rather than a mere enumeration of names. There are a few typographical errors, but none which militate against the utility of the work. We have never met with a more complete list of the German Dukedoms and Principalities—necessary information, now that we have such frequent visitors from the German States. The Table is printed on patent cloth, and folded, map-like, in a case

THE BOTTLE, a Drama in two Acts, as performing at the City of London Theatre to crowded houses. By T. P. Taylor. London: Cleave, Shoe-lane.

THE BLESSINGS OF TEMPERANCE, illustrated in the Life and Reformation of the Drunkard. A Poem by John O'Neil. 2d Edition. London: Effingham Wilson.

George Cruickshank's Bottle seems as intoxicating as that on which he has made so tremendous an attack. It has fairly turned the heads of the whole public. It has taken the stage by storm, its spirit is quaffed every where, and almost every evening by thousands and tens of thousands. Its doings are diffused by the graver, the pen, and the cheap press, wherever the doings of its more fatal namesake have spread themselves before. It is a great hit, and if it do not break every other bottle on which it falls, it will unquestionably break the habit of thousands, that leads to destruction. Three months ago and who would have thought of adding to George Cruickshank's well-won honours, by placing him beside Father Mathew and Gough, the Mathew of America. But now he may stand as the great bottle-holder to the Temperance Society, and the blessings of millions will be his reward. By how many a comfortable fireside, will the grateful heart send up benedictions to Heaven for him, where otherwise the direst misery would have reigned. The gin-palace never received such a blow yet. The drama which we have given the title of above, is very effective, and well calculated to strike terror and remorse into the guilty spectator of it. We don't wonder at the crowded audiences which it draws; terrific as are its scenes, unhappily thousands know that they are only too true.

John O'Neil's poem, would be curious, were it for nothing else, because it was from its pages that George Cruickshank drew many of his scenes, and probably his first idea. But besides that it is really a very excellent poem, vigorous, humorous, and full of sound wisdom. It is another triumph of the working class. The author states himself to be "a poor mechanic with a family to support," and we have a good portrait of him with his age stated, sixty-four. This neat and every-way very excellent little volume, is illustrated by etchings by George Cruickshank, and the frontispiece is a most striking picture, representing a tree formed of a pile of gin barrels, with a cistern at the top, out of which spring serpents forming the branches all distilling gin, which unhappy wretches below are catching, and drinking. Some are fallen prostrate beneath this so truly styled "Upas tree," where lie also the skeleton remains of former victims. We regret that we have not space for some extracts from this excellent poem, but we have no doubt that it will be extensively read. It is inscribed to Mr. Moxhay, of the Rall of Commerce.

THE KLEOTRIC TELEGRAPH AND ELECTRIC CLOCK.

By Peter Progress. London: Yorke, Clarke & Co.

A VERY neat and lucid pocket-history and explanation of these wonderful machines.

MANUAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Part I. London: John Churchill, Princes-street.

Soho; and B. Worthian, Paternoster-row.

We have long desired to call the public attention to this neat and cheap issue of tracts, for the amendment of the condition of the poor, by the Metropolitan Working Classes' Association, for improving the public health. Here are eight tracts for eight-pence, or for nine-pence in a neatly sewed volume. The first is the First Address of the Committee. Second. On the Ventilation of Rooms, Houses, and Workshops. Third. Bathing and Personal Cleanliness. Fourth. Drainage and Sewage, especially referring to the working-man's house. Fifth. Household Cleanliness. Sixth. Water Supply for the Working Classes. Seventh. Exercise and Recreation. Eighth. Bearing and Training of Children.

We regret that we cannot go at some length into the contents of these very valuable papers. They are treaturies of very necessary and judicious information, and we trust that they will be extensively read. We are glad, indeed, to see that they have reached a circulation of eight, ten, and twenty thousand each.

ON RINGWORM, ITS CAUSES, PATHOLOGY, AND TREAT-MENT. By Brasmus Wilson, F.R.S. London: John Churchill.

A VERY valuable treatise on a cutaneous disease most difficult of cure. It is a book which should be in all families where there are children, and especially in schools.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.—We have to thank the publishers of "The Harbinger," "The Anti-Slavery Standard," "The Liberator," "Neal's Literary Gazette," "Godey's Ladies' Book," edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale; and "The Ladies' Maga ine and Casket of Literature," edited by Miss A. Wilbur; for copies of these works of which we hope to make occasional use.

"HELP US TO WORK."

Written on reading a certain paragraph in the Limerick Reporter.

"Help us to work! don't say us nay;"
The helpless dwellers on the sod
Cry to the Irish popinjay;
"Help, help us, for the love of God!"

Cease! men of pauper seed and breed; Hush! woman, shild, the wail of woe; With landlord hearts in vain you plead,— The squire's reply is "Tally Ho?"

Yes! e'en in famine-peopled ground, The soarlet coated folk are seen; And huntsman's horn is heard to sound, O'er that huge grave-yard, Skibbersen.

And so those gentlemen by birth,
Who in the temple bow the knee,
Starve men that they may fox unearth—
God! what a loathsome mockery!

The vilest I would not defame,
But can they Christ regard a rush
Who make God's image kick the beam,
Weigh'd in the scale 'gainst reynard's brush?
Westminster.
SAMUEL LARGLEY.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

EMIGRATION.-The intense state of distress which now prevails amongst all classes in this country, and which occurs periodically, like a sudden frost arresting all commercial action, and threatening ruin to the most careful, naturally makes people look about them for some haven of refuge. There are two subjects of hope for the future, which present themselves to every mind—reform of our social and political abuses-and emigration.

With regard to reform, numbers look at it and despair. With regard to reform, numbers look at it and despair. The abuses to be reformed are so enormous, and the progress of reform is so slow, that they dare not rely on it for themselves, much less for their children. The aristocracy in this country have so completely got everything into their hands—the government, the church, the colonies, offices and pensions,—and the people are so fond of complaining and of doing nothing, that little seems the chance of arresting this overgrown and depressing power. Again, all the affairs in the hands of this aristocratic government are so wretchedly administrated, that nothing can result from that management, administered, that nothing can result from that management but increased evil and eventual rain. Our commerce is destroyed, our manufactures are paralysed by throwing the cotton trade into the hands of the Americans; our colonies. which, well attended to, would keep all our mills and shope at home employed, are one wide seene of corruption, mis-management, and neglect—India is thrown away, and China, which should take our manufactures, is insulted. People ask who is to live to see all this altered? Who is to endure the wear and tear of life which this state of things

induces? Who is to answer for escaping the ruin which sweeps over the nation every few years as certainly as the sun rises and sets? The English people are, as a body, become so accustomed to this state of things, that, like the secome so accustomed to this state of things, that, like the story of the eels that got accustomed to skinning, they suffer the most unbeard-of miseries, complain, meet at public meetings, clap, stamp, appland every large and boastful sentence that is uttered, yow wonders of reform; and go home and eat a cold potato, throw themselves on a bed of shavings, or the floor, and rise the next morning to hard work and starvation.

With this scene before him was after and the

With this scene before him, year after year, and the pressure of national misery every year growing more intole-rable, it is no wonder that the wiser portion of the commu-nity cast their eyes to more fortunate countries for a prospect nity cast their eyes to more fortunate countries for a prospect of security and comfort. Of what use is life that is not enjoyed? Of what value is that existence which abounds only with daily anxieties, daily disappointments, labours without profit, if obtained, debts, duns, and demoralization? In vain do people live under these circumstances: in vain does nature with all its beauties exist—to the miserable, modiling cases word distracted mean it is a black. Which Who in moiling. care-worn, distracted mass, it is a blank. this country ever sees the sun rise or set; sees the moon-light or the star-light; sees the fields in their summer beauty; or knows anything of the fruits they yield? We harry on and on, blindly, crazedly, and in a desperation that only daily grows more desperate. We hear on all sides only complaints: grows more desperate. We hear on all sides only complaints; we read only of stagnation, distress, bankruptcies, mills closed, working men on railways turned adrift.—of Irish famine, and Irish ejections; and the moral of all this is in true keeping—murders, poisoning, patricides, and matricides, infanticides, villany, and horrors of every description and every dye. These are the staple of our newspapers. Who would not fly from this modern Gomorral—who would not all the configurations of the configuration of t cease to rely on a government of aristocratic imbeciles, and on a people that chides, swaggers, and then stoops its back with an assinine patience to starvation and shame!

transit from Europe to the Western Continent has been this 1847, Two Hundred Thousand Souls!

We cannot but regard these emigrants as the wise ones of their generation. It is a question whether emigration be the remedy for the political evils of our country; but it is no question at all that it is a remedy for the individual. In America even, there are hundreds of thousands of square miles in which an industrious population may live in peace and plenty, who here only serve to swell the purses of the capitalist,—the only class which reaps any benefit in England,—and to swell the mass of million-headed misery, in which a people, at once boastful and impotent, welter in worse misery than any pictured scene of purgatory, Tophet, or Gehenna ever presented

To all those who can cross the ocean to the United States and are prepared to use half the exertion for a peaceful life that they practice here only to perpetuate their poverty and disgrace, there is a certain prospect. But let those on the look out be cautious of the swamps of Texas, or the long winters of Canada. It is better to advance with the progress of calonication, then to be the steamer is all the standards. of colonisation, than to be the pioneers in wildernesses where of colonisation, than to be the phoneers in white increases where thousands must perish, to prepare the place for those who come after them With this state of things, let every one remember that the wily speculator will be abroad. Let them also read with caution the multitude of books and pamphlets

remember that the wily speculator will be abroad. Let them also read with caution the multitude of books and pamphlets that the present crisis will throw up to the surface.

Amongst the great fields of emigration, Australia is again becoming prominent. We know from our own connections, and accounts that we can rely upon, that some of its settlements have got through the season of difficulty and are becoming prosperous. Port Philip we can name amongst these. We have also just had put into our hands a pamphlet called "A Voice from the Far Interior of Australia, by a Bushman." This is written by a Mr. John Sidney, of No. 1, Little George Street, Westminster, and published by Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. The work seems written with candour and truth. It temploys no glaring colours and fine poetical lures. It tells the disadvantages with the advantages, but it holds out to the small capitalist farmer, who is fond of speculation and free adventure, a prospect of a life after his own heart, and a pretty sure prosperity. It states candidly however, that to open the way fully and fairly for general emigration there, government must abolish its Gibbon Wakefield system of selling the lands at £1 per acre. Government ought, indeed, to be thankful to locate its unemployed population there on free grants of land, as they would soon population there on free grants of land, as they would soon send us thence wool in abundance for our market, and a send as thence wool in soundance for our market, and a demand for our manufactures in return. Women are also greatly wanted there; and what a work of humanity and morality it would be to ship thither those unhappy thousands of young creatures that swarm in our streets and march to a speedy destruction, dragging down the unwary with them. For such topics, however, we refer the reader to this little well timed volume. As a question of general emigration, the advantages offered by America seem at present far beyond those of Australia. To the latter, the voyage itself of four months, is no alight drawback; but let us thank God that so many regions are open to the various tastes and means of the many millions who have borne the burthen and the hope deferred of this huge, bloated, and diseased Europe, till they can bear it no longer. "To morrow to fresh fields and pastures new." The Terment Erick a speedy destruction, dragging down the unwary with them.

EFFECTS OF "THE BOTTLE."—The Temperance Friends are availing themselves of the able service afforded to their cause by the powerful etchings of George Cruikshank: several lectures bave been delivered in various parts of the metropolis on the Bottle. On Thursday last there was a crowded gathering as Fitzroy Hall, St. Maryleboute, to listen to an address from Mr. Green on the above subject. The Accordingly, EMIGRATION appears to tens of thousands, the only certain chance of life. To what an extent this belief as growing, is sufficiently told by the great fact that the tide of emigration to America, has, during the present year, swollen to double its usual height; and the amount of audience listened to him with earnest attention for an hour and

a half to the lecturer, who produced in succession the gradual steps in the path of intemperance, from the first sip to the cup which proved the victim's ruin, and afterwards referred to the happy effects of total abstinence societies in reversing such sad pictures, and placing the individuals thus situated in happy and cheering homes.

T. J. D.

SIMPSON'S SUBMERGED PROPELLER.—On Monday (the 15th) an experimental trip of a very novel and interesting kind took place from Deptord to Woolwich. The Earl of Dundonald having occasion to take his steam vessel, the Janus, down the river to try the effect of some alterations he had made in the engines of his invention, his lordship invited Mr. Simpson, the patentes of an entirely new class of propeller for steam-boats, to accompany him. They started accordingly, and a speed of eight knots an hour was soon obtained, which was quite as rapid as it was at all safe for so large a vessel as the Janus to proceed in a part of the river so full of a variety of shipping and boats. It was a very curious thing to observe the enormous paddle wheels of the Janus working their way onward and then to turn the eye to the little steamer running abreast of her, without any apparent means of propulsion. It seemed to do its work by magic, or as we should say in these days, by mesmerism, without producing any swell or other token whatever upon the surface. "Nothing assuredly," says the Times newspaper, "can be more besutiful than the noiseless and mysterious motion of Mr. Simpson's boat. The Earl of Dundonald was pleased to express a high opinion of the value of the invention, more particularly in propelling boats upon canals and narrow rivers, and his Lordship further expressed a wish to see the new submerged propeller adapted to his own new tubular engines and boilers. The diameter of the submerged propeller wheels of the Albion is only 24 inches, and the wheels necessary to be used in a boat of 300 tons or 400 tons burden would not exceed 30 inches in diameter. This is one of the most extraordinary features of the invention; the diameter of paddlewheels employed in steamboats of similar tonnage being now nearly as many feet. The invention is one which cannot fuil to attract the attention of the scientific world, and the general opinion yesterday was, that the uninterrupted course of experiments conducted by the patentee with inde

This is strong language to use, but it is no more than the trath. Nor do the above remarks comprise more than brief hints of the importance of an invention, the practical application of which will manifestly be various, if not universal. Its superiority over the paddle wheel, and the sorew, is capable of demonstration on the soundest of engineering principles, and we doubt not but the proof in practise will speedily follow. The Janus remained at Woolwich, and Mr. Simpson's little boat brought back, the Earl of Dundonald, Sir J. Hill, Superintendant of Deptford Dockyard, Captain Smithett, Mr. O'Byrne, together with a variety of officers and engineers of the Janus, besides all the private friends, and gentlemen of scientific acquirements, whom Mr. Simpson had invited, to say nothing of the crew, of stokers, and others from the Janus, who had leaped on board to get a passage back. With this prodigious cargo, so crowded that it was scarcely possible to move, this experimental boat, having only a twenty horse power engine, made her mysterious way through the waters with silence and ease, at the rate of between eleven and twelve knots an hour.

EDIMBURGH MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—The opening of the winter session of this institution, of which we have on former occasions spoken with deserved commendation, was celebrated by its members by a soirée, held in Freemasons' Hall, on Friday, Nov. 5th. There was a large attendance of the better class of mechanics present, whose peaceful and intellectual deportment formed a powerful contrast to those scenes of senseless riot which used to characterise the social meetings of the working classes. What was most assuredly striking, was the great number of females who were present,—a characteristic which not only reflects credit on the institution itself, but shows that the great object is to carry along with them the intelligence and sympathy of the ladies in all their arrangements, and throughout all their praiseworthy exertions for the enlightenment and elevation of the working classes.

Mr. John Cowie, the president, delivered an able address on the design and end of Mechanics' Institutions, and on the universality of spirit that they were introducing into society. Mr. Fergusson, who last session gave great pleasure by his lectures "On the Dignity of Labour," spoke beautifully on the pleasures derived from the use of books, and enlogised the more public-spirited lady authors of Great Britain. Mr. Syme, the Corresponding Secretary for Scotland of the Peace Society, spoke on the popular amusements which characterise the different stages of society and progress; and Mr. Knox on the advantages of Mechanics' Institutions generally. It is highly gratifying to see the prosperity of this institution in a place of so much importance as Edinbargh, the great feature of the society being that it is wholly composed of working men.

THE QUEEN AND HER GREAT FLOW OF SPIRITS.—The "New York Mirror," quoting the items of the expenditure of our royal household in 1846, says:—"Here is an intolerable quantity of sack." The Queen consumed in 1846, £9,004 in wines, liquors, and ales, and but £487 in vegetables. She has given a good many pledges to the nation, but it is now about time that she took the pledge from Father Mathew."

ILLERS OF GARRISON.—It appears by the American "Anti-Slavery Newspapers," received by the Cambria, that Garrison still continued unwell. His attack has been a union of bilious and brain fever. His danger must have therefore been great, and every friend of freedom, and admirer of undanned devotion to its cause, will rejoice that that danger is past. Our friend H. C. Wright has been latterly attending on him in his sick chamber.

SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING MERIT.—" Kelvedon Essex. Nov. 12th, 1847.—SIR, At a Meeting of the members of the 'Kelvedon Mutual Instruction Society,' it was resolved that a resolution of condolence be presented to the 'working man,' to whom reference is made in your journal of the 16th and 30th ult. The members, in doing this, are fully aware that they cannot repair his loss, but, by assuring him that there are those engaged in like pursuits with himself, that can, and do sympa hise with him, it may, to some extent alleviate his sorrow. They, moreover, feel prompted thus to do from the circumstance that your notice of him less stimulated them to greater diligence and carnestness in prosecuting their literary pursuits. They beg also to thank you for the remarks on mutual instruction societies that have appeared from time to, time in your journal, which is taken weekly by the society; affenting, as it has, encouragement to us in our infantile state.—Yours, &c., John Chispin.

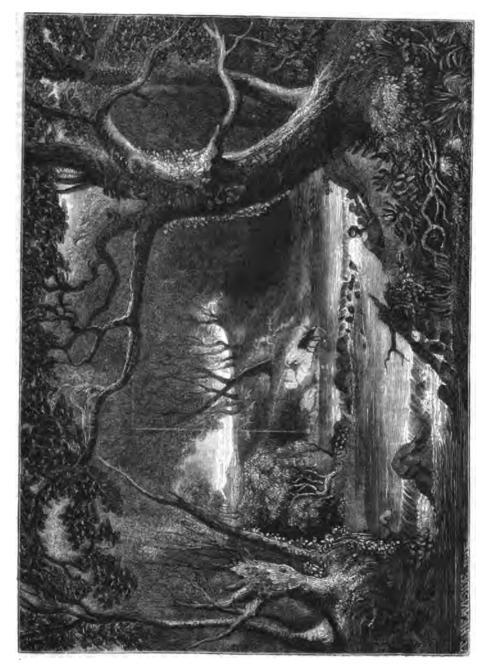
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No. 49.-Vol. II.

THE WOUNDED STAG.

FROM SIR GRORGE BEAUMONT'S PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The painting by Sir George Beaumont is well known to the visitors of the National Gallery. The subject is the scene in the Forest of Arden, in "As You Like It," where Jacques sees the wounded stag come to drink. No description can equal the original passage by the great dramatist.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venion ! And yet it irks me, the poor dampled fools,.... Being native burghers of this desert city,.... Should in their own confines, with forked heads Have their round haunches gored.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jacques grieves at that ; And in their kind swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother who hath banished you. To-day my lord of Amiene and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along Under an oak, whose ahtique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood; To the which place a poor sequestered stag, That from the hunters aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heaved forth such grouns, That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost o bursting ; and the big, round tears Coursed one another down his innocent nose, In pitcous chace, and thus the hairy fool, Much marked of the melancholy Jacques, Stood in the extrement versu of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But, what said Jacques ! Did he not moralise this speciale!

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes. First for his weeping-in the needless atream; Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'et a testament As worldlings do, picing thy sum of more
To that which had too much, Then, being alone,
Lett and abandoned by his velvet friends, Tis right, quoth he; this misery doth par The flux of company. Ahon, a careless herd. The flux of company. Ahon, a careless herd, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him, And never stays to greet him. Ay, quoth Jasques, Nucep on, ye fut end greesy efficens; 'Tis just the fushion; wherefore so you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there? Thus most invectively he pierceth through The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse, To fright the snimals and kill them up, In their assigned and native dwelling-place. -Act II. Scana I.

THE SHAKSPEARE FIX.

"Beware of pulling an old house about your sars." Porvian Sating.

THE Money Market is very tight indeed. The Shaks-peare House Committee has bought the house of the poet's reputed birth-place, for the nation, and all Eng-land cannot pay for it. It is one of the most remarkable things of modern times, that the nation is so poor just now, that there cannot be found in it just one hundred individuals who have fourteen pounds a-piece to bestow on the completion of this national purpose. What a pity that Jenny Lind did not give Shakspeare

just one night! And the mass of money so sweetly sung out of British pockets; what a monument to the Swedish damsel, as well as to the cosmopolitan poet, might one night's warbling have raised. The dramatists, however, have now to set to work and we hope will shame the nation. If they were to give at every theatre throughout England one night as THE SHARSPRARE BREET? Could not the amateurs also come out again, and help to accomplish the feat? This might

again, and help to accomplish the leat? This might possibly not only buy the house, but do something for the Shakspeare family.

The Shakspeare family? Yes. The Shakspeare family. Throughout all this stir to purchase the house family. Throughout all this stir to purchase the nouse where he perhaps was born, it is curious that nothing has been said of doing anything for the flesh and blood of the Shakspeares; for the living representatives of the great British bard. We do not mean to infer that Shakspeare's descendants exist, which is too well known not to be the fact. But we mean to say that in Stratford-on-Avon exist the descendants of his sister.

Joan, and those who, had Shakspeare left an entailed estate, would now be the possessors of it, and be his

present representatives.

On the subject of the Shakspeare house, we have therefore, hitherto, said not a word, for with all respect to the old butcher's shop, it has always appeared to us to the old butcher's shop, it has nation to suffer the a far more disgraceful neglect in the nation to suffer the blood of Shakspears to flow in poverty in that place where he was born, lived, and died, and where so many feres and feasts have been held in his honour.

Let us now say a few words on this subject.

William Howitt in his " Homes and Haunts of the

Poets," writes thus :-

Poets," writes thus:—
"There is nothing missing of Shakspeare's there but the house which he built, and the mulberry-tree which he planted. The tree was hewn down, the house was pulled down and dispersed piecemeal, by the infamous parson Gastrell; who thus 'damned himself to eternal fame,' more thoroughly than the fool who fired the Temple of Diana. There, only a few miles distant, is the stately hall of Charlecote, whither the youthful poacher of Parnassus was carried before the unlucky knight. There too, and, oh shame! shame to House who annually turn Stratford and their club into a regular 'Estanswill,' on pretence of honouring Shakspeare; 'Batanswill,' on pretence of honouring Shakspeare; there too live the descendants of the nearest relative of Shakspeare—of his sister Joan—in unnoticed and un-mitigated poverty! Seven years ago, on my visit to this place, I pointed out this fact; and now that the disgraceful fact still remains, I will once more record

the words I then wrote.

"As I went to Shottry, I met with a little incident, which interested me greatly by its unexpectedness. As which interested me greatly by its unexpectedness. As I was about to pass over a stile at the end of Stratford, into the fields leading to that village, I saw the master of the national school mustering his scholars so their tasks. I stopped, being pleased with the look of the old man, and said, 'You seem to have a considerable number of lads here; shall you raise shother Shakspeare from amongst them, think you?' 'Why,' replied the master, 'I have a Shakspeare now in the school.' I knew that Shakspeare had no descendants beyond the second generation, and I was not aware that there were any of his family remaining. But it seems that the posterity of his sister Joan Hart, who is mentioned in his will, yet exist; part under her marriage mentioned in his will, yet exist; part under her marriage name of Hart, at Tewkesbury, and a family in Stratford, of the name of Smith.

"'I have a Shakspeare here,' said the master, with evident pride and pleasure. 'Here, boys, here!' He quickly mustered his laddish troop in a row, and said to me, 'There now, sir, can you tell which is a Shaks-

peare?' I glanced my eye along the line, and instantly fixing it on one boy, said—'That is the Shakspeare.' 'You are right,' said the master, 'that is the Shakspeare east of countenance is there. That is William Shakspeare Smith, a lineal descendant of the poet's sister.'

"The lad was a fine lad of, perhaps, ten years of age—and, certainly, the resemblance to the bust of Shakspeare in the church at Stratford is wonderful, considering he is not descended from Shakspeare himself, but from his sister; and that the seventh in descent. What is odd enough is, whether it be mere accident or not, that the colour of the lad's eyes, a light hazel, is the very same as that given to those of the Shakspeare bust, which, it is well known, was originally coloured, and of which exact copies remain.

"I gave the boy sixpence, telling him I hoped he would make as great a man as his ancestor—the best term I could lay hold of for the relationship, though not the true one. The boy's eyes sparkled at the sight of the money, and the healthful, joyous colour rushed into his cheeks; his fingers continued making acquaintance with so large a piece of money in his pocket, and the sensation created by so great an event in the school was evident. It sounded oddly enough, as I was passing along the street in the evening, to hear some of these same schoolboys say one to another,—'That is the gentleman who gave Bill Shakspeare sixpence.'

"Which of all the host of admirers of Shakspeare, who has plenty of money, and does not know what to do with it, will think of giving that lad, one of the nearest representatives of the great poet, an education, and a fair chance to raise himself in the world? boys's father is a poor man,—if I be not fanciful, par-taking somewhat of the Shakspeare physiognomy,* but also keeps a small shop, and ekes out his profits by making his house a 'Tom-and-Jerry.' He has other children, and complained of misfortune. He said that some years ago Sir Richard Phillips had been there, and promised to interest the public about him, but that he never heard any more of it. Of the man's merits or demerits I know nothing: I only know that in the place of Shakspeare's birth, and where the town is full of the of signs' of his glory; and where Garrick made that pompous jubilee, hailing Shakspeare as a demi-god, and calling him 'the god of our idolatry;' and where thousands, and even millions, flock to do homage to the shrine of this demi-god, and pour out deluges of verse, of the most extravagant and sentimental nature, in the public albums; there, as is usual in such cases, the nearest of blood to the object of such vast enthusiasm, are poor and despised: the flood of public admiration, at its most towering height, in its most vehement cur-rent, never for a moment winds its course in the slightest degree to visit them with its refreshment; nor of the thousands of pounds spent in the practice of this devotion, does one bodle drop into their pockets. "Garrick, as I have observed, once

'called the world to worship on the banks
Of Avon, famed in song. Ah, pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place—a spark or two not yet extinct.
The mulberry tree was hung with blooming wreaths,
The mulberry tree stood centre of the dance,
The mulberry tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs,
And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds

Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
So 'twas an hallow'd time. Decorum reign'd,
And mirth without offence. No few return'd
Doubtless much edified, and all refreshed.'

Conper's Task, b. vi.

"But it does not appear that Garrick and his fellow worshippers troubled themselves at all about the descendants of the poet's sister; the object, in fact, seemed at the moment to be rather to worship Garrick than Shakspeare: how, then, could any ray of sympathy diverge from two 'demi-gods' to the humble relatives of one of them? And why should it? I hear honest utilitarians asking—why? What should lead the ragged descendants of poets and philosophers to forsake self dependence, and look to the admirers of their ancestors for benefit? What a shocking thing, if they should; especially in a nation which ennobles whole lines for ever, and grants immense estates in perpetuity for the exploit of some man who has won a battle that had better never have been fought! What! shall such men, and shall troops of lawyers, who have truckled to the government of the day, and become the tools of despotism in a country dreaming that it is free,—shall men who have merely piled up heaps of coin and purchased large tracts of earth, by plodding in the city dens of gain, or dodging on the Stock Exchange,—shall such men be ennobled, and their line for ever, and shall men who have left a legacy of immortal mind to their country leave also to their families an exclusive poverty and neglect? Will our very philosophical utilitarian tell us why this should be?

"It might also be whispered, that it would not be much more irrational to extend some of that enthusiasm and money, which are now wasted on empty rooms and spurious musty relics, to at least trying to benefit and raise in the scale of society, beings who have the national honour to be relics and mementos of the person worshipped, as well as to old chairs, and whitewashed butchers' shops. Does it never occur to the votaries of Shakspeare, that these are the only sentient, conscious, and rational things connected with his memory, which can feel a living sense of the honour conferred on him, and possess a grateful knowledge that the mighty poet of their house has not sung for them in vain, and that they only, in a world overshadowed with his glory, are not unsoothed by its visitings?"

Seven years have gone over since this was written, and what has been the effect? The Shakspeare Club have gone down to Stratford, and feasted and guzzled

in honour of Shakspeare, and the representatives of Shakspeare in the place have been left in their poverty.

"Let us suppose for a moment that the spirit of Shakspeare could hear the hiccupings of the crew assembled in his name, to honour him forsooth! If he were permitted to descend from the serene glory of his seventh heaven, and appear at the door of their dining-room with the meagre descendants of the Shakspeare-family crowding sadiy behind him, what are the indignant words that he would address to the flushed and bloated throng of his soi-disant worshippers? They have been already addressed to like ears by the great Master of love, and of the philosophy of true honour. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. * * * * Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not to me." No, the sycophantic humbugs never did it to Shakspeare. What cares he, in his seventh heaven of glory and of poetry, for their guzzlings? What have they to do with him or his honour? Is it not a precious

^{*}Ireland, when, in 1793, he collected his "Views on the Avon," was much struck with the likeness of this bust in Thomas Hart, one of this family who then lived in Shakspeare's house.

^{*} Visits to Remarkable Places, Vol. I. pp. 98-103.

imposture, to make a feast to a man's honour, and not to invite to it his nearest relatives, especially when they live at the next door? In the name of the national reputation, let this wretched and egotistic farce be put down by the good sense of the British public. If these people will not honour Shakspeare by honouring his family, let them at least abstain from insulting their poverty and their neglect by this public parade, and this

devouring of joints.

"Hear what Robert Southey says :- 'The last descendants of Milton died in poverty. The descendants of Shakspeare are living in poverty, and in the lowest condition of life. Is this just to these individuals? Is it grateful to those who are the pride and boast of their country? Is it honourable or becoming to us as a nation, holding—the better part of us assuredly, and the majority affecting to hold—the names of Shakspeare and Milton in veneration? To have placed the descend-ants of Shakspeare and Milton in respectability and comfort, in that sphere of life where, with a full pro-vision for our natural wants and social enjoyments, free scope is given to the growth of our intellectual and immortal part, simple justice was all that was requiredonly that they should have possessed the perpetual copyright of their ancestors' works-only that they should not have been deprived of their proper inheritance.

The time is evidently not yet come for setting this great matter right; for doing this great act of justice towards the teachers of the world and glorifiers of our national name; for executing this due redress. have yet much to learn from those divine minds, whom, in Southey's words, we profess to venerate. But still the public mind is not destitute of its glimmerings of

the truth, and its responsibilities."

This has been shown by the attempt to raise sufficient interest about Shakspeare as to purchase his house. We have seen with what success! An appeal was made to the public by Miss Martineau for a penny subscription for this object. William Howitt had already proposed such a mode of raising a fund for a much higher purpose. It was this (see p. 57 of "Homes and Haunts"):—

"The money, I have said, which is spent in visiting the trumpery collected as his at Stratford, would have purchased a large estate for the descendants of the Shakspeare family. That has not been done, and never will be done; but a penny a-piece from every person in this kingdom, who has derived days and months of delight from the pages of Shakspearc, would purchase an estate equal to that of Strathfieldsaye, or of Blenheim. What a glorious tribute would this be from the people of England to their great dramatic poet—the greatest dramatic poet in the world! How far would it rise above the tributes to violence and bloodshed! The tribute of a nation's love to pure and godlike intellect! This estate should not be appropriated on the feudal principle of primogeniture: should not be the estate of one, but of the family: should be vested in trustees, chosen by the people, to educate, and honourably settle in the world every sen and daughter of the Shakspearian family; and to support and comfort the old age of the unfortunate and decrept of it. That it should not encourage idleness and a mischievous dependence, all such persons, when educated and endowed with a sufficient sum to enable them to make their way in the world, should be left so to make their way. The nation would then have discharged its parental duties towards them, and they could expect no more. They should be educated to expect no more, and more should not be extended to them, except in case of utter mis-fortune or destitution, and then only on a scale that

should be in itself no temptation.

Such an estate, founded by the people, would be the noblest monument ever yet erected to any man, or on

any occasion. Shakspeare has a decent monument at Stratford, and an indifferent one in Westminster Abboy -this would be one worthy of him and of the nation which produced him. It would take away from us a melancholy opprobrium, and confer on him and the

British people an equal glory.

But the late affair has shown how far we yet are from this great achievement. The enthusiasm of the nation has been tested, and found wanting. We are not yet far enough emerged from our barbarism. We are yet only capable of endowing warriors, and ennobling bloodshed; it will remain for some future and more intellectual race to honour poets and the descendants of poets. Perhaps by that time the mortgage may be cleared off the national property of Shakspeare's birth-place; and when that birth-place shall have fallen into utter decay, and Ann Hathaway's house has shared the same fate, there may arise a generation so alive to true glory, and so sensible of what is due both to Shakspeare and the nation, that it may confer that distinction on the living members of the Shakspeare race, which we have not been able to confer on the old rotten beams and rafters under which the great poet is supposed to have slept in his boyhood. For the present the great national Shakspeare monument is THE SHAKSPEARE Fix! A confiding committee with the old house on their hands, and no money in their hands to pay for it. A fourteen hundred pounds overestimate of the national intellectuality.

THE BREADFINDER.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER VIII.

Time sped onward, and the month of June brought the summer with it. The people were now convinced that the Reform Bill would be passed. There was no longer any fear of a revolution. A whisper had gone abroad of the existence of a society, organised for physical force purposes; but sensible men set their taces altogether against it. In the house which Boldero occupied an explosion had taken place which did some damage, and it was reported that that misguided youth had employed himself in the manufacture of destructive missiles in anticipation of a popular outbreak. The police inquired into the affair, but no investigation took place, as Boldero had escaped, and had managed to re-move all traces of his recent occupations. Still the Reform Bill was the principal topic in men's mouths; but the women had found another subject of interest the approach of the Asiatic cholera.

At length the Bill that was to effect such wonders assed the Upper House, and received the royal sanction. Then England went mad in earnest, and consumed an infinity of tallow-candles in illuminations. thing it did was to provide, in some parishes, dinners of commemoration for the poor, and its greatest folly was the national acknowledgement of abundant satisfaction with the work of its legislators. That was in 1832. We are now on the threshold of 1848. Where are the wonders? What has the Reform Bill done for

the people?

The passing of the Bill and the consequent satisfaction of the nation dissolved the P. F. D. Many of the

late adherents spread themselves throughout the country, and preached physical force doctrines. The riots in Wales and the north, at a subsequent period, were mainly owing to their exertions. Imprisonments took place, and some suffered transportation. You shall never repel wrong by wrong, but you shall conquer the wrong by the right, and overcome hate with love.

Nearly a year had passed since the Reform Bill became the law of the land, and Harding still retained his situation. He was now the father of two children, and Emma practised domestic economy on eighteen shillings a week. They dwelt in a house, as Harding had foretold. without a passage; but M. Jean Masson had for a long time visited them, although of late his visits had been irregularly, and less frequently paid. As Madame Cacasi, Emma was to be the delight of the lords and ladies of the Grand Theatre. She had made such progress as a vocalist, that in musical circles her début was already talked of, and as no one had ever seen her, M. Jean was beset with inquiries touching her voice and execution, her features, stature, complexion, age. But he was very reserved and mysterious on all these points. However, it got whispered abroad that the husband of the new debutante was a cheesemonger's shopman, and people shrugged their shoulders, and remarked that, if she had any talent, it was a thousand pities that she had also such low connexions.

Now, the man canobles his work. The office never degrades the individual, respect being always had to honour; but the individual confers superiority on the office. Why should William Harding be less acceptable, being a cheesemonger's shopman, than the secretary of state's secretary? Tell me that Or than the secretary of state himself? Tell me that. Away with this cursed barrier of alledged respectability of station which separates between man and man! Shakspeare, holding horses' bridles at the door of the Globe Theatre, was still Shakspeare.

I should not have praised William Harding if he had hesitated to accept the situation which he now filled, because it was subordinate. Wherever the brave man serves there are the angels, there is the presence of God. The world overlooks the uses of subordinate men. It is not thankful for benefits unless it views them through lenses of its own construction, which have too frequently the demerit of falsifying the real proportions of services.

Harding had some such philosophy as this to sustain him, or he would, long since, have been a most miserable man. His family were sure of the humble bread, that consideration kepf him at his post. The question which he often asked himself was, Am I not better fitted for another service? His wife said from the first that he was throwing himself away; and, after a period, he entertained the same conviction. Now, to throw one's self away, literally means to do a dishonourable action. All other interpretations are conventional, and will fail to influence the brave. The real question was, whether William Harding could be more usefully employed? He found bread, it is true, but was it BREADFINDING? For man does not live by bread alone, and there is bread which was never kneaded by baker, by miller never crushed, never sown by farmer.

One Saturday night, entering the house, and throwing down his wages, he told his wife that he should not return to his employment on the following Monday morning, as usual.

"I have never given satisfaction to Terry," he said, "and to-day we came to an open rupture. He allows me to go without the ceremony of a notice. And I am glad of it, for I am heart-sick of his service."

She was not surprised, she rejoined. How could it

be otherwise?

"God knows what I am to do!" he exclaimed. "I must teach again, I suppose."
"If you can find pupils," she interposed.
"If I can. Yes. And if I can't—what then?"

She did not reply at once, but rocked the infant that she held in her arms faster than before.

"You have been seeking bread these three years,"

she said, presently.
"And have not found it. Oh, I know. The know ledge is very bitter, Emma."

It is my turn now. Let me try."

"Emma?

"I repeat, let me try. You shall stay at home. I will go forth and find our bread. Come, what have you to object to that?"
"You, a woman!"

- "You, a man, have failed. Now, let the woman,
- and the mother, try."
 "Ah, yes! You mean with M. Jean Masson's help.
 You would be a cantatrice?"
- "No," she sadly answered. "No, William. My voice is not what it was. M. Jean says so. We have deceived ourselves. I shall never be a singer."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am. M. Jean assured me, on his last visit, that I must no longer cherish the hope of appearing as Madame Cacasi.

That was bitter news, indeed; and the next day was moodily spent. Harding set himself, for the twentieth time, to review his life. Lest Emma should accuse him of want of fortitude, he feigned a necessity for leaving the house. It was then the coming on of

night.

He went forth,—whither he knew not,—cared not. At length, when from scores of church towers the bells pealed forth a summons to the evening service, he remembered that it was Sunday, and that the public temples offered a seat to the weary. He repaired to one which was nearest at hand. He did not get a seat, however; for there is a fashion in religion, as in other things, and a fashionable preacher officiated at this church. The pews that were paid for were crowded; the few free seats were crowded; the aisles were crowded.

Harding, who, unable to get a seat, had taken his station at the door, was by degrees forced by the pressure of the crowd into the church, and he found himself, presently, beneath a mural tablet, which demanded his attention as a work of Art. It was dedicated to the memory af a young wife, who had died in giving birth to her first child. There was, most exquisitely sculptured, a rose, just spreading into bloom,—that was the young mother; and there was a tiny, tiny bud, and that was the infant. The parson prayed, the clerk gave sonorous "Amens," but Harding, hearing only the confused buzz of orthodoxy, saw nothing but the opening rose, and the little fast-sleeping bud. He eemed to have awakened to a new existence. Hitherto he had been apathetic on the subject of poverty, and had contented himself with the reflection that his wife had three meals a-day, a bed to sleep upon, and a fire to warm her in the cold weather. Their unadorned walls and miserable furniture, their scanty wardrobe, their intellectual famine, had caused him no uneasiness. No books, no pictures, no work of Art that was beautiful or graceful, did their dwelling afford. Not even a flowers for a vase. Emma's song,—and that had been stilled of late,—was the only evidence of culture, and not for the sake of the Beautiful, but as a means of procuring the unbeautiful, literal bread. Nothing High, Aspiring, Holy,—everything mean, sordid, paltry. Was he to blame for this? He was. He had kept the wolf from the door, but there had his exertions ceased. To be poor, that I may eat virtuous bread, and cherish my soul in purity, is noble; but to be poor, because I am too indolent to exert myself for the attainment of aught that does not belong to the physical need of the present hour, is base; and this was Harding's baseness. There is bread, I say again, which was never kneaded by baker, by miller never crushed, never sown by farmer. The true Breadfinder will seek diligently for that. Pictures, Music, Poetry, Eloquence, Sculpture, the Dramatic Talent, the Beautiful, which is also the Divine, will afford it to the seeker. Art is the High Priest, who conducts us into the Sanctuary, but the impure of soul enters with veiled eyes. Not even the poet, who is "God's darling," shall know the divinity of his mission, who leads other than a simple and a divine life. Only the meek in heart shall see God.

Harding left the church. For the first time in his life his soul had got a glimpse of the true bread. Pursued by this conviction, he did what under other circumstances he would never have thought of doing. He visited an old companion of his school-days, who was now a sculptor of eminence, and whom he had not seen for fifteen years. He scarcely expected a welcome, but he found one, when he made himself known. When he entered the atelier, the beautiful creations of genius which he saw there, recalled to his memory the rose

and the little bud.

"Is it possible for one, at my age, to become a sculptor?" he demanded of his old schoolfellow.

"Humph, I don't know," replied Maberly,—for that was the sculptor's name. "Affier became a poet when he was older than you are, and after years of dissipation. Have you any yearning for the Art?'
"It is so easy to deceive one's self, and to mistake

the power to appreciate, for the genius that is impelled to create. Yet, I think,—but you will laugh at me."

"I shall not laugh. You think that you could create. Well, I have an engagement. I will leave you alone for three hours. See what you can do in my absence.

"You are not making sport with me?"

"I am iucapable of such cruelty. Strip off your coat, and put on this blouse. I am going to a private concert. You have heard of the new singer, Madame concert. Cacasi?"

"Eh, what of her?" cried Harding, who started, as

though he had been stung.

"She is to sing, this morning, before a select audi-ce. I am invited to attend. We shall judge if all ence. I am invited to attend.

"How can I model the human form,—I, who know nothing of anatomy?" said Harding, resuming his coat, which he had a minute before taken off, "I am absurd,-a madman."

"You are soon dispirited. You will never make an

artist."

"You are right, but I will yet cherish the ambition. Give me leave to visit you again.

"Let me see you to-morrow. I will then tell you of Cacasi's success."

Harding hurried home.

"That rascal Masson!" he cried, on entering the house. "He has deceived us, Emma. He has played with you. You are not Madame Cacasi."

And he related what he had heard.
"We are poor," was Emma's quiet remark. "We live in a house without a passage. M. Jean Masson likes comfort."

"But, perhaps, Emma, your voice may be as excellent as ever, and Masson's faultfinding but a device to get

"Ah, if I thought so! You see what I am doing, William? I have undertaken to find bread. These are seaman's shirts that I am making."

" Dear soul!—but wait only till to-morrow."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Harding said, "Wait only till to-morrow!" he was building an air-castle. He was a clever architect of air-castles. Your inactive people usually are. But the Hope which he cherished in his own breast, and which he desired to impart to Emma's, was to find a realisation on that important day.

He found Maberly in the atelier, employed upon the bust of a celebrated actress. His first inquiry was after

Madame Cacasi.

"She will never do the great things that Pepolini has predicted," was the sculptor's answer. "Do you know, it is whispered that she is not the real Cacasi?"

Harding, who was indignant with M. Jean Masson. wanted no other encouragement than this remark to wanted no other enouragement than the remark to confide the whole story to his friend. Maberly was astonished. He seized Harding's hand.
"What!" he said. "Do I understand you aright?

Is your wife the lady whom Pepolini lauded to the skies, six months ago, as the possible rival of Malibran? Be sure there has been some unfair play. Pepolini could not have been deceived in your wife's talent for so long a time."
"You think that he has been influenced?" said

Harding.

"Undoubtedly. I wish we knew who this pretended Cacasi is. She is about twenty-six years old, of fair complexion, short in stature, with a disposition to embospoint, rather pretty, but insipid; no character, no expression. Do you recognise her?"

Harding replied in the negative.
"Well, leave it to me to discover her," said Maberly. "You would, of course, wish your wife to appear. I can manage that for you"

"You can?" exclaimed Harding. "Ah, I said to her, yesterday, 'Only wait till to-morrow!' "You have heard of the celebrated tenor Scheffer. We are great friends. I shall take him into my confidence, and he will more than supply Pepolini's place. They are cat and dog to each other, and Scheffer will be glad to annoy his rival. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You are a noble fellow," replied Harding, whose eyes were moist with grateful tears. "I am at present without the means of getting bread. Have you influence in any quarter where I may find employment?"

"You were esteemed a good classical scholar, if my memory is not treacherous. Can you translate?

"Readily."

"The Timœus of Plato, or the Cassandra of Lyco-

phron?"
"You are willing to try if I am a boaster. Coleridge confesses that he has failed to attach a consistent meaning to a considerable portion of the Timœus; and every reader of Greek knows the difficulty of the Cassandra."

"Will you undertake to render Aristophanes into literal prose? I know a publisher who wishes to issue such a translation, and he will pay well for it. When you have brought that labour to a termination, I shall probably be able to offer you something more worthy

of your talents."
"You are my saviour, Maberly," cried Harding, touched to the quick by the sculptor's kindness.

"And if you will allow me to lend you twenty pounds for your present exigencies, you will confer a favour on me."

Maberly was, indeed, what Harding called him, a noble fellow. A few such characters dropped here and there into odd nooks and corners, are constantly renewing the youth of the world.

(To be continued.)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW WORLD.

TO WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT

DEAR FRIENDS,-You wished me whilst travelling in this interesting country to communicate for the Journal any little notices or observations which might appear to me suited to your objects, and without further pre-face I will give you my first impressions of this land of the pilgrims.

Boston has so much the aspect of an English city, and the familiar tones of our native language create such a home feeling, that it is difficult to realise our being under a different government, and having the broad Atlantic between us and those dearest to us, more especially when, as in my case, the voyage was too pleasant to leave behind it any visions of the perils or

miseries of the sea.

A great proportion of the buildings of Boston are of brick, interspersed with a good many of stone, though wood is still a not unfrequent material in the city, and is general in the country. When we begin to think of differences we perceive that here those who arranged the windows had not the fear of the tax-gatherer before their eyes; that there is a brightness and clearness about the buildings, belonging partly to the wood or anthracite, which occupies the place of our smoking coal as fuel, partly to the prevailing purity of the atmosphere; and that the universality of green external blinds speaks of a power of the sun's rays which we seldom experience. After all, however, and notwith-standing the difference in the fashion of the carriages of all sorts which appear in the streets, Boston does look very like an English city, and I confess it is not

the less pleasant to me on this account.

A remarkable feature of the city, and, judging from what I have already seen of this neighbourhood, I should say of the country generally, is the great abundance of churches, most of them with lofty and light spires, and all of them with bells. It may be that the number of these sacred edifices strikes the eve of the English stranger more, because the accompaniments of the tower or spire and bells are not confined, as has hitherto been in a great measure the case amongst our-selves, to those belonging to one privileged sect. I rejoice that the English Nonconformists and Roman Catholics now begin to adorn their houses of worship with the heaven-pointing spire, and to summon their flocks by the sound of the bell. The time is not long past when such a proceeding would have been thought to show great presumption, and might have been attended with danger. Now all parties can act according to their own taste or discretion, and those who have occasion to build and can command the means seem disposed to show that they feel the difference between their position and that of their predecessors. The churches I have entered here (and they are not few) are in general large, commodious, and fitted up with great attention to comfort; in respect to the place for the ministers I might say to splendour. They seem to be exceedingly well frequented. I should say from what I have thus far seen that the voluntary system works admirably, and may be safely trusted. The clergy occupy a high social position, are held in great respect, and liberally, though not extravagantly provided for, but in return are expected to work. The Episcopalian bishop adds to his other duties by being the pastor of a large congregation, preaching regularly and visiting amongst his people, especially the sick, with exemplary diligence. But to return to the external appearance of this capital of New England and Athens of the western world. It is too much crowded for even the best houses to have space for gardens, and the common is the only considerable open space. It must not be compared with our parks, but it is well

sprinkled with fine trees, a few of which can boast great antiquity, and it affords pleasant walks to the inhabitants, which it is gratifying to see valued and used. I will say nothing of the public buildings, excepting the custom-house, which has recently been completed. They have here in the Quincy granite (commonly so called though not strictly a granite, and the better for its purpose from the absence of the mica,) an a imirable building material, which is every year more and more employed. It is excellent in colour and durability, and may be obtained in immense blocks. The customhouse is constructed entirely of this substance, is surmounted by a dome of great elegance, and stands in an open space unconnected with other buildings. It has two principal fronts, each with a heavily-laden portico, approached by a flight of steps, the noble fluted columns being each of a single mass of granite. Under the dome is a circular chamber, surrounded by white marble columns, and fitted up in a very e'egant style. The double staircase is solid and grand, and every part of the building seems worthy of a great and flourishing mercantile community. I began to conjecture to what purpose it might be turned, when a better understanding of the nature and pressure of the several modes of taxation and of the principles of commerce shall have put an end, as I am persuaded they must do some time, to all custom-house trammels. It is the true wisdom of nations to leave commerce to find its own course unrestrained, and to raise the revenue

required by taxes directly on property.

Boston being built on a peninsula, which, notwithstanding a great addition of reclaimed land, has become too small to contain its increasing population, every part of the surrounding country is being filled from its superfluity, and the neighbouring townships are occupied with what may be accounted suburbs of the city. They are connected with it by long wooden bridges, which are the greatest deformity I noticed here, though they answer their practical purpose pretty well. As I cross them I anticipate the time when they will be re-placed by massive and magnificent structures of stone, forming the most remarkable ornament of what is certainly a beautiful city, from the variety of the ground, the character of the principal buildings, and the general air of comfort it displays, though it is deficient in regularity, and in the width and straightness of the streets. Nothing more pleasingly impresses an Englishman in Boston than the total absence of the symptoms of extreme poverty, and of most degrading vice. At first one wonders in what quarters the poor reside. It is soon found out that there is here no great class of poor. Want and suffering may be found, but they are occasional, not habitual; they affect scattered individuals, not large bodies; they have not yet increased so as to be beyond the reach and control of beneficence, or to mar the beauty of the whole social structure. Is it impossible to have the extreme of wealth, learning, and splendour unaccompanied by a sad and dreadful contrast? I have seen nothing here approaching the magnificence of our English nobility. I have been so fortunate as to be introduced to the houses of some of the magnates of Boston. The habitations are large and handsome. There are abundant signs of wealth on every side; there is elegance as well as luxury. Every thing is well appointed, and the tone of manners is that of refined and highly-cultivated English society, very little allowance being needed for peculiarities, which the origin and history of the people might lead us to expect. But though there is splendour in some particulars, and quite as much of outward show as the philosopher would desire for his country, there is not yet, and long may it be sought for in vain, the exuberant grandeur of our highest class in England. In one little particular, well-appeinted American establishments have the advantage to my taste, for I have

an excessive dislike to liveries, which have always seemed to me degrading and corrupting to those who

wear them. Here they are never seen.

I suppose that Boston shows less of the peculiarities of American language and manners, than any other place in the States. Certainly the people do guess a good deal, and make use of the words fine, considerable, some, and a few others in a way that sounds strange to unaccustomed ears, but there is little or nothing of this in the best society, and if originals of the representations of the American style of talking often given in England, are to be found any where, it is not here.

I went through the State prison. I will not add to the descriptions which have been given of it. The prisoners are, during the day, kept at work under proper control, at various trades, and retire to solitary cells for the night. The order and cleanliness seemed admirable. But I wish my countrymen particularly to observe, that whilst it restores a large percentage of its inmates as useful and well-conducted members of society, it bears its own expenses, even yielding a surplus revenue to the State. Attempts to accomplish this are commonly objected to, on the ground of injurious interference with honest work-people. That objection has not even any plausibility here, where the want is not of employers, but of labourers, but it has no weight anywhere, since the occupants of prisons belong to a class, who must either be plunderers, or live by honest labour, and the great object of their confinement is to induce them to the latter course, implying that they must be among the competitors for any employment which is offered. The plan of contracting for their labour with manufacturing houses, prevents them having any undue advantage in the market, and thus removes every reasonable objection. Juvenile offenders are not here sent to prison, but to an industrial school, maintained expressly for their benefit, where they units moral training, and the acquisition of useful browledge with the control of knowledge, with the formation of habits of labour, and the learning of an art that will guard them from want.

You will perceive that this letter is dated from Cambridge, the seat of the university established by the pilgrim fathers, immediately after their settlement, and the oldest seminary of learning in the United States. It is a liberal and well-governed institution, free from all religious tests, and affording ample means of instruction and resources for study. It has separate schools for divinity, law, and medicine. Each of these has its own well-furnished library, besides the great library of the university. The professors would be respected everywhere for their talents, acquirements, and character, and the distinguished president, Mr. Everett, has well sustained the reputation of his country in the presence of the greatest scholars of Europe. The university has an observatory, containing a telescope of extraordinary power and admirable mechanism, which has been pro-cured by the liberality of some individuals and societies. A scientific school is now being added, which is founded by the munificence of an individual, Mr. Abbott Law rence, who has given 50,000 dollars for the purpose.

I am here near the Mount Auburn cemetery. It is a very extensive piece of ground, with great inequality of surface, abounding in natural wood as well as artificially planted to aid the effect, enclosed, laid out, and intersected by walks, with a handsome chapel for performing funeral services, and a very noble gateway. From the great extent, tombs as yet seem thinly scat-tered. A few of them are highly beautiful as works of art; the prevailing style is simple and pleasing, and there are some monuments which the lover of his kind must always approach with reverence. The remains of Chauning, Tuckerman, and Worcester, are a precious deposit, and lessons of wisdom and benevolence may for ages be learned at their graves, while many a pil-

grim from distant lands will preserve as a precious memorial a flower from the sod which covers what was mortal of these saints in the calendar of a coming better

The country around Boston abounds in picturesque scenery, beautified by rocks and woods. The prevailing character of the gardening has less of neatness and

finish than in England.

Everybody has heard of the beauty of the autumnal woods in America, and it really is beyond all power of description. The weather at this season is delightful; and if you will imagine all that is most lovely in our own autumnal tints, enriched by greater depth and bril-liancy of colouring, and then add the rich shades of red afforded by the maples, sumachs, and some oaks, and throw Virginia creepers, which are here commonly wild, at your fancy, over the rocks and trees, which they often climb to their summits, intermingling their purple and rosy hues with the yellows and browns with which we are more familiar, you will have some con-ception of the scenes amongst which I am delighted to rove. The flowers, too, late as the season is, are very various and pretty, and a large proportion of them differ from our own, whilst some of the rarest and handsomest English butterflies, and two or three species unknown to us, fly about in abundance; and I was delighted, one fine sunny day, to see a humming-bird flying about among the flowers, much in the manner of a large insect.

I will not now venture on topics of politics or philanthropy, but many will be glad to learn that in this neighbourhood the Mexican war is almost universally unpopular, being viewed very much in the same light as it appears to us in England, but, for obvious rea-

sons, regarded with a more intense disgust.

An intelligent gentleman, to whom I brought a letter of introduction, kindly accompanied me to Lowell, and devoted some hours to showing me its manufactures. These are woollen cloth, cotton, carpet, and machine factories, all upon a scale which would place them in the first class in England. They are situated in a flourishing town of 30,000 inhabitants, where within the memory of many persons still living, there was but a solitary house, and other towns of similar character are rising up like magic around. This is wonderful! but the interest of the scene to a stranger consists, as but the interest of the scene to a stranger consists, as all your readers know, in the prosperous condition of the operative class. The real cause of this must, I believe, be sought in the high value of all labour in this country. The particular prosperity of Lowell may depend on the tariff, which more powerfully turns the demand for labour in this direction, and the same body of capitalists and labourers might not without its aid have immediately found equally profitable engagements. But it is not to be denied that there is enough for every man to do, and that both capital and labour are well remunerated. It may then be doubted whether the blossoming out of the prosperity in a spot like Lowell, however beautiful, is an object to be sought for at the expense of the rest of the community. It seems to me certain that these same people would not be badly off here, if no artificial stimulus had been given to manufactures, and that we can infer nothing from their prosperity as to what is possible in England, though I confidently anticipate, under the benign influence of free trade, and of a fairer system of taxation, which should now be aimed at, an increasing value of labour, and an improved condition of the operative class in England. The state of things at Lowell is beautiful, and one must be pleased at contemplating it; but a little re-flection will check thoughts that might arise as to the possibility of transplanting it. But I am transgressing all reasonable bounds, and must abruptly conclude.

Believe me, with great esteem, sincerely your friend, Cambridge, near Boston. W. H.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT.—DECEMBER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Our month in prospect is the only month left to complete our year and our calender of it. Frost, the harbinger of whole months of settled cold, has given us already a visit, and cut down our dahlias, and bade us look to any tender plants that are out of doors, and to ourselves. The aurora borealis has flashed forth in our nocturnal sky,—a pretty certain sign of a severe win-ter. Once more, therefore, we may look for frosts and snows, and the sharp salute of the east wind. Well for those who can wrap in warm coats and cloaks and furs when they issue forth, and for whom the fire blazes and the table is well spread at home. How many will miss these things in the coming winter! If ever year was calculated to confirm the superstitions connected with Friday it must be this. It came in on a Friday and it goes out on a Friday, and the whole year has been one of disasters. We need not particularize them. They are only too well remembered by manufacturers without business, workmen without work, failing merchants and tradesmen wondering where all the money has flown to. In the social circles, who has found his neighbour without some commercial trouble or grief? Our citizens still starve by thousands; our railroad labourers are dismissed to face the coming winter with empty hands and empty stomachs; Ireland still starves and revels in murder; and America and Switzerland are so foolish and unchristian as to go to war, and murder by wholesale. Can any body say that the world is yet any wiser than it was? We look at the coming is yet any wiser than it was? We look at the coming winter, and with a sigh leave the huge burden of the suffering to Providence, as being too heavy for our mortal strength.

And yet we must each lend a hand towards lightening the distress that will surely prevail. We must brace up our hearts to forget our own troubles in the imperative calls of the calamities of others. We must rouse all the slumbering humanity in our natures, and bring forth from our chests and wardrobes all the coats and cloaks and blankets that can possibly be spared. How much better will they be on the backs and beds of

We have travelled with the year from month to than on senseless pegs and shelves, or piled in corners month, and the year has travelled with us. It has that have no feeling. "Providence tempers the wind brought us to the verge of December and of winter. to the shorn lamb," says Sterne; but the shorn lambs of the human race often find the fury of the elements unabated by anything but the screens and defences raised by the sympathies of their fellows. Providence raised by the sympathies of their tellows. I rouse will have the rich to be the shepherds of the poor, or then they need? Let why has he given them more than they need? them remember:-

> In rich men's halls the fire is piled, And ermine robes keep out the weather; In poor men's huts the fire is low Through broken panes the keen winds blow, And old and young are cold together.

Oh, poverty is disconsolate !---Its pains are many, its foes are strong: The rich man in his jovial cheer, Wishes 'twas winter through the year : The poor man midst his wants profound, With all his little children round. Prays God that winter be not long!--- MARY HOWITT.

And yet to the young and strong and healthy how The clear, beautiful and cheering is much of winter! sharp, bright days, how they brace the nerves! How they make the blood bound! What a feeling of pleasure lives through the heart and the whole being! splendid heavens at night, the moon, how splendid! The snows in their abundance, the hoar-frost in its silent magnificence, the ice-bound river with its throngs of sliders and skaters! Walking well clad in winter is often a luxury. In the country, the farmer, with his corn all in, his cattle in their sheds and at their cribs, calls his friends about him, and where such jolly dinners, or who so jolly? The sound of the flail is his music, and the talk of markets his felicity. And yet he has employment enough to prevent total stagnation. He has his manure carted out; sees that his sheep are well tended in their sheltered pastures; and all the collected family of the farm-yard, horses, cows, pigs, poultry, properly cared for. There is a busy cutting poultry, properly cared for. There is a busy cutting of hay, chopping of straw, pulling, bringing home, and slicing turnips for them; and then, if he be a sportsour suffering ill-employed fellows in the coming winter man, he takes his gun and pursues the hare, the wildfowl along the winding stream-banks, or the field-

fares that come in flocks from the north.

And so comes on Christmas with all its holly and kissing-bushes, and waites, and Christmas-boxes, its roast beef and plum-pudding, and mince pies—for those who can get them; and for those who cannot, there comes anon—a New Year! Pray God it may be really A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR. Happy indeed are they who have cause to regret the passing of the present.

Thus come we, however, happy or unhappy, prosperous or unprosperous, to the end of our month and of our task. If we have nothing else to congratulate the most unfortunate upon, let us at least take such a true view of our existence as to congratulate them on that. For in that are included hope, hope of better times, of more balmy seasons, and immortality—a godlike gift. Let us, therefore, unite with Mary Howitt, whatever may have been our experience of the past, in one grand hymn of thanksgiving to the author of this and all other vears.

Thou who spated'st all! Thou fountain
Of our sun's light! who dwellest far
From man, beyond the farthest star,
Yet, ever present; who doet heed
Our spirits in their human need,
We bless thee, Father, that we are!

We bless thee for our inward life;
For its immortal date decreeing;
For that which comprehendeth Thee,
A spark of thy divinity,
Which is the being of our being!

We bless thee for this bounteous earth;
For its increase; for corn and wine;
For forest oaks; for mountain rills;
For cattle on a thousand hills;
We bless thee, for all good is thine!

The earth is thine, and it thou keepest,
That man may labour not in vain;
Thou gir'st the grass, the grain, the tree,
Seed-time and harvest come from thee,
The early and the latter rain!

The earth is thine—the summer earth;
Fresh with the dew, with sunshine bright;
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing birds and balmy flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine: the teeming earth; In the rich, bounteous time of seed; When man goes forth in joy to reap, And gathers up his garnered heap, Against the time of storm and need.

The earth is thins, when days are dim, And leafees stands the stately tree; When from the North the fierce winds blow, When falleth fast the mantling snow! The earth pertaineth still to thee?

The earth is thine...thy creature, man!
Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine;
Darkness and light, and life and death;
Whate'er all space inhabiteth,
Creator! Father! all are thine!

FREE-TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

By John Bowring, LL.D., M.P.

No. VIII.

QUARANTINES.

We pay dearly for our ignorance and our prejudice. All the mischiefs which evil genii are fabled to work are too often spontaneously inflicted by our own frailties on ourselves. Man often legislates for loss, and interferes for misery. Rulers, like children, rather than do nothing, will do harm. History is for the most part but a record of ingenious inventions for self-suffering, self-sacrificing, self-maiming, and self-murdering. As if there were not enough of inevitable calamity in the world, rulers and law-makers seem bent upon augmenting its amount and extending its influences.

What the earth wants is some mighty, intellectual, beneficent destroyer! Some power to be engaged in the great task of rooting out the monstrous tares which cover the field of law and custom. Some bold, benignant spirit, able and willing to undermine and upset the immense edifices which have been built by barbarism, and which are protected by interests which had prejudices for their begetters. The true mission of philanthropy is as prominently, if not more peremptorily, the overthrow of evil than the production of good. When the weeds are torn up from the soil, the wheat-seed will easily be scattered. It is because choked by thorns and briars that the harvests of truth are so trifling and so tardy. We sow among rocks and brambles, and then wonder how little we reap!

If in a huge library what is truly valuable were extracted from that which is worthless,—if that which it were well to preserve could be separated from what might safely be allowed to perish,—in what a small apartment might the reserved treasures be concentrated? But in no portion of the record of man's busy industry would such masses of rubbish be discovered,—in no portion would there be found so little entitled to respect, or so much demanding condemnation, as in the multitudinous interferences with liberty of exchange—the impediments thrown in the way of that free intercourse to which we are at last beginning to look as one of the great instruments of social regeneration.

Were I called to point out the worst existing example of sacrifices made to ignorance and superstition in this part of the globe, I should instance the quarantine laws. Introduced without investigation, supported without inquiry as to their necessity or their efficiency, they remain an opprobrium to an age that calls itself enlightened—to nations that proclaim themselves philosophical. Exhibiting arbitrary and irresponsible interferences in a thousand shapes; violating all the rights of persons and properties; levying charges without control; inflicting vexations without number; mulcting the merchant; imprisoning the mariner; annoying the traveller; one would suppose that there must be some good reason for all these inflictions; some paramount social necessity; some immense benefit to be purchased at so heavy a price! Nothing of the sort! The system is an unmitigated mischief!—a concentrated evil, without even a ramification of good. If it is mischievous in varied forms of mischievousness. It is not only mischievous, by inflicting evil to no purpose; by robbing, and annoying, and oppressing, without any counterbalancing good; but it absolutely aggravates and augments the very evils it professes to get rid of, The object it proposes to accomplish, is the preservation of the public health. The

strument by which this most desirable purpose is to be effected, is by separating those who are infected by disease from those who are free from it. And this would be well if it went no further than to prevent a concentration of disease in any one locality. But a lazzaret is the very means of gathering together, of imprisoning on the same spot patients who are labouring under diseases, whose intensity and consequent danger are augmented by that concentration.

The purest atmosphere may be rendered pestilential by the exclusion of fresh air. The most pestilential may be purified by proper ventilation. Shakspeare, with that wonderful sagacity which characterises the highest genius, in an age when medical science was little advanced, and the philosophy of health imperfectly understood, stumbled upon a great truth, when he spoke of man's subjection to the

"Skiey influences Which do the habitations where we dwell Hourly affect."

We talk of floods, and tempests, and famines, and battle-fields—of the multitudes of the human race that are sacrificed by the terrible convulsions of nature, or the fierce passions of man; but these multitudes are as nothing compared to those who fall by the miasmatic "pestilence that walketh in darkness," and foul air "destruction that wasteth at noon-day." Starvation storms and wars have swept away their tens and hundreds of thousands; but filth and fever, foul and fetid places, have carried on their devastation silently and stealthily, on a far wider scale. A rumour of the advent of the plague—the death of a solitary victim, has often filled a community with consternation, but plagues of giant power, plagues which murder millions, are allowed to invade, to occupy our cities, to smite whole tribes of human beings, and have scarcely excited a moment's attention, while the few benevolent men who denounced these ravages, and called upon society to assist them, raised their voices in an unechoing desert, and toiled and travailed in vain.

A better time is coming,—is come. Means of providing for the health of towns are discussed at last to some purpose. Legislation is beginning to weigh the value of life, and legislators to feel that some responsibility attaches to those who have allowed the "condition of the peoples' question" to remain so long in oblivion. If millions "are perishing for lack of knowledge," not only for lack of knowledge among themselves, but for lack of knowledge among those whose bounden duty it is not to be ignorant, whose ignorance is their own work and their own will—we say it is high time that the existing disgraceful state of things should speedily pass away.

The quarantine question then is but a part of a larger question,—the general question as to the best means of providing for the health of the people, and every inquiry will show that plagues and the diseases called contagious, are subject to the same general laws, are to be guarded against by the same sort of precautions as afford security for the most favourable sanitary condition of the whole community. There is no more reason why plague patients should be sent to lazzarets, than persons suffering under ordinary diseases. A case might be possibly made out for the imprisonment of persons having the small pox, hooping cough, measles, and similar disorders, for in such the infectious or contagious character of the disease is demonstrable; but in the case of plague it is equally demonstrable that nothing but concentration, nothing but the existence of an unhealthy atmosphere, nothing in a word, but doing that which the quarantine laws mean to do—and do in reality, can give to the plague a contagious

character. And, though it cannot be said that every disease will increase in intensity, or have its elements of propogation augmented, by collecting into one focus patients who are suffering under its attacks, yet it may safely be asserted, and abundantly proved, that many diseases not necessarily contagious, not contagious under their milder forms, will become so if their victims are confined and huddled together, each helping to create a deleterious atmosphere, and by collecting the sufferers from the disease into one locality, really ex-tending the field of its influence. How is the plague arrested when it breaks out in an Egyptian regiment? That regiment is sent into the desert, the vast, the open, unencumbered desert. There the plague invariably ceases. A family among which the plague has appeared flies from the marshy borders of the Nile. Whither? to the Fayoum—to a region skirted by the wilderness, but which is wholly free from the noxious exhalations of most of the Egyptian towns. Have there been any instances of communication of the disease into the Payoum territory? Never one! When Cairo is visited by the plague, and its devastations destroy thousands of its inhabitants, multitudes of boats in constant intercourse with the city pass up the Nile to Essiout, to Esneh, to Assouan, to Deir. All the operations of barter are carried on without inverruption. Merchants and merchandise, commodities of every character pass from the boats to the city. Every species of tranaction takes place. Men, women, children, cattle, sheep, poultry, are conveyed to and fro. There is no precaution taken, no quarantine, no barrier to the most precatation taken, no quarantime, no barrier to the most intimate relations, private and public. Was it ever proved, nay, was it ever asserted, that one of their multitudinous boats had conveyed the plague to the south? I believe not. The plague has never reached the Nubian frontier. Again, when pilgrims crowd into Egypt from every quarter of the Mussulman world; when Alexandria, and Cairo, and Keneh receive the countless multitude on their way to the holy cities; when numberless caravans from Turkey and Syria, and the borders of the Euphrates; from Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers press forward along the banks of the Nile to Mecca and Medina, however the plague may be raging, -have there been any instances, even a single one, of their conveying the plague across the Red Sea to the holy cities? Never one! So at this hour, twice every month, a busy stream of European travellers flows through the plague regions towards our Indian territories. There are no lazzarets in British India, no quarantine laws, no protection whatever against the introduction of the pestilence. Has Calcutta been exposed to danger? Has the plague been conveyed to Madras? Has the shadow of an alarm been excited at Bombay? By no means. Yet we who are at a distance of thousands of miles from Egypt, who can only communicate by a long sea passage, full of frights and fears, led blindfold by unthinking ignorance, and reviving and re-echoing the opinions of hisplings interested in and paid for the grinner of hirelings, interested in and paid for the support of a system founded on delusions, we still preserve our quarantine code as if it were both really precious and profitable, and subject any person who travels home-wards through Turkey or Egypt to its intolerable burthens.

That code costs thousands, not to say millions, in giving effect to its absurd requirements. Millions paid for objects eminently pernicious. Millions paid—for what? to be guaranteed against the dangers of the plague? Dangers of the plague? Well, and if the plague be dangerous, its dangers must be found in lazzarets, among people and garments who come from the East, among cotton and other susceptible merchandise (susceptible is the accredited word,) imported from plague countries. What perils then must the unfor-

tunate beings be exposed to who are in immediate and habitual contact with these Oriental influences, who clean the clothes, who manipulate the dangerous articles, who at high salaries incur all the risks of contamination and contagion! A parliamentary return was moved for a few sessions ago of all the individuals who had died in our lazzarets, at any period of which there existed a record, in consequence of having caught the plague from infected persons or property. The return was nil! absolutely nil! And a list was farther requested of persons who had caught the disease in consequence of communication with plague patients, or plague-conveying articles in the lazzarets. Strange to say, the return was also nil! Not one, not one even of those whose perilous duty it is to open their trunks, to handle all infected plague commodities. There could not be more irresistible evidence of the falschood of the whole theory of contagion upon which the quarantine laws are built.

It may be asked, what has Free-Trade to do with this question? Every thing. For the quarantine laws are among the most useless, and the most annoying interferences with commerce and commercial relations. They impede transactions in a thousand ways. They introduce innumerable difficulties and delays. They add to the uncertainties of markets. They increase the risks of trade. They augment the cost of freight. They levy taxes that do not go to the public treasury. They prohibit intercourse even between neighbours. They subject the merchant and the mariner to multitudinous penal vexations. They arm irresponsible functionaries with absolutely despotic authority. They condemn innocent men to danger and to death. Their abolition will be another important triumph in the emancipation

of commerce.

Last year a queen's-steamer arrived in the Thames from the western coast of Africa. Large numbers of her crew had perished on that coast and on her pas-sage home of the African, sometimes called the Bulam fever. In the hot-hold or cabin of the vessel, crowded with sick, without any means of adequate ventilation, the mortality had been frightful; and on reaching England deaths were daily occurring. If the dictates of humanity had been listened to for a moment, all that remained of the crew would have been instantly landed and delivered over to medical care and kindness, for the medical men on board had died. But no! On the plea of adhering to our stern and cruel quarantine regulations, a considerable time elapsed before either sick or healthy were allowed to be removed from the foul and pestiferous prison-ship in which they were confined. They were not permitted to touch their native soil. There was a controversial correspondence carried on during which several died, whose lives no doubt might have been saved but for the inexorable mandates of those who were first appealed to. After some time those who remained were transferred to other vessels. The step was taken tardily which ought to have been taken without a moment's delay. "Times" newspaper did then, as it has often done, good service to the cause of humanity. It may be doubted whether anything but the loud call of "Shame!" from the public press would have rescued the remnant of the Eclair's crew from destruction!

European influences have been busily acting on the Levant, associating with them a mingled mass of good and evil. The scientific and mechanical inferiority which our intercourse with the East has brought to the notice of the ruling powers has tended to lower the pride and confidence which had so long distinguished the Mahomedan races, and have produced a disposition to follow in our footsteps and imitate our example.

And the European adventurers who are found scattered over the Ottoman empire, and especially in the large towns and in the neighbourhood of palaces and princes, have furnished bold and ready pretences for the successful introduction of many European habits and usages which have helped to civilise the Levant. Among the baneful gifts of Christians to Mahometans has been the quarantine system. To the existence of that system in western Europe the better health and greater longevity of our population were naturally attributed by those Europeans who looked to places of profit under the quarantine laws, if they could bring about these establishments in the East. They were introduced. It is creditable to the sagacity of Lord Palmerston, that when our ambassador at Constantinople conveyed to him the determination of the Porte to introduce the quarantine laws of Europe in the Turkish dominions, he (Lord Palmerston) reminded the Ottoman government that the public health did not require for its protection restrictive laws, but a greater attention to cleanliness among the people—a better system of police -the removal of offensive matter from the houses and the streets-in a word, the preventive and precautionary measures by which the motion and development of disease have been guarded against in the best-regulated communities.* But the government of the Porte did determine to have a quarantine code, in imitation of Christendom. I reached Constantinople in the heyday of their introduction, coming from a plague country—from Egypt itself. The officers of health made their appearance, and gave orders that we should be landed at the place of examination and purification. We soon found distinctions were drawn. The officers of the steamer were allowed to go on shore without inspection or certificate. The crew were told they must re-main on board. The passengers were ordered to disembark and to undergo a process of fumigation. Escorted by soldiery, who pushed against, communicated with us, without any sort of precaution or sepa-ration, we went pell-mell before the higher authorities of the Board of Health, who sent us into a room, where we were surrounded by volumes of smoke; having passed through which we came out by another door. We then claimed our luggage, and the officers having convinced themselves that the plague was not in the boxes, we were allowed each to depart for his domicile. Such is the quarantine by which Turkey is to be protected from the introduction of plague.

Syrian lazzarets are sometimes a far more serious affair. I recollect a case where a ship's crew, arriving all in good health, were sent into the lazzaret on the low ground near Beyrout, at the foot of the Lebanon range,—a swampy, unhealthy spot, admirably fitted

• The passage is so creditable to Lord Palmerston's discernment as to be well worth preserving.

"With reference to the proposed regulations, I have to instruct your Excellency to endeavour strongly to impress upon the Turkish government that they would more effectually prevent the breaking out and spreading of the plague, by introducing cleanliness and ventilation in the city and suburbs of Constantinople, than by any such violent interference as is proposed with the domestic arrangements of families.

"It is quite certain that the plague is much aggravated, if it is not actually generated by the want of cleanliness in streets, by the want of sufficient ventilation in houses, and by the want of proper drainage in places contiguous to habitations; and, if the Turkish government would, in the first instance, apply vigorous measures to correct those evils, they would strike at once at the causes of the disease; whereas the measures, which they have now in contemplation, will only be productive of inconvenience and suffering to numerous individuals."—
Extract from a Dispatch delivered by Lord Palmerston to the Turkish Diseas in 1839.

for the creation and communication of disease, and thus man; of the crew and passengers died, having struggled and protested in vain to obtain their removal. A Russian functionary was put into the lazzaret. He found a dead body in his room, the body of a man who had died of the plague,—fit companionship for a person in I remember reading the urgent undoubted health. supplications of the Russian gentleman, praying that either he or the corpse might be removed, declaring there would be two corpses to remove instead of one, unless there was immediate attention to his petition. But Mussulman rulers seldom hurry themselves. "Tois the ordinary answer to any application for instant action, and it is somewhat lucky not to have "after" added to the "to-morrow." To the most urgent claims upon a Turk's attention he is sure to reply "Bakalum," the "Veremos" of the Spaniards, which means that at some time as a classical statement. which means that at some time or other the matter shall be-no! may be attended to. The Russian's petition was left many days unnoticed, but he did get out alive. He was a fortunate man !

I knew a case where a Turkish governor, whose time hung somewhat heavily upon his hands, was in the habit of entering the lazaret for the purpose of playing at cards and dice with the imprisoned travellers. Among the Mahommedans the belief in fatalism is so universal that the introduction of a lazzaret would be considered as an interference with the will of Allah! The leaving things to themselves is one of the obvious causes of the backwardness and decay of the Ottoman Empire. What Allah wills must be! Allah is great! Allah is merciful! are the phrases under whose benignant influences the Mussulman meekly bends his head in suffering and in death. There is a charm in his calm and quiet patience, in his unmurmuring resignation. I have gone through the wards of an hospital, have seen its inmates agonised by every species of pain, yet seldom is a sigh or a groan heard, never a complaint uttered. The Orientals are known to submit to the most excruciating operations of surgery without any audible expression of agony. It is among the remarkable changes of modern times, however, that the late Sultan Mahmoud, on more than one occasion, pronounced himself against the almost universally-received doctrines of fatalism, and quoted the Koran against the Koran as evidence that while believers ought to resign themselves wholly to the particular providence of God: they ought at the same time to employ their prudence in preventing or diminishing evil. He told them that Allah had given them faculties of reason which they were bound to employ for their own protection and comfort. Still the whole Bast presents sad evidence of Mahomedan carelessness as to the future. Houses are allowed to decay, because foresight has not occupied itself with small repairs. Diseases proceed unmolested in their course, because Allah's will can stay them if he be so pleased. It is obvious that a quarantine system can never be made effective in the hands of men impregnated with such prejudices and in-fluenced by such opinions. In truth, its introduction is but a delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

In Egypt, where so much of good has been connected

In Egypt, where so much of good has been connected with the introduction of European reform, it is not surprising that quarantine should have accompanied other importations from the West. If any man is entitled to be indulgently judged in this respect it is Mehemet Ali; for the quarantine system was forced upon him by the constant representations of the foreign consuls, and the urgent demand made upon him to assimilate his institutions to those of civilised Europe. And the Board of Health at Alexandria is almost wholly composed of the consuls of different powers. They preserve the power of rigid inspection as regards the

ports; and Egypt, the country of indigenous plaguethe country in which at certain seasons the plague invariably exists, either in an endemic or epidemic form -the country where the spontaneous growth of the plague is as natural as that fetid masses should give forth foul exhalations-Egypt is encumbered with a costly machinery of annoyance and despotism to exclude that disease, the seeds of which are always pre-sent, and will never fail to develop themselves when circumstances aid the development. Alexandria, then, is protected against the importation of the plague by the sea; but against its introduction from the landside it has no protection, and can have no protection.
From Cairo—from the low banks of the Nile—from the spots covered with stagnant waters—from miasmatic influences within and without the city—there is nothing like a precaution. The plague may be raging in Egypt, and every other part of the world be free. Yet the Board of Health will be exposing every vessel which reaches the coast to the quarantine laws, and acting as if Alexandria or Damietta were free from disease, and all the rest of the world infected.

(To be continued.)

MOTHERWELL'S GRAVE.

The neglected state of the grave of Motherwell, in the cemetery of Glasgow, is notorious. The following touching tribute to Motherwell's memory is from the pen of his accomplished friend, William Kennedy, who is at present in this country, and who, like most other strangers, is utterly confounded at the state of the Poet's tomb. May we hope that this appeal will be followed by some result? We are very sure that it should.

"When the great winds through leafless forests rushing, sad music make;
When the swollen streams, o'er erag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,
Will there then one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake?"---Mothrawell.

Place we a stone at his head and his feet; Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet; Piously hallow the Poet's retreat!

Ever approvingly,
Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to Nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head; Odorous honours its blossoms will shed, Grateful to him—early summoned—who sped Hence, not unwillingly—

For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep Minster bell, Winds of sad cadence at midnight will swell, Yocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,

Who—for the early day—
Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones, treading this terrace of graves, Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves, When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves;

Tears-which devotedly, Though all unnotedly.

Plow from their spring, in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine, Graced with the beauty which glows in his line; Strew with pale flowerets, when pensive moons shine,

His grassy covering, Where spirits hovering Chaunt, for his requiem, music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!-Pay a light debt to the singer we've known-Proof that our love for his name hath not flown-With the frame perishing-

That we are cherishing Feelings akin to our lost Poet's own.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

MY NEW SISTER-IN-LAW.

I DOUBT if Adam was much stronger or happier when he was created, than is my brother at this moment; and I don't believe Eve was half as strong lunged and energetic as my new sister-in-law. Why, she oils the tables, and makes the jam, and prepares the breakfast, and makes the butter, and glorifies in the dinner, and attends in all particulars to the affairs of her household, as if neither canker nor consumption were in the earth. From morning till night she is all energy, all life, all decision and strong-heartedness. And then, as to being at ease,—if she had been born married, she couldn't be more so. There is not a quailing of eye, nor a trembling of nerve, so far as I can see,—in her conquering life; for she goes forth like a conqueror. She is inexpressible. As if she never knew what s doubt meant. Then she is so well-looking. Brown-eyed, small-eared, with a gracious expression; and such rich wavy hair, in its neat braids or its graceful aboundingness. I almost feel as if she might have contended the point with Cœur de Lion or Saladin. I am beside myself with admiration and astonishment. And when she makes the jam, she does not mix different sorts of apples; and pam, she does not mix dinerent sorts of appies; and her custards are delicious; and her pies are not only good, but pretty. And she makes catsup. Oh! you can't think what a paragon she is! Then she writes letters, and despatches them; and makes my brother put up his cap, and keep tidy; and she says, "Hisk! out of that, cat!" loud enough to destroy the nerves of a delicate cat. And she minds the dairy, and feeds the calves, and sends her young sister Mary up and down, and round about, and gives stirabout to beggars, and sends them about their business in the most unexceptionably clever manner. I never was so struck down with astonishment as at the sight of this girl; and, with all, she is never excited-never at all surprised .- (From an American Letter.)

Literary Notices.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END. From the German of Carové. By Sarah Austin. Illustrated by William Harvey. New and improved edition. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This beautiful little volume needs no further notice than that another edition is now issued. Its merits are well known to both parents and children, and therefore its continued popularity. Few more attractive Christmas presents can be given to a child.

THE COUNCIL OF FOUR; A GAME AT DEFINITIONS
Edited by Arthur Wallbridge, Author of "Torrington
Hall," etc. London: Ollivier, Pall Pall; Simpkin and Marshall.

This very little book contains some very clever definitions; as, for example:-

A Miser.—An amateur pauper.

IGNORANCE.—A dark place, where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves or somebody else.

PAPER.—Building-ground for genius A receiver of stolen goods. A poor flat, much put upon.
Politics.—A national humming-top, which spins

the least when it hums the most.

Ball-Room .- A confined place, in which people are committed by Fashion to hard labour.

LIFE.—The Bridge of Sighs.

MARRIAGE.—The only lottery not put down.

DUBL.—Folly playing at murder.

ALCHYMY .-- A run on Nature for gold.

COQUETTS .-- A woman without heart, who dupes men without head. A child playing with fire.

PAWNEROKER.—The poor man's banker. A man who holds your coat while you fight.

NEWSPAPER.—A winding-sheet in which parliamentary speeches are interred.

REVENCE.—Bitter-sweets, plucked from the devil's garden. The only debt which it is wrong to pay.

LIBERTY.—The power to do as you like yourself, and

to control the actions of others. MONEY.—Something despised by lovers of sixteen.

IMAGINATION.—The most eminent carver and gilder. Book.—The raft on which an undying genius floats

down the stream of time.

JUSTICE. - Blindman's-buff.

HISTORY.—The tombstone of the Past.

WINE.—Bottled fever. A fiend that seldom dies without torturing us with his ghost.

PAUPER.-An animal so like a man as to make us feel uneasy.

PALACE.-A guillotine which cuts off the head of a nation from its body.

BEE .- A travelling bagman in the sweatment line,

Who would imagine that these are only a few good who would imagine that these are only a few good things out of a very little book? They are given as specimens of a new game; let the players at it play again; it is worth while.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULIB PROGRESS.

WHITTINGTON CLUBS FOR WORKING MRN.—Mr. John Stych are also willing to exchange one of each of our local papers one Birmingham, has thrown out the following very important day old for one of theirs of the same date. of Birmingham, has thrown out the following very important suggestions for the casy establishment of such clubs. The greater part of the Sunday School buildings in this country, are unoccupied during the week! Why should not the trustees unoccupied during the week! why should not the trustees and committees of such buildings allow the use of them to the working-men for such clubs, and for societies of mutual in-struction? He says it has been done at Birmingham and with

The committee of the New Meeting Sunday School granted to the working classes the use of their school-house during the week-days free of charge, and in January, 1847, a society was founded, called the Peoples' Instruction Society. Perfect equality formed the basis of its constitution, and men of every opinion, religious or political, were equally admissible. "We have" he says, "Jew and Christian, Unitarian and Trinitarian, Catholic and Socialist, Whig, Tory, Chartist, and Republican. The buildings afford us reading and news-rooms, rooms for library; lectures, and classes. The subscription is one penny per week, four-pence per month, or a shilling per one penny per week, four-pence per month, or a shilling per quarter; and for this there is first the news-room, supplied with three daily papers, "The Times," "Daily News," and "Morning Chronicle;" twice-a-week, "The Manchester Guardian;" and weekly, "Douglas Jerroid's," "The Dispatch," "Examiner," "Inquirer," "Glasgow Argus," "Leicester Mercury," "Illustrated News," "Northern Star," two copies of each of the Birmingham newspapers, and many others of Crapriodical Largid's Tail's Franc's Sharpas's others. Of periodicals, Jerrold's, Tait's, Frazer's, Sharpe's, and Mechanic's Magazines; Howitt's, Chambers', and the People's Journals; Punch, Dombey and Son, and various other serials, including works of Wm. and Robert Chambers. Lectures are delivered every Monday night, by some of the best lecturers in Birmingham; some of whom I need only mention, Mr. Dawson, Dr. Raphall, the Rev. E. Madeley, the Rev. Hugh Hutton, and the Rev. Samuel Bache. The poetical readings of Mr. Hutton, and the lectures in progress, by the crowded state of the rooms on lecture nights, to which non-members are admitted for one penny each, show that the working-classes are becoming alive not only to higher tastes, but to their own interests.

"Our library is increasing, and we have now about 1,100 volumes. We have also a debating society, which meets once a-week to discuss topics affecting both the present and future generations, drawing experience from the history of the past; generations, drawing experience from the matery of the party and from the numbers which attend, and the ability with which each subject is discussed, it is plain that the benefit must be incalculable. We have an elecution class, which though but lately formed, is progressing well. We have five must be incalculate. We have all though but lately formed, is progressing well. We have five classes for reading, writing, and arithmetic, where the children are taught gratuitously, after the labours of the day, and classes under competent masters for all the higher branches of education for which there is a small charge. The committee desirous of giving amusement have now formed a class for the study of the noble game of chess.

Dinners and refreshments can be had on the premises on the most reasonable terms. Thus you perceive that, with the exception of a gymnasium, which we shall have next summer, we have a Whittington Club for the Working Man; and all these advantages we are enabled to give at so small a rate of subscription through the kindness of the above committee.

Here, then, is a way by which the trustees of similar school and other property may assist the labouring classes in that onward progress which is so desirable for the whole community, and what the working class now so much strive after. It can be done, at least on the part of Sunday schools, without any sacrifice whatever.

To the members of Whittington Clubs, Mechanics' Institutions, or associations of a similar nature, the free use of our institution is given on their visiting Birmingham, if they allow

To the working men everywhere I would say, Arouse yourselves. Don't be content to be ignorant. Wherever there is a Sunday school unoccupied during the week, request the use of it during that time, and depend upon it you will not only lay up a store of comfort for your old age, but will be the means of rescuing thousands of your fellow-men from the vice of drunkenness; while their wives and families will have cause to bless the Almighty God for the change it will produce from

want and misery to comfort and happiness.
We cordially say "Amen" to all which is here written, and cannot too strongly recommend to the public attention what appears to us a new light thrown on the path of progress; a new facility of a most extensive kind opened up out of an undreamed of quarter. Let the trustees of Sunday schools in other towns be as liberal as those of Birmingham, and the working man and working woman too, may everywhere have their literary school, club, and place of intellectual resort.

ABUSES OF THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CHARMEL ISLANDS .--- UN-ABREES TO ENGLAND....-We have received a printed circular from Mr. Abraham Jones Le Crae, editor of the "Jersey and Guernsey News," and author of "The Lawa, Customs, and Privileges of Jersey," published by Longman and Co., in which he draws the public attention to the successive abuses of these different privileges, and the consequences of them to the islanders themselves. He shows that the abuses of the privilege of sending their own grown corn, wine, chicory, their own manufacture of sweetments, boots and shoes, etc., have led, first to injustice to the people of England, and then to restrictions and injury to the islanders. The great abuse now restrictions and injury to the islanders. The greet abuse now going on is the printing of vast quantities of newspapers and cheap journals in the Channel Islands by English people or others for English circulation, by which the fair English trader is extensively injured, as these can circulate unstamped through the English post. We give what Mr. Le Cras says on this sub-

ject :--"The next abuse of our privileges was practised by the printers and booksellers, which brought down upon us the enforcement of the Copyright Act. A few needy adventurers got up piratical editions of Murray's English Grammar, Mavor's Spelling, and Moore's Lalla Rookh, which they printed upon foreign paper that paid no duty, and not only drove out of this market the genuine editions by underselling them, but surreptitiously forced the introduction of the piratical ones into Eugland. On learning this, the principal publishers in London drew the attention of the government to the abuse, and the result was the adoption of more stringent regulations to compel the observance of the Copyright Act in future.

"In like manner other abuses have arisen; but the one to which I invite your practical attention is a new scheme lately started, of printing newspapers in Jersey for circulation in England, to evade the revenue laws, such as stamp and advertisement duties. Perhaps you are not aware, that up to the year 1834, newspapers printed in Jersey and Guernsey, being unstamped, were liable, when sent to England, to be charged with 3d. postage; but after a correspondence with Sir Francis Freeling, the then Secretary to the Postmaster with Sir Francis Freeling, General, I obtained the privilege of sending our newspapers to

the United Kingdom, 'free of postage.'
"There were then only three English papers printed in Jersey, and the privilege was exercised in a discreet and legi-At the end of 1846, certain speculators contimate manner. ociving the idea of printing unstamped newspapers in Jersey for circulation in England, started the "Christian Penny for circumson in Engine, weekly), professedly a religious publication, but in fact a newspaper; then followed the "Teetotal Essayist"

(weekly), at ld., which contains no news whatever, and yet it institution is given on their visiting Birmingham, if they allow is transmitted through the poet; and afterwards the "Dally the same privilege to others in their own localities; and we Correspondent" (tri-weekly), at ld.; the "Commercial

Advertiser" (weekly), 1d.; the "Jersey Telegraph" (twise a week), 1d.; the "Christian Record," 2d., and the "Echo," 2d. (both weekly). Thus, there are thirteen papers published in Jersey for circulation in England, and which are filled exclusively with English matter. Another weekly is to be started, printed in the Welsh language, for circulation in the Principality.

"These journals have sprung up like mushrooms, and are almost unknown to the inhabitants. Large bundles of them are despatched to agents in London by every post; and I have now before me a list of one hundred and fifteen provincial agents in the United Kingdom, to whom they are sent on sale or returns, the post being used as the medium not only of forwarding, but also of returning, the unsold numbers. Another fraud on the revenue is the avoidance of advertisement duty, by which these papers are enabled to charge English advertisements only one penny per line. A third fraud is that the Post-office is made the medium of re-conveying the papers to subscribers, because the agents use the privilege of re-posting, and this avoids the necessity of newsmen, &c.

It is calculated that these papers have acquired a forced circulation in England, in the aggregate, of not less than 60,000 copies weekly; and at a loss to the English revenue of about £250 per week, or £13,000 per annum.

The introduction of steam-packets, which has caused a clorer connection between English and Jersey, has of course greatly facilitated this. English news down to Tuceday night is received in Jersey Wednesday morning, is printed here, and the papers circulated all over England on Thursday night, by means of the Post-office. The despatch with which this is done, and the cheapness of the papers, is, I suppose, the cause of their being disposed of. One of the penny papers contains twenty-eight columns, another forty-two columns, one-half at least filled with advertisements.

"The matter does not so deeply concern the press of Jersey as it does our friends in England. But it certainly does materially affect us, by placing in jeopardy the privilege we possess of sending our papers to England free; for if the attention of government is called to the abuse there is no doubt it will be stopped."

These are facts which show how necessary it is that every part of the kingdom should be put on a level, in law and privilege, without which abuses and injustice will continue to exist; and also that all stamps and duties whatever on paper and everything connected with the diffusion of knowledge should be abolished. The PROPLE SHOULD BE AWAKE AND INSIST ON IT.

PRICE OF PROVISIONS IN THE UNITED STATES....." The best of cheese in Cleaveland and Buffalo, is three and a half cents per pound; the best of butter six and seven cents per pound; glorious apples of the very best kind, four dollars per barrel, a barrel holding about three bushels; Indian corn of which there is an enormous crop all over the country, one dollar eight cents per bushel, nearly sixty pounds weight; good beef, pork, and mutton, at two and three cents per pound. You would be astonished to witness the profusion of the best and richest articles of food on the tables of the log-cabins in the woods of the west."....Extract of a Letter from H. C. Wright, Oct. 31.

BIGOTRY AND IGNORANCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

---This university has petitioned for the continuance of the disabilities of the Jews. Does not this university want reforming! Is it not shocking to think that half of those who are to preach the national religion from the state pulpits are to be educated in this school which thus shows itself so far behind the age? Is that religion thus preached likely to be Christianity! The religion of love, of liberality, and progress! Is it not equally shocking to think that half of our aristocracy, those who are to make our laws, and administer them as magistrates all over the country, and to exercise a great influence through their station and property, are to pass through this old monkish institution, and be leavened with its spira.! These things should be looked to.

HUDDESPIKED FEMALS EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.—The first soirce in celebration of this admirable institution, for the improvement of the young women of Huddersfield, was held on the evening of Monday, the 15th November. Between six and seven hundred persons, chiefly young women, were present, and after tea, many excellent speeches were delivered. The speakers were—Mr. Mallinson, chairman; the

Rev. J. Glendinning, Dr. Smiles, Mr. E. Baines, jun., the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, Dr. Hodgson, Mr. Batley, the Rev. Mr. Jurnock, and Mr. J. P. Dunn. The report, which was of a highly interesting character, was readby Mr. W. P. England. We sincerely trust that this appeal will be generally responded to by the better classes of Huddersfield, and moreover, that the admirable example set in the establishment of the institution. of the institution, will be imitated by the surrounding towns. The lamentable state of ignorance in which the women of the manufacturing towns have been left by the friends of religion and education, is anything but creditable to them.

Dr. Smiles stated that more than two-thirds of all the women married in Huddersfield, in 1844, could not sign their own names at marriage; and in the neighbouring town of Halifax, more than three-fourths were in the same state as regarded the simplest elementary instruction. This, in the very centre of the district, where the efficiency of the voluntary system for the district, where the efficiency of the voluntary system for the education of the people has been most strictly contended for, is a very sad and deplorable fact. And while such is the proportion of the women in Huddersfield, who cannot write their names at marriage, it appears that only one-third of the men are in the same predicament, showing that their elementary education has been considerably better cared for. Only one-third! Is not this too a sad fact! But let us hope for better things. The bill recently enacted for the education of the children labouring in factories—which is virtually for better things. The bill recently enacted for the education of the children labouring in factories—which is virturlly a compulsory law, the obligations of which happily cannot be avoided, will cre long tell with good effect on the factory population; and we shall have them growing up a much better educated people, so far at least as elementary instruction is concerned. But still the painful fact remains, that more than one-half of the women of the present generation in the factory towns, are utterly uneducated, and not ration in the factory towns, are utterly uneducated, and in possession of even that small amount of instruction which the mere mechanical art of writing indicates. This is the amount of deficiency which they have to meet; and if the energetic friends of education in the manufacturing towns set themselves to work in the same good earnest that the philanthropic men and women of Huddersfield have done, we cannot doubt that the results will be of the most beneficent and happy description.

To Correspondents.—We continue to receive letters regarding the plan proposed by the West Orchard Mutual Improvement Society, for carrying on discussions through the Post-office. In publishing the original proposal we had no intention of making our journal the medium of such correspondence. Readers should recollect that the Post-office is the medium, and those wishing to correspond, must open up that correspondence for themselves; our space is too fully occupied.

We may as well add here, that persons applying to us for private information on any subject, must send their proper names and addresses at full; we cannot answer through the journal, and in all cases a stamp must be enclosed.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. PIDGECH.

EMERSON'S LECTURES.

(From our Manchester Correspondent.)

Do any of your readers care to have the desultory impressions made upon an individual mind by three of Emerson's lectures, delivered at the Manchester Athereum?

Perhaps it may be desirable to state, that Emerson is now engaged in giving two courses of lectures in Manchester. One course at the Mechanics' Institution, on a variety of subjects, which are much simpler (I imagine) in diction, than that "On Men representative of Great Ideas," which he is delivering at the Atheneum.

The first lecture of this latter course I did not hear, but it was highly appreciated by the majority of a very numerous audience. The consequence of this appreciation was to be perceived on entering the Athenaum on the second night; for, although we were there ten minutes or so before the doors were opened, we had quietly to wait among the crowd, three flights of stairs from the lecture-room door; and, when that was opened, to press upwards as best we might. The subject of that evening's lecture was, "Swedenborg the Mystic."

In due time Emerson made his appearance, and took his stand under the glaring jet of gas, which leaves the lecturer's face completely in shadow. He is this and spare in figure, which probably makes him appear tailer than he really is; but he must be above the middle height. The features of his profile are prominent, and the caverns in which his eyes glow, are beautifully shaped. The form of his head is good; a pile of forehead, much covered with hair, rests on his long, thin face

The tones of his voice are masal and American; but now and then they come out with musical richness and depth; and, doubtless, if he were a man who studied the arts of mere physical utterance, he might do great things, in a small way, with that capable and noble voice. As it is, his delivery is indifferent and careless, doing both the man and his words injustice, by dwelling on insignificant words, raising the voice in a peculiar and invariable manner at the end of every sentence, and sometimes absolutely stopping in the middle, to turn over a page or two, and perhaps choose what to omit. What I distasted most was the woodenness of the face; to be sure, I could not see it well; but it appeared to me, and to many others, never to lose its rigidity, its stoicism of expression. He read words of passionate admiration—of reprehension—of dissent, and of contempt, and his voice hardly varied; his countenance still less. So much for outward husk.

As I mean to tell you honestly my feelings, I must own that I was disappointed in the lecture. I know so little about Swedenborg, and that may be one thing; but it struck me as a misty subject, treated in a misty manner. Some man near me gravely asked his neighbour if he did not think he could understand it better if they stood on their heads? I cannot help attributing some of this disappointment and difficulty of comprehension to the delivery, which so much mars the first effect; for, on remembering some of the sentences which fell from Emerson, isolated from the rest of the lecture, (or else connected only by some gossamer link of association with the subject in his mind,) they seem now to me so instinct with thoughtful beauty, that I can take them as texts to think upon in my quiet hours. The lecture was like a golden mist around a setting sun,—you perceived nothing but splendid words, without anything definite, at first; but, by-and-

bye, one object after another came clear out to the patient vision, invested with a glory from the medium through which they had passed; but that very medium made the whole obscure.

It is most probable that these lectures will be some time given to the world in the shape of Essays; for which purpose I think them far more fitted. Then we can ponder over each sentence (so fraught with meaning), at our leisure, and follow out the train of thought which it suggests, without fear of losing the next of the "crient pearls at random strung;" or, perhaps I should say, not strung at all, for the lectures are singularly fragmentary. It is most likely that you have seen some reports of them in newspapers, not fully

gularly fragmentary. It is most likely that you have seen some reports of them in newspapers, not fully given, for that he has requested may not be the case; and consequently they cannot do him justice to those who have not heard him; while, to those who have, they are very precious, as assisting the remembrance of an much that was suggestive in the extreme.

The commencement of his lecture on Swedenborg was most beautiful; but so rich in material for thought, that while I tried to realise the full meaning of his words, he had wandered far away into the mystical themses of Swedenborg, and my panting understanding toiled after him, in vain, through the rest of the evening, and I came away bewildered and dazzled; unable to clear up or arrange my recollections. He spoke most highly of Swedenborg, (or, so it seemed to me,) as a 'sublime genius,'—" the strictest and faithfulest idealist of all the moderns," as "exerting a growing fascination over a class of the best and purest minds." And yet the Swedenborgians here are indignant, and are vindicating Swedenborg from the pulpit from Emerson's aspersions; the only one of which, that I can remember, was, that he was a mystic,—a point which I do not think the Swedenborgians can deny, and which Emerson appeared to appreciate as lofty religious idealism.

So much for the first lecture which I heard.

The next was on Montaigne, the Sceptic. The stairs were as much and as early crowded; the lecture-room rather less so, but still well filled. He came on the platform in the same simple, quiet, almost careless, and indifferent manner. But it grows upon one, does this independent unconsciousness of anything but the matter in hand. No loss of time in bowing, but instant commencement, almost before the clapping (which he seemed not to hear), had subsided. It was a noble lecture. Though every sentence was (as before) loaded with meaning, I understood him throughout; although still the connexion between the separate parts was occasionally, but very obscure. He assumed the sceptic (from Skeptein, to consider) to hold the balance, to stand midway between the Idealist and the grossly practical man, who recognizes nothing save through the senses. Of this class he took Montaigne as the representative. He gave a most interesting account of the many reasons which had drawn his attention and his affection towards Montaigne how one volume of Montaigne's Essays had remained to him as a fragmentary legacy from his father's library, and how, when the boy Emerson grew into the man, he had delighted in obtaining the others-how a friend of his (Stirling, the author of Strafford and the Sexton's Daughter) had found out this point of sympathy with Emerson. The appreciation of Montaigne had been so strong in the English poet, that he made a pilgrimage to Montaigne's chateau, an account of which he had given in an article in the Westminster. How he had brought thence Montaigne's favourite motto, yet visible on the walls of his turret-study, Que Scais-je? "What know I for certain?" the question of all sceptics. How, finally, an old copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne bore an

autograph of Shakspere's on the title-page—the only book we knew to have been in Shakspere's possession. Then came a short account (little more than dates) of Montaigne. And then he returned to the subject (the Sceptio), handling it as though he loved it, and making it reverential from its earnesiness of search after truth; its elinging to one central harmomy, though all around might be whirl and discord.

Suddenly he closed his MS., and was off and away, while we were yet pondering on the full meaning of his last exquisite sentence. It is curious to trace back, and perceive how one's admiration and appreciation of him grows. His voice, his delivery, his very carelessness of his audience, and indifference as to whether they understood him or no, seem to become endeared to one, as forming part of the individual Emerson, whose thoughtful pathway his alone through the mental world. For he does not remind me of Carlisle, to whom so many are fond of likening him. In form of sentence, in strange, quaint, and often beautiful similes, in the completely new hight in which he views commonplace things, he strikes me as more resembling Jean Paul. But the resemblance of Emerson to any one must spring from internal likeness: he is not one to condescend to catch tricks of manner or style from any other person.

The lecture on Shakspere was still less attended than those preceding, owing to the wetness of the evening; but another lecturer would have been thankful for such an audience. I did not like Emerson's treatment of his subject so much as I had that of Montaigne. But really so much has been said and written about Shakspere,

(Poor Alfred? Pye's been pecking at him,)

that I do think "our immortal bard" would be sorely puzzled at the enormous mass of criticism, commentaries, essays, lectures, orations, and notes which have been written upon his works, if ever he returned as a ghost to any public library. The principal idea which struck me as original in Emerson's lecture on Shakspere was, that the poot was the great recipient not merely of all Nature's influences, but of all past expression of idea, more than that he was the originator of new thought. He wound up by saying, that universal as Shakspere is, he was not satisfying to the reflective mind, whose object of thought was the discovery of the answer to the great problem of life, the purpose of this, our world; a problem which, evidently, besets Emerson truly for an answer; for he has referred to it in each lecture, and seems to think it may, and will yet, be answered by mortal man; and that, in fact, Swedenborg came negarer to it than any one else.

So end my personal impressions of Emerson and his lectures, for I must not trench on meetings which may have occurred in private. The lecture which seems to have given the most universal satisfaction (I may even use the word delight), was one delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, "On Domestic Life;" so large a subject, on which we wander so much astray.

THE FOLK OF NORTH ITALY.

BY ABEL PAYNTER.

No. II.

I HAVE never put my foot in an Italian garden, without being tempted to cry, "What would not a Scotchman or a Hollander make of this!"—so blessedly rich is Nature. The fruit and vegetable markets in the towns are gorgeous. — called them, the other day

Brobdignag jewellers' shops; with their enormous gourds, capricums, tomatos; their grapes in clothesbaskets full; their peaches,—the very plenty of which must strike a North of England man, who remembers a time when one was bought at a high price as a treat to be divided among four children-with their large and small green figs, and those purple, bloomy creatures, that look as if made to be painted, not eaten! But, save in the last-mentioned fruit, which possibly requires less tending, or is less amenable to comparison than the others, quantity is more remarkable than quality. The careless and rich luxuriance in which the vine is let to grow, (think of going up to one's church-door, under a long trellice walk, from which, I dare say, may in some degree spoil that exquisiteness of flavour I have met elsewhere—out of gardens. The Northern Italians, too, make their wine disregardfully; if not coarsely. I believe that some encouragement shown to a head vigneron from Burgundy, Champagne or the Palatinate, might double the revenue of the estates which grow the grapes, by bringing out a finer liquor. But, so that the people have enough at home, they appear content, and not particularly troubled by dreams of a foreign market. Among my favourite lakes, the vine-people, or small farmers, strike me as a sunny, open-handed folk, as compared with the crossgrained, harsh peasants of the Rhineland. We had a long talk, one morning, with a proprietor of land on the Lake of Como, whose account of his neighbours was very attractive. "They had few capital crimes," he said; "very few thefts; and were a truly good people," he continued, "for any one to settle among."

Some will like to know that the same gentleman assured us, that what with silk, wine, corn, and oil, the landed proprietor in the better parts of the Como district may count on a return of some 4½ per cent. for his money. As I have unexpectedly got among figures, I may as well add, that the steamers on the lake (if I am to believe the same authority) return fifteen per cent., owing to the great increase of traffic and intercourse. This last can hardly go on year after year—let the Austrians do their utmost to exclude and barricade—without light and mind coming in; and, with them, prosperity. The sluggish or self-conceited Farmer Goodenoughs (who has forgotten Miss Edgeworth's Farmer Goodenough?) must yield everywhere, or Steam and the Telegraph are not the con-

urors we take them to be!

A pretty illustration of the graceful cordiality which we have been just admiring, fell in our way, the other evening, on descending from the Monterone towards Orts. How often shall I call up that glowing scene, to brighten our gloomy winter days! How I wish I could paint it on the heart of every one imprisoned in dark lame or doleful attic, as a possession, not as a matter of envy—the mountain-side, dotted with villages, each one marked out—made spiral, I may say—by its white church belfry; the grand mountains in the background, with the icy shoulder of Monte Rosa seen above and far behind all the rest; the Lake at our feet, of the deepest turquoise hue; and, in the midst, its small island, rocking under the weight of its picturesque buildings; around us, a set of lanes, somewhat of the stoniest, but roofed by vine-trellices, with grand glossy chestnuttrees deepening the shade;—and peasant-houses, so festooned around with the golden maize, that painter and poet might forget the holes for windows and wretched door-places, as he strolled by them, under such an evening sun as favoured us. Passing between a vineyard and a slope, fringed with fruit-bearing trees, I was struck by the sight of many peaches bestrewing the stones. I picked one up, and was hesitating whether

or not to use with it wayfarers' privilege (which here one may do), when three faces started out from over the wall above my head;—a real vision of brightness, though they belonged to a hard-featured elderly man, a weather-browned woman, and a little black dog, who barked merrily, till his eyes seemed to flash fire. "Take it!—nay, take it!" cried the man, with a smile kind enough to warm a miser, and a voice to suit. I tried to reply something in return, but was overpowered by the pressing storm of cordiality and gladness, when—came up, who could speak to his countryman more intelligibly than the awkward and shy Englishman could do. "You have had a bad storm here!" said——. (There had been one but a few days before, of which the traces were sadly evident.) "Yes!" cried my friend, his face beaming none the less; "the hail has ruined our vines for this year; and our peaches, too; all. But it has left us our health." Had there been the faintest echo of cant in the tone, I would not have told the story. In a man of such a spirit, no less than his vineyard and olive-croft, and peach-orchard, think you not that there is a soil worth the cultivation?

Were I to begin on the chapter of flower-gardening, I might never have done :-- so entirely it seems to me (recollect I am not asserting-merely recording impressions) that every remark I have made is capable of being extended from the domain of the Useful to the Beautiful-from the Croft to the Pleasaunce. It would be stupid to ask for our own finely-kept lawns under such a sun—to look for gravel-walks, well bound together, where no gravel is to be had; and where people are not so rich as our Duke of Devonshire, who on the occasion of a royal visit, laid down the paths in his parterre with pounded Derbyshire spar. But, in every pleasure-ground I have entered, the professedly highly-kept gar-den of the Isola Madre on the Lago Maggiore, and of the Sommariva villa, close to Cadenabbia, not forgotten-Nature seems to do the greatest half, and Man to prune and water, on Lady Grace's principle—that is, soberly, To talk of garden taste, too, would lead me too far into a comparison of the Italian Palace, with its form, its life, or its inmates, with the English country-house. There is something in the former, grand, stately; and full of pleasant associations, befitting a land of romance or parade, rather than home-enjoyment,—and your Gardener wears moustaches; but neither they nor his flower-beds are in neat trim. I have seen no such geraniums as be-jewel Miss Mitford's garden. Count Borromeo, and the Princess Carlotta of Prussia to boot—are very commoners in the article of roses, as compared with Lady Grenville: While as to mere flow-ers, I suspect that Mrs. Lawrence or Mrs. Marryat, could out-buy and outvie the entire gardens of Italy from Como to Calabria! and leave not a single prize for the Borgheses, or Belgio Josos to win and wear.

In these and I fear, too, more important matters, the motto "thus far shall thou go!" seems hitherto to have been accepted by the inbred slovenliness of the people; preventing perfection, and rendering progress a slow matter at best. Strange—to change our ground from garden to house—that a nation which has produced such shrewd calculators and such admirable mathematicians,—should seem, in the administration of certain details of daily life to want some of the most essential of the seven senses. There appears—for instance, among the Italians, so instinct with the love of sweet sounds, a moral impossibility of carrying through the smallest transaction without an amount of discordant fuss, and violence, which, till one becomes used to them, would justify the fear that Chaos was come again! With regard to noise, we English are too exquisitely and fastidiously civilised, I am aware. The general "Hush!" in which we are taught to speak, leads to as

general an inarticulateness and incorrectness in our language—to become aware of which, a man need but attempt to report **erbatim** a conversation among well-taught persons!—But—Silence save us!—my dear Italians think nothing well done, if it be not done in a whirlwind, and finished off with a clap of thunder. I doubt whether they do not make love, like the Australians in Hood's extravaganza, who proposed to the emigrant servant maid through speaking-trumpets!

Then the misery inflicted on every one's olfactory nerves—even in mansions of the better class—becomes almost as mysterious as it is intolerable, in proportion as the world, generally, increases its super-stitions in favour of Soap, its dealings with Drains, and its belief in the beauty of The Broom!—Tis no part of mine, when I go abroad to sneer or to sicken: because, alas! I know "where e'er I take my walks" at home, how much there is to get over in England: what dismal noisomeness in our cellar dwellings: what contempt of cleanliness in courts and alleys where delicate children have to be nurtured! But in Italy, it is the English who have been the reformers: it is the fear of tourists, I fear, rather than an inbred sense of the grace of sweetness—which makes the Italian lay aside his "dolce far niente" (in other words the "I canna be fashed," which so vexed the benevolent authoress of "Glenburnie") in favour of a crusade with Mop, Pail, and Pope's Head. You will see the oleander, the jessamine, the tribe of "single and of double pinks," permitted, if not carefully encouraged, in the balconies of houses which, if entered, contain a smell "strong enough," as the Irish gentleman phrased it, "to hang one's hat on !"-where the porous brick-floors were never visited by more than a few lazy drips of water, dropped from a jug, or disseminated from coffee-pot spout! At the "Golden Lion" at Orta, where we slept,—one of the most delicious halting-places that ever wooed painter,-I had the landlady's own room: the little inn having been closely packed before our arrival. For Italy, the chamber was plentifully, and religiously, furnished.

The bed—a high, wide, square edifice, like the structures which used so to amuse and puzzle me in the old inns at Venice—was clean, as I most thankfully recol-lect—and behind it, in orthodox row, were hung four blessed candles, streaked and crossed with red and green:—a couple of rosaries: as many glass receptacles for holy water—which had never been washed since the year "One Half"—and three or four tawdry sacred prints in coarsely-gilt frames. Hard by the bed stood the "awmrie" (as I believe the Scotch call the great linen press), groaning with drapery: not forgetting towels, more like a surgeon's bandage, in length and narrowness, than the main-sail a Christian man wants to dry himself withal—a table, a glass,—a wash-stand; a small coggledy machine of iron, encrusted with the suds of a generation (capable too of just holding a rather deep soup-plate half-full of water, without the latter tipping over)—and a chest of drawers. I opened one of these last, unwarily, wishing to find a retreat for some of my few valuables. It was in use: some of the wardrobe of mine hostess being laid out there. Cobwebs were in two of the corners! Of the floor, all the examples of "insect transformations," which the crevices of its brickwork contained, Civility forbid that I should speak! Enough to say, that less dainty persons must have done as I did,—ascended the heights of the bed in slippers; the very idea of bare foot touching such a soil being not to be entertained for a single moment! If I wrote in the spirit of Matthew Bramble, I could offer you yet more moving interiors, catalogued from life in the inn at Vercelli-in a hostel at Trascorre, where we halted for breakfast, on our way to Lovere; and in the "Canone d'Oro" of the latter town, in Lady

Mary Wortley Montague's time, the Tunbridge of Lombardy. But it needs not. Suffice it, however, to say, that the said "golden Cannon," whilom a palace,—and the folk aver the very identical palace inhabited by the English Princess—has no back-door. There is the doorway, it is true: leading from the open gallery, which runs round the building out into a desolate vineyard, but it is guiltless of plank, or beam, or lock, or key,-and, for aught to be seen, without the slightest intention, past, present, or to come, of any such satisfactions and safeguards being added. This speaks well for the honesty of the Lake of Iseo people; abundantly in glory of their climate; but (as we thought in the case of Miss Sedgewick's American friend, whom that lady described as locking her cottage-door, by sticking a carving-knife into the lintel) a little, also—does it not? of their slovenliness and savagery.

And these are the houses of entertainment for the Stranger, who may be supposed to desire superfluous comforts not the homes of the People! 'Tisno answer, assuredly, that brush and back-door are not wanted. when the legal functionary reproved a subordinate for time wasted over washing himself, bringing as knockdown precedent, "I do it in five minutes!" "So does my dog Shock, my lord!" was the spirited answer. And which speaker had the best of the debate? The Nose of Italy must be educated, I do believe, without exaggeration, ere its body or mind be capable of healthy

and continuous efforts.

Attempts, however, are being made by a few enlightened and civilised persons to teach their countrymen a finer sense in these matters, and with some success. An anecdote is told of a missionary in the cause of cleanliness, who thought he was doing great things, when endeavouring to enlist a very high personage of Sardinia in behalf of sanitary reform. Judge of Judge of believe, but he has some very bad habits. He washes his feet!" The philanthropist on this calmly remarked,
"I must begin at the other end of society I see." And beginnings, I am told, are evident in many places: more especially in Piedmont and in Tuscany. houses are more delicately arranged than the old ones; would I might add, better built. Lecturers connected with establishments, remotely analogous to Normal schools, are beginning to talk to the men, and, what is yet more important—to the women. Enlightenment is putting an end to some barbarities. The swaddlingup of poor babies, till they more resemble the cocoms of silkworms, than the offspring of reasonable beings, is giving way among other fetterments.

I have before me the introductory discourse, delivered by a Professor Berti, at the Scuola di Metodo, in Casale, on topics somewhat larger and more general than the above, full of good sense in the matter, and eloquent in style. Too much so, perhaps, to suit our notions of what is solid and what is simple—they being, in good part, identical. But my dear Italians must be the Arcadian, Della Cruscan; and when they come to the crowning grace of order in their houses, villages, and personal habits, they will, somehow or other, doubtless, give matters "a rhyme" and "a twirl," a flowing give matters "a rhyme" and "a twirl," a flowing grace which we angular and more gothic Northerns

never can reach!

THE BREADFINDER.

By EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER X.

THEY removed on the next day into comfortable lodgings once more, and Maberly soon paid them a visit, accompanied by his friend Scheffer, who was astonished

at the talent which Emma displayed as a vocalist.
"We will, if you please," he said to her husband,
"announce Mrs. Harding's debut at Drury Lane. I have sufficient influence with the manager, who, indeed, will be too happy, to consult his own interest."
"Are you serious, Scheffer?" demanded Maberly,

while Harding and his wife regarded each other with

astonishment.

"Perfectly. In two months' her success," replied the tenor. In two months' time I will guarantee

"Our days of suffering are surely ended," they observed to each other, when their visitors were gone.

"Do you remember the day when you told me that you were not to teach Mr. Boldero any more?" Emma asked.

"I do," he replied. "What of it?"

"Have you forgotten what happened on that occa-

"We quarrelled,—did we not?"

"I have yet to expiate a great sin that I committed on that day. Do you remember that I said to you, Go out and get bread?"
—unlike a woman?" Was not that unlike a wife,

"Ah, have you forgotten that I once could not eat bread without butter?"

Harding worked steadfastly at his translation. But he allowed himself two hours in each day for the contemplation of the Beautiful in Maberly's atelier, or he accompanied his friend to the houses of other sculptors, and to public and private galleries of Art. He had recognised the true bread. He was a Breadfinder in

the highest sense.
"But am I still a dweller in Utopia,—a denizen of Cloud-land?" he asked himself. "How shall the people, the masses, attain to, and become the poscessors of, other than the literal bread,-happy if they can, at all seasons, possess that? They have to fight the daily fight in the ranks from which I have just escaped,—in which I, too, have been a conscript. They eat the morning's breakfast, not knowing, too frequently, where the next day's dinner shall be found. Or, say, that constant work secures them the due return of large appetites and ready meals, they have usually families that they must also feed and clothe and lodge. They must live, even when they are most fortunate, on the quite literal bread. Is then the highest aliment,

the pabulum of the soul, denied to the majority?"

"Go you, and study the Beautiful," was the sculptor's reply to such remarks as this. "Schiller's contribution to the stirring events that convulsed Europe

in his day, was his Aesthetic Letters.'

Aristophanes was at length translated, and the version was submitted by the publisher to the criticism of an eminent scholar, who pronounced it nearly faultiess. For his labour, Harding received eighty pounds. Scheffer came to tell Emma that the manager had fixed the day The same night she was stricken by the for her debut. cholers, which had crossed the Channel, and made its dread appearance in London.

On all sides, Alarm. People lived in daily awe of fection. Undertakers and mutes were early astir.

These, and the doctors, apothecaries, hospital nurses, parsons, and sextons, handled some money before the pestilence abated. It was rifest on the river banks, and in the haunts of squalor, where the poor dwelt. But fresh from the presence of noisome poverty, it made sudden inroad in my lady's chamber, leaving the contact of a beggar's flesh to twitch the features of a countess. Trade, commerce, amusement, went on as usual; and people, as before, bargained, haggled, cheated, and were forsworn. Compared with the virulence which it had exhibited on the Continent, the scourge, it is true, was mild, and the danger less imminent than Apprehension had foretold. But it was still terrifying and mysterious, and while men sinned they had the grace to shudder. Yet, as the coffin of his neighbour passed his door on its way to burial, the tradesman recommended worthless goods, and dropped into the till the defrauded customer's money.

Maberly, the sculptor, was one of the first victims. He was attacked in the morning, and died at dusk. The servant of the elder Harding was stricken at an early period, and dismissed by the trembling usurer to the hospital, with a precipitation that expressed more, for his alarm than for his humanity. M. Jean Masson, in his terror, sent for the doctor five or six times a-day, until the latter refused to attend his summons. Having persuaded himself that tobacco was a good disinfectment, he smoked two cigars at one time, and at his

elbow, kept relays ready for consumption.

Emma Harding's fate was uncertain. Medical assistance had been promptly rendered, and there was room left for hope, and cause for despair also. Harding consigned the children to a nurse's charge, and never once quitted her apartment. But, at length, favourable symptoms were manifested, and the doctor told him that she was saved. It was night, and near midnight, when the oracle uttered the good tidings, and Harding, unable to contain himself within the house, left her to the care of a hired attendant, and plunged into the streets, as was his wont when influenced by emotion, either of grief or joy. He did not know that Maberly was dead, and was only withheld by the lateness of the hour, from rushing to his dwelling to bid him participate in his happiness.

His father was alone in the house at Finsbury. pestilence had filled him with dismay. The post of the domestic who was despatched to the hospital was still vacant. Fearful of contagion, the usurer shunned the society of every human being, and did not leave the house. He answered every summons at the door, except those given by beggars and hawkers, but invited no one to cross

the threshold.

On the same night that his son's wife passed the crisis of the disease in safety and began to amend, he sat in the room, where he transacted business, with a large tin-box before him, from which he drew in succession many folded sheets of parchment, many promissory notes, and bills payable on demand,—many letters, superscribed "Private and confidential." He read, he reflected, he made calculations, he rose and paced the room, then resumed his seat, and read and calculated afresh. If it were all credible as words could make it, with the law to bind, he was worth Twelve Thousand Pounds—no more, though he had sold his soul for it.

He replaced in the box its miscellaneous contents. locked it, deposited it in the chest from which he had taken it, and locked that also. Then he took the candie, quitted the room, and ascended the stairs, slowly, for he was still thoughtful, on his way to rest. He stumbled as he entered his apartment, dropped the candlestick, and extinguished the light. But the moonlight filled the room, and he could see every object it contained. He could undress himself without the aid

of a candle. The hour was somewhat early for repose. for it struck nine as he deposited his head upon his pil-low. He soon fell asleep, however, but speedily awoke. suffering excruciating pain. His limbs, too, were powerless, and he made several ineffectual attempts to leave the bed before his feet touched the floor. Unable to stand, he sank in a heap by the bed-side. No one was near to succour, or procure succour. He was alone, a feeble old man stricken by the pestilence.

Worth, if it were all credible as words could make it. with the law to bind, Twelve Thousand Pounds—no more, though he had sold his soul for it.

He still remained where he had fallen, a confused heap of tortured flesh and quivering limbs, unable to contend with the malignity of the gripe which held him. If his wife had lived—he had maltreated her in life, beaten her, and crushed her spirit—she would have been useful now. He knew that Death was on him, and that there was no escape; but if his son had been dutiful and obedient, he would not have been left to die this untended dog's death.

The clock struck One. He had been stricken nearly four hours. Ha! the pain was less acute, and he felt stronger. By a terrible effort, he reached the window, and raised it. His earnest gaze swept the street for a chance straggler, whom he would pray, in God's name, to fetch medical aid, and help to batter down the barred street-door. Along the opposite pavement, with slow footsteps, with eyes averted from the house, a human being passed,-his son. He recognised him in the bright moonlight, and fell back with a shudder, -no

cry for assistance uttered. He was dead.

Worth, if it were all credible as words could make it, with the law to bind, Twelve Thousand Pounds. No

more, though he had sold his soul for it.

The house was forcibly entered, two days afterwards, by an intimate friend of the deceased; and, on the same afternoon, William Harding was apprised of the 'loss he had sustained. He repaired to Finsbury immediately, but made a slight deviation from the direct route, that he might pass the house in which Maberly had resided. The poor sculptor had been buried on the previous day, and Harding had followed all that remained of a true friend to the untimely grave. Deaths from the visita-tion of the scourge were now becoming numerous, and gloom and awe were general. He had to pass a parochial workhouse, adjoining which was a large space of ground that had been cleared for building purposes. A crowd was collected around this spot, and a noisome stench, as of smouldering flannel, burdened the atmo-sphere. Of a by-stander Harding inquired what was

going on.

"They are burning the blaukets that the cholera patients have died in," was the answer.

"Ugh, ugh, such waste!" cried an old woman. "I was cold, last winter, I was; and I shall be cold again. I could have washed the plague out o' them blankets, I could.

Harding hurried onwards, and stood before the house which the sculptor had inhabited. Already his friends were stripping the rooms of all they contained. Busts, groups, statues, medallions, were being borne away. Harding felt that he must choke if he remained, and he dashed forward towards Finsbury. At the door of the old dwelling, which he had not entered for two years, a man, of unprepossessing appearance, was standing. The door was open, and this man occupied the threshold.

" Mr. --?" said Harding, wondering what his business was.

"Weeman," was the reply. "My name is Weeman. Yours ?

"I am the son of the deceased."

He had heard his father speak of this man, but he ad never before encountered him. He was, also, a money-lender, and perhaps the most unfavourable specimen of his class.

You are too late, Mr. Harding, if you wanted to see the corpse," he observed, without moving from the threshold, "We have ecrewed him down. An ugly sight—a very ugly sight."

"I should have liked to have seen his face once more," remarked Harding, attempting to enter the

"It may be as well, perhaps, if you don't go in," said Weeman, who had no intention of moving. "Things are all at sixes and sevens; and, till the Will is read, and it is known who's to inherit-

"Are you sure that there is a Will?" interrupted Harding. "Because, if there should not be one—"
"You would be the heir, you mean to say? Yes;

but my old friend was the least likely man of any, I know, to die without a Will. I am pretty sure that there is a Will."

"Perhaps; but that will not prevent my entering."

"Oh, if you insist upon it, certainly not

He gave up his position as he spoke, and offered no further obstacle to the young man's purpose. But he followed him, from room to room, with an air of insolent vulgarity, and narrowly watched his movements. Harding selected from a bookcase some volumes that belonged to him.

"That's out of order," interposed Weeman. "I can't

allow that. You musn't remove anything,—not the stump of an old pen,—I assure you."
"Mr. Weeman," said Harding, "what company

have you on the premises? I hear voices?"

"I have placed two men in possession till the funeral is over," was Weeman's reply."

"On whose authority?"

"On my own, Mr. Harding,—on my own."
"And by mine they will leave the house; and you will leave it."

"That is good,—that is. You are disinherited; do at know that? You have no title to command here, you know that? Mr. Harding."

"Will you leave the house?"

- "I have seen the Will!" cried Weeman, in a towering passion. "I have read every word of it, and I tell you that you are disinherited,—that you are a beggar, Sir,—a beggar; and that I shall send you to prison, if you don't pay me two hundred and fifty pounds, principal and interest of a loan advanced two years ago, on a Post Obit. I inherit, I do. Oh, I will make you feel that.
 - "Once more, will you quit the house?"
 - "I tell you that I have seen the Will-
 - "Will you quit the house?"
 - "It is my house. I inherit."

"Will you leave the house?"
"I will take the law of you for this, Mr. Harding, I will. But you shall have your way; only, mind you don't steal anything; not an old stump—"

Harding was very violent when excited. If Weeman had not escaped into the street, he would have sustained an ugly assault. The men whom he had placed "in possession" followed him, and the son was left in the house alone with his father's corpse. He wrote a note to his wife, explanatory of his absence, and despatched it by the waterman of a neighbouring cabstand. Always avoiding the room where the corpse lay, he entered the other apartments, and took note of all that they contained. The chamber that he had occupied as a child, and as a youth, even to the verge of manhood, remained precisely as he had left it. The bed, probably, had not been occupied since it had received him on the last night-how well he remembered it !—that he had slept under that roof.

It had grown perfectly dark, and he had lighted a candle, when a faint, tremulous knock came to the street-door. Thinking that there might be a messenger from his wife outside, he answered the summons, the applicant was the servant that his father had sent to

the hospital.

"What, Mister William, you here?" said the astonished woman. "Something's wrong with master then.

Is he dead. Eh?"

Her eyes gleamed joyfully in anticipation of a reply in the affirmative.

"Come in," said Harding. "Don't stand in the street.'

"But is he dead, though?" she asked again, as she crossed the threshold. "Do tell us, Mister William.

"He is," replied Harding. "You seem glad,

Tizzy.

"Saving your presence, I am," she said, rubbing her hands gleefully. "I've had it too, and he sent me to Bartlemy's, as if I was a scrubby dog, for all the years that I have been with him, and you was'nt out of petticoats, Mister William. Well, well, I'm safe over it; the doctor said so, and he's caught it. Ha! ha! ha!"

She restrained her too evident delight, when she saw that it was displeasing to Harding, and contented her-self with learning from him what had taken place, and

how, and all about it.
"Has that man Weeman been here?" was one of her first questions.

Harding nodded. They were in the room where was the deak which contained the tin box.
"When's the burying to come off?" she next asked.

" To-morrow."

"And is he coming—Weeman? Don't let him, Mister William. I tell ye what. He's got it all. I know it. I was listening at the keyhole when the Will was making, and," she continued, approaching her companion, to whisper—was it lest the dead should hear?—" I know where the Will is kept!—there now."

"You do, Tizzy?" said the young man, starting.

"You do, Tizzy?" said the young man, starting. Guard him, all Good Influences.
"It's not in there," she proceeded, pointing to the desk. There's all sorts of old skins and parchments there, but the Will is not among 'cm."

Harding passed his hand before his eyes, as if he would dispel a vision.

"It's up stairs, in his room," the woman continued. "Let's come along and make an end of it. We shall find the key of the drawer in his pocket. No, no, that Weeman shan't have it to say that you didn't get a shilling. It's yours, all of it, by right and reason."

"In his room, where the—the body is?" stammered

Harding.

"You, you a'nt afraid of corpses, Mister William?" "N-no, Tizzy; but we must not think of this.

"Why? 'Tis all yours, by right and reason!

"It would be felony to destroy a Will. I won't hear another word. Leave me, Tizzy; leave me."

He spoke sternly, and the woman went mumbling out of the room. He sat, thoughtfully, in a chair for a long time. Will he ever forget the temptation of that night? Never, though he should live a thousand years. Weeman, as his father's heir, and, therefore, the inheritor of the Post Obit, on which, two years ago, he had borrowed fifty pounds of his father, would have power to incarcerate him,—and as the infamous law of arrest then stood, he could order his detention on the morrow, when the Will was read! To open the bureau which contained it,—to kindle a fire in the kitchen-grate

and consume it to ashes, and to bury those ashes deep beneath the garden-mould, would be the work of ten minutes. Though twenty witnesses could swear to its making, who could say that the testator had not altered his mind before his death, and, with his own hands, destroyed it?

But not for such a fall had he studied the Beautiful, which is also the Divine, and striven after inward Har-

ony. The Good Influence preserved him.

He followed the corpse to its resting-place in Bunhill Fields, and returned to the house to hear the Will read. He did not once dream of escaping and hiding himself. Weeman was the heir. The usurer had bequeathed to the usurer. Two hours afterwards he was a prisoner in the Fleet.

(To be continued.)

FREE-TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

By John Bowring, LL.D., M.P.

No. IX.

QUARANTINES.

In 1834, when the plague broke out at Alexandria in its most violent form, an attempt was made to extend the quarantine system, and the Board of Health endeavoured to prevent any communication with the houses in which the malady raged. They tried the device of separating the healthy from the plague-smitten, and confined the latter to one locality. The consequences were frightful. The plague pursued its ravages with accumulating horrors. Every attempt to imprison the sufferers in the same spot aggravated the intensity of the malady and increased its mortal power. The Pacha was at last persuaded to interfere—to direct that houses and districts where the plague was most destructive, should no longer be isolated,—in a word, that the plague should be dif-fused, instead of concentrated. Its diffusion immedi-ately diminished its violence. The air was relieved of a portion of its pestilential miasmata-or, rather, those miasmata were spread over a wider space. Had the quarantine system been persevered in,—had flame been added to flame, and pestilence to pestilence,—the whole population would probably have perished; and I am persuaded thousands were sacrificed in the attempt to give to the quarantine theories a practical and extensive application. Infractions of the quarantine even in Egypt, under European management, are of constant occurrence. I have known a European functionary to discover that a friend seated at his own table had violated the quarantine laws, and on the discovery sending off his guest to lazzaret imprisonment. I have heard men boast of the facility with which the officials of the Board of Health were bribed and cheated. We have it in parliamentary records, that when it suited our Consuls in Syria to suspend the quarantine laws, for military or political objects, they did not hesitate to do so. We know that in compliment to a Turkish Pacha, even in our own Island of Malta, which professes to exhibit a perfect example of Malta, which professes to exhibit a perfect example of what sanitary regulations ought to be, -we know that the quarantine regulations were set at nought, in order to provide amusement for the Pacha's son. the whole system is one of chaotic absurdity, based upon old women's tales and childish fables, supported by an alliance between pecuniary interests, slavish prejudice, and blameworthy inertness. In another generation the stories of the manner in which the plague

was communicated will be classed with the myths and legends, the records of ghosts and ghouls, the histories of fairies and pixics,—in a word, with the rubbish legends, the records of games of fairies and pixies,—in a word, with the rubbian which credulity has gathered together, and which ignorance alone contemplates with reverence or awe.

Plague stories! Volumes might be filled with them,

Plague stories! Volumes might be filled with them, each more absurd than the rest. One man will tell you that it appeared at Thebes, on the disinterment of a Mummy, buried 3,500 years ago, and that the person attacked had been engaged in unrolling the bandages. Another will aver, that on the opening of a snuff-box belonging to a person who died years before, a bit of cotton thread adhered to the finger of the opener, and that the plague entered his practice on his taking a that the plague entered his nostrils on his taking a pinch of snuff. A third will wouch that the plague had entered a dwelling down the string of a kite, which had been touched by a pigeon coming from an infected quarter. In Hungary I was assured that the Turks inoculated pigs with the plague virus, let them loose on the frontier, and so introduced the disease into Christian lands. Nay, I have heard it averred, that the same practice existed by inoculating the fish which mount the Danube, and thus convey the plague from Bulgaria to Servia. Englishmen have been found to assert that the plague has made its way to a village in feathered seeds blown about by the winds. To this hour every letter from a plague country is purged and purified —passed through vinegar, smoked, and often made illegible by the process. Yet the French Academy of Medicine has lately declared that there is not one single authenticated fact on record, to prove that merchandise or garments have ever conveyed the plague. And it is well known in all the bazaars of the East, that the clothes of those who have died of the plague do not sell for one para less than the garments of the most healthy. It is notorious that cotton from plague coun-tries, having been shipped when the plague was committing its most terrible ravages, arrives in enormous quantities, and is manipulated and manufactured in every part of industrial Europe. I made it my business, when travelling in the East, to investigate the strange accounts that were given me. It was my experience of the enormous amount of fraud and falsehood employed to keep up the system, which first awakened my attention. For example,—and one example is but a specimen of thousands,—I was informed that a death had taken place from plague, in the house of a most respectable inhabitant of Alexandria. No such case is reported without some statement to explain the cause of the attack, and always to account for it on the contagious principle,-for on the maintenance of this principle the gains and the influence of the agents of Sanitary Boards depend. If the plague be not contagious. a Sanitary Board is as useless as such a board would be to prevent the spread of the toothache or the gout. How had the plague reached the dwelling and attacked the servant of the Alexandrian gentleman? The plague at this time was rife in the Arab part of the city; and I was assured that the female servant who had been attacked, had been visiting a bazaar there. On investigation, I found the story was untrue. She had been confined to the house for many weeks, and had not quitted her apartment. I was then assured that the sanitary officer had been mistaken, and that it was not the female servant herself, but the porter of the dwelling, who had been in the Arab quarter, and that he had communicated the plague to the woman. I pursued the investigation, and soon discovered that the porter had never had the plague,—that he had not been in the Arab quarter at all,—and moreover, had not seen the servant during her illness. On calling the functionary to account for his misstatements, and telling him that the woman had had no communication, directly or

indirectly with the porter of the house where the plague existed, he protested that he had been mistaken as to the disease,-that the woman had not died of plague at all,—though in the original report he not only stated that she had died of plague, but mentioned the unmistakeable marks of plague found upon the corpse, such as bubos and carbuncles, and other external and undoubted signs. Oriental evidence ought always to be well weighed, but the oriental evidence which emanates from an interested source, is for the most part wholly unworthy of trust; but of all evidence, that which ignorance and interest have combined to furnish, is superlatively worthless.

There is happily no atmosphere so dense or clouded as not to be cleared by agitation. And, by the agitation of controversy, the quarantine question is now gradually relieved of the mists and darkness that surrounded it. The horrible mask which has been so long worn, is half removed, and we are getting better acquainted with the features concealed behind it. But governments are compelled to act with precaution in this matter; for the legislation of knowledge is to some extent controlled by that of ignorance. England could not abolish the quarantine laws, without exposing all vessels from England to exclusion from the ports of southern Europe. Successive and successful modifications are no doubt preparing tho way for the final aud total removal of the grievance.

Austria has given an excellent example. Her influence upon the Italian States, where attachment to the quarantine laws is—sad to say!—a popular supersti-tion, will, there is reason to hope, be beneficially ex-erted. She has greatly reduced the duration of the quarantines on the Danube, and Orsova has ceased to be what it was a few years ago, the place of long arrest for travellers arriving from the East. Yet, even there, the absurdities of the system are most manifest. When travellers are conducted from the steamboat to the lazzaret, care is taken that they do not touch even a feather on the road. Other precautions are used, lest they should come in contact with any article deemed susceptible, and feathers are particularly susceptible in the quarantine vocabulary. Yet the lazzaret is crowded with birds. Pigeons in great multitudes are constantly flying from the lazzaret to the river,-not to speak of the flocks of sparrows perpetually fluttering about: animals of all sorts—(hair and wool being, also, among the most susceptible materials)-dogs, cats, rats, and mice, are passing unmolested from the lazzaret to the surrounding district. In truth, if there be any foundation whatever for the theory that the plague can be conveyed by contact with the substances called susceptible, no precautions can by any possibility prevent its conveyance. Isolation is absolutely and altogether impossible. As well might you attempt to blot out the sun, or to tear away a fixed star from heaven—to command the tide not to roll, or breezes to refrain from blowing.

As to the miseries inflicted on the unfortunate subjects of the quarantine laws, they exist in every possible shape, which tyranny can inflict. Fines, imprisonment, corporal suffering, disease, death,-are all in their train of injuries. I remember seeing an Armenian gentleman come out of one of the lazzarets of Syra. His garments had been devoured by rats; the place in which he had been confined had no roof to shelter him; and he had been subjected to all sorts of extortions in the shape of fees or fines. Redress was out of the question, and complaint during his imprisonment only

added to the exactions.

In our lazzarets some alleviations exist. Malta is, on the whole, the least annoying of the Mediterranean quaran-tines. Yet even there it is humiliating to see British

officials, giving effect to regulations full of delusion, deception, and dishonesty. If it was a matter of wonder how soothsayers of old could ever meet without laughing in one another's faces, still more it is to be marvelled at how the quarantine functionaries can do their work with grave visages: this must be the most difficult of with grave vasages: this must be the most directit of their duties. It is however quite natural that the priests of Ephesus should cry out "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Associate any scheme of absurdity with payment and recompense for its defence, and it will not want defenders—and in the proportion of the benefit those defenders receive will be the amount of their clamour and the intensity of their zeal. In one of his letters, Captain Basil Hall says:-

" It is stated by some, that there are many families supported at Naples, Leghorn, Marseilles, and elsewhere, solely by the salaries derived from the quarantine, and paid for by the unfortunate ships forcibly subjected to its tyranny. If this be true, as I really believe it is, I am convinced it would be money cheaply spent to pension off every soul of these functionaries and their children to the third and fourth generation; for the delays, loss of markets, and the numerous other evils to commerce which attend the system—to say nothing of the intolerable personal annoyance, the absolute imprisonment, the inquisitorial discipline, the smoking, and other mockeries, called, forsooth, purification, are of such number and extent as to render the whole utterly inconsistent with, and even quite repugnant to, the sentiments of the age; and I do earnestly hope, that by patience and perseverance, you will get it done away with. A very intelligent Maltese, high in office here, remarked drily enough to me the other day, 'One of two things must happen, either the quarantine laws must be done away with, or the march of intellect must be stopped."

It is satisfactory however to trace the gradual, and in this particular instance the rapid growth of sound opinion on the subject of the plague. In the year 1835, the results of the observations of the European physicians settled in Egypt, who had had an opportunity of watching the awful ravages of the disease in that and the previous year, began to circulate throughout Europe, and to furnish valuable materials for a re-consideration of the whole question. A numerical majority of the medical men of France who were settled in Cairo and Alexandria at that period, began by expressing doubts as to the commonly received theory of contagion, and soon came to the conclusion, supported by masses of irresistible evidence, that the received theory was untenable and false. And when, in addition to their numbers, the professional and intellectual reputation of the doubters and deniers of the doctrines of contagion, was compared with that of the supporters of the quarantine laws, no ody could deny for a moment, that the greatly pre-ponderating balance of medical authority in the East was arrayed against the contagionists. With the names of Clot Bey, Aubert, Roche, Rigaud, and other eminent Frenchmen—those of Dr. Laidlaw, Abbott, and many British medical settlers on the banks of the Nile, are associated in the honourable attempt to throw the light of knowledge and experience upon a question which had been long involved in the clouds and darkness of prejudice and ignorance,—that prejudice and ignorance being unfortunately bound together by the strong ties of personal pecuniary interest. Every new inquiry has tended happily to the same result. Our commissioner at Malta (Mr. Lewis) reported to the Government in 1838 that-

"It is notorious the mode, or modes, in which plague is communicated are very imperfectly known; and that some of the maxims, on which the most important quarantine regulations rest, are little more than gratuitous hypotheses.'

In 1841, Dr. Robinson, deputy-inspector of hospitals and serving with the British troops in Syria, thus ex-presses himself in his official report to Government on

the plague :-

"In reference to the contagious or non-contagious nature of this, at times, frightful disease, I beg to state that the result of all my experience leads me to believe that the disease originates in local causes, and that it is endemic in Syria and Egypt; that it is not of a highly contagious nature; and that, if ever so at all, some other concurrent circumstances are necessary to render it so. Extreme and conclusive opinions on the doctrine of contagion are hardly warranted by the present state of our knowledge. My own firm conviction is, that the plague cannot be communicated from one person to another in a pure atmosphere, even by contact; but I am not prepared to assert that, if plague-patients are crowded together in confined and ill-ventilated apartments, infection will not be produced, just as happens in typhus fever."

Mr. Brant, our consul at Erzeroum, writing about the same period respecting the then recent outbreak of the

plague there, says-

"As far as my own experience goes, I have been led to doubt the contagious nature of the disease, as it showed itself here last summer; or, if it were contagious, it must have been in a very slight degree. I have had within the sphere of my observation many cases of the most complete and extensive contact, without the disease being communicated."

Mr. Sandison also, our consul at Brussa, informs us

"The cases are numerous in which persons escape the disease after contact with persons seized with it, even in its most malignant stage. There are frequent instances also of individuals being attacked by the plague, without being at all able to trace communica-tion with any infected person or substance."

The most important step which has hitherto been taken for the investigation of the question, was that adopted in Paris, of which Dr. Milroy gives the follow-

ing account :—
"In August 1844, the Royal Academy of Medicine in France appointed a commission to examine all the varied questions connected with the plague and with quarantines. This commission was composed of the following members—men, we may remark, of the highest professional and scientific attainments—MM. Adelon, Begin, Dubois (d'Amiens), Dupuy, Ferrus, Londe, Meiter, Pariset, Poiseuille, Prus, and Royer-Collard. M. Ferrus was named the president, and M. Prus the secretary and reporter. The commissioners were engaged in their deliberations for upwards of twelve months, and had every facility granted them by the French government, to render their inquiry as complete and as accurate as possible. At length, the report was drawn up and read at the sittings of the Academy, on the 5th, 10th, 17th, and 24th of March and the 5th of May, of the present year. It is certainly a very elaborate and instructive work, replete with most valuable facts and data, which cannot fail to be truly acceptable to every inquirer upon the great questions under consideration."

I know not that anything need be added to strengthen the enlightened conclusions of the French commission. These conclusions—if they cannot be satisfactorily controverted or impugned, which I am persuaded they cannot be, must bring about the downfall of our qua-rantine code, and the introduction of another legislation -more in harmony with truth and knowledge. I leave

them, and the consequences which must result from them, to the consideration of those who have either formed an erroneous judgment, or no judgment, upon the subject of this paper.

The committee report-

1. That the plague is of spontaneous (not imported) origin in Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and several other countries of Africa, Asia, and Europe. There are numerous examples in ancient and modern times of its indigenous birth. The contagionist theory is, that it can only be produced by contact-and upon this false position the whole of the quarantine edifice is constructed.

" In all countries where the spontaneous plague has been observed, its development may be reasonably attributed to certain determinate conditions acting upon a large portion of the inhabitants. The principal of these conditions are, residence upon marshy alluvial soils near the Mediterranean, or near certain rivers—as the Nile, Euphrates, and Danube; the dwellings being low, crowded, and badly ventilated; a warm moist atmosphere; the action of putrescent animal and vegetable matters; unwholesome and insufficient food. and great physical and moral wretchedness.

This is an all-important conclusion. It points equally to the causes which tend to the spread of plague, and to the means of checking its progress. It shows that the plague-question in the East, is the typhus question of the West. It teaches the same lesson to legislative and administrative authorities. Everywhere it will be found, that the amount of disease and of death is greatly influenced by the low circumstances and condition of

the sufferer.

Dr. Aubert states

" The relative mortality in the different races, during the great plague at Alexandria in 1835, is thus exhibited.—Negroes and Nubians lost 1,528, out of 1,800, or 84 per cent.; Fellahs lost 367 out of 600, or 61 per cent.; Arabs, not soldiers, lost 10,936 out of 20,000, or

55 per cent.
The Negroes, Nubians, and Arabs were all living in nearly the same hygienic conditions, and were all in free pratique. With respect to the other residents in Alexandria, he estimates that the Greeks lost 257 in 1,800, or 14 per cent.; Jews, Armenians, and Copts lost 482 in 4,000, or 12 per cent.: Turks lost 678 in 6,000, or 11 per cent.; Italians and others from the south of Europe lost 118 in 1,600, or 7 per cent.; French, English, Russians, and Germans lost 52 in 1,000, or 5 per cent.;" showing how completely the amount of mortality was regulated by the social position of the different transport. ent communities.

3. "That to the existence in Egypt of all the producing causes of the plague in Lower Egypt, the constant visitations of the plague are to be attributed—that in the earlier periods of its history Egypt was free from plague, and that it may again be freed by improving its sanitary condition. That neither in Syria, Turkey, nor Egypt, have such measures been taken as to afford any adequate remedy against future ravages of the disease. That Algiers is now nearly as little exposed to the visitation of the plague, as are the northern countries of Europe—and that the sole means of extirpating the pes-tilence is by replacing the squalor and miseries of barbarism with the comforts and improvements of civilised

4. That in its common form the plague is endemic in its more violent and destructive character, an epidemic disease. The general opinion is, that in its endemic shape it cannot be communicated—in its epidemic form it may, but subject to the laws which regu-

late other epidemics.

5. That it is very doubtful whether the plague can be communicated by inoculation.

6. That "if it has been proved that the existence of a pestilential constitution in a country, into which the plague is imported, is necessary for the transmissions and propogation of the disease, it seems nevertheless certain that imported plague will not exercise any great ravages, if it does not meet with, in the character of the climate, atmosphere, and population of the place, the conditions that are favourable for its development."

On this part of the subject the evidence of Clot Bey is particularly valuable. It says :-

"During the five months that the epidemic of 1835 lasted, MM. Gaetani, Lacheze, Bulard, and myself at Cairo, MM. Duvigneau, Scisson, Perron, Fischer, at Abouz-Abel, and MM. Rigaud and Aubert, at Alexandria, visited the infected in the hospitals and in private houses. None of us took the least prophylactic precaution. We were in immediate contact with the sick during all the stages of the disease. We received upon our clothes and upon our hands the matter that was rejected by vomiting, the blood of those who were bled, the pus from the thousands of bubos which we passed whole hours in endeavouring to detect, in the bodies of those who had just expired, the pathological alterations which had hitherto been so little attended to. The same researches were made with equal care at Alexandria.

"Dr. Rigaud is the only one among us who fell a

victim to the reigning epidemic.
"It is remarkable that many physicians, who scrupulously avoided all contact with the sick and with suspected objects, were attacked with the plague and died. Of this number are Drs. Mannucchi, Leopold and Lardoni."

"7. That the plague is not transmissible by the garments of the infected out of the epidemic foci.

"8. That it is not transmissible by merchandise "9. That it is not transmissible by contact with infected persons out of the epidemic foci; and finally—

"If it be true that a fixed and absolute term cannot be assigned to the incubation of the plague, it seems, nevertheless, to be clearly proved by well-established facts, that, at a distance from countries where it is endemic and beyond or away from epidemic foci, the disease has never broke out in persons who have been exposed to its influence after an isolation of eight days. The few facts, which might be regarded as exceptional to this rule, are all susceptible of another interpre-

Now, as no vessel from a plague country can reach our shores in so short a period as eight days, it is obvious that there is no shadow of a reason for exposing any such vessel to an hour's delay in discharging its cargo, or landing its passengers. If, there be disease on board, there should be no loss of time in removing the patient to a healthy locality; if there be no disease, there is no ground for a moment's detention

ROUGE ET NOIR.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[From an incident in "Tom Cringle's Log."]

Twe Slaver was burning, the Sea was a-flame, And the Sunset was dimmed by the blaze of the same; "Of the Slaves," said the crew, "let us take two or three:

" For the rest-let them burn, let them drown-what care we?"

Then the cry of ten score, in that black vessel crammed Arose like the cry of ten score of the damned; Chained fast, while the growling Flame fought with Like Tiger with Lion, whose prey they should be.

Some rended their bonds with the strength of despair, And swam to the Boats; but a fiercer was there Than the Sea or the Fire, and more cruel than they: For Man took Death's side in the terrible fray.

A young negro Girl in the long-boat had place; Through the water, close by, rose a dark, well-known

When she saw it, she cried out with joy like a child, And held down her hand to her lover, and smiled.

A shot rang beside her;—he sunk like a stone; The waters were bloody, and she was alone: She stretched out her arms and sprung into the deep: In the grey gulphs of Ocean these two lovers sleep.

TALES FROM THE SWEDISH.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

No. II.

TWO FRIENDS' COUNSEL.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

"I SHALL never be happier than I now am, and nobody on earth can be!" exclaimed Helena, with nobody on earth can be!" exclaimed Helena, with real delight, and full of youthful gladness, when she found herself for the first time quietly at home in her own pretty house by the side of her Albert, after all the marriage festivities and visiting were over.

These words, uttered by a young, lovely, and beloved wife, who was really worth loving, might well sound delightfully in the ears of the young married man, and find a charming response in his heart. He could not, indeed, say a word, for joy. He pressed his wife speechlessly to his breast, and a moment of silence, pure and heavenly as the stars in the firmament, succeeded. After this the young, happy couple, began to

talk, to joke, and laugh merrily. Ah! they had hitherto had so little opportunity for so doing! They both of had so little opportunity for so doing! They both of them belonged to the middle classes of society, and it was not in the free unconstrained life of a country town that their love had sprung up and grown to its now blossoming state, but within the walls of the capital, where there is more of compulsion, etiquette, rules, and regulations, customs, and usages, which everybody must inevitably follow, than of stone and brickwork.

The two young people had known one another almost from their earliest childhood, but had scarcely ever until this very moment, been able, freely and uninterruptedly, to converse with each other, and they now enjoyed the happiness of their freedom more than two birds of the wood, which, after having been confined in a cage, from which they had escaped, now can fly about from tree to tree, seeking their own food, twitabout from tree to tree, seeking their own food, two-tering and singing, meeting or separating to find com-panionship with other birds, or doing whatever they liked best. Besides their freedom, they also equally enjoyed their solitude, and they both agreed that they would not at this moment be king and queen over a whole nation, if they must be subjected to the constant attendance of a gazing and listening court.

"Our kingdom is that of love and devotion to each said Albert; "and our attendants are little invisible genii, with bows and arrows, who flutter around us, and whisper to each other about a time when they shall become visible;" with that he pressed a kiss upon his wife's lips, and then again there occurred a blissful silence, and then again there occurred a blissful silence, and then again they laughed and talked. How lightly passed those first days of a hap-piness which seemed as though it never could become dimmed!

All outward circumstances seemed to have contributed to fulfil their happiness. They belonged to the same class of society, and possessed the same set of ideas; they had been brought up in the same opinions; they were most accordant in age; they were equally amiable, the one as the other; equally beloved and envied; they were neither rich nor poor; but their property, of which the greater part was Albert's, when united, like their hearts, made together a whole which was by no means to be despised. Their relations on both sides were perfectly satisfied with the match, and, besides this, none of their relations had had anything to do in bringing it about; it had been entirely the work of the young couple themselves; but still, for all that, they had as yet had but little time for intercourse with each other.

They had on both sides numerous relations; brothers and sisters, cousins, aunts and uncles, and friends and acquaintances without number; visiting, therefore, and the duties of society, had left them only brief moments in which they had been able to congratulate them-selves on being alone. Their glances had been in those days their best mode of intercourse, and what they knew about each other was mostly from third persons; and what they heard was this: "He is an uncommonly agreeable, well-educated, clever, and excelent young man," was said of Albert; and "What a sweet, lovely, good, unpretending, kind, well-behaved, accomplished, and well brought-up girl is that Helena!" said they of her; and that was all they mutually know, because their own eyes had, for a long time at least, never said any thing else than that they loved each other with all the youthful fervour of affection.

Now, however, they were united; now they began to talk and think as much as they liked; now they had reached that goal about which they had dreamed so often, and beyond which there was something more and still more. Now commenced, for the first time, confidence and unrestrained intercourse, and their opinions and reflections rushed like a foaming river

over soul and heart to meet one another, and they felt the most unspeakable happiness when they found that these harmonised, and did not break into those dissonances which so often happen when a married couple have been brought up in a dissimular way, or have belonged to different circles or classes of society. There was, however, in this case, no danger of that kind; for even if Albert's and Helena's ideas had varied a little on minor points, they agreed entirely on more important and greater subjects in all that give colouring and tone to life.

And now, in the first place, they began to talk about how amiable, how agreeable, how excellent, some of their acquaintance, relations, and friends were; but how tiresome, disagreeable, and unbearable were others. They were nearly always of the same opinion in this comparison of their ideas; and it not unfrequently happened that one of them exclaimed, especially when the other had let fall a disparaging remark respecting

some third person,

"Oh, really, do you think so? That has been always my opinion, but I fancied that your taste was quite different." "Yes!" the other would reply, "one must disguise one's feelings in this world; one must put on such a mask sometimes, that even those one loves most cannot recognise one." And with that both of them agreed that now they were unspeakably happy, because now in this, as in every other respect, they could throw aside the iron mask of disguise, and at least to each other, speak, think, and dream aloud. And, acting on this belief, the most perfect confidence existed between the young couple, who all at once thus found the most glorious thing which life can offer-

friendship in love.

But it must not by any means be imagined that our young couple sat entirely at home, cooing like a pair of turtle-doves. No; far from that. Albert was manager of some works, and had so much employment that he was compelled to spend the first part of every day away from home. Helena had a thousand of those small duties to attend to which society demands from those who live in it; she had to go and see her own dear and excellent parents; and her father and mother-in-law; and to look in and see how the aunt was who was poorly; and the cousin who was just going to be married, and who wanted a little advice; and to whom she who was married, could give a little; and, besides this, she had a world of little cares in her own new home, as well as that she was incessantly visited by relations, friends, and acquaintances; so that Albert, when he came home and found Helena alone, made a great leap, out of sheer delight, and Helena danced round or with him from the same feeling; because, though friends and acquaintances were right good things in themselves, yet solitude with each other was best of all; and then they had a thousand communications to make to one another which always furnished subjects for laughter and merriment through the rest of the day; -and let moralists say what they will, laughter and merriment uphold love,—that is our opinion.

In the evening they often went out into company, and always took care not to be too much absorbed by one another there, that they might not be as ridiculous as some married people who are sparing enough of lovo at home, in order that they may parade it when others

can see.

"Ah!" Helena would often say, when they came home from a ball, "how I should have liked to have danced a few times with you, as I used to do! It would have been infinitely more entertaining than with those that I care nothing about; but it was better not, else they might have said that one of us was jealous, or that we both were, or that we only wanted to show to everybody how much we thought of one another, or some other folly which one cannot guess at."

But it was precisely because the young couple could not have as much of each other's society as they themselves desired, that these moments for intercourse were so much desired by them, and so delightful at the same time. They had both of them, also, been brought up by excellent and pious parents, and had been taught from their childhood to go to church on the Sabbath, and there before the Most High to examine themselves and to offer up their prayers and praises; now, therefore, they failed not of this duty, but spite of etiquette they sat by each other's side, and Albert, unobserved, held Helena's hand in his whilst their beloved minister poured forth his eloquent addresses, to the edification of all who heard him, and who treasured them in their hearts. Albert and Helena did so, indeed, and when some passage occurred in the discourse which particularly touched their young hearts, they pressed each other's hand, and stole a glance of the most angelic purity from each other's eyes.

One day they had listened to an excellent discourse in which the preacher had shown that the rich man in his splendour, and the beggar in his rags, are both alike in the eye of God; and that, in the great day of reckoning, the rich will have dearly to answer for the hardness, pride, and disdain with which they have looked down upon those who wander through life depressed by misery and want, but who, perhaps, on that day,

may be placed far above them.

"How beautiful!—how divine!" said Helena to Albert, as they left the church, "how full of kindness and pity one feels towards want and distress, and how mean one's own little pride and importance seems after hearing such a heart-touching discourse as this; and, so saying, she took Albert's arm, and they walked homeward.

"Turn a little to the left," whispered she, after they had gone a short distance; "I see an old schoolfellow of mine there to the right, whom I don't want to meet. She looks so shabby and wretched in that miserable old cloak and bonnet."

"Is there any thing disreputable about her?" in-

quired Albert.

"No, certainly not," replied Helena; but her mother, who is a widow, and had a little property, lost it all through a bankruptcy, and now they maintain themselves by needlework.

"Ah! Helena," said Albert, "don't be displeased if I remind you of the beautiful discourse we have just

heard.

Without replying a single word to Albert's gentle resed his arm to her heart, and drew him mark, she pres with her exactly to that opposite right hand side which she had wished to avoid, and was quickly by the side of her old schoolfellow.

"Good day, dear Anna," said she, and touched the poor young girl in the shabby cloak, so that she

should turn round to her.

Anna looked at her in astonishment. It was so long since any of her more fortunate schoolfellows had been willing to recognise her. She scarcely knew whether to trust her own eyes, when she saw Helena on the arm of her husband. Anna returned Helena's salutation with great embarressment and surprise, and not without a sigh for her poor bonnet and cloak, and

walked on beside the young couple.
"Dear Anna," said Helena, "your way home passes
my new house; it is not late, and your mother will not expect you so soon; you shall now go with us, and see how comfortably my good Albert and I have got

"Albert now pressed Helena's arm to his breast;

but Anna thought "Ah, she only wants to show me all her grandeur!" She went with them, however, mechanically, partly out of a little curiosity, partly out of that want of independence which is so often the unfortunate consequence of extreme poverty, which makes the poor fancy that they are obliged to obey the

A hasty and unpleasant thought, not altogether unlike Anna's, passed through Albert's mind; and he feared that possibly a little vanity might enter into Helena's invitation to the poor girl to accompany her to her handsome new home. At the door of the house, however, he left them, under the pretence of a visit which he had to make, but in reality to give Helena an opportunity of showing in some way that wealth and avarice

are not synonymous.

"Look, Anna," said Helena, when they had entered the house, "how nicely my kind, dear Albert has had every thing done for me. Look, how comfortable, and convenient all is, and how I have every thing here which one can desire to make one's life comfortable

and happy

"Yes! God knows that!" replied Anna, in that mournful tone which we should not err greatly in calling envious, and which the poverty-stricken observer of luxury and wealth almost always, and very excusably, feel something of, "now," continued the poor young woman, "here you can live like pearls and gold, and

never once know what want is."
"Ah Anna!" replied Helena, "you are unjust both to my Albert and myself to think so. It is precisely here in this warm, convenient, handsome, and, in every respect comfortable room, that we continually talk and think about the less fortunate than ourselves and grieve that we are not able to make them partakers with us, and that partly from one reason and partly from another, among which vanity, avarice, or egotism are not the least. You see, this is avarice, or egotism are not the least. what we acknowledge to one another with sorrow, and it may in some measure correct our fault; but we soon fall into it again, and yet, as I hope, each time less deeply than before.

"Oh you are just the same good-hearted girl that you used to be at school." said Anna, bursting into tears, and she had a presentiment that her former playfellow had not only delayed her there to show her something of her abundance, but also to bestow a little of it upon herself; and Anna was so poor, and had been reduced so low, had striven both with hunger, want of clothing, and many another want, both for herself and her old mother, that all assumption, all pride was gone from her, and she was ready to receive, with gladness and gratitude, whatever the more fortunate friends of her

childhood would bestow upon her.
"How is your mother?" asked Helena, who wished to make good use of the time they were alone together; "She is still poorly and infirm, and her income is lessened as I grieved to hear: you have then some dif-ficulty, dear Anna, in getting the little matters which are necessary to dress and all that. Come now with me into my bedroom, and see how plentifully I have been furnished with all sorts of things for my marriage—yes, indeed, so many, that I never shall manage to wear them out before they are old-fashioned," and so saying, Helena took out from her wardrobe a very pretty cloak and a bonnet such as Anna might show herself in anywhere; and besides these, a dress or two, as well as collars, handkerchiefs, and such like.

Anna could not believe her own eyes; she could scarcely thank her for these beuntiful gifts! but Helena, who now heard Albert in the outer room, put all the things together in haste, with some white manchet bread, confectionary, gingerbread, and such like, in a large shawl, which she tied together by the cor-

"Now my cook shall go with you, and carry this for you, because she is not wanted here, as we dine with papa and mamma to-day; and now we will just lay the bundle aside, because I hear Albert coming."

Helena spoke in a whisper, and turned aside, for now Albert came in, and although she and Anna hurried away the bundle, still he saw it, though he pretended not to do so. Anna took her leave, and in consequence of Albert's presence was spared all the grate-ful thanks she would otherwise have given, and followed by the cook and the bundle, she took her leave; and her grateful, tear-filled eyes as she departed, and Albert's silent embrace, when she was gone, made He-

lena gay and happy the whole day.

Sometimes it happened that Helena detected little faults and weaknesses in Albert also, but not very often, for the sake of preserving happiness and unity, because while a woman can bear to be reminded a hundred times of her faults by the man she loves, he does not like to be told even once of his, at least in a direct way, and therefore it is that woman makes use of little arts of cunning, and sets about it in little roundabout ways which are necessary for the preservation of a good un-

derstanding.

In this manner passed the first autumn of Albert's and Helena's marriage; so also the winter and spring; and when summer came, and all was glad and full of increase, there was a prospect of increase also in the honsehold of our young married pair. Albert was over-joyed at the thought; in the estimation of both, nothing but a little lovely child, be it son or daughter, was

wanted to make their happiness perfect.

Helena was uncommonly well all this time; not pecvish and nervous as some are and others think they must be, in order to be interesting, but which, on the contrary, frequently is the occasion of the first discords in the marriage harmony. There are few things which put a husband so out of humour as the nervousness and peevishness of a wife, especially when they are artificial, even if he do not suspect such a thing, for then they are most insufferable, because they court observation, whilst those who really suffer, most frequently strain every nerve to endure it patiently and silently. (This last recipe we recommend to everybody, and to the married woman in particular.) It is true that if Helena, at any time, looked pale, or a little out of sorts, Albert was inconsolable; and when, at length, she only left her home for a daily drive, he himself assisted her in and out of the carriage; nor would anything during this time induce him to stay away from home, after the hours which his business demanded.

During this time, also, Albert and Helena enjoyed in a high degree a pleasure which, until now, they had never been able to afford themselves. In the long winnever been able to allord themserves. In the long win-ter evenings he read unceasingly aloud to his young wife, and they were both delighted,—not, it is true, with everything they read, because they had, both of them, very good judgment and pure taste,—but that they nearly always agreed in their praise or blame, in their likings or dislikings.

"How beautiful that is!—how excellent!" Helena would exclaim sometimes, and Albert's assenting glance, without interrupting his reading, proved how entirely he was of her opinion. "How stupid that is,—how poor and disgusting!" she would say at another time; and Albert had merely waited for these words from her lips before he threw the book at the wall—always an irresistible impulse when one reads a bad book, and which explains the reason why bad books are just as much soiled, broken-backed, and dog-cared as good

books which are much read. Far from throwing Det gar an* at the wall, they read it through and talked it well over, but the great author of that work must par-don us if we acknowledge that they, in the midst of don us if we acknowledge that they, in the midst of their happiness and love, altogether condemned his book; and they could not conceive how the same master-hand who wrote, "The Chapel," could paint such "a picture from life" as this was. Yet, what did it signify. There are very few ho condemn the book from the same cause as these two, namely, that they themselves were speaking proofs of its condemnation.

But now the great catastrophe approached which is to important in the history of a new married life,—now she day was at hand which should give to Albert and

Helena a son or a daughter.

(To_be continued.)

SONNET.

TO KEATS.

On nightingale, thou wert for golden Junes, Not for the gusts of March !- oh not for strife With wind and tempest was thy Summer life, Mate of the sultry grasshopper whose tunes
Of ecstacy leap faint up steaming noons,
Keen in their gladness as the shrilling fife;
With smiles, not sighs, thy days should have been rife;
With quiet, calm as sleeps 'neath harvest moons; Thee, Nature fashioned like the belted bee, Roamer of sunshine; fellow of the flowers, Hiving up honied sweets for man, to see No touch of tears in all thy radiant hours; Alas! sweet singer, that thou might'st not live, Sunned in the gladness that thou cam'st to give!

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

W. C. BENNETT.

THE CLOUD.

THROUGH the heavens there floated one little cloud, The sole dark thing in the sky; But the sunbeam touched it, and straight it glowed, Like the banner of Peace on high.

No longer a soil or a darkening To the sunbeam that gave it birth; But it floated on, the loveliest thing That was seen in air or earth.

Thus, though Sorrow's cloud may hang o'er our lot, And dim onr skies above, Yet, when touched by that light that faileth not, It shows that its mission is love.

[·] See the translation of the Swedish story, No. I., in No 40 of this journal.-M. H.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

MORE EXCROACHMENTS ON THE PUBLIC IN SCOTLAND .-- The following case seems to us to descrive the most lively sympathy from all who respect the endeavours of the poor to protect their rights, and especially when they are public rights. All associations, and all public-spirited persons, should render prompt assistance. We shall be ready to receive and forward any contributions for the purpose.

"AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

"At the present time, when the transactions of Glan-Tilt, and others of like nature, are being so prominently and properly brought before the public mind, by means of the press, the Inhabitants of the Village of Whins of Milton, near Stirling, beg to call attention to a similar case, in which they are involved.

"From time immemorial a road has existed, leading from the village of Bannockburn to the village of Whins of Milton, the celebrated battle-field of Bannockburn, and various other places, through part of the lands of Braehead and Hill Park, belonging to Alexander Wilson, Bannockburn, the senior partner in the firm of William Wilson and Son, Manufacturers there. For some time back Mr. Wilson has attempted to shut this road against the public, though he knows very well that it was public property before the lands came into his posses sion, and that the oldest inhabitant in the neighbourhood can-not remember when it was not a road. The public, and more especially those in Whins of Milton, refused to give up the road, it being a much nearer, and far more convenient thoroughfare to Bannockburn (where they have necessarily much traf-fic), than any other way. The consequence is, that legal proceedings have been instituted against them, many have been served with interdicts prohibiting them from passing that way, and others have been apprehended and required to give bail for their future appearance.

"The inhabitants of Whins of Milton being thus laid under the measures of warms of minor being thus had under the necessity of defending their rights, have opened a Sub-scription for this purpose; but being all working men, in the lower ranks of life, they would appeal to the sympathies of their countrymen, with a view to pecuniary aid, also with the view having the countenance and encouragement of all true philanthropists, who wish to see the triumph of justice over

selfishness, and of public right over private monopoly.

"In name of the Inhabitants of Whins of Milton,

"Jas. Armstrong, President. "Thos, Brown, Secretary.

"Whins of Milton, by Stirling, Nov. 1847.
"Mr. John Youl, Co-operative Society, Baker-street; Mr. E. Johnstone, 'Observer' office, Murray-place, Stirling; Mr. A. Hamilton, merchant, St. Ninians; and Messrs. James Armstrong and Thomas Brown, Whins of Milton, have kindly agreed to receive donations and subscriptions for the above

MERITORIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE BATH CITY LODGE OF Ond Fellows.—This lodge has resolved to remove its sittings from a public-house. It had appointed a Committee of Inquiry in June last, to ascertain the real cause of the thinness of the attendance at its meetings. The conclusion arrived at was the fact of the Lodge being held at a public-house. The Committee declares this to be the result of "unprejudiced and deliberate investigation." Now, if this be highly honourable to the advance of the age in temperance, it is equally honourable to the Lodge boldly to look the cause in the face, and to resolve at once on removing to a private place of meeting. We con-gratulate them on the good work of setting so honourablean example to the very numerous societies of one kind or another which do injury to their cause by meeting in the same objectionable places. We are gratified to see that an article in the eleventh number of our Journal stimulated them to this move-

ment, as well as some strong remarks of Dr. Beard, of Man-

We are glad to learn from the report of the Committee of this Lodge, that other three of the principal Lodges of Bath are only waiting for the present Lodge to make this movement, in order to join them in the occupation of the same building, so that the expense will be lightened to all.

"The Lodges would then meet on their respective lodge-nights under the same roof; the same room would witness their exertions to spread far and wide those beautiful and Christian principles on which our society is founded. A reciprocity of kindly and friendly feelings amongst the different Lodges would and riverings amongst the conserved Longes would quickly take the place of that disunity—that feeling of rivary—which is at present so manifest. Those links in the chain of social concord which have been so rudely broken, would be again united and strengthened, and become the great harmonious bond by which all members would be led to fulfil the solemn promise they made on being initiated into the Society, namely, 'To do all the good you can to your fellow man, especially to such as belong to the Order.'"

We regard it as one of our greatest privileges to have to reoord these truly onward steps in social progress.

PLYMOUTH RAUGED SCHOOL.—Plymouth, Nov. 23.—Sir,...I have much pleasure in informing you of the success of this school, the commencement of which was recorded in your Journal of May 22d. There are now about 130 names on the books, of which 50 or 60 usually attend. It appears that the bigger boys only come for a short time, and then fall away to their street education: their habits, no doubt, are too deeply remarkably attentive. For the benefit of many who are employed by day, an evening school has been at work for the last month, from 8 to 9 every evening, except Saturday, at which the master is assisted by a number of young trademen and Sunday-school trachers; 40 is the usual number of pupils, most of whom are errand boys, though as many as 90 have been present. The master, Mr. Dean, has also a Bible Class on Sunday evenings, to which the boys are very attentive. He reads a chapter, and familiarly explains it, endeavouring by questions to impress the leading points on the minds of his

MESSES. HITCHCOOKS' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.have on a former occasion mentioned, with deserved approbation, this society established in the large drapery establishment in St. Paul's churchyard. Our attention has been again called to it by the perusal of an excellent "Lecture on Character," by James Belford, one of the young men in the house; and we cannot too strongly commend to the attention of the principals of other extensive concerns in the City the excellent example set by the Mesers. Hitchcooks. By such a society as this a source of the most improving and interesting employment for the evening hours is opened up, and knowledge and business and pleasure are made to bland togother, as they ought in all human life. This lecture, it appears, opened the session for the winter. Upwards of a hundred individuals were present, and the chief employer was so much pleased with it as to print it at his own expense. Amongst the lectures one on "The Harmonies of Nature." has already been delivered, and others on the question, whether the present switch of courtensy restricts of other extensive concerns in the City the excellent example the question, whether the present system of currency restricts or extends the commerce of the country; on Oliver Cromwell and his times, and whether the circumstances justified the enecution of Charles I.; on the Genius and Character of Burns, etc.

These are surely worthy topics to occupy the faculties of young men of business during their evenings. We are glad to learn that the library of the establishment is every evening attended by from 40 to 50, and on the Mutual Improvement

nights from 60 to 70. We would say to other great houses-"Go and do likewise."

BENEFIT OF WALKING FOR SEDENTARY WORKMEN. EDTTOR, —Upon reading your beautiful article under the head of the Primrose Gatherer, some time ago an old idea of mine occurred afresh to my mind. It is this-that those healthful weekly walks or strolls into the country, or even about the town, for there are many delightful associations connected with this great metropolis, might be more often repeated. It is a fact underiable, that no man can form an idea of the awful sations we, the working men experience from being shut up in garrets filled with bad and fetid air for six days, and often nights, at our toil, but those thus subjected. I think, therefore, if the working men were to try to arrange their work so, that they might indulge for an hour of a morning, it were better than pining, debilitated and heart-sick, at their looms, or on their seats for six days together. I can speak for myself, that since I have adopted the plan proposed, and I am a shoemaker, I have been benefited both in body and mind. Time, know, will be made a question, but increased strength will more than compensate that loss.—Yours respectfully, J. Perry. tondon.

PUNISHMENT. -- Punishment consists essentially of suffering. How then is man justified in inflicting it on his fellow cree tures? Amongst barbarous nations it is prompted by the desire of revenge and the love of cruelty: but when feelings of this nature are supposed to sanction the conduct they occasion, there is no limit to the extent or intensity of the evils they may produce. If the reception of an injury excites to revenge and cruelty, these in their turn will produce the desire of retaliation; there will result a continual generation of the worst dispositions, and a constantly accumulating mass of misery in which all will be ultimately involved; and thus the pleasure, small and insignificant as it must of necessity be, experienced from the gratification of the most degrading passions, will be ounterbalanced by remote consequences. Besides, to establish the right of punishment, and to regulate its character and amount, by the considerations alluded to, is to proceed in utter negligence of many of the elements of man's constitution; his susceptibility to pleasure and pain respectively, on the contemplation of the happiness and misery of his fellows; his charity, his power of forgiving injuries, of pitying and even loving his enemies.

The great object of punishment, as recognised by most people calling themselves civilized, is to deter from crime by example. In this case suffering is voluntarily created, on the presumption that some contingent future evil will be obviated thereby; evil is done for the sake of good; the end is supposed to justify the means. Now, supposing individual evil could promote the general welfare, few persons are sufficiently benevolent or philanthropic to sacrifice their own interests for those of the community. How, then, can society in its corporate capacity rightly decree punishments which its individual members would severally reprobate? Moreover, on what principle can the precise amount of suffering necessary to the accomplishment of its purpose be determined! It is evident, from the nature of the thing itself, and from actual experience, that no solution of this question can ever be obtained; and hence it happens that the punishments annexed by law to different crimes, are being changed continually—but, in the meanwhile, what a fearful amount of injustice and cruelty must have been perpetrated! If an effect be proportional to its cause, then the efficiency of punishment will be proportional to its severity; and on this principle we might proceed to rack, burn, gibbet, or torture in any conceivable manner, with as much justice and wisdom as we, until recently, hung for forgery, sheepstealing, and horsestealing, or as we now hang for crimes which would of course soon become universal, if the punishment of death had not een specially and infallibly appropriated to them

The doctrine that the object of punishment is the reformation of the criminal, which has recently attracted considerable attention, but which has always prevailed to some extent, is open to similar objections. As we cannot become intimately acquainted with the mental character of a criminal, his hopes and fears, and all the secret motives of his conduct, it is absolately impossible so to graduate his punishment as to accomplish his reformation, without entailing upon him gratuitous suffering. This view of punishment, too, although it appears, when stated abstractedly, comparatively mild and humane, is

liable to tremendous abuse. The reformation of the criminal has often been the object proposed to be attained by the exercise of the most awful cruelties, as is evidenced by the history of attempts to procelytise to various religions, and by other facts which might be adduced.

The truth is, the highest welfare of the criminal and that of society are coincident; and the object of punishment ought to have relation to the welfare of both parties, at the same time that the punishment should be reduced to the smallest possible amount compatible with its efficiency for the purpose of its infliction. But, with this admission, we shall be compelled to change wholly our present treatment of criminals. There is probably not one man in a million of the population of England, so utterly debased, that his latent human faculties and land, so utterly debased, that the instant manual susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities could not be developed by the adoption of mild susceptibilities of the susceptibili heart cannot resist its softening and humanising influence. wayward child, the degraded slave, the radest son of toil, the lunatic, the most vicious criminal, all alike manifest its mysterious agency. This great and beneficent truth, frequently elaborated by the exertions of philosophers, and also presented to man in the sacred volume, is now being rapidly diffused; it needs but be understood to become the governing principle of human action; it will ultimately obtain universal supremacy, when will be realised the fondest anticipations of the philanthropist and Christian. RETA.

THE DOUGLASS TESTIMONIAL.—The managers of this testimonial, the gross amount of which happily eventually reached £500, have received a grateful acknowledgment of its receipt by Frederick Douglass, by the Cambria, last week. He states that he is already engaged in the preparation of his newspaper, which is to be called, "The North Star," and is to be published at Rochester, in the State of New York. He has already purchased his press and printing materials. We wish him every success.

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THE WERKLY RECORD of Facts and Opinions connected with General Interests and Popular Pro-

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GLEANERS

DESIGNED BY T. F. MARSHALL.

When autumn bathes the hills in light, And tints with gold the forest leaves, Ere grey mists rise from meadows low, The little peasant-children go

To glean among the sheaves.

The moorland birds pipe in the copse;
The noonday breeze blows fresh and strong,
And from the harvest-fields of gold
Comes to the shepherd on the wold
The little gleaners' song,

And when at eve in golden pomp
The moon ascends heaven's purple dome,
Young lovers mid their converse sweet,
Wand'ring down woodland valleys meet
The gleaners coming home.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By FREDERIC ROWTON.

Honorary Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

No. VI.

THE GALLOWS CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CRIME OF MURDER. THE COLLATERAL EVILS OF THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

We have now, I think, ascertained beyond question, that whenever the Punishment of Death has been exchanged for a milder penalty, crime has not only not increased, but diminished. The figures which I have adduced in proof are at once conclusive and undeniable.

But the great question next arises—whether it would be equally safe to abolish the capital penalty for the crime of murder? Numerous persons who greatly rejoice in the fact that the gibbet is no longer the punishment of secondary offences, are yet staunch supporters of the gallows as the penalty for the one crime of murder. To this point, therefore, I will now address myself.

The question will, I think, he plainly understood-Can we safely abolish the punishment of death for mur-

der ?

Arguing the subject by analogy, one would unhesi tatingly say, Yes. In every experiment hitherto tried, the abolition of death-punishments has been attended by a diminution of crime. This being the case, there seems no reason for doubting that the same result would happen as respects the onence of magnetic of death restrain at all, it restrains always: if it fall to restrain in one case, it must fail in all. The experihappen as respects the offence of murder. If the fear ment that relates to one crime is consequently good evidence as regards all others. It seems evident enough to all reasonable understandings, that if the threat of death will not prevent a man from poisoning a horse, it is less, rather than more, likely to prevent him from murdering a fellow-creature.

But our opponents will not be satisfied with that. They say that before they will consent to the abolition of Capital Punishment for murder, they must have it clearly proved to them, by statistical evidence, that the gallows does not restrain murderers. You they will deny us the opportunity of establishing our case by the testimony of direct experiment, and yet refuse to admit

our arguments until we do so!

Fortunately, however, we are prepared for our unreasonable antagonists. Thinks to Providence, who has given us the opportunities which our rulers would deay us, we are able to show that even as respects the crime of murder itself, the rigid enforcement of the deathpenalty increases the offence, whilst its discontinuance proportionably represses it.

I extract the following results from Parliamentary

1. Taking 32 years, ending 1842, and dividing them into two periods of 16 years each, I find that in the first, all who were convicted of murder, 34 in number, were executed; and notwithstanding this unyielding rigour, 188 murders were committed. In the second period, clemency prevailed. Out of 27 persons convicted, only 17 were hanged; and yet there were but 90 persons committed for the crime during the whole 16 years. With only 62 per cent. of executions, instead of 100 per cent., the offence decreased more than one-half!

2. The years 1815, 1817, 1818, and 1829 witnessed the execution of all who were convicted of murder, 66

in number; and in the four years immediately following these eras of severity, the crime of murder increased 12 per cent. In the years 1836, 1838, 1840, and 1842, only 31 were executed, out of 83 condemned; and in the succeeding years, the crime of murder diminished 17 per cent. When all were hanged without mercy, crime increased; when about half were saved, crime became materially lessened. Is it not, therefore, a safe and a sound logic which says, "Save all, and you will repress crime more still!"

3. The same Parliamentary Paper (No. 618, session 1843), shows: 1. That, from 1834 to 1841 (inclusive) in the counties where all who were convicted of murder were executed, the number of murders remained in the following years as nearly as possible the same. 2. That in the counties where commutations of the extrems penalty took place, during the same period, the years following exhibited a diminution of 35 per cent. in the crime. 3. That in the counties where a large or the orime. 3. That in the counties where a large proportion of the persons committed were acquitted on the ground of insanity, the commitments decreased 32 per cent, in the succeeding years; and, 4th. That in the counties where there were commitments, and no convictions at all, the commitments in the years following near these there were commitments.

ing were fence by 22 per cont.

Nothing can well be plainer, after the evidence above adduced, that with invariable executions, murder in-creases; and that as mercy prevails, murder diminishes. Who, seeing this, can fairly healtate to carry the experiment of saving life to its greatest extent, by abolishing

the gallows altogether?

I will conclude my statistical argument, by adding a fact which speaks volumes for our conclusion. In the three consecutive years, 1834, 1835, and 1836, no ex-cutions schalerer took place in England for any kind of orime, and these are the only years in the annals of Britain in which there have been no convictions for murder. I extract this statement from Return No. 21, printed by Parliament in 1846.

So much for statistics, then. I could produce plenty more; but these are at least sufficient to place it be-yond doubt that we have experience as well as reason to support our conclusion that the gallows is an evil,

and ought forthwith to be abolished.

Concerning the simply political portion of our subject, therefore, I feel that I need say but little more. yet have inquired into the direct effects of Capital
Punishment, and we have found them to be in the
highest degree destinental to the public welfare. It
only remains for me to allude, in the briefest possible
manner, to the collateral evils of the gallows.

In the first place, death in an overmissible punishment. If inflicted in error, it cannot be recalled.

human judgment being fallible, error is to be expected; and it is the duty of the legislator to provide against this possibility in every punishment which he establishes. That errors have been made, we unfortunately know too well; multitudes of human beings have been put to death for crime, whose innocence has afterwards been fully established. I shall have occasion to speak of these cases in detail, hereafter. How thoughtless, then,—nay, how stupid, in man to adopt a penalty which he has not the power to withdraw, when he finds he has inflicted it in mistake.

Secondly, the punishment is an invariable one. inflicts the same amount of suffering on many widely different shades of crime. No two murderers are guilty to the same extent; and yet all are punished alike. The strongly-tempted, the infatuated, the educated, the ignorant, the unfortunate, the deeply deprayed, the provoked, and the unprovoked, are alike the subject of one remorseless and exterminating down. The impolicy of this must be as plain as its injustice.

It confounds in the eyes of the people the distinction between the various sorts and degrees of crime; and thus tends to confuse and demoralise them.

Again: the Punishment of Death is momentary, and therefore soon forgotten. "A man is forgotten directly he is hanged," said Alderman Harmer, before the Criminal Law Commissioners. Now, in imprisonment, the culprit's fate is ever operating upon the memories of others. Mr. Wrightson, on visiting the Maison de Force, at Ghent, in 1833, saw a prisoner, who had been confined for upwards of fifty years! Only think of that! What terrible impressiveness there is in this fact! How many thousands must have heeded that example, and recoiled from the crime thus punished!

Further, Capital Punishments are impolitic, inasmuch as they neglect the great end of all penalty,—Reformation. Suffering is meant to purify, not to exterminate; and its object is to improve, and not injure its subject. It is as unwise to neglect this principle as it is unrighteous; for, by cutting off the criminal, his example is lost to the community. A momentary infliction. which, as we have seen, does harm instead of good, takes the place of a continuous punishment, which would keep the crime in mind as long as the criminal existed.

Again, Capital Inflictions excite and extend an antagonism to the law. While the penalty for a crime is death, a continual and universal pressure from without exists against its execution: a pressure generally greater than the force of the law; resulting in uncertain inflictions, perverted sympathics, and unpunished crimes. The tears and sobs of the judge, the hesitation of the jury, the wiful perjury of the barrister, the pre-ternatural excitement of the populace, the ceaseless in-terference of the humane on behalf of the culprit, the eager thronging of visitors to the condemned cell, the commiseration of the prison officials, all these are signs that the sentence of the law is felt to be abhorrent and revolting. As one sample, selected from many, of the great dislike which men have to legal homicide, I may state the following fact:—"In a country town, when Forgery was a capital offence, the grand jury in considering the case of a man charged with that crime, threw out the bill, although the evidence was most complete; and, in justification, said, "They hadn't had an execution in their town for thirty years, and please God, they never would!"†

Let any one ask himself this question—Would the

culprit be treated thus if his sentence were transportation? Would the judge sob, the jury hesitate, or the public sympathize with him then? No! The mere imprisoned felon gets no sign of all this sweet commiscration. "He undergoes his punishment unnoticed —no pseudo Samaritan sends him pigeon-pies or call's-foot jelly: for him no ladies of high degree moisten their kerchiefs with tears." Sentence a man who has committed a great crime, to transportation: everybody will aid in carrying out the punishment. Sentence him to death; everybody will oppose, in some form or other, the execution of the sentence. The gallows makes an

aristocracy of criminals.

Amongst the considerations that occur to the mind in regarding this question upon grounds of policy, one strikes me very forcibly. It is the danger there is to

popular liberty, in entrusting the ruler with the right to kill. It gives greater latitude than we can allow to the State. The manner in which it has been abused shows this. The stoutest defender of the gallows will not now assert that death should be inflicted for any crime but murder: yet murder formed recently but one offence out of 250 offences punishable by the ruler with this penalty. How awfully then, the ruler must have encroached upon the original power bestowed upon him! The mannor in which the gibbet has been employed in revolution times, or in times of political disturbance, or when sanguinary monarchs have sat upon the throne, proves to us most plainly that the right to kill cannot be entrusted to the ruler with any degree of safety to the national weal. Let the wretched victims who have been slaughtered by despots, from Manasseh to Robespierre, be our witnesses herein!

Lastly, the infliction of death by the state perverts and brutalizes the public mind. It inures men to the destruction of life, and thus teaches them to take it. It blunts those finer feelings which ought rather to be preserved and kept sacred; and so disposes to deeds of blood and violence. It rouses the vindictive passions of our nature. "It teaches cruelty to the people by example of revengeful legislations. It tends (as Bentham says) "to make men sanguinary either by fear, by imitation, or by revenge." The Roman soldiers were taught contempt for life by their gladiatorial shows: and the British public learn the same lesson by the

execution of their malefactors.

Here we will pause then, to complete this first and simplest view of our subject. Let us for a moment review the ground over which we have gone, and ascertain the conclusions to which our reasoning has brought us.

In the first place we found that the gallows cannot be said to be necessary for murder, inasmuch as we have

tried no other punishment for this offence.

Secondly, we examined the theory of Capital Punishment as a restraining penalty, and found it defective in every point of view. It in the nature of things cannot make restitution for the injury committed. It presents a fear which is unrealizable. It threatens an infliction which is necessarily uncertain in its operation. And it addresses a class of men, who, less than all others are likely to be affected by it.

Thirdly, we analyzed the punishment as a spectacle—and found that instead of being a terror, it is an amusement, to the audience: and instead of being calculated to repress the offence for which it is enforced, it tends to the generation and growth of every sort of crime, more

especially that sort which it aims at diminishing.

Fourthly, we traced the influence of the punishment on society: and saw not only that there is, and can be, no evidence that it is advantageous: but that there is direct proof to the contrary. We examined the statistics of the chief countries in the world, and found them all corroborative of the fact that the gallows increases crime wherever it is erected.

And finally, we have discovered that this punishment is the prolific source of a host of indirect evils, each and all tending powerfully to the depravation and in-

security of the community.

If then, brethren, we desire the welfare of society, and seek to promote the political happiness of our fellow creatures, we shall hasten to perform that duty with regard to this pernicious law, which must now be plain. We must abolish our rubric of blood. We should lose no time, and spare no energy in demanding its immediate repeal. The subject presses. Assassins are let loose among us. A Richardson, a Johnstone, & Belany, are sent from the felon's dock to mingle again among men, because our juries prefer anything to

^{*}Upon the trial of a man in West Chester, 1840, for murder, no fewer than ten persons refused to serve on the jury upon conscientious grounds; and were excused. In the State of New Hampshire lately, on a trial for murder, it was so difficult to get a jury, that six hundred citizens were summoned before twelve jurymen could be found.

⁺Sydney Taylor, p. A. 419.

taking life. Our laws are set at nought : our verdicts put aside: the seat of justice is besieged with inter-cessions on behalf of murderers. Public feeling is outraged; public sympathy perverted: public morality deprayed. We are being left in the rear of the world. Revolutionary France outstrips us. Little Belgium shames us in the race. America is passing us by. Lucca is a-head: she has burnt her gibbet amidst the acclamations of her people. Even barbarous Russia is before us! Let us then be up and doing. Let us rouse that British energy of will which never has been conquered yet. And let us take no rest till we have blotted out the disgraceful characteristic of our land: that she is the most barbarous in her punishments of any civilized nation on the globe!

My next letter will introduce the moral aspect of this

great question.

(To be continued.)

THE BREADFINDER.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER XI.

"Ox which side is it to be?" were the first words addressed to him, after he had got clear of the porter's lodge. He reflected. The publisher for whom he had translated Aristophanes, might have other occasion for his services. And, indeed, if ever he would taste freedom again, he must exert himself as a translator, or in some literary way. Quiet then, and solitude, would be indispensable, though neither, it was likely, were to be enjoyed in perfection within those walls.

"I will pay for a room. if you will find me one," he said to his conductor.

"You can share one with another gentleman, Sir," replied the official, suddenly seized with spasms of politeness, "but you can't rent one out and out."

"Cannot I be alone, if I wish it, and pay for the accommodation?"

"Why, I don't know that you can," the man anscred, "leastways you must buy the other out, and he would want a smart sum—smarter perhaps than you would like to stand."

"Well, let us see the room."

He was conducted along a passage, where several men were lounging, and noisily conversing in groups. By these, of course, he was unmercifully quizzed. They by these, of course, he was unmercituity quizzed. They were mostly habited in motley costume, and the non-descript odds and ends of a once choice wardrobe. Faded bucks in threadbare garments, that were in the extreme of fashion three or four summers before. Exquisites, formerly known at Crockford's and the Opera. Bloods that many at ale could unfold of Tatter-like the Darby and the Ocks. sall's, the Derby, and the Oaks; with a score or so of rough, hulking, sodden-faced fellows, who had made ventures in Tavern keeping, or had set up hells and gambling dens, with other people's money, or more literally, without any of their own, and coming to the dogs, had found a kennel in the Fleet. One youthful individual, whose face was scarred and horribly disfigured, left a group, less noisy than the rest, and advancing towards him, addressed him by name.
"I do not know you," said Harding, halting for an

instant.

"I will prompt your memory," the other replied. 'You were once a P. F. D."

"That is Mr. Boldero's voice surely."

"And his face too, the worse luck for him. You did'nt expect to find him here, he conjectures."

"Indeed I did not."

Boldero's comrades gathered around them, to hear their discourse, and glean information respecting the new arrival. Harding moved forward.

"Are you going to have a room?" asked Boldero,

placing a detaining hand upon his shoulder.
"Yes."

"Go halves in my crib. My chum will sell himself

out for forty shillings.

To this proposal Harding readily acceded, and as the chum' was present, he ratified the bargain at once, and accompanied Boldero to inspect his quarters. The man who had sold himself out, went off to buy some liquor, chinking the gold in his hand, and was followed on the instant, by a human stream which flowed after him, along the passage, down sundry steps, and across a yard to the very spot where liquor was dispensed.

Boldero expressed an early desire to be made acquainted with the particular stroke of ill-fortune which threw him into the companionship of a sometime political confrere. Harding briefly gratified his curiosity, and became inquisitive in his turn, especially with reference to the scarred face. He was preparing to listen to Boldero's recital, when a functionary of the prison brought him a note from his wife, to whom he had despatched by a special messenger, the tidings of has arrest. She bade him,—poor soul, and her own was fathoms deep in the abyss of black despair—preserve his heart from sinking, for she would work, O God, how she would work, to get the two hundred and fifty pounds that must be paid, beside expenses, to procure his liberation. He took the opportunity to kiss the note in private, before he thrust it into his

bosom.
"How do you think I maintain myself here?" de-

manded Boldero, suddenly.

Harding could not gues

"By writing political articles."
"What,—in "the Startler?"
"Tush, no. I am for High Church and King now. I've had enough of democracy. I am a Tory of the old

stamp.

"Eh?" said Harding, with a stare, though he was not greatly surprised. Extremes frequently run into their opposites, and your flaming demagogue stands the best chance of repudiating his principles, of any man I know. Trust none such.

man I know. Trust none such.

"I write for the 'Loyal Thunderbolt,'" proceeded Boldero. "I have undertaken to prove the divine right of kings, and the impiety of using private judgment in matters pertaining to religion, in a series of letters, signed 'The Ghost of Archbishop Laud.'"

"At least, you decry physical force?"

"I do not. I would have the soldiery use the point of the bayonet, to prick home to his dwelling every unwashed rascal who attends a Badical meeting."

"You are very brave, with your bayonets. But what

"You are very brave, with your bayonets. But what

is this you have here—a turning lathe?"

"Yes. I sometimes amuse myself with turning. I carve too. See, here is a bunch of grapes that I carved out of a stubborn piece of oak."

"You are clever. Will you lend me your tools?"
"With pleasure."

Harding thought of the rose and the little bud. He

determined to essay his skill in carving on the morrow.

"The accident that disfigured me in this awful manner," said Boldero, commencing the recital he had promised, "happened when I was a fool of a P. F. D., and the most magnified fool in the Society. I believed the masses to be labouring under oppression, and I

Their backs thought their rulers selfish and base. bent, as I persuaded myself, under the burden of taxation, and the money levied from their industry was lavished on a bloated, wicked Court. I asked myself—is not the time of liberation come? Am not I their liberator? As for your doctrine of moral force, I scouted it. Is not the intercourse of man with nature, I said, a perpetual striving by physical means, to get the mastery over it? See how he toils at the quarrying and hewing of granite, and is not content till he brings physical force to bear upon it, and transports it hither or thither where he pleases, and makes it serve him as a slave. Very well. These granite hearts of our legislators, we will get the mastery over them.

"I set to work, to manufacture cartridges, intending to distribute them by hundreds among the members of the P. F. D., in the first place, and subsequently amongst the populace generally. I dreamt of nothing else, than repeated engagements with the military, in which the popular cause was triumphant, and England was in universal anarchy. You remember, I dare say, that on two occasions, when you called on me, a man guarded my door. I had the house at my own disposal, let me tell you, and paid rent for eight unoccupied rooms. At those seasons, I was busy at my demonwork, and could not receive a visitor."

"But you had especially invited my immediate attendance on the first occasion," said Harding--"I remember that I gave up a dinner party to come to

you."
"Yes. But in the interval between the sending of my note and your arrival, a bright idea had struck me. I had conceived a design of seizing all the arms that were in the Tower, before the Government could receive the least intimation of my purpose, and when you reached my door, I was in deep study, and profoundly maturing my plan.

"Well, one day, I paid the just penalty of my pro-posed treason and crimes. A spark fell from a candle which I incautiously held to some exposed gunpowder, and ignited it. The whole exploded in my face. Fortunately I escaped with my eyesight, but the result is

what you see.'

Harding passed no comment on this strange recital. He went to bed and dreamed that he was Prometheus. and had infused the spark of life into one of Maberly's statues. The sculptor stood by and smiled approvingly. Suddenly his placid and benign features seemed dissuddenly his placid and benign leatures seemed distorted by pain. "I suffer, Harding," he said, "Help me." His cries rang piercingly out, and filled all space. Harding awoke in terror. The voice had not ceased, but still cried, and yet more imploringly, for help. When he had gathered all his consciousness, he hurried to Boldero's bed. The youth was stricken by the Chelgra. He instantly gave the alarm to a warder the Cholera. He instantly gave the alarm to a warder who patrolled the prison, and whose duty it was, during the reign of the pestilence, to apprise the authorities of a prisoner's illness. But the medical officer was engaged in another part of the prison, and it was long before he made his appearance. He shook his head. It was a virulent attack. He had clearly little hope.

"To die thus,—in a prison!" cried the poor youth, gnashing his teeth, when the doctor had withdrawn.
"In a prison,—in a prison." That ignominy seemed to fasten on him. "Listen, Harding. I am a bishop's son,—you did not guess that,—a bishop's son; but the brand of illegitimacy is on me."

"Yes!" he said again, presently, "the Bishop of _____ is my father. I have never met him in private,—have never spoken to him. I have heard him preach, and have seen him as a stranger, on his way to and from the House of Lords. O what scraph words

he can drop from silvery lips! When my mother fel? he was Archdeacon of -

"Such education as I possess, I owe to him. I was nt, by his orders, to ——— Grammar School. His sent, by his orders, to name was never mentioned there. I was not even aware that he was my father, neither were any of my playmates. But they had learned the shame of my birth, and taunted me with it every day. The treatment I received at that school poisoned my whole being. I have been violent and wrathful in these later years, but I was not formerly so. I owe the corruption of my nature to the injustice of my fellows. Had I the power, I could destroy the world, for it has stung me and trodden on me. I like Physical Force: it suits my humour."

He spoke with difficulty, for his sufferings were reat. "I should not have been incarcerated within these walls," he said, at a later period of the day, "if my father had not broken faith with me. When I left school, my mother revealed to me the secret of my birth. She told me whose son I was. She was then slowly dying of consumption. I addressed a letter to him. He wrote, in reply, that he could not acknow-ledge me, because I should bring scandal on his office and on the church. But he would provide for me and on the church. But he would provide her his secretly. He sent me a hundred pounds, and another hundred when my mother died. When I first made hundred when my mother died. When I first made your acquaintance, I told you that I was independent -independent with what remained of these munificent sums, for they were all that I ever received from him. He promised to renew them every six months, but he did not keep his word. I got eighty pounds into debt, on the strength of his promise, and being unable to pay, was pounced upon by creditors and transferred to a sponging-house, from whence I dated a letter to the episcopal palace—my father's palace!—but I received no answer. So they conveyed me hither. I have applied to my father since my imprisonment, but to no purpose. You will give me credit for disinterested advocacy of principles. When I was subsisting on a Rishon's money and was in a same decondant on the Bishop's money, and was, in a sense, dependent on the Church, I hated Church, bishops, monarchy, aristocracy, and all their tangled web of interests. When I was deserted by the Church, I began to love her as a venerable parent. Most men praise the bridge that carries them over. I have ever done the opposite."

"It was noble in you," remarked Harding, "not to betray the secret of your relationship to a bishop. The scandal would have taken effect, and irreparably have damaged his reputation."

Ha! I had, also, become a Tory, and to Tories the reputation of the cpiscopal church is very dear. Besides, I can hate, but I could never betray.

He spoke but little after this, for he was physically reduced by his sufferings. But he endured heroically, and scarcely allowed a groan to escape him. To Harding, in the event of his death, he gave his lathe, carving

"As for my body," he said, "they will be glad to give it speedy interment of some sort, and I am indifferent to the whereabouts of my last lodgings. But, tell me, Harding, do you believe in a future

"I do," replied Harding, startled by the question. "I don't," said Boldero. "I have been writing up the parsons lately, but they are only useful to keep the people in order—that is all."

The unfortunate wayward youth had uttered his last

words. In less than an hour his corpse was removed, and Harding could not learn where they buried it.

At length the plague was stayed, and London re-lapsed into its old habits of uncleanliness. "It will not visit us again,-at least, for many years,"-said the Corporation, "so let us enjoy ourselves, and be

The night was fast approaching when Emma was to make her debut. On that event her husband's destiny seemed to depend, for he had failed in his attempt to get literary work. Scheffer predicted marvels, and the reputation prepared for her, cast that of Madame Cacasi into the shade. If she succeeded to the manager's satisfaction, he was prepared to offer her tifty pounds a week for the secure of the time. ifty pounds a-week for the season, so that in six weeks from the time of her appearance, she would be able to liberate her husband. Very frequently she repaired to the Fleet, to spend hours in conversing with him; but every day she was instructed by Scheffer, whose pupil she was, and whom she was to remunerate when her great duty was fulfilled, and her hus-band was restored to liberty. The tenor's terms were high, for he had stipulated for the third of her salary, for three years.

Harding amused himself with carving, in which art he had become expert. The rose and the little bud bloomed in wood. He delighted to produce grotesque figures of men, busied in various manipulations of handicraft, and quaint unpastoral sheep and oxen. But this art was mere pastime, and, as such, went to frus-trate the noble end of being.

Under the sky there is not a sadder object than the man without a definite pursuit,—who has had no call to a specific work. To have no profession which demands the attention of every earnest moment, and engrosses the anxious care of the matured mind, is to be an alien in Nature. "Whatsoever they hand findeth to do," admonishes the author of Ecclesiastes, "do it

with thy might."

Harding's position was peculiar. He was haunted by shapes of Beauty, which, out of vision, he could not realise, and, so far, his was no uncommon case. For, who can fix the ideal with painter's brush, or sculptor's chisel, or carver's knife? It was strange. The rose and the little bud had done it all. Greek literature, with which he had long been critically familiar, had been without other meaning than the philological one, until this epoch of his life. And all the Arts, and every Science into which he had obtained the merest insight, now became replete with a quite unutilitarian signification. He had attained to the knowledge of the highest bread, but, at present, he sat only at a feast of crumbs. For he had not found his work. Not a little of the evil that is in the world has its origin in this circumstance, that men do not occupy their just position. Nature knows best. Of a certain George Guelph, she made a creditable, it is even said, a clever husbandman, but the Marplot of nature called him George the Third, and lo, a bad King! As a farmer, he would have cultivated the good earth, and brought corn out of her liberal stores. As a king, he devastated her fields with sanguinary wars. 'Translate,' writes Carlyle, 'that impossible precept. Translate, writes Carlyle, 'that impossible precept, know thyself, into this partially possible one, know what thou canst work at.' The Breadfinder, as I take it, is the man who has attained to that indispensable knowledge,-indispensable to a wise government of himself and the world. Not the material bread, -not that which was flour yesterday, and corn at the last full of the moon, is what is meant by BREAD in these pages. But that is bread—the Bread of Life, which brings me into harmony with Nature, and, transcending conventionality and routine, leaves me the undisturbed recipient of large benefits, and lands me on that shore, beaten by the Eternal surges,-washed by the tides of

I know the strife. I have seen the agony, and have heard the prayer. I have been a witness to the incessant conflict maintained for the quite literal, un-

beautiful bread. The combatants in that battle-field fall around us like harvest. Not for the soul's need, but for the body's lust have they striven; and the Autumn leaves are rarer than their graves. For them, no poet; for them, no artist; no seer. Yet, even for the lowest and the least of these a deliverance is preparing. The teacher gathers the young thieves from the street, and discourses to them of Duty, and of the Infinite, lessons, which even Sectarian jargon, and the rubbish of church creeds cannot divest of their importance. A new race shall arise which the Beautiful shall lead to Freedom. In the meantime, let us take courage, let us know what we can work at, and make poverty welcome to our board. He is rich who has few wants.

Harding worked at the wood carving. He knew little of the history of the art, but he was aware that like that of glass-staining, it had gradually forfeited its rank in modern hands, and had become insignificant. He remembered what elaborate specimens he had seen in the metropolitan churches, and other public buildings. Why had the art decayed? Why had skill, genius, creation, flowed into other channels? He conceived the idea of treating in hard oak a fine mythological subject, and he determined to make the attempt.

Notwithstanding the high praises which had been bestowed upon Emma's singing, each rehearsal at the Theatre indicated a loss of power, and of diminution in the compass of her voice. Those who heard her on these occasions shook their heads. Scheffer alone, would not be disheartened. She was nervous, he said, nothing more. Perhaps, in private, he was alarmed. Emma herself was conscious of falling far short of what had been expected of her, but she feared to tell her husband, and only checked his too ardent anticipations

of her success.

"Really," said the manager to Scheffer, on the morning of the last rehearsal, "this will never do. She is feeble, positively feeble: we shall be the laughingstock of the whole town. I must postpone her appearance. It would be a failure, sir, a dead failure."
"I was never more disappointed," said Scheffer.
"I am quite confounded."

"Yes. I shall postpone her appearance." Masson has been here to introduce Madame Cacasi. I shall substitute her for Mrs. Harding. It will occasion a delay of a few weeks, but we shall escape the disgrace of a failure."

"Allow her one more rehearsal," pleaded the alarmed tenor, "You have only to postpone the production of the Opera for a night or two, on the plea of the vast care required in its preparation."

"Well, I have no objection to do that. One more

rehearsal, then."

(To be continued.)

THE FOLK OF NORTH ITALY.

BY ABEL PAYNTER.

No. III.

WRY carriage-drivers, all the world over, should be a somewhat unprincipled race, I have never been able to solve to my own satisfaction. I don't mean, here, such persons as our own Mail-Coachman of merry memory, who loved so comprehensively, and "drove away" every morning; but (unlike the Knight "at the castle of Mowbray's gate,") came back in the evening to renew his civil specches and pleasant smiles. Neither, exactly, do I include such a fraternity as is

made up of the German Lohnkutscher-men, who own carriages and horses of their own, and carry one pleasantly along the road in a dawdling sort of way, 'tis true, but with good store of talk and information, and (as I can bear witness) kindly care and attention to poor strangers, tongue-tied by ignorance of the language. Nevertheless, there would seem to be some-thing demoralising in "a whip," "ribbons," "cattle," etc.,—an element of trickery, in short, in what is called "Sport," which is, after all, rather a serious sort

of joking.

Generalising apart, however, a word or two about the conveyances in which we have ridden comes not in amiss, while we are talking about the "Folk of North Italy". Your Italian netturing if not so generally trust. Italy." Your Italian votturino, if not so generally trust-worthy as the German, seems infinitely brighter, politer, and less rapacious than the Swiss one. And, if he cheat you, it is with pretences candidly admitted, and humorous appeals to your purse or sympathy, unparalleled, perhaps, save by the "twists and turns," the pleas and the repartees of the Irish beggar. We had one for a day and a half, from Novara to Vercelli and back, thence to Novara and Arona on the Lago Maggiore, to whom, in the first instance, I took amazingly; a little because he was the double of our clever and gentlemanly actor, Mr. Wigan. He told me, as we drove through the rice-grounds along the road, all about "the country-side,"—biting a carnation betwixt his teeth the while: and looking so clean, so brisk, and so well bred, in his capital Leghorn hat, his fresh blue cloth jacket, his rose-coloured neckerchief, and his white pantaloons, that I should as soon have expected a lie or a shabby trick from his double, as from one so pleasant-spoken and well-dressed. (For Carlyle and Titmarsh know there is a most imposing virtue in clothes.)

In the morning, while we were looking at the pictures of Gaudenzio Ferrari, in the Church of St. Christopher, at Vercelli, he came up with so pleasant a greeting, that there was nothing for it, save to grant a very little favour he asked: "Would the English gentlemen obligingly allow his Cousin to sit beside him, back, just as far as Novara?" One might have remembered the interninable tribe of cousins, German, Scotch, Irish, Mulatto, and what not, which the family tree of every Betty and Dorothy in the English world, below stairs, throws out with miraculous fertility, applicable to "the hour and the man,"—but I did back, just as far as Novara?" One might have rememnot, and was cosened accordingly. Only, when we got to the inn, I was a little enlightened by seeing tho youth deliberately, and as matter of right, not favour, take place within the vehicle. Truth is my witness that it was from no churlish feeling, but for the protection of Truth and Travellers to come, that we ordered out the improvised Cousin, who took his place beside the Jehu,—the one showing a sulky, the other a stormy face. Well, at Novara, where the obligation was to have ended; I was struck by the sight, behind the carriage, of one of those huge murderous-looking coffers of wood, planked and clamped with iron; such as in foreign public conveyances make such cruel havoc of neat English leather portmanteaus. The Cousin's Box!
Now, the Jehu, I should say, had made the quantity
and the weight of our luggage the pretext for driving rather an exorbitant bargain with us, the day before! The Cousin was going the whole way to Arona; and, for aught we knew, taking his whole stock of worldly possessions with him; and, having "stepped out" a little, was to be picked up beyond the town gate. This was too much, for people who were already repenting of having been so readily bamboozled. Down came the Cousin's Box, in the twinkling of a wrathful eye!—in spite of the half-irate, half-whimpering deprecations

of our Jehu. "Why should we mind it?" "What harm would it do us?" "Gentlemen should not grudge a poor fellow the opportunity of making a few france!" and the like. It was in vain that we tried to make him understand that the permission, if fairly asked, would have been as freely granted. No: he was impressed by our selfishness—grumbled, gesticu-lated, became animated, and almost uncivil, until reminded that the reckoning was to "come off" that evening, when no buono mano might be given. From that moment, family affection was whistled to the wind. The Cousin was dropped without a plaint; and, when he was overtaken beyond the town, lounging down the road, under the shade of a large black umbrella, our doggedness and the trunk left behind were explained in a few muttered words, the unconcern of which would have been comical, had it not set forth, also, that want of self-respect, in which lies one element of those long-drawn tragedies, 'yclept, "Dark Pages of National History." We laugh at the want of good faith, when a Figaro or a Harlequin exhibits it, sauced with drollery; till we recollect how many millions of fellow-creatures the same contempt of obliga-

tion has made to weep!

Yes: without getting too high into the heroics, or generalising out of one single anecdote, I fear that my dear Italians must love truth, as well as order, better than they do just now, ere they grow to be the great people they aspire to become among the nations. Every year is the virtue rising higher and higher in the scale of popular opinion and consideration. Every year brings some slight added discredit on the old shifts and tricks, once thought essential to the Diplomatist. Every year brings down the price of oratorical elegance and declamation, and raises the value of character in the speaker, and of sincerity in his arguments. May we, indeed, be living in the last days of the Age of Craft I But, if not believing in the Millenium as at hand, the cheat, the juggler, the adventurer, do not altogether lose the ability to succeed—it is not too much to predicate, that—without simplicity and honour—a handful of separate and antagonistic provinces such as the Italian States, can neither work separate or united, for a score of years, as the world stands. The intestine wars, the poisonings of former centuries, will no longer be tolerated. Those cannot be admitted to be ripe for freedom who lie to each other. And, though deeds be great and noble, I cannot help fancying that he would not be Italy's worst friend, at the present moment, who should preach, in hall and in hamlet, in pulpit and in public office, that Words, too, have a meaning to slay and to save; and that Man should hold Man to abide by Jesuitism in a country, the people of which have imperfectly recognised the religion of fair dealing.

Though, I believe my remark will suggest itself to all who move about in the South, I must not be thought as making a mountain of a molehill. Back, therefore, from progress in the mass, to progress in detail. It is to be hoped that the Italians will get on with their railroads. In the administration of these, they must regard time, and cultivate order; to say nothing of the vast importance of intercourse. That betwixt Milan and Monza is as queer and dreary a specimen as our Stephensons and Lockes—and the whole tribe of Directors—would not wish to see: the accommodation of the worst kind; the attention to passengers, and to passengers' luggage (have the railway guards no cousins!) bad and slovenly. Some have told me that this is the fault of the Austrians: who—martinet in most of their arrangements to a point which is intolerably wearisome,—desire, as much as possible, to discourage the great new principle, which, by "girdling round the earth," renders the exclusion of truth and enlightenment a feat beyond a Metternich's compassing. I have elsewhere, I think, speculated on the Monk, whom I saw, peering into the engine-room of one of the pretty little steamers which goes up the Maine. Such a one cannot but be a step more sensible than his progenitor, who was used to imagine that in every marvel of science there must be a spice of the Black Art. Thus, too, I cannot but regard with interest, the vast number of Priests, holidaying it up and down, whom we have met among the lakes, and who talk freely to strangers. This can hardly be, I firmly and hopefully believe, without the slow but sure dissolution of some of Priestcraft's hardest and ugliest excrescences. Men by the hundred cannot for ever seclude themselves from the charities, the immense improvements, the animating inquiries, which are the life-breath and body-sinews of this busy age. The Austrians (if so it be) are wise in their generation, when discouraging railroads. But, it is too late. The door is open.

I thought, when I began these letters, that I would neither be grave nor prosy; but I have slidden, I find, into both faults, and too far to slide back into gossip. Perhaps, in the midst of our own grave home anxietics, your readers may have had enough of Italian sketches and Italian prospects; and, what is, also, some little germane to the matter—my holida; is already over, and I must turn homeward, to paint for my own people

TALES FROM THE SWEDISH.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

No. III.

TWO FRIENDS' COUNSEL.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

THE hour was come. Albert was almost out of his mind with anxiety, on account of his wife. He was one of those kind, amiable, thoroughly good-natured creatures, who are thinly sown, not one of those strong resolute characters, firm as a rock, who are still more rarely to be met with, and the strings of whose souls neither suffering nor adversity can break, can only, on the contrary, cause them to vibrate the louder. In proportion as Albert had suffered, was the greatness of his joy when the nurse came and announced to him that he was the father of a healthy, charming, little daughter. He was now almost beside himself with delight, he sprung up and embracing the old woman herself, ex-elaimed, although he had hitherto wished for a son, "Just as good—I would as soon have a daughterthat Helena is but out of danger !"

Helena was out of danger; for hours her husband sat beside her as she slept, never moving himself, nor making the least noise all the time, never once creaking his boots, striking his chair against the wall, nor his boots, striking his chair against the wall, nor dropping anything on the floor; neither coughing nor blowing his nose, all of which was so admirable in a gentleman, that we can do no other than mention it, than write down this entirely unusual and unheard of circumstance—this proof of his unusual and unheard of devotion to his little wife.

The baby had not been born a very long time before the father had it in his arms, rejoicing over it, and greatly admiring it, and holding it all the time tant bien que mal we are afraid.

"What in heaven's name, are you doing?" exclaimed the nurse, hurrying into the room where she heard the little creature crying. "My goodness! but that will never do!" said she in great trouble, when she saw Albert holding the poor little thing with its feet higher than its head. "For Heaven's sake let the baby alone; gentlemen don't know how to handle such little dears!" and with these words, and many others, the baby was carried off to its cradle. Helena was as much overjoyed with her little daughter as Albert, it was always at her side, greatly to her husband's distress, who feared lest it should fatigue her too much. But she seemed scarcely to notice or trouble herself about any thing beside.

Helena was soon up and well again; and then great was the stir in the house, and the cleaning and the preparation for the christening. Albert spent as much time as he possibly could with his wife, and laughed at her no little for being so incessantly occupied with the child. He could not help wishing within himself that "this troublesome christening" were over, so that things might again fall into their old course, and when Helena need no longer sit for whole days beside the cradle.

Poor Albert! he troubled himself exceedingly about this; and nothing did again fall into its old course. The little one was christened with four or five names, and had as many godfathers and godmothers as filled the drawing-room, not to mention those at a distance, who had merely written. There was Rhine wine, and con-

fectionary, in abundance.

The nurse was dismissed with fifty thalers banco, for which she made fifty curtseys; the visitors decreased in number; quietness began to reign again in the house and Albert began to breathe more freely, but, Helena still sat for whole days beside the little cradle, and Albert, glad at all events, to be rid of the bustle and disturbance in the house, and to be once more quiet with his wife, often sat with her. In the beginning he thought it very amusing; after a few days however, he said that it made him quite hoarse to talk softly and in a whisper, which Helena required him to do through the whole day, lest he should wake little Milla.

"Now Milla is as sound asleep as a little sucking pig," Albert would say sometimes, "let Caroline sit and watch beside the cradle, and you can come out into the drawing-room, and then we can have a little reading together, or you can play and sing to me, for it is so long since I heard you—the piano has not been opened

these many weeks.

To all this Helena would answer with a look, which became comic from pure astonishment, 'I leave Milla to go and play and sing, and wake her up just when she is asleep! Are you out of your senses, good Albert?" said she, shuddering at the thought of such

high-treason against Milla.

Albert laughed. "Well, then," said Albert, "when she wakes, you can do it."

"I, go and leave Milla, when she is awake, and turn her over to that hard-hearted creature, Caroline! No! Certainly not!" exclaimed she, still more overcome by astonishment at what seemed to her Albert's insane proposal.

Albert renewed his attempts many times, and always thought, "Well, let it be,—Helena will soon be tired of sitting there the whole day through." But Helena did not get tired—that was poor Albert's part of the business. And now little Milla became peevish and cross, especially at night, so that poor Helena could get no sleep; and when Albert himself had been kept awake for several nights in succession, she had a bed made up for him in his little library, so that he need not be kept awake unnecessarily. This arrangement did not please him; but still he was obliged to confess that Helena

was right, that there was no advantage to be gained, but the very opposite, by his lying awake, when he could not do the least good either to Milla or herself, but was made heavy and sleepy through the whole of the following day; so Albert removed to the library, but not without earnestly beseeching of Helena, that for heaven's and his sake, she would spare herself a little, and endeavour to get some sleep, and have more confidence in Caroline, or cise get some one else on whom she could depend. Helena assented to all this, but she did it not. And now that Albert was out of the way, and no longer lay and looked on, she felt as if she were at liberty to act as she pleased; so she was up the greater part of the night, carrying about and pacifying the child, which only cried more and more; and then, when at length it slept, she herself lay and wept, because she thought it was ill, and perhaps might die.

How much she suffered from all this; how she grew

How much she suffered from all this; how she grew pale and thin, may be easily imagined; and the gay merriment, the mirthful laughter with which she used to meet Albert, were all gone. On the contrary, now, she never did meet him, for she was no longer in the drawing-room, nor in the parlour, nor yet in the little favourite sitting-room, but in the darkened bed-room, and there she spent all her days. Nor was she visible at dinner; at that time she was not dressed, or "Milla was crying just then," or Helena was asleep; and, under existing circumstances, this last was what Albert heard of with pleasure, because he hoped that by this means good would result both to mother and child; that they would be strengthened and made comfortable, and thus "everything be as it was formerly;" for that was a point of light—the only one in Albert's thoughts and anticipations.

His meals, which in that former time were so excellent and cheerful, were now solitary, silent, and short; and the dishes which were served, and of which he now so rarely partook in the presence of his young wife, who had so soon learned his peculiar tastes, were often not to his liking. Helena was never seen out of the house, and she always begged of her husband to take his walks alone, and never to refuse any invitations on her account. At first she had made this request in vain; he had no pleasure in going without her; but when, as she would not go out, he obeyed her wishes,

she felt hurt, and shed many tears.

It was now winter; the evenings were long and dark, and often tedious to her; sometimes Milla slept; she herself could not do so, but walked up and down the dark drawing-room, listening to every sound, whether it might not be Albert; but he came not, or if he did come, he often found traces of tears upon her cheeks. When these had to be explained, they were always attributed to anxiety respecting Milla; but they did not all of them come from that source, though she said so. When Albert was away, and often did not return for many hours, now and then little tormenting suggestions, which had hitherto been as still as the dead in their graves, arose in her mind. She began to fancy that Albert was gay, and full of animation, as his temperament was by nature, when with other people, whilst at home with her he was anxious and dejected. She called to mind some little circumstances in his earlier life, which since their marriage he had related to her, and of which at the time she took no heed. She remembered, also, that he had said, in speaking of a certain lady, who had the power of attracting all young fellows' hearts to her, on purpose to jilt them, "I, myself, for a little while, was desperately in love with her!" Helena, when he told her this, began to weep at the very thought of his having loved her, that the love which he had for this lady, and that

which he had felt for his own Helena, were as different as light and darkness. Helena had been consoled by these words, and had laughed at her "needless tears." as she herself called them. But, now, during those long solitary hours, when she knew that her husband was again in brilliant society, among dozens of ladies, who would like nothing better than to get this amiable young man within their trammels, and who assuredly would spare no pains to do so, now that Helena was out of the way, those unfortunate words of his, "I, myself, for a little while, was desperately in love with her!" again haunted her fancy, and with them came the saddest, the ugliest, the darkest, the most danger-ous of all spectres of the mind—jealousy!—there it ous of all spectres of the mind—learousy:—there is stood, suggesting to her that what had once been, might be again. This heart-torturing thought sent floods of tears to her eyes; and as she often thought that it was a sin to shed those tears over little Milla, when she lay, sweetly and calmly sleeping in her cradle, she hastened to her chamber, when she heard her husband coming, and pretended to sleep, in order to conceal from his knowledge her red and tearswollen eyes. When she was asleep, or seemed to be sleeping, Albert left the room, or if it were not too late in the evening, went out of the house. Helena fancied that she could read in this an increasing coldness to-wards herself. "Formerly," thought she, "he never would have done in this way; formerly, he would have sat silently by my side, till I had awoke;" and with this her tears streamed anew. When the heart begins, regretfully, to say, "Formerly it was not thus," then it suffers bitterly.

Helena, however, did not remark how unhappy her husband was all this time, precisely because he endeavoured as much as possible to conceal his suffering from her; and he and her own mother; and other of her friends, puzzled their brains in vain, to find out some means of remedying the evil, which seemed to increase every day; for the more Helena wept, the more restless became little Milla, and all this added to the trouble. Albert wished to call in physicians, that he might consult with them, so did Helena's mother; but she herself, who best knew what the true cause of the malady was, persuaded them to be satisfied with the old family doctor, and he could not find that anything was amiss, either with mother or child. He did, however, what medical gentlemen are obliged to do, when they are called in unnecessarily; he felt the pulse, looked at the tongue, imagined that a little cold pulse, looked at the tongue, imagined that a little cold had been taken, prescribed the wearing of flannel and keeping the feet warm, staying in her house for a few days, being careful as to what was eaten, keeping the mind free from excitement, going early to bed, etc.; and, in order to satisfy Albert and her mother, he wrote a prescription for some innocent mixture, which should be taken two or three times a-day. This unfortunate bottle of mixture next became a subject of strife between the anxious young husband and his wife. He fancied that all possible advantages lay in the draught, and she cared no more for it than for the snow-flakes which filled the air. He besought her to take it regularly; she objected, saying that it did her no good, but only made her feel squeamish and poorly; and, at last, when they had had a long contest on this subject, he called her obstinate and troublesome, and that with a good deal of temper, going out of the house at the same time, and shutting the door after him with more vio-

lence than common.

"Now I see it plain enough; now I know it perfectly!" said Helena, to herself, bursting into tears, "Albert loves me no longer! Some other one has possession of the heart which formerly was mine, and for which I would have given the whole world!" and

with this her heart felt ready to break. She could not think of complaining to her mother, who was nervous, and in bad health; but she must pour out her misery to somebody. Milla was sound asleep; she threw on, therefore, almost without reflection, her pelisse and bonnet, and, whilst she is hastening along some shortcuts and back streets with which she is acquainted, we will give a little description of the person whom she was about to visit.

She was an elderly unmarried lady, first cousin to Helena, and for whom she had always entertained the greatest possible esteem, in whom she was now about to place her entire confidence. This cousin, Mary Ann, even in her youth, had, as it were, been shut up within herself, at first with a certain degree of submission, gentleness, and piety; but, now, in her in-creasing years, with a something of spiritual pride about her—a something of religious hauteur, which caused her to look down with a certain disdain upon that world which always treated her with indifference. She had a keen, penetrating glance—a certain degree of cunning and quickness, which by many people is called *genius*, because people are so ready in the application of this word, where the reality is wanting, and so reluctant to allow it when it is sometimes found. What was her own opinion on this subject, we know not; but her manner of laying down her opinion; of giving advice or directions; of never allowing herself to be detected in the slightest error, ignorance, or want of judgment; of only smiling, if any lady proved to her, as clear as daylight, that she was wrong, leaving it to them to call it conceding the fact, or just what they pleased,—in all this there was a something which might be called, the having a high opinion of herself. But, wonderful enough, nobody did call it so. She awoke no spark of envy or indignation, and she succeeded in making almost everybody talk about her religious zeal; her deep, clear understanding; her solid and varied know-ledge (for she had read and worked in the book line through the whole of her long and undisturbed life); about her great ability in writing down her thoughts; her skill in painting portraits (astonishing likenesses, but horribly ugly); of her stedfastness in keeping her word; her fidelity in friendship; her never betraying confidence; her renunciation of self; her devotion to others; her undeviating adherence to principle; -all this was spoken of, and at the same time testimony was borne to her tenderness; her quiet piety; her warm, sympathising heart; her goodness, gentleness, and for-bearance towards others, as well as her severity to-wards herself; and, above all, her beautiful, irreproachable life,-for it was impossible to charge anything against her; in some respects, too, she followed the rule of the Scriptures, for she fed the hungry, clothed the of the Scriptures, for she led the hungry, clothed the naked, and comforted the suffering in every way in her power,—and that was many, for she lived very quietly and economically with an old mother, who never having been very bright in her mind, had now sunk into second childhood. As this old lady was never seen, her requirings could not be very great; nor were Mary Ann's, either; and thus at least two-thirds of her income were devoted to works of charity. If anybody were in want, they went to her; if they were in trouble, she sought to comfort them; and, if she did not, then nobody could; did any one want good advice, they asked it from her, and it was not her fault that it was so seldom followed, because of all the people

who ask advice, very few follow any but their own.

Albert during his betrothal when he was first introduced into the circle of Helena's relations, out of which Mary Ann seldom went, had been by no means favourably impressed with the new cousin whose dogmatic and solemn manner displeased him, and before he had

discovered how highly she was thought of by all her relatives, he had said to Helena, "There is something very like an old Carmelite in Mary Ann, with her solemn grimaces, in that everlasting brown gown, brown shawl, and brown bonnet!" Helena however laid her hand on his lips, and besought him by all that was sacred, never to utter such an unfavourable judgment, and attempted to make him understand how ill it would be taken, and how highly Mary Ann was esteemed by them all. Albert laughed and was silent, but afterwards when Helena was his own, and they could converse freely on all subjects, they had, with the greatest secresy, come to the agreement that she was a pattern of all virtues, and all discretions, a saint, a burning and a

shining light, but a very tiresome person.

When Helena was married, she received from friends and relations an un-heard of number of presents and keepsakes. Mary Ann had also distinguished herself at well painted by herself, and "very like," as all the world said, to which Albert always softly added "yes, when she is fifteen years older," because, though the features were indisputably like, the portrait was of a much older person. Albert set no store by the picture, and only brought it out when some one particularly wished to see it. To Helena she ga very beautiful bible, with a cover worked in beads by her own hands, (for she could do every thing,) and upon which Helena set the highest value. Besides this she had worked on a footstool in black velvet, with silver, a design of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and in presenting it she had held a long and beautiful discourse on the necessity of bending the knees in prayer, and this black footstool was to serve for this purpose. But as Albert's and Helena's prayers were too earnest and simple and came too directly from the heart, to need the aid of a cushion or stool, and as the setting their feet upon it was a thing not to be thought of, it was set aside in a corner, and no use made of it whatever, except that Albert always called it the Catholic, or the Monk. That the young couple in their childish merriment often made a joke over the black velvet stool and poor cousin Mary Ann, as well as over many another thing; will easily be understood.

And it was now to this same lady that Helena directed her steps. The young wife's trouble had placed Mary Ann in a new light, and she thought that from her she should get counsel, comfort, and all that she lacked. The room which Mary Ann inhabited, had a singular appearance. It was large, lofty, and dark, which last circumstance was owing to her keeping the lower shutters closed, so that the light was admitted only from above, which was desirable on account of the lady's paintings, of which a great array filled one side of the room. A large, brown book-case, the doors of which were wide open, one stood on legs between the windows, instead of the customary looking glass, table or cheffonier. On one side of the room were ranged eight or ten little stools in a circle, and on these lay portions of children's clothes of coarse material, which would be made up by poor little girls, who at certain hours came hither for instruction in needle-work. The clothes were thus made up for children poorer than themselves.

Before a large old-fashioned writing-table covered with books and papers, sat the thin, little dried-up lady, almost buried in a large and very substantial chair. Her back was turned to the door as Helena entered, and as the tall back and sides of the chair prevented her seeing without she had left her seat, she inquired "who is there?" and as Helena gave no answer, she repeated her question. Without making any reply, Helena stood

before the table.

"Ah l it is my young friend!" exclaimed Mary Ann

at sight of her. "How are you? What can have brought the young, happy lady to old Mary Ann?" These words, "the young, happy lady," were said with a certain emphasis, which immediately and unpleasantly reminded Helena that her cousin had often, during the early part of her marriage said in a bewalling tone when she saw their happiness, "Ah! that will not always last. Sorrow and trouble will also have their time! People fice from them as long as they can, but in the end they overtake them.'

"Ah, dear Mary Ann," said Helena, "I am come to ou to ———," more she could not say, but burst into you to -

violent tears.

"Yes, yes, my dear child," said Mary Ann solemnly,
"I expected this, but it grieves me that it should have come so soon, that my presentiment, my great knowledge of human nature should unfortunately have been so true in this. Happiness and mirth are yours no longer—is it not so? And now you are come to a friend in whose bosom you can confide all the troubles of your soul, and from whom you can look for comfort and counsel. But "added she, casting up her eyes, "I have only one advice to give, one consolation to offer, and that is the heavenly manna which is to be found in prayer."

"Ah, Mary Ann," said Helena, weeping, "believe not but that I have prayed. I have gone down on my knees many and many a time, and besought the Almighty to give me again the calm, beautiful, and pure joy which was mine, but now which seems to fly farther from me every

day."
"No, my beloved cousin," said Mary Ann, "that is not what you must pray for; nor is that the manner.
Do you not believe that God knows what is good for you? He lays no burden of sorrow upon you which has not a high purpose to serve. No, my dear child; of this be sure, sorrow and trial never come without our having deserved them, or without their being in-tended for our eternal welfare; and, therefore, in prayer we must only ask for grace, for strength, for courage and stedfastness to suffer; and, besides this, we must bear in mind, every day and every moment, how the Son of God suffered and was tormented; and this will make our little afflictions and sorrows seem small, indeed-vanish into nothing, like a drop of water in the sea."

There was a degree of truth, certainly, in these words; but, ah! they did not console Helena. She did not find that which, without she had properly explained herself, she sought,—which was, advice how to regain the former and lost happiness by the side of her—now more than ever beloved—husband. But Helena was such a good, pure, and open spirit, that when she did not meet with all she sought for, she took what she found. She was convinced that there was a deal of truth in much that Mary Ann had said, and she listened to her as she went on with animation and earnestness, because she spoke really from the conviction of her mind. She took certain views of the duties of life and religion, and she succeeded in instilling them into the mind of Helena. She read and explained to her, in her own way, long passages out of books of devotion, which she lent to her, and which she assured her would edify and console her, if she only properly impressed them upon her heart. Helena promised to do so, and then directly put the question to her friend, as to what were the means she should use to win back the affection of her husband.

The cousins now talked together, and a certain mode of conduct was decided upon, the effect of which will be seen presently.

After this time Helena wept more than ever, and ass

matter of course Milla cried in proportion, whilst poor Albert's heart ached to see his young wife wearing herself away day by day, and never meeting him but with the request that they might pray together for grace and mercy! And this, all the time with never-ceasing tears. Albert who would do any thing to gratify her, said, however, that formerly they used to be extremely happy without tears, and without "incessantly wearying heaven with prayers and lamentations." That was Albert's expression, and with that he walked away. Poor Helena, in the nervous and suspicious state into which she had worked herself, she fancied that she saw in this, anger and ridicule. Her tears flowed afresh, she was sincerely unhappy. Mary Ann came to comfort her, and things grew worse and worse.

(To be concluded in next number.)

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

By Mrs. Lae, of Boston, U. S.

(Author of "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING.")

THE following remarks were written very soon after the death of the distinguished artist, to preserve the reminiscences of a visit to his studio.

There are no recollections more useful than those connected with departed worth. The memory of the good operates as a talisman against evil spirits, they come not near the place hallowed by the recollection of the pure on earth, who are now the blessed in Heaven.

It is refreshing to the mind and heart to quit this every day working world, and dwell on genius and excellence, as we knew them embodied, with the certainty that no blight can come over them, and that they are safe from the vicissitudes of human change.

A visit to the studio of Washington Allston was always deeply interesting, but now he is no more, the recollection of it is like one of his own pictures, softened and

blended by an aerial atmosphere.

On the morning of a cold autumnal day, I was invited by him to visit his painting room. As we proceeded to it at a short distance from his house, the leaves were falling around, and the foliage had assumed the variety of tints so striking in our American scenery. His residence was a few miles from the city of Boston, and not far distant from the classic halls of Cambridge University, it was one which happily combined retirement with opportunities for society.

When we arrived at the large unornamented building,

he requested me to wait in a little porch or ante-room while he made a few preparations. In a short time I was summoned. The room was large and unfurnished, lighted by a sky-light, and windows near the ceiling. Before one of his beautiful pictures yet unfinished, was placed an arm-chair. To this he conducted me, was placed an armile, "I have been sweeping a place for you, I seldom pay my guests such a compliment."

On the easel before me was the picture of King John, nearly completed. "I intend said he to devote the next six months to this, and when it is finished I shall give myself a little time for visiting my friends in Boston. It was a noble picture, and seemed to me hardly to re-

quire six months of labour.

Against the wall hung a curtain extending nearly across the building. Behind this was his "Belshazzer," already the work of many years. Would that a handwriting on the wall had warned him to hasten the com-

A finished picture, stood on an easel, which he called the sisters, one of the heads was in the rich glowing colouring of Titian. It was singularly calculated to call forth the imagination, a historiette seemed at once to

present itself to the mind.

He took a number of unfinished sketches from a closet, among them was one representing the fairies dispersing at the dawn of day; some were ascending, others hovering in mid-air, two yet lingered on the sea shore, they were lovers, and too deeply absorbed in each other to heed the orient tinge of morning.

was one of his happy touches of nature.

He also exhibited a number of sea-sketches, but little more than outlined, yet all full of life and meaning. The gathering storm was perfectly delineated, the heavy and threatening cloud, the rushing wind, and mountain wave, and there too was the traveller of the deep, a

noble vessel, struggling with the elements.

One sketch he exhibited in a more finished state. It was the Una of his favorite Spenser, sleeping in a wood. The wood, the water-fall, and the whole of the landscape were before you, and on one side the recumbent

form of the graceful Una, the representative of truth.

"I was satisfied with my sketch of the landscape and the figure," said the master, "but after all it was only a girl sleeping in a wood—suddenly the idea arose to my mind of making all the light of the picture proceed from the figure, and I found my desire at once accomplished."

What a noble effect of his pencil to produce such an illustration of the light of truth. It was a beautiful sketch. I could not turn my eyes from it; as we both stood looking at it, he repeated in his clear low voice, the following lines, from the third canto of Spenser's "Fairie Queene":

"From her fayre head her fillet she undight, And lay'd her state aside: her angel face, As the great eye of Heaven shyned bright, And made a sunshine in the shady place Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace."

He had but one more step to take to complete the originality of his design, and that was to exclude all other rays of light from the picture, making Una the Sun.

I urged him most earnestly to finish the picture. "I think," said he, "of taking the same design, and making Una as large as life."

But why not complete this first? I asked.
"I cannot do both," he replied, "it would take too much time."

I had a presentiment that Una's fate was sealed, and that the light of truth as there represented would never irradiate our lower world. I was right, the sketch alone remains.

He related the little anecdote of Spenser, when Poet Laureate to Elizabeth, which has been recorded elsewhere. She thought his salary of fifty pounds unequal to his merit, and requested Burleigh to make him a present of one hundred pounds. The minister replied that it was "too much for a song." "Give him then," said the maiden Queen, "as much as you ought in reason." Burleigh not exactly appreciating the genius of song, did nothing. At length Elizabeth received from her Poet Laureate, this impromptu:—

"I was promised at a time, To have reason for my rhyme, From that time until this season, I received nor rhyme nor reason."

The hundred pounds was immediately sent to him. I had often visited the studio of Allston in company

with others. He was fond of exhibiting his finished pictures to a few friends before they were separated from him; but I had never been alone with him there.

The large unfurnished building with its peculiar light, brought to my imagination the studios of the old painters, of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the Caraccis, who, I thought, would choose just such a place for

their sublime labours.

His "Monaldi," is a novel written in a pure classic style, with all the delicate touches of a painter and a poet. It was composed twenty years since, and the fashion of fiction changes. An Othello tale of jealousy has now little chance of coping with modern productions of every day life, which are brought home to the heart by daily incidents. It lies before me inscribed by his honoured hand, and as I look over the pages it seems to me to have rather the grace of a poem, than the machinery of a novel, and might be classed with Tasso's beautiful episodes. He proved that he was master of the lyre by a little volume of poems published many years since, and which I believe is now extant. One poem entitled "The Paint King," has been generally circulated, and demonstrates the sportive power of his imagination. His friends are earnestly looking for a memoir of him which they understand is to include his literary works.

I have seen him many years ago in a select evening party, waxing brighter and brighter till becoming the hero of the scene, he enacted the chivalrous knight, and knelt to a "ladye fayre" temporarily selected for the object of his fanciful homage; yet his very gaiety was in keeping, and preserved a character of classic taste.

My pen has dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and having begun it is difficult to arrest its course. Difficult! Alas no. He who partook so largely of the art divine, who, when he laid aside the magic wand of his pencil, could be the life and solace, and joy of the domestic circle; who by his inimitable "ghost stories," could transport us to the shadowy land of departed spirits, has himself gone there, and his remains are deposited in the silent grave. Difficult to stay my pen? Alas no, it falls powerless from my hand.

THE BANDIT'S BURIAL.

(From FREILIGRATIL.)

Upon a bier all bloody A corpse lies pale and cold, And, pacing slowly onward, Six men the load uphold; Six men, wild, fierce, and swarthy, Begirt with weapons good, March with it on in silence Beneath the dark pine-wood.

The bier is but two rifles. With barrels long and round, And three bright swords across them, At distance tightly bound. Stretched on the blades now rests he Who well their use could show; His head, all maimed and gory Hangs downward drooping low.

Upon his pale left temple The wound gapes wide and red, Where, in a luckless moment, The bullet struck him dead. Down from his locks are trickling The bloody drops e'en now, Dried by the mountain-breezes, They clot his neck and brow.

[•] It is well known this was never finished, but it has been exhibited since his death, and perhaps affords the mightiest evidence of his genius.

His eye is dim and bloodshot. His cheek's brown hue is flown, His lips tight pressed together, Speak bitter scorn alone; His right hand, once that wielded That sword so well in fray, Still grasps it firm, as fearing To have it snatched away.

Death flashing on the Sbirri, He never let it go; Now trails it gently clinging Through moss and stones below; The bloody drops run down it, Like slowly trickling tears, And for its master weeping The trusty blade appears.

His left hand holds his girdle, With stiff and rigid clasp Just as his fingers clutched it With death's convulsive grasp. Loose wave his belt and laces, His collar, torn, flies free, And from his sash his dagger Hangs dangling carelessly.

So lies there pale the bandit, Once bolder there was none; Through the Apennines his comrades Thus slowly bear him on; So rests he on his weapons Beneath the leafy vault; Far, far from street or highway, The leader cries out, "Halt!"

The bier at once clinks downward, And straight becomes the spade; His comrades in the green sward A grave have quickly made. No shroud, no coffin holds him, But free he goes to rest, And greets his earthly pillow
In his martial honours drest.

The funeral rite is ended, The grave stands bare and bleak, Away the little band turn, And not a word they speak. Straight to their rifles look they They load—there echoes shrill whistle!—each man plunges In the forest—all is still!

W. G.

Literary Notices.

THE REFORMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1848. Published by Joseph Barker, Wortley, near Leeds.

JOSEPH BARKER'S Almanac at the expense of one penny, is certainly the most original Almanac, and one of the most original books of the season. Not the least original feature of it is that, although we have informed the public at the head of this notice, where it is published, so that the booksellers anywhere may get it, the copy which we possess, has no name of printer or publisher about it. This part of its originality is to be regretted, because the rest of its originality is of that quality that all sound reformers, and men of any taste for genuine humour, sly satire, and sound, useful sense, would by all means like to have it. We have rarely enjoyed the reading of anything so much as of this

Besides the usual calendar, which is interspersed with

various sound maxims, it is introduced by "A few Reformer's Principles," and followed by "Admonitions and Prophecies," and rules "how to get and keep good health." In all these departments it is excellent. Let all persons read what Joseph Barker says of Temperature and Classifications are more of health perance, Exercise, and Cleanliness, as means of health and happiness; for one penny they may get a pre-ventive against ruinous doctors' bills, discomfort, and premature death. We are very much tempted too, to quote some of his "Reformer's Principles," but his "Prophecies," are still more piquant. These are given for every day for two months only; the prophecies for the following months, being promised with a companion to the Almanac, to be published in January. "Jan. 2, (it is stated.) A woman of good family and fair prospects in the North of England, will be in great

danger of becoming a confirmed drunkard, unless she

become at once a tectotaler.

"Jan. 6. Several men in a central county of England, in a good way of business will, about this time, be in danger of bankruptcy, unless they alter their way of living. Their rivals are just on the point of making dis-closures respecting them to their connexions, at headquarters, very much to their discredit.

"Jan. 7. A gentleman, not far from Leeds, and another in the neighbourhood of Manchester, will both be astonished to find themselves, about this time, much deeper in debt than they ever imagined. This comes of keeping bad accounts, and of indulging in a prodigal

expenditure.

"Jan. 10. There will be more robberies committed than by poor this day by rich people upon poor people, than by poor people upon rich people; and yet there will be more poor people transported, at the following assizes, than rich people. The rich may rob the poor at this season of the year, and be called honourable and noble; but, if the poor rob the rich, they will be called rogues and felons, and transported into the bargain.

"Jan. 23. A priest will read the Athanasian creed to-day, in full expectation of being paid for it, as

usual.

"Feb. 5. This day there is trouble enough in the world for all purposes of needful discipline, without any man putting himself out of the way to increase it, either by drinking, fighting, quarrelling, or being ill-tempered to his wife and family.

"Feb. 6. This day, the men whose object and endeavour it is to promote the improvement and happiness of their fellow-creatures, may be safely allowed to proceed with their benevolent labours unmolested...... When the friends of humanity have done their utmost, there will neither be too little trouble in the world, nor too much enjoyment. There will be no necessity either to slander, or to torment, or to kill the benefactors of mankind, for several years to come.

"Feb. 7. An old villain of a woman threatens not to leave her nephew a penny, if he marries J. S., the young and interesting female on whom he has fixed as his future wife. The young man marries J. S., notwithstanding, and he and his wife together set to work by honest industry, to support themselves in comfort and respectability. The old bad woman is choked with rage and disappointment at her nephew's proceeding, dies before she has time to alter her will, and the

nephew gets the whole of her property."
Such are a few specimens of the prophecies of this new Poor Richard, the certain fulfilment of which no one

will for a moment doubt.

Why does not Joseph Barker take care that his publications are sold by some well-known London pub-lisher of cheap works? In the hands of such a man as John Cleave, the sale of this Almanac would be immense.

HONOUR; OR, THE STORY OF THE BRAVE CASPAR AND THE FAIR ANNELL. By Clemens Brentano. Translated by T. W. Appell. London: John Chapman.

Thus is a little book, intended, we believe, especially for Christmas, though it would be welcome at any season; and we cannot but thank Mr. Chapman, as we hope the public will do more substantially, for giving us this beautiful specimen of the works of an author so little known in this country, and at the same time of a class almost peculiar to Germany, and remarkably adapted for fire-side readers. Instead of giving the reader any idea of the tale itself, we prefer making a few extracts from the well-written introduction, by which means he will be prepared, we hope, to take a still more lively interest in the story itself.

"Clemens Brentano was born near Coblentz, on the 9th of September, 1778, and belongs to a family unrivalled in the intellectual world of Germany for the rare endowments with which all its members have been gifted. His father was a celebrated merchant, who emigrating from Lombardy, became afterwards a councillor, and resident in the free imperial town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He married Maximiliane Euprosine, secretly beloved by Goethe, and which attachment is supposed to have given rise to the poet's 'Sorrows of Werther.' This lady was the eldest daughter of Chancellor La Roche, known in the history of German literature by his 'Letters on Monasticism,' and Sophic Gutermann, the first woman in Germany who wrote novels. The celebrated Bettina Von Arnim, known in England as the heroine of Goethe's correspondence with a child, is, also, Clemens Brentano's sister. All the fairies of poesy bestowed their choicest gifts on their favourite, while yet in the cradle.

where he ridiculed the foibles of all around him in the most laughable verses. When he had completed his studies at the College of Coblentz, he was recalled to Frankfort, there to commence his mercantile career in his father's counting-house. Our poet's genius, how-ever, could not stoop to prosaic dealings, even in gloomy vaults, crowded with sugar and coffee; and the inspired apprentice copied the letters in verse; wrote the bills of lading in the most absurd rhymes, and ornamented the margins with caricatures. For some time his associates rather enjoyed this propensity for poetical effusions, and only called the favourite of the Muses a crack-brained fellow; but when his tather, a serious, stern man, who held poetry at a discount, and considered it a starving art, got a hint of his son's enormities, he sent him in disgrace to Mr. Kunstmann, an oil-merchant at Langensalza. There the handsome, dark-eyed young bard, his light-green coat and scarlet waistcoat, became the lions of the little town, and created an unheard-of sensation among the fairer por-tion of its inhabitants. But in this Patmos the giddy exile continued to transact all business poetically, corresponding in metre with the brandy-distillers of the Guldene Aue, and delivering rhyming bills of lading to the carters of the spirituous merchandise.

"It may easily be conceived that so provoking a clerk was a continual source of annoyance to the oilmerchant, and at the expiration of six months, Clemens was dismissed in disgrace. His father made a last attempt to recall his degenerate, unworthy son to reason; but a new frolic soon put an end to the endeavour. On one occasion, a cask of sugar was found wanting, in a consignment from London to the house of Brentano, which produced an animated correspondence, beginning with prudent coolness, but becoming by degrees more violent and bitter, In copying these letters, the young poet drew, exactly under the parental

signature, an immense hat, covering two heads, who were gazing furiously at one another; while, at a little distance, a man contemplated them, with the following words proceeding from his mouth:—

"Two fools underneath one hat, And them the third is looking at.

A rude answer from the English correspondent excited old Brentano's indignation. The affair was investigated, and the culprit, who had thus profaned the sanctuary of golden trade, was ignominiously banished from the threshold.

threshold.

"Brentano was now permitted to follow his own desires, and a new era of life began. He went first to the University of Bonn, afterwards to those of Marburg and Jena, from which place he made frequent visits to Weimar, and associated with the deities of the German Parnassus. After the years of constraint he had endured in a mercantile house in Frankfort, and a retail shop in Langensalza, he adopted the romantic life of a troubadour, which, owing to his opulence, he was enabled to follow out with comfort. Abandoning himself to the impulse of the moment, he roamed like a travelling student, from place to place. At Jona he first met his future consort, at that time the wife of Mr. Moreau. This lady eagerly adopted his most fanciful humours, and often rode with him at full speed through the streets, with three waving plumes in her riding hat, like a dame of ancient chivalry. She wrote verses. At Jena, Brentano composed his beautiful romance of 'Loreley,' and, also, several plays, which he published under the name of 'Marie.' sojourned for some time at Dresden, and then wandered along the banks of the Danube to Vicuna, where, in 1804, he assisted at the performance of his comedy, called, 'Ponce de Leon,' one of the most spirited and witty plays in the German language,
"On quitting Vienna, he established himself at Hei-

"On quitting Vienna, he established himself at Heidelberg, where death deprived him of his beloved wife, and where he had the consolation of the society of his congenial friend Achim von Arnim, subsequently the husband of his sister Bettina. Those two friends, whose names are generally coupled together in literature, had published, in 1800, a collection of old national songs, entitled, "Des Kaaben Wunderhorn." These songs were gathered partly from the lips of the common people, and partly from very scarce publications, and single, printed leaves, of which Clemens Brentano had with infinite labour formed a very rich collection. The 'Boy's Wunderhorn' is one of the most valuable contributions to modern poetry; and Clemens Brentano and Arnim have by its publication acquired an undying reputation; for these songs first roused the slumbering genius of the nation, and recalled to the memory of the Germans the lyrical poetry of the middle ages.

"After many changes of fortune and residence, Clemens Brentano was entrusted with the superintendence of a large domain, in Bohemia, belonging to his highests.

of a large domain, in Bohemia, belonging to his brothers.

"At Berlin Brentano first looked back with regret on the career which he had run.

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"He now ned into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. After renouncing his errors in a formal confossion at Berlin, he retired to Westphalia, where, in attendance on the sick bed of a nun, and in solitary self-contemplation, he spent five years, and joined the religious circle in Munster.

"His latter years he spant principally at Munich, and died in the bosom of Catholicism, at Aschaffenburg, on the 28th of July, 1842. Thus his life ended, as a carnival-masquerade does on Ash Wednesday, in the exercise of penitence and prayer."

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

SALE OF THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL :--

Manchester, Dec. 6th, 1847. My Dear Sir, -- Is it true that the " l'eople's Journal" is in the market? If it be, as it is rumoured here, how do you Many are anxious to know. Has Saunders, after all, left the liabilities against you; what are the facts; it is of importance that they be known. Let us know at once. Your's faithfully.

It is only too true. The creditors have at length put a stop to Saunders's reckless career. The buble is burst, and what a bubble it is !-- but how ruinous to us---how disastrous to numbers ! The journal is announced for sale by Mr. Price, Auctioneer Chancery-lane, and they who recollect the swelling statements, of Saunders, of his weekly circulation of from 35 to 40,000, and of a circulation of 10,000 monthly parts, guaranteed to advertizers---let them go and look at the bill displayed at Mr. Price's door---instead of a weekly circulation of 35,000, it is stated at 5,000! Let the poor gulls of advertisers look at the monthly circulation. They have been paying for a circulation of 10,000; it stands on the bill, 6,500! and this an auctioneer's

Let it be recollected that everything was done on our parts to expose and put an end to the costly hoax which was playing by a desperate adventurer. For this every engine was employed to sink, crush, and destroy us. in purse, in peace of nind, and incharacter. What are now the facts? They are exactly what we declared they would be from the beginning. The man has run precisely the course that he ran with the Stevenses, and the Political Reformers. It appears from the statements made to theoreditors, that hard cash has been squandered and debts incurred in twenty-two months to the amount of nearly £9,000. In spite of what Saunders stated in his very last printed attempt on public credulity, that "we knew very well that we should not have a farthing of the liabilities to pay,"---he has left them all; and there is not a more atrocious fact in the history of literature than that all the costs of paper and print and advertisements for his murderous attacks upon us, are left as liabilities against us! The los es we have already suffered, and the liabilities in which he has involved us, amount to nearly £4,000 !

REVELATIONS OF THE CONDITION AND DWELLINGS OF THE POOR IN LONDON.---THE POOR MAN'S GUARDIAN.---Five numbers of the penny journal entitled "The Poor Man's Guardian," have been forwarded to us, and we have read them with the greatest satisfaction, that men of station and influence have set such an organ of exposure of the real condition of the indigent population of the Metropolis, on foot. It would appear to be, if not the organ of the Poor Man's Guardian Society, yet, under its sanction, and doing its work. Mr. Charles Cochrane, the President; and Mr. John Jones, the Secretary of that society, are the most prominent writers in this journal, and pro ecutors of the enquiries which lead to such dreadful displays. We con-gratulate them and the public on their enterprise. Such, to our own knowledge, is the state of the poor, and of whole square miles of their dwellings in London, that it is impossible have too many lahourers in the cause of that social reform that is demanded.

Never, from the foundation of the world, did humanity exhibit so dreadful and abhorrent a condition as it does in London. The stupendous mass of life there congregated, moves or rather stumbles on from day to day, one portion of it utterly ignorant of the state, life, feelings, or morals of another portion. Here splendour, there misery, here piety, there vice, here superfluity, there famine, here superfine delicacy on silken couches, there filth and squalor, groping in subteranean kennels, or huddled together in pestilence, and on, over, and through all this, roll the charlots of the wealthy, on drives the vocate the right of obtaining by violence, that which the unmaniscal avarice of trade; on streams the swarm of thieves, harlots, cheats, drunkards, and cannibal windlers, snatching under the indirect reproof which the opposite principles of the

a desperate existence from the substance, the sufferings and gullibility of others.

Never did human nature arrive at such a pitch of degradation, --hideous, horrible, appalling degradation before, degrada-tion far worse than that of the lowest beast that exists; never did a misery so vast, a crime so reckless, an indifference so callous, meet in a huge metropolis, and display from year to year its frightful and discordant features before heaven.

It is high time that it was duly reflected upon, if we mean to retain our name as a christian people; it is high time that this monstrous mass of festering iniquity and disgraceful poverty, should be dealt with, if we mean to avoid plague in one shape or another---be it typhus---be it cholera-...be it the moral postilence of an out-bursting Atheism, renouncing all belief in the government of a God, or the tender sympathies of

We rejoice that the question is at last arousing the attention of the community, and of government. The Health of Towns Association, has done immense good already; armed with the power about to be conferred by Parliament, the Commissioners for this purpose will do more. Men devoted at the peril of their lives, and in many instances at their cost, have plunged into the depths of this social wretchedness, and have thrown much light on the horrors that surround us. Let all good Let those who would see what is the condition men aid them. of hundreds of thousands of their fellow creatures in this great and wealthy London, get the five numbers of the "Poor Mau's Gnardian," already issued, and gaze on its pictures of the interiors of workhouses and lodging-houses. Let them follow Messrs. Cochrane and Jones into the dens of Field Lane, into the workhouses of Marylebone, St. Pancras, and Lambeth. Let them look at the print of the notorious Enon Chapel, where crowds are dancing above the masses of coffins, naked skeletons, and decaying fiesh in the cellar below. Terrible scenes of the daily life of London! We must put an end to them, or renounce our pretentions to be a Christian and civilized people. The best thanks of the public are due to every one who moves in this matter. Mr. Walker by his fearless exposures of the conditions of London grave-yards, has done noble service, and the present intrepid labours of the conductors of the "Poor Man's Guardian," deserve all support and co-operation

THE PROJECTED EMIGRATION OF THE ICARIAN COMMUNISTS. After the contemplation of such scenes as are rovealed in the "Poor Man's Guardian," it can be no wonder that men seek to escape from this fearful state of society, in the old world, seek to indulge in the hope of founding in new countries, new social institutions more in accordance with the spirit of christianity, and the hopes of human nature. Accordingly we find that a large body of Communists in France, the disciples of Monsieur Cabet, are preparing to emigrate to America, under his guidance. There is a considerable number of this class of Communists, residing in London, who have issued from their committee-room, in Newman-street, Oxford-street, a pam-phlet, which they state to be their first English number of the harbinger of progress, from which we shall proceed to make extracts explanatory of their views and intentions.

"A large body of Communists, called Icarians, is spread over France, and has ramifications extending to other countries.

They have always depended on legal and peaceful means to propagate their opinions, but that has not prevented them from being persecuted by the government, nor defended them from unjust aspersions. Thus their opposition to revolutionary measures, and especially to secret political societies, has not only been useless to them, but as laid them open to the attacks of the democratic party, which has declared in no measured terms unceasing hostility to communism; this not being suffi-cient, they are attacked by the ultra-communists, who adIcarians administer. M. Cabet who has devoted 40 years to the firm and constant advocacy of popular interests, and has occupied a high station in the state, is at the head of the occupied a fight station in the state, at the transition of which he is the editor, is their organ, and the "Travels in Icarie," and "True Christianity," written by him, contain their ideas on social organization, and their profession of faith, all of which are founded on the word "Fraternity," and comprehended in it."

"MR. CABET'S ADDRESS, INVITING HIS DISCIPLES TO GO TO ICARIE.

" M. Cabet, after alluding ... the precept of the great Christian lawgiver, (whose disciples the communists (Icarians) proclaim themselves), 'When they persecute you in this city fiee ye to another,' proclaims the intention of the body in question, under his direction, and influenced by his writings and principles, to leave France, and settle in a part of the United States, to be called "Icarie."

"He say, "This is not to be a partial essay, nor a small emigration, for if our calculation does not deceive us, we may count on from 10 to 20,000 Icarians able to go and desirous of going, as an army of workmen of all professions, who will

establish a people and a nation.

"It will not be a mob without ideas, induced by misery and the wish of bettering their personal condition; they will be workmen full of heart, intelligence, and instruction, men chosen, examined, and proved, guided by one faith, warmed by one devotion and one enthusiasm.

"During the time necessary for the preparations for the first departure we will examine the necessary questions, and having called to our assistance the council and experience of all the friends of humanity, we shall go with a plan prepared and per-

fected beforehand.

Nothing will be result of chance--each for all, all for each --- from every one according to his means, to every one accordto his need,-first, that which is necessary, next that which is useful, afterwards that which is agreeable, without other

limits than those of reason, equality, and possibility.

"The strongest objection made to our plan is—how can you graft a new state of society upon the old one, resisting all that is opposed to its prejudices and customs? This objection will not exist with us; there will not be any obstacle to our commencing everything on the most perfect systems which modern science can offer to us : the plans and positions of our roads, towns, and manufactories, will be laid out from the beginning in the most advantageous manner; we shall aim at perfection in our workshops, our dwellings, furniture, clothing ... in fact in

everything. For the instruction of the adults, there will be perfect liberty of meeting and of discussion; all the professors, books, and journals necessary; as to the education of the children, we shall prove what can be done with the intelligence and heart of man by communist teachers, having the best methods of teaching, and all possible means of rendering study agreeable and education perfect. Our opponents tell us, that without inand hereditary, without emulation, a state of communism would be a state of servitude, misery, and barbarism. We deny it ; it is re-asserted --- the denial is repeated. This might go on for ever, but for the future we will not have assertions, denials, or discussions. We will prove and manifest the truth by experiment. Let those who are doubtful wait the result."

"In Icarie the domestic tics, and first of all murriage, will exist in all their purity and all their force, which will be self derived, and not depending on extraneous aid; there will not be any marriage portions, nor any forced celibacy. Woman will be established in her rights and dignity. There will not exist either slavery or domestic servitude; perfect democracy, with universal sufferage. The Icarians will not on any pretext with universal suncrage. The learning with not on any processory war into their neighbour's home, consequently they will not know or need to know anything of the military servitude. The love of their independence, institutions, and country, will cause them to be prepared to defend themselves from any aggression; that this defence may be the best possible, all the

male citizens will be armed and disciplined. " There, machinery will be the friend of the workers; labour will by all possible means be divested of danger and excessive

fatigue, and rendered attractive; the fine arts carried to the greatest degree of perfection.

"Reflect, then, Icarians; we shall have a climate and sky at least equal to our own, a fruitful soil covered by a powerful

vegetation, producing with little labour the same plants and animala

"Having left France we will not forget that she was our mother; however hardly she may have dwelt with us, we will not cease to desire her happiness, nor to commiserate our perecutors, because 'they know not what they do;' and are, as well as ourselves, the victims of the bad social organization which governs them from their birth.

44 Those among you who cannot follow us (and whose number will increase) will form part of the great Icarian family, and be

regarded as brethren.
"We have the words dream and Utopia continually throw in our face ; let us, in answer, establish and realize Icaric.

"Here (France), workers, your destiny in infancy is priva-tion and ignorance; that of many of you rags, dirt, and superstition—the example of vice and labour imposed as a condemnation before your physical force is developed.

"Your destiny in youth and manhood is excessive labour, or the want of it; this labour often disgusting or perilous, and insufficiently paid, produces disease and premature old age; the conscription, the livret, perpetual uneasiness, real slavery, without prospect as without rights; deprivation of the pleasures of domestic life, or if you dare enjoy them, an increase

"And in old age, how many of you, after a life of services to the country, are neglected and abandoned, until a hastened death ends your sufferings.

"And this is contrasted by the opulence of your exploiters and masters, the privileged, who consume all and produce no-

" Nevertheless, let us adhere to truth and justice; let us not bear towards the classes supposed to be fortunate, either envy, or above all, hate : for they also have their tribulations, ruins, and miseries; they are, perhaps, still more than we, the victims of a detestable social organization, rendering all men slaves and antagonistic, and depriving all of security and happiness. But if they are not happy that does not advantage us, our situation is no less intolerable; a radical remedy is no less necessary.

"Let us examine what will be the condition of the workers in

"No wages, but an equal enjoyment of the produce. No distress from want of employment, no opposition, labour organised in the best possible manner, by experience, the public opinion, and the will of the workmen themselves.

"Agriculture will be carried on on the largest scale possible, and the trades in immense manufactories. The labour will be so distributed that no one will be idle, no one overworked.

"The manufactories will be clean, commodious, wholesome, and all possible means taken, by the most extensive machinery and otherwise to protect the workers. The professions chosen as much as possible according to taste and aptitude.

"All the governmental positions will be elective, temporary, recoverable; all the citizens will be electors and eligible to all

the positions.

Workers here exploited, bondsmen without right and unrespected, without occupation or food, seek elsewhere the treasures beneficially offered us ; Let us establish Icaric in America.

' I will go with you, I will participate in your condition; I will be fed, clothed, lodged, and treated as yourselves; without any other privilege than that of being burthened with the greatest portion of care, watchfulness, and responsibility."

The effect of this address on the Icarians, and on those who oppose them, has been immense. M. Cabet and his followers have already sent out an agent, to examine a certain locality in Texas, whither, if approved, M. Cabet proposes before Midsummer, to conduct not less than ten thousand Icarians, from France and England.

We shall watch the progress of this movement with great interest, regarding it as a most important one in the history of emigration. The principles of M. Cabet as developed in this pamphlet, being truly christian, are therefore in our opinion well calculated, if wisely carried out, to insure the

happiness of those engaged in it.

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DE CAUS THE FRENCH DISCOVERER OF STEAM POWER IN THE BICHTEE.

No. 52.-- Vol. II.

THE FATE OF DISCOVERERS.

DE CAUS, THE FRENCH DISCOVERER OF STEAM POWER IN THE BICETRE.

The fate of discoverers and inventors is proverbial. In no instance has it been more striking than in the case of the great steam-power which has assumed so vast an importance in the present age. Our illustration displays the fate of De Caus, the French discoverer of the capabilities of steam. Treated as a maniac, he is exhibiting the title of his work from the window of his prison. The conspicuous figure of the gentleman with the lady on his arm, is supposed to be the Marquis of Worcester, who, engaged in similar pursuits, as described in his "Century of Inventions," is induced to listen to what the unhappy man has to say, and passingly remarks, "that there may be something in it."

The treatment of De Caus may be attributed to the age in which he lived, which had not witnessed the wonders which steam had yet to reveal; but what shall we say of the present age, which has now seen them all enrolled before it? This age, with these marvellous effects realised, and become everyday things, still suffers Thomas Gray, the planner of the great railway system, to remain without one consolitary testimony of the gratful sense of a generation which has reaped such splendid advantages from his labours. True, we have not shut up Gray, as our neighbours did De Caus, but while his plans were yet only in his book, he was declared by the "Edinburgh Review" to be deserving of it, and now that they lie displayed over the whole surface of Europe, we still treat him rather as a visionary, than as the Great Projector of the greatest scheme of practical improvement, which the world has seen, and which he himself has lived to witness but not to profit by. Will some rising artist have one day to present to our children a scene similar to the present, in which Gray instead of De Caus, shall figure as the martyr of invention in an age not ignorant but ungenerous? Heaven, and the honour of our country forbid!

SONNET,

Written on a blank leaf of Horne's "Orion,"

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Time gathers wealth about him as he goes.
In infancy, in Paradise with flowers
He dallied, laughing with the laughing Hours:
Now for his brows no more he plucks the rose,
But Bay and Laurel mingle with the snows
Grave years shed on him. Not with feebler powers
Glows in him life, though homed in mouldering towers,
Where damp and death chill round his footsteps close.
O, Time! unwearied, rich, and blessed Time!
When by the winter-fire thou now appearest,
With sage Romance and Song, like this sublime,
Enlarged in soul, the drooping Hours thou cheerest;
And thus art taught to feel how poor thy prime,
Compared with Age, when soul to soul is dearest.

SOME LOVE PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF EVERY-DAY-PEOPLE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

MR. JOSEPH HILYARD was a rich dyer in one of our large manufacturing towns, a plodding, hard-headed man of business, who never lost sight of the main chance but once, and that was when he married old Green's daughter, with seven thousand pounds to her fortune, instead of Ellen Stretton, who had nothing. He soon found out his mistake, for his wife was one of those unhappy-tempered women who make everybody miserable about them. Ellen Stretton married also two years afterwards, not for love, I am sorry to say, and was not more happy than he. Her husband, whose name was Trevisham, was also a dyer, as hard a headed man as Hilyard, but without his good qualities. He was always in law with somebody; he had a desperate lawsuit with Hilyard about the fence of their drying-grounds, which unfortunately adjoined; it was but a small thing to quarrel about, but, like a rolling snowball, it grew at every turn, and, in the end, brought on his ruin. He lost his lawsuit and then he died, leaving his affairs in a very bad state. When all were wound up, the creditors, out of compassion to the widow, whom everybody respected, gave up sufficient to ensure her and her only child, a daughter, an annuity of seventy pounds for her life.

of seventy pounds for her life.

Hilyard had been a fierce adversary to the husband, and the widow felt a peculiar grief to see herself, in some measure, ruined by his means; still she was not without comfort, even in her depressed circumstances; she had good health, a cheerful disposition, a heart full of love both to God and man, a beloved daughter, whom she herself was able to educate well, and beyond all—now that poor Mr. Trevisham was gone—peace and comfort at her fireside such as she had never known in her most prosperous days. Let nobody exclaim at this, but it is true that when she read the words "Better is a dinner of herbs with love, than a stalled ox and dissention therewith," she could say Amen from her entire heart.

Hilyard had gained the lawsuit and his adversary was dead. "There was a triumph for him!" people said; but he did not find it exactly so. When the man was dead and gone, and his drying-grounds added to his own, many a reproachful remembrance of the widow and her child came to his mind. His own wife, who had been the thorn in his side and the quill-feather in the down pillow for so many years, had, in process of time, like poor Mr. Hilyard, gone to her long rest, and then he thought with himself whether he should not realise the dream of his youth, and make atonement for the wrongs of his after years, by marrying the widow Trevisham. He thought a deal about it; he had never spoken to her for years; in fact it was years now since he had seen her; for, though they dwelt in the same town, he lived in a large square stone house which a lawyer had built and he had bought, in one suburb, and she, since her misfortunes, as they were called, lived in a little cottage—a very little one—in an opposite direction. He questioned, as I said, whether he should marry her, but, someway or other, the idea seemed strange; he thought people would talk amazingly if he did. No, his marrying days were over, he decided.

People saw him buttoned up in his good broad-cloth going steadily about his business and making his fifteen hundred a year, and never suspected one atom of the romance which had taken possession of his naturally good heart. One day he took a drive to the little suburban village in which the widow lived, and, leaving his chaise at the inn, strolled up the lane in which her cottage stood. He had no idea of making a call, not the slightest in the world, he only wanted to see the place. It was a very small cottage; two gentlewomen living on seventy pounds a-year could not afford a large house.

"It cannot be above eight or nine pounds a-year," mused he to himself; "a kitchen, a parlour, and two bed-rooms, and a little wash-house at the back, that must be all; but it is prodigiously neat, and a mighty pretty garden. Ellen was always fond of flowers;" and with that the sunny, rose-scented days of their youth came to his memory bewitchingly. "They keep a girl, no doubt, to do the housework; they could not afford a servant at full wages," continued his musings; "I wonder if any of their relations help them?—but, poor thing, she had so few relations, and none of them rich, and he was such a spendthrift that he drained his own family—I don't believe there is one that would help her; the Trevishams have not a bit of heart among them!"

So pondered Mr. Hilyard as he walked up the lane: so pondered Mr. Hiyard as no wanted up the land, in a while he made a stand, and, turning round, took a steady survey of the back of the cottage. There was little to be seen but a thick holly-hedge, a green waterbutt, the little back-kitchen window, the cottage roof and one chimney. It was about the middle of November, in the afternoon, and Mrs. Trevisham and her sweet daughter Kitty, then just turned fifteen, were sitting at the little parlour fire, the daughter reading and the mother at her sewing. Kitty had just put on some coal, and the little servant-maid in the little kitchen had just broken up her fire and put the kettle on for tea; there was only, as I said, one chimney to the cottage, and these movements at the two fires had sent the smoke curling out of the chimney which made quite a picturesque effect against the dull gray November sky. And it was at this very smoke which Mr. Joseph Hilyard, with his comfortable income of fifteen hundred a-year, now stood looking; he was not, how-ever, noticing the picturesque effect, but, in imagina-tion, was picturing to himself the little household that was assembled beside the fire from which this smoke proceeded. You may take my word for it that Joseph Hilyard, middle-aged man and dyer though he was, had a very vivid imagination for the picture which he thus saw, warmed his heart to its very core; the broadcloth in which he was enveloped was nothing to the warmth of his heart. He walked back again past the little green gate which led to the house-door; a little girl was coming up with a milk-can, and, turning in at the green gate, knocked at the door. He was a wealthy man, as we know, and a girl taking milk to his own house would have excited no interest in his mind; and yet he stopped to see who would open the door to take this pennyworth of milk. It was only the little servant girl. At the bottom of the little garden he stopped again and looked at the front of the cottage; the fire that was burning in parlour and kitchen cast a glow within, for it was getting dusk, and by the parlourwindow stood Kitty reading, for she had gone to the window for light. The outline of the bent head, and the youthful bust sent a still warmer glow to his heart; it reminded him of that Ellen Stretton who had once been all the world to him. With hasty steps he then returned to the inn, ordered out his chaise, drank a glass of negus, and then drove home to his large,

square house, and his many servants.

People talk a deal about "the luxury of doing good."

Mr. Joseph Hilyard determined that he would enjoy this
luxury; but he did not say a word to any one—not a
syllable! He thought a deal about the cottage fireside
and seventy pounds a-year. Christmas-day was not
far off, and he remembered that people could not have

fine Christmas dinners with only seventy pounds a-year. Two days before Christmas-day, therefore, the carrier's cart stopped at Mrs. Trevisham's cottage, and left, carriage paid, a large hamper. It was carried into the little kitchen, and the little servant-maid summoned her mistress to open it.

"Dear me! what can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Trevisham, as the girl hastily cut the strings and opened the creaking lid of the hamper. "Kitty, come here!" and Kitty came instantly out of the parlour with her sewing in her hand, which, however, she soon threw down to help in unpacking the hamper;—a turkey, a ham, a dozen of mince-pies, so beautifully packed that not one was broken, a game-pie, such almonds and raisins, and delicious fruit for dessert, and a dozen of wine!

"Who can have sent them? What can it mean?" exclaimed both mother and daughter.

It was long since Mrs. Trevisham had had a regular Christmas dinner of her own; now and then she and her daughter were asked out, but not often; now, however, here was a splendid dinner for them, and who must they invite to partake of it? Oh, there were plenty of poor folks who should have some of it; that was soon decided; and then nothing was thought of for the rest of the evening but who could have sent this present? They could not imagine; it might be this person and it might be that; but they hardly thought it could be! They never guessed the right person—how indeed should they?

It was now five years since this first Christmasdinner was sent, and at the same time precisely, for the
next four years, did the same carrier's cart bring the
same present, or slightly varied, to the widow's house.
It was a pleasant mystery; it was a real comfort to
know that there was somebody who cared that much
for them. But the delicacies of that Christmas provision were not eaten alone by the widow and her
daughter; some poor neighbour, some sick woman or
man, or invalid child was always a partaker; and as to
the wine, Mrs. Trevisham's little cellar was now never
without a supply. She and her daughter only drank
a glass now and then, on very extraordinary occasions;
on Christmas-day, for instance, when they drank the
health of their unknown benefactor; but the sick poor
of that populous neighbourhood had many a vial-bottle
filled from her store, which often did more good than
physic. Indeed, dear reader, I cannot tell you all the
good which these Christmas presents did to Mrs. Trevisham and her poor neighbours.

One day, when it was getting rather dusk, Mr. Hilyard took another walk up that lane. A gentleman overtook him; it was the good parish doctor; they walked on tegether and fell into discourse. Mr. Hilyard was one of those rich men who had not done much actual good with their money. The fact was, he had never thought about it; he subscribed to the Bible Society and Foreign Missions, and the Tract Association, and, as he paid his workpeople's wages regularly, he thought he did all that was required from him. He was a stranger, of course, to the doctor, and they began to talk about the poor, of whom this good man knew so much. He said how much more the wealthy ought to do for the poor than they commonly do; that it was often those in straightened circumstances who were their greatest benefactors; and then he proved this by saying how much a lady and her daughter who lived in that very lane, and whose income was under a hundred a-year did for their poor neighbours; how the mother visited them, and was a friend under all circumstances; and when they were ill sent them the best of wine, which was often the means of their recovery, though he questioned if either she or her daughter drank wine themselves, for they had

been the means of establishing a Temperance Society which had done a deal of good. He said that this Mrs. Trevisham was the kindest and most Christian woman he knew, and that it was a pity that she had not the means of doing all the good she might; and her daughter, he said, was a pattern to all young ladies; he believed that she and her mother were obliged to make out their income by doing needlework, but, for all that, the daughter found time to teach in the Ragged School, which never would have been established but for her, and that she herself gave half-a-guinea to its funds.

Mr. Joseph Hilyard pulled out his large well-filled green silk purse, and gave the doctor five pounds for this school, which he said must be put down as from a friend; and then taking leave of the good man, he turned back and walked slowly down the lane. Again the cottage chimney smoked, and again his heart was as warm as if he had sate by its fire. He was filled with all sorts of grand schemes of beneficence; he would do—he did not know what, for such excellent people as these. While he was thus vaguely thinking he approached the cottage; the door opened, and out came Kitty Tre-visham in her dark merino dress, plaid shawl, and straw bonnet with dark-blue ribbon. She looked at Mr. Hilyard as she came out, and then walked briskly on as if she had business in hand. She was a sweet, brightlooking-creature, with the kindest eyes that were ever set in a human countenance. When she came within sight of the parlour-window she looked towards it, smiled sweetly and nodded; Mr. Hilyard looked also, and there stood the mother, in her plain cap and black dress, and nodded affectionately to her daughter. This little circumstance expressed a great deal; mother and daughter were all the world to each other: there was the most perfectly good understanding between them, and the last look, even for an absence of an hour or two, was full of affectionate intelligence.

She walked on briskly and he followed; she had such a neat pretty figure. She walked uncommonly well, and had a remarkably pretty foot and ankle, as he could see when she held up her dress where the road

was wet.

"I wish I were a young man for her sake!" thought Mr. Hilyard to himself; "now I wonder who she will marry?" and with that, all at once, a grand idea floated into his mind. He would send for his nephew, Edward Grey, and adopt him as his son, and he should marry this good and pretty daughter of widow Trevisham! It was a splendid idea. This nephew was the son of his only sister who had married a poor schoolmaster in the country. She had often asked him to do something for this, her eldest son; he was said to be a fine scholar; a very gentlemanly young man, of excellent principles, and he was now six-and-twenty. He could not think how he had never done anything for him before; he felt all at once as if he had been a hard-hearted wretch; never, till that day, had he given a penny even to a Ragged School. Well, he would turn over a new leaf, now; he would send for his nephew, get him married to this poor, but good girl, and then he should no longer be ashamed of himself.

Little did sweet Kitty Trevisham know of the schemes which were working in the head of the respectable gentleman who was following her. She was going to the Ragged School for a couple of hours that evening,

and she was thinking of nothing but her poor scholars.
In a month's time Edward Grey was at his uncle's. as handsome a young man as his mother had described him, with an open countenance, and a great deal of decision in his manner. He was one of those men who in reality do not need any one to help them on in life; the elements of success are in themselves; and men of this character are not such as can have a path chalked

out for them by another. Joseph Hilyard found his nephew a very different person to what he expected; he fancied that he would be pliable and extremely grateful, and that he should open his plans to him with respect to Kitty Trevisham, immediately, but there was an independence about him which it did not seem safe to interfere with, and almost an indifference about the large income of which, if he pleased, he might be the heir, so that his uncle felt pretty sure that if he all at once revealed his designs, his nephew would turn restive on his hands; and there was at the same time so much manliness and straightforward honesty of character about him, that he could not help feeling respect for him. "Besides this," as the foreman said, "he for nim. Desides this, as the foreign said, he took very kindly to the business," and seemed at once so thoroughly to understand it, that there was no doubt of his becoming a most valuable assistant, or partner.

They were, in fact, two of the most excellent men that ever met; and yet, in some respects, they were so different in character, that while they remained in any degree strangers to each other, they worked ill to-gether. Edward Grey was unlike any person with whom his uncle had come in contact; as yet he had been sole king and master of his world; he had no idea but of remaining so, and now here was a young man whom he had introduced into it, carrying everything his own way, and that with the utmost quietness and apparent self-complacency. He never asked his uncle's leave for what he did, and yet he established directly a Temperance Society among the men, and set about forming a Mc-chanics' Institute for the whole town. Mr. Hilyard, as we said, was full of all sorts of grand benevolent schemes a short time before, and approved of Temperance Societies, and schools for the people, yet now he was angry with his nephew for zealously co-operating in them. Perhaps he was displeased that men of influence in the place—great philanthropists with whom he had never had anything to do, should seem to court his nephew's acquaintance as they did, stranger though he was to them all; it was a sort of tacit reproof to him-self, and it annoyed him. But let the fault be where it would, the uncle and the nephew did not get on so comfortably together as they ought to have done, when a little circumstance seemed, for the moment, to be the one drop to the full cup of the uncle's displeasure, and made it overflow abundantly.

He had, immediately on his coming, made his nephew a present of a handsome gold watch and chain, and this the young man lost one day when he was bathing. It was a most distressing thing to him, and he could only surmise, that some dexterous thief had stolen it from his clothes as they lay on the river's bank. He said nothing to his uncle of his loss, for so gricved was he to have failed, as he felt he had done, in winning hiaffection, that he was unwilling still further to displease him by this apparent carelessness. In his heart, Edward Grey regarded his uncle as a second father; he would have died to have served him; but he was not one of those who could make professions, and as his uncle seemed cold and distant, he determined quietly to go on fulfilling every duty, trusting to time and circumstances for making all straight between them.

The watch had been lost a week when it came to his uncle's knowledge, and that accidentally. A person uncle's knowledge, and that accidentally. A person came to the counting-house where they both were, and asked whether Mr. Edward Grey had not lost somothing. "My watch!" said the young man, joyful.y. "a gold watch and chain; I lost them a week ago!" His uncle was astonished and enraged; "Was the watch then of so little value that he could lose it and say nothing about it?" In twenty different ways in could look at this affair and he made anger here."

could look at this affair and be made angry by it.

never had lost his own watch, and if he had, he should have been at some trouble to have found it, etc. etc.

Grey thought his uncle unreasonable in being thus angry without hearing him say one word in his own defence. It seemed to him that there was much more said than the occasion warranted, and for that reason he was silent, and by this means his nucle did not know how much he had suffered, nor what pains he had, in truth, taken for the recovery of his loss.

The uncle was not only very angry, but very much grieved; in his anger he declared it was the last present that he ever would make him, and yet, the next moment, he threw him ten sovereigns, and told him to go and see if he could get back his watch for that money, which he did not believe. Grey took the money thus ungraciously given, and went out with the man who said he was sent by the person who had found the

watch.

Mr. Joseph Hilyard would have been no little astonished, could he have seen his nephew conducted to Mrs. Trevisham's cottage. It was a lovely afternoon, towards the close of summer; the little garden was as full of flowers as it could be, and jasmine and roses peeped in and clustered round the open parlour-window, and there sate Mrs. Trevisham in her mourning, and Kitty in a pretty pink dress and black silk apron; her lovely dark brown hair fastened up in its simple knot, and no single ornament about her excepting her own dear smiles and affectionate eyes, looking just like a rose, and every bit as sweet, and she told Edward Grey, who from the first moment he saw her was quite in a bewilderment of delight, how she and the servant maid set off one morning, at five o'clock, to look for mushrooms in the meadows, because her mother was so fond of them, and how she found, under a sod, which seemed to have been cut out for the purpose, a gold watch and chain; she said she was so astonished that she did not know what to do, and as she thought that most likely some thief had hidden it there, she brought it away; that there was no name in it excepting the maker's, and that was a London name; that she and her mother considered what had better be done; they thought of advertising, and then it occurred to them that she might inquire of some of the watchmakers in the town if the watch had ever been in their hands; that she did so, and soon found one who told her that he had sold it only a few weeks before, to Mr. Hilyard, for his nephew, and that to him it belonged; and, in confirmation, he showed her an advertisement in the paper, offering a reward for this very watch. And now here it was, and it was impossible for Kitty to tell him the pleasure she had in restoring it to him.

The watch had become of ten times its former value as he received it from her hand. How he longed to kiss that hand! He was the last man in the world to make fine speeches, but his countenance expressed something of what he felt. And then Mrs. Trevisham began to say that in former times she had known Mr. Hilyard; that unfortunately there had been a law-suit between her late husband and him, but that when she was young she had thought very well of him. Grey said that his uncle was the best man living; that he had given him the watch, but that was nothing to his having taken him into the business, which was a great thing for him, who was poor, and the eldest of a large family. Mrs. Trevisham had evident pleasure in hearing anything to his advantage; and how astonished the uncle would have been could he have heard all that his

he talked a great deal. He sate with the watch in his hand, and the wonder is, that he did not commit some extravagance or other, he felt so inconceivably happy.

He said that the thief who had stolen the watch and hid it there, never imagined the blessing he was conferring upon him. He did not explain his meaning, but Mrs. Trevisham knew very well what he meant, and perhaps Kitty did, for she blushed as she went on with her work. He had offered, in his advertisement. ten pounds for the recovery of his watch, but he never thought of offering it either to the mother or daughter; he would much more likely have offered his heart and his life; however, he left a handsome present for the man who had fetched him, and who was a poor gardener with a large family, and after he had taken tea with them and walked in the little garden, and helped Kitty to tie up the carnations, he took his leave, promising to visit them again before long.

If his watch had been suddenly encircled with dia-

monds, it could not have been more precious. His uncle told him angrily he hoped he would not lose it again. There was no danger of that.

This affair of the watch did not tend to a better understanding between uncle and nephew, and spite of all Edward Grey's assiduity in the business, he could

not find the way into his uncle's affections.

"There is something cold about him," said Hllyard to himself; "a very good young man he is, there's no-doubt of that—but I hate your good people: he is not the husband for my Kitty—after all I shall be forced to have her myself," and with that he laughed amazingly. He thought a deal about both Kitty and her mother, and one day he was at the trouble of going to the Ragged School where he thought that he might have some talk with her. There she was, as cheerful as a lark, and as fresh as a flower among the little ragged urchins, and the very expression of their faces, and the tones of their voices were changed as they approached. her. The master of the school had not words enough to praise her, and Kitty had no idea, not the least in the world, that it was for her sake that this good man-now visited the school and left behind him a second donation.

"How odd it will be," thought Mrs. Trevisham, the day after Edward Grey had declared his passion, and been accepted, "fer Kitty to be Mr. Hilyard's niece; I wonder what he will say, and whether he has forgotten those old times. Edward thinks he will be pleased, though he is so rich, but then Edward is young and in love, and I know that he once thought a deal

about money.'

It was Edward Grey's intention candidly to tell his uncle that he had fallen in love with a pretty, penniless girl, some day when he was in a good humour, and it was his uncle's intention also to tell his nephew all about sweet Kitty Trevisham some day when they were talking about schools for the people, and such things for then he thought he should be able to interest him about the young teacher at the Ragged School. He fancied that he could draw a very pretty picture of her in the midst of her forlorn group, and this he thought, considering his nephew's philanthropic propensities, would very likely make a deep impression upon him.

Summer and autumn were now over. Christmas was approaching. There had been, as one may say, a cessation of hostilities for some time between uncle and nephew, they were gradually and silently approaching each other in the spirit of a mutual good faith, still neither of them had found the propitious moment for which they were waiting; and each was beginning to like the other so well, that they almost feared to make the momentous disclosure lest it should throw them back into that state of alienation which had been so painful to both.

Edward was a frequent, though secret, visitor at Mrs. Trevisham's, and the long history of all their former troubles was familiar to him. He also knew of the five years Christmas present, and of all their fruitless conjectures as to who their unknown friend could be.

"You will dine with us, Edward, on Christmas day?" said the mother; "I have no doubt but we shall have our usual dinner, but at all events you will come?" Edward promised, and went home determined that this Edward promised, and went nome determined that this should be the last visit he would pay to this beloved family without his uncle's knowledge, for he would make an opportunity if he did not find one that very evening. The good uncle, too full of the devery evening the still make housifully suplight of having sent off a still more bountifully supplied hamper than usual, together with a letter, of which we shall speak anon, sate that evening in his easy house-coat and slippers by the parlour fire, the image of good humour, as his nephew entered. The fire burned brightly, so did the lamp; tea came in and the urn bubbled and hissed, and, though there were only two men to partake of this meal, which seems so peculiarly to require the presence of woman, yet it would have been difficult to find a better image of comfort than it presented.

"Now," thought the nephew, "I will tell him."
"Now," thought the uncle, "I will make the attack." Nevertheless the tea was drank in silence.

"Uncle," at length, began the young man.
"My dear fellow," interrupted the uncle; "but go

on—what were you going to say?"
"I beg your pardon, my dear sir, after you,' said Edward, with a ceremonious manner very unusual to

Well, my dear lad," began the uncle in good earnest, "I may as well tell you at first as last—I have often wished to tell you—I want to see you married."

"Yery strange," said the nephew, joyfully; "but I was just going to tell you that I am very much disposed to get married."

"What, the deuce; you have no girl in your eye, have you?" asked he, as the idea struck him, that perhaps his nephew might be engaged to some girl at his native place.

"Yes, I have," replied Edward.

"What the dickens could make you think of such a thing? How do I know who you have chosen-what right had you to choose for yourself?"
"Nobody had so great a right to choose for me as myself," said Edward, astonished.

"Sir," returned his uncle, raising himself in his chair and looking very angry, "I had chosen a wife for you before I had seen you; don't interrupt me, sir," said he, seeing his nephew about to speak; "and I should not have sent for you if I had not wanted a husband for this good little girl. It was no merit of yours that made me adopt you, but my esteem and admiration for her; and I have made up my mind, sir, either you shall marry her, or she shall be my heir!" and with this the uncle crossed his legs, and threw himself back in his chair, in a very determined and dogmatical manner.

"Very extraordinary," said the nephew, in a tone in which his wounded feeling was very evident, "but if that be the case, I must do the best for myself that I can; at the same time I must say that your ideas are arbitrary; I knew nothing of these conditions, and I come to you in good faith. I wished to love you as a father, and to serve you as an obedient son; and fathers do not commonly impose wives upon their sons; besides," added he, cheerfully, as a new idea struck him; "how do you know that the young lady you have done me the honour of selecting for me would like me?"

"She would!" said the uncle; "she's a good girl; one just of your own sort; fond of Temperance Societies,

and Ragged Schools, and such things. I don't kno w one like her

"Well, sir," said the nephew, with half a smile on his lips, "if these be her recommendations, the girl that I wish to make my wife loves Temperance Societies and Ragged Schools, also."

"The devil take her!" said the uncle, in great wrath, for all at once he fancied it must be the daughter of some of those philanthropic people who had been so assiduously courting his nephew's acquaintance, and of whom he knew nothing, and taking up his bed-candlestick, he went to his room without another word.

The next morning his uncle, in a much kinder voice than he expected, told him that he had made an engagement for him to dine out with him on Christmas-day. which was on the morrow, and therefore he begged that he would be in readiness at the hour which he named. Edward was engaged already; he told his uncle so, and that in a voice of as much conciliation as possible. Another one drop to the full cup of his uncle's displeasure;

and the cup as usual flowed over.

We said that a letter accompanied the hamper to Mrs. Trevisham's this year; it did so; and a letter which occasioned some excitement and anxiety; it said that the friend who had had for some years the pleasure of sending this small present, proposed to eat the Christ-mas dinner with them on this occasion, and would also take the liberty of bringing a young friend with him.

The hand-writing was unknown to them; it was a very different hand to that which had been familiar to Mrs. Trevisham in former days. Of course they would be very glad to see their kind, unknown friend and his companion, yet still there was an undefinable anxiety in the bottom of their hearts as to who it would turn out to be. It was somebody who wished them well, no doubt; they only hoped that it would prove to be one from whom "they would like to receive a favour." We always feel anxious when a mystery, however small, is about to be solved. At all events they were glad that Edward Grey would be there; and let the unknown friend turn out to be whoever he might, they agreed that Kitty's engagement to Edward Grey should be made known to him.

The unknown friend, who had sent much more than the unknown friend, who had sent fined more than his usual supply on this occasion, proposed to be with them for dinner at five. Edward Grey, however, was there by two, and great were the pains which he and Kitty took to make the little parlour look as pretty as possible, with its red-berried holly, ivy, and other evergreens. Though Mrs. Trevisham had only seventy pounds a-year, and the parlour was very small, yet this was one of the nicest little Christmas dinners that ever was set out or cooked. Mrs. Trevisham had got a neighbour who had been cook in a great family to come in for the day; and as to the table, it looked beautifully: there was a fine damask table-cloth on it with napkins as white as snow, and abundance of plate, which had beonged to the family in its better days, and bright glass and sparkling water, and hock and claret which had come among the good things in the last hamper. Bless me! there was dinner enoug for a dozen people, and yet the unknown guest could only expect four! Mrs.

Trevisham, however, expected five.

It grew dusk and then dark; the blinds were drawn down; it was nearly five, and the hearts of Mrs. Tre-visham and her daughter beat anxiously; so, no doubt, would Edward Grey's, had he seen his uncle driving along the road towards the house in a cab, and in a very bad humour, although he meant to make himself

very agreeable to the two ladies. The cab stopped at the little green gate, and the house-door opened. It was a very undignified house; one was obliged to go through the kitchen into the

parlour, but there was no avoiding it; so the little maid-servant stood with the door wide open, and Mrs. Trevisham saw that there was only one guest instead of two, and that he was rather a stout gentleman, buttoned up to the chin in a great coat with a shawl round his neck. She had not the least idea who he was. She felt considerably excited, and he, we must confess, was rather so himself, and yet, as I have said twice before, he had fifteen hundred a-year, and he had paid for the dinner which he now came to eat.

Mrs. Trevisham stood at the parlour-door to receive him; he took off his hat in the kitchen, and stood with his uncovered and bald head before her. She saw at once who it was, her own old friend, the adversary of her husband; the uncle of her daughter's lover.

"I feel myself rather in an awkward position, my dear madam, ' he began; but no sooner had he uttered these words, than Edward Grey darted from the side of Kitty at the parlour fire, and seizing his hand, ex-claimed, "God bless you, my dear uncle, is it you?"

"And is this you, Edward? Good Heavens! how came you here?"

"I never was so glad in all my life," said Edward, helping his uncle off with his coat, for now a great light began to dawn into his mind. "I declare I don't know how to express my pleasure to think of meeting you under this roof, of all places in the world!"

"And to think of meeting you here," returned the You must excuse me, my dear madam,' the, turning to Mrs. Trevisham; and he then sate down in a large chair by the fire, feeling almost overcome.

Mrs. Trevisham was hardly less so.

"My good lady," at length he said, "I feel now as if

I had done very wrong; I ought not to have been so

abrupt. I have done the whole thing clumsily."

Mrs. Trevisham said truly that it gave her extreme pleasure to find that Mr. Hilyard had been their friend for so many years.

It was now Kitty's turn to come forward, for she recognised in him the kind visitor of the Ragged School. His eyes glistened as he spoke to her, and then Edward was at her side; an irresistible power compelled him to speak.

"Uncle," said he, and as he spoke he took Kitty's hand; "we had made up our minds to be candid tonight, let the guest be who he might; and you, above all, have a right to know our secret. This is my affi-anced wife, let us have your blessing!"

The uncle took the two clasped hands in his, and pressed them warmly: but he said not a word.

Dinner was placed on the table. He still sate with their two hands in his; he wiped two great tears from his eyes, and then, in the cheerfullest voice possible, said, that now they would go to dinner, for that he was desperately hungry, and after dinner they would talk about these things.

After dinner, when the dessert was on the table, how merry the uncle was at the expense of his nephew; and he told how he had "by chance" met with the doctor, and heard about Kitty and the Ragged School, and how he thought first of all of making her an offer himself, and then he thought of sending for his nephew, and then he warned Kitty that he was a very obstinate young man, and that he would not be guided by his good old uncle, who meant so well by him; and then Edward had to tell him how it was the losing of his watch, which had brought him acquainted with Kitty, and how happy they had been ever since with only one drawback, and that was, that his uncle was such a hasty-tempered positive man, who would not allow his nephew who wished to be so dutiful to him, the right to choose a wife for himself, and how this said wicked

uncle had nearly broken his nephew's heart by quarrolling with him about his intended wife.

There was a deal of laughter and merriment though it was only a party of four; nor was there a Christmas party, high or low, throughout England, where there was more true-love and kind-heartedness to be found.

After this day the course of this true-love was so exceedingly smooth and sunshiny, that it certainly would have become monotonous, had not Mr. Joseph Hilyard insisted on a wedding by way of variety; so the wedding was held in May.

The young people lived in a small, but hand-some, house, not far from the uncle's large square one. Mrs. Trevisham still kept on the cottage, though she was not much there, for Kitty and her husband insisted on her being mostly with them. Very often too Mr. Hilyard was there; and as he had of late grown so wise as not to care for what people might say when a good action was in question, he made up his mind to persuade the widow Trevisham to give up her cottage altogether, and remove to his large, square house in the character of his wife. We believe that the wedding-dinner, and the Christmas dinner, will be eaten together on this present 25th of December, 1847.

FROST IN THE HOLIDAYS.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

O! the Time of Frost is the time for me. When the gay blood spins through the heart with glee, When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound, And the footstep rings on the musical ground; When the Earth is gray and the Air is bright, And every breath is a new delight.

Morning!-Each pane is a Garden of Frost, Full of delicate growths, soon raised, soon lost; For their stalks are fed by the Moon's cold beams, And their leaves are wov'n like the woof of Dreams By the Night's keen breath; and a glance of the Sun Like Dreams will scatter them every one.

But now the dull Sun lies long in bed, And through curtains of mist putting forth his head,. When he sees the firm Lakes and the frosty Earth Laughing and winking in their mirth At his feeble beams, he swiftly shrouds His face again, in a tent of clouds,

Yet last night, though he sank unseen to rest,-What a glorious sky!—in the level West Pink clouds in a delicate greenish haze,— Which deepened up into purple grays, Through scatter'd Stars as the light decreased, To the brilliant Moon in the rich blue East.

And that brilliant Moon is still in the sky, And the Stars are shining unpaled on high, (For as yet there is not one vanward fold Of Day's Oriflamme in the East unrolled,) As bursting with joy we sally out, Startling the dusk with shout on shout.

VI.

The Lake is like glass!—Hurrah! Hurrah! On with your skates without delay! Off we shoot, and poise, and wheel, And swiftly turn on scoring heel; And our flying sandals chirp and sing Like a flock of swallows upon the wing.

ur

Hurrah! we've a better power than steam
To bear us on with a meteor-gleam!
For with Portable Rails our feet are shod,
So we are not bound to one dull road;
And in panting smoke our breaths arise,
But they blot not the face of the clear gray skies.

VIII.

O timid Tyro—distrust not fate!
In time even you will learn to skate:
Though, making a Star, now and then you drop,
As if marking the place with a large full stop,—
Take hopeful heart! and commence in a trice
A new paragraph there of your Essay on Ice.

IX.

Away from the crowd with the wind we drift; No vessel's motion so smoothly swift: Fainter and fainter the tumult grows; And the gradual stillness and wide repose Touch with a hue more soft and grave The lapse of joy's declining wave.

X.

Here the ice is pure; a glance may sound Deep through the awful, dim profound, To the water-dungeons where snake-weeds hide, Over which, as self-sustained, we glide, Like wizards on dark adventures bent, The Masters of every Element.

XI.

Homeward now. The shimmering Snow Kisses our hot cheeks as we go; Wavering down the feeble wind, Like a manifold dream to a Poet's mind; Till the Earth, and the Trees, and the icy Lakes, Are slowly clothed with the countless flakes.

XII.

The village street is all motion and noise, The long black slides are alive with boys; Here the hob-nailed Brogue is the Aristocrat, The smooth-soled boot must give way to that; But still last, on the little Beggar, behold Those unslippery Slippers, a century old!

XIII.

He is using Childhood's peculiar power
To seize and enjoy the present hour;
He fears not to make himself hungry now,
Although he knows not of when or how
His dinner shall come: how sad their plight,
Who have heavy hearts with stomachs as light!

XIV

O let us not fail to think of those To whom the season of frost and snows Bring no White Days, —but an annual blot Of darker shade in their gloomy lot; May cold weather keep, as is but meet, Our Milk of Human Kindness sweet!

THE BREADFINDER.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER XII.

It was in an obscure cottage at Deptford, that Grinling Gibbons was engaged upon his celebrated work *The Stoning of Stephen*, when he was discovered by Evelyn, and introduced to the notice of Charles II. It was in the Flect Prison, that William Harding essaved his skill in bas-relief. He chose for his subject *The Raising of Lazarus*. Gibbons followed Tintoretto. Harding studied the narrative in the New Testament, and sketched his own design. He was on wondrous ground now. It seemed extraordinary that he had never done this before; that he had been so slow to discover his own ready access to the Beautiful. It was as natural to carve truit or flowers, as to gather them from the living branch or stem. It was as easy too. It was astonishing that he found no difficulty in his work,—that Art came to him like a ready friend, and, at the first handling of his tools, made him perfect in the use of them. The same marvel is recorded of Grinling Gibbons, whose earliest efforts were as successful as his latest. It must not be inferred that Harding was another Gibbons, or even a Dievot, a Selden, or a Laurens, Grinling's assistants. But he gave promise of much excellence. And here, let me express a hope, that this ancient and noble art of wood-carving, which, according to Pliny, was antecedent to statuary and painting, may be revived amongst us, and that our artists may be original, and not mere imitators of the Italian style, which is itself imitative, and dates from the discovery of the baths of Adrian. and dates from the discovery of the baths of Adrian. With the solitary exception of Grinling Gibbons, who is said to have been of Dutch extraction, the English have not been celebrated as wood-artists. The splendid and elaborate decorations in oak, lime, maple, and sometimes, but rarely, in box, that embellish our palaces, cathedrals, public and private buildings, were mostly executed by foreigners. With the one exception named, where are the equals of Albert Durer, of his pupil Taurigny of Rouen, of Demontreuil, of a hundred others?

While Harding was engaged in sketching his design, Scheffer was imparting encouragement to Emma. the issue of the next rehearsal, her success or failure would depend. M. Jean Masson announced on all sides, that Madame Cacasi would be the public favourite, and that she was his wife. The singularity of his previous conduct was now fully explained, and Emma was no longer unable to assign a cause for his ungracious behaviour to herself. Scheffer learned the whole secret, and communicated it to her. He had fallen in love with his landlady's blooming daughter, who, besides many personal attractions, (maugre, a certain insipidity of countenance, which Maberly had commented on) had a voice that promised to repay cultivation. The poor Signor could not resist her blandishments. Emma might have gained him reputation, but she was a married woman. He had already extolled her as Madame Cacasi, and prepared the public for her future appearance. But her real name was unknown, and it was easy to bestow the appellation he had given her, on another. Besides, Emma's education must necessarily be suspended during his professional absence on the Continent, for he could not remain in London when the Grand Theatre was closed. On the other hand, a wife would accompany him wherever he and her education could proceed at all seasons. Thus argued the Signor, and sacrificed to passion the dictates of honour. But now he cast off the mask, and proclaimed Madame Cacasi, to be in public, the Signora Pepolini, and Madame Masson, in private, and to her friends.

The morning of the rehearsal came. Out of the heavens God never sent a brighter day. The earth laughed beneath the sun. Cheeks, ordinarily pale, had a flush of life in them. Her husband's liberty, perhaps, their future bread, depended on her brave achievement, or unhappy short-coming. She would not fatigue herself by walking, but engaged a cab to convey her to the theatre. Her first annoyance was extreme. The manager was not present,-would not be present, but had deputed M. Jean Masson, to represent him.

She had many annovances to bear. The musicians were late at their post, and there was much tiresome waiting to be endured before the rehearsal began. Then, the actors were frigid and impatient, and the opera was commenced in a slovenly manner. In vain Scheffer strove to rall? them. He drew Emma aside, and encouraged her, but he felt dismay, and looked thunderbolts at Masson.

Nevertheless, Emma succeeded, for she was lifted into a higher life at the thought of her husband's striving, since their marriage for their joint bread. And had he not said that the Beautiful was the true Bread? and was not she ministering, imperfectly, it might be, but still ministering. to the Beautiful? Was she not, indeed, its Priestess?

Her success was indisputable. M. Jean Masson ack-nowledged it, and joined with all present, in laudation of the cantastrice. Scheffer was so overpowered with joy, that he accepted a pinch of snuff from Hasson's box, and promised to smoke a cigar with him on some future, but indefinite occasion.

She hurried to the prison, and fell upon her husband's neck. He was sketching his conception of the narrative he had undertaken to illustrate in wood. He

gently put her aside.

"See," he said. "Jesus stands in this attitude."

"I have succeeded," she cried, embracing him.

"And Lazarus comes forth thus. Thus the disciples stand.!"

"Still, my success of to-day is nothing, if I should fail when the public fill the theatre.

"But Martha and Mary are wanting to the group; confiding in Jesus, yet hoping against hope. Now, he comes forth, he casts aside the grave clothes, they see,—they believe. How should I represent the sisters of Lazarus?"

"William, do you hear me? I have succeeded. M. Jean Masson could not deny it. Are you not glad?
Do you not understand me?"
"You was of course you have preceded! Thereof

"Yes,—yes, of course you have succeeded! Fuever doubted of your success. God is good!"

oubted of your success. God is good."

M. Jean Masson, on leaving the theatre, went direct to

the house of the manager. She was not so bad, really not, so bad,—quite ereditable," he said. "But she must not lead! at least. in

your theatre,—positively must not."
"She has avoided a failure, then?" said the manager.

"Yes, that is it; avoided a failure. The Signora will be very excellent."

"I have made up my mind to delay the the production of the opera. We will rehearse it again, and the Signora will rehearse it again, and the Signora will rehear the signoral results of the opera. nora shall sustain the leading role. Between ourselves, Masson, I do not want this Mrs. Harding. It was only yesterday that Lord Filmy Gossamer told me of the report that she was the wife of a low fellow, a cheesemonger's shopman, who is now in a prison. The con-nection would not be respectable. I shall break with

"But the Signora is my wife."

"Ah, quite a different matter. You are respectable, the Signora is respectable."

Masson had scarcely departed, when Scheffer arrived. The manager received him coldly, but he was too elated to notice it.

"Splendid success," he cried. "This will be a memorable season in the annals of your theatre. Your treasury will be filled. The public will be in raptures. You will of course, suspend all privileges, but those of the press."
"Humph."

"What do you mean?"

"That I shall do as you say,—fill my treasury."
"Undoubtedly. Such a voice! such execution!" "So sly of him, to call her Madam Cacasi, when she was his wife all the time."

"His wife—whose wife?"
"Masson's."

"Diable. I am talking of Mrs. Harding."
"And I, of Madame Masson."

"Yes, but it is Mrs. Harding, who will fill your trea-

sury."
"I think it will be the Signora Pepolini."
"You

"Let us understand each other. You intend, of course, after the unequivocal success of this morning, to introduce Mrs. Harding to the stage?"

" Really, I must decline the honour. Try the pro-

"Are you then not a man: of your word? You are committed with Mrs. Harding. She has attended six rehearsals. Masson's wife has never been on your boards. You have never heard her sing. You will be open to an action, let me tell you."

"Scheffer," said the manager, laying a hand familiarly on the tenor's shoulder. "You are a man of sense. Mrs. Harding is a good singer. I know it very well. She was weak, the other day—perhaps, through indisposition; but I am quite satisfied with your report of her success this morning. Do you not know, however, that she has low connections,—that her husband is a cheesemonger's shopman? All the world knows it.'

"All the world is mistaken, then," returned the irate "All the world is mistaken, then," returned the trate Scheffer. "He is a man of talent and education. I see the Times on your table. Allow me. There," he continued, pointing to an advertisement. "What do you say to that? 'A translation of the Comedies of Aristophanes. By William Harding.' That is the man, air—that is her husband A first-rate Greek scholar, sir." sir—that is her husband. A first-rate Greek scholar, sir.

"Are you sure that there is no error, Herr Scheffer? I wish I had known this yesterday, when Lord Filmy Gossamer said to me, 'He is so low.' Dear me, a Greek scholar, Eh? A gentleman, Eh?"

"Certainly, a gentleman; under a cloud, at present,

but quite in a gentlemanly way."
"Explain."

"He borrowed money on a Post Obit Bond, and is now residing in the Fleet. Nothing more gentlemanly. "Nothing. Dear me, borrowed money, did he? Then he had expectations?"
"His father died worth twelve thousand pounds, the

other day."

"You astonish me. Why, he is quite a gentleman."
"Quite. And, between ourselves, there are strange reports about Masson."
" Ha!"

"He pays nobody. There was a writ issued against him this morning. It will be served to-day."

"That is his affair. He is still a gentleman."

"Yes; but his wife is no singer."

" Have you heard her?"

"Frequently. I have had every opportunity of judging. She might do for another House, but not for your's. Your theatre has so high a reputation."

"It has. I have worked hard for it. I have done it myself, Scheffer."

"Everybody knows that. Your skill in catering for the public taste is excellent. And you manage so well to repress the jealousies of your actors. Your wordwhat do I say?—your nod is Law in your Establishment."
"It is kind of you to say so. But you only do me

justice."

"And you have an excellent discernment of rising talent.

"I pique myself upon it."
"With every disposition to foster merit."

"Yes. The stage owes some of its brightest orna-

"I am confident that Mrs. Harding's debut will create a sensation. When shall it come off?"

"Her husband is quite a gentleman. We will say Monday for the debut."

"Shall I write the advertisement for the papers?"

"I shall be obliged to you if you will. My hands are full."

There is little need that I should lengthen this history. Emma succeeded and opened the prison gates for her husband. On the day that he was restored to liberty, M. Jean Masson passed through the same gates as a prisoner. Indeed, Harding, with his delighted wife hanging on his arm, encountered him in the por-

"Helas!" he said, addressing his old acquaintances,
"Helas!" he said, addressing his old acquaintances,
"They say that I

"No, no, Moseer," interposed the tipstaff who accompanied him. "Them's not my words. I said that gents came here for overrunning the constable. That's what he means, ma'am."

Harding and Emma passed into the street without speaking to him.

Had Harding found his work—that work which he was specially sent to do? I know not. If he had brought his entire moral being into harmony with na-ture; if he had subdued all discord in his soul, he had. For us, he exists no longer; but let him represent a thousand young men, who are thrown into society without a fitting profession, or with no profession. I have not intended to depict the life-long struggle for daily corn-bread, which characterises the existence of the oppressed and neglected, the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." But, inasmuch as Bread is the Beautiful, and the Beautiful is Virtue, it may also be found by them. I acknowledge the difficulty. anticipate the objection. What can they know of the Spiritual and the Eternal, whose toil for the material and the temporal, for the need of the perishing hour is unceasing from childhood to the grave? Alas, but little; but something they can and do know. The soul will burst its bonds, and Virtue enters the tenant's hut as freely as the hall of the landlord. What I insist upon, is that, in our vicious society, we hear too much of the bread that the baker has kneaded. "O most excellent person," said Socrates, before his judges. "Art thou not ashamed that thou studiest to possess as much money as possible, and reputation and honour-but concernest not thyself about intellect and truth, and the well-being of thy mental nature? These, as you well know, are the commands of the God. And it appears to me that no good can happen to the state greater than my service of the God; for I pass my whole time inciting both the young and the old, to care neither for body nor estate, in preference to, nor in comparison with, the excellence of the soul, telling them that wealth does not produce virtue, but virtue, wealth, and all other good things to mankind, both col-lectively and individually."

TALES FROM THE SWEDISH.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

No. II.

TWO FRIENDS' COUNSEL

A STORY POR YOUNG WIVES.

DURING this time Christmas, January and February had passed. The sun of March began to shine with all its cheerfulness, awakening and giving life; and when Helena's eves were free from tears she sate in the light of this March sun working with the greatest industry at a handsome piece of worsted work which was to cover a large and comfortable chair, with which she wished to surprise and gladden her beloved husband, whose affections she fancied she had lost for ever, on his bisth-day, which was at the end of March. The first green leaf of the lily of consolation began to spring forth in her heart, at the very time when she was forming with her needle those flowers for him, whose whole life she would strew

with flowers if she only knew how.

Milla was now half a year old, and often very sweet and quiet. Just at this time too, Mary Ann was very much occupied with comforting and advising, as she said, some other people, and therefore could not be so much with Helena. Helena's tears flowed less frequently, and this employment of working the chair for Albert amused her, although in his presence,—for this work was done in secret—she looked as anxious and as inaccessible as ever. One day, when Mary Ann called, she was looking much more cheerful than usual; Mary Ann was now her only friend, for her doleful weeping and secluded life had frightened away all her other young relatives and acquaintance, and now, therefore, after telling her that she was beginning to be reconciled to her fate, she asked her advice as to the best way of celebrating Albert's birthday. Mary Ann had a passion for all such family celebrations, and was somewhat renowned in her circle for her rich invention in this way. People talked far and wide about her skill and knowledge in getting up tableaux vivans, which, without her,

could never be managed according to the rules of art.

"My dear friend," said Mary Ann, "we must have
a tableau—a really divine tableau! The Madonna and Child-which shall be yourself and little Milla. Astone would be softened and affected by such a sight, and we will see whether we cannot in this way melt the cold and perverted heart of your husband."

The plan accorded perfectly with the present state of Helena's mind. An instinctive feeling compelled her, as it were, to seek for some pleasure, because a temperament gay and cheerful as hers was by nature, could not be lamenting and weeping for ever, but must of necessity seek some change.

"Oh, yes!" said Helena gaily, and clapped her ands, "arrange it all, dearest Mary Ann. I can hands, "arrange it all, dearest Mary Ann. I can with a little rouge make a very tolerable Madonna (they are not always so very handsome,) and Milla will make the very sweetest little Jesus that ever was seen !- and then we'll invite mamma and papa, and my brothers

and sisters, and -- '

"Fie, Helena!" interrupted Mary Ann, with severity, "you must not exhibit yourself as the Holy Mother of God before all these people! I fancied that it was merely to give a pleasure to your husband, and if possible to give another direction to his worldly mind, not to take place in a great company; and if you ask one, then you must ask all; if your parents are invited, you must invite Albert's also, and thus the whole thing will

become a mere evening show, and its peculiar and sacred intention will be lost.

Yes, you are quite right!" said Helena, with a little sigh, and with far less animation of voice than for-merly, "we will have a tableau merely for Albert, he will all the more value the trouble we take for him."

"That is exactly my idea," replied Mary Ann, and then began to consider which Madonna with the Child

Helena should represent; she knew them all; more than a dozen Madonnas by different masters in Rome, Milan, Florence, in Dresden, Paris, and Heaven knows where.

After a great deal of deliberation, after the arrangement of many a plan and its abandonment, it was, at length, determined which Madonna out of all the number should be adopted. All the little arrangements which were now necessary gave quite another turn and another colouring, to Mary Ann's visits, and when at length the birth-day came, not a single trace of a tear was visible on Helena's handsome young face, and Mary Ann assured her, that a more lovely Madonna could no where be found. This was a heartfelt joy to Helena, although she did not confess it to her cousin, and the thought flashed through her mind, that Albert, perhaps, that once, would think her handsome. Milla was at the first rehearsal very restless, but Caroline managed to fix her attention upon herself by help of a bright coloured toy, which she, concealed by the curtain, stood and showed her, softly saying, all the time-" Hush! hush!" and it was hoped that the same ingenious scheme would succeed at the real representation.

" Ah! if there were only somebody else besides Mary Ann to receive Albert!" thought Helena, when the time was come, and the clock struck six in the evening, and she sate with little Milla, kicking her little legs about with all her might, on her knee, behind a great number of lights, and heard Albert come, and Mary Aun fussing and fidgetting about him. Immediately afterwards. she heard them come into the room; heard Mary Ann place him in a chair which had been set for him, and heard him ask in astonishment, "What in all the world

is the meaning of this?'

Just then, however, Mary Ann drew up the curtain with great skill, and Albert experienced a holy, unmingled feeling of pure joy, at the beautiful sight which he beheld. Delighted, he sprung forward, and would have clasped the mother and child to his breast, but Mary Ann attempted to keep him back by the coat-laps, that he might understand how faithfully the original had been followed in the arrangement of the picture; how excellent was the effect of the light; how beautiful and how—as if in a glory of sanctity and heavenly light appeared the divine mother and child, admonishing to an amended life and repentance for sin. Mary Ann, in short, wished to address a few appropriate words to Albert for his edification, which she had prepared for the occasion, but Albert did not trouble himself about this at all, he let her scream and talk as best she would, willingly leaving his coat-lap as her prize, he rushed forward and clasped Helena and Milla to his joy-overflowing heart.

Nothing could equal his delight at seeing how well and cheerful Helena looked, and that Milla smiled at him instead of welcoming him with a fit of crying as she had hitherto done. Amid all this happiness, how-

ever, Albert could not help exclaiming,—
"But why was there nobody here to see this? were not papa and mamma, and my parents, and all our brothers and sisters allowed to enjoy this beautiful

sight?"

Helena made no reply to this natural question, because she felt at this moment that Albert was perfectly right, and she sincerely wished that she had not allowed

Mary Ann so easily to persuade her not to invite her beloved relations.

"Now go and put on your warm regular dress," said Albert to her, when his first exclamations of joy were for in this light dress you may so easily take over, "cold."

Helena went immediately to do his bidding, but as she had to dress herself completely, and in her happiness, as she wished to do this very carefully, and as little Milla also required some attention, and furthermore, as she went into the kitchen to see that Albert's favourite dish which she had ordered for supper was nicely prepared, she was absent a considerable time, during which. Albert had no very agreeable tete-a-tete with Mary Ann. Helena thought about this, and therefore hastened back as soon as she possibly could, and when she entered the drawing-room, she was not a little distressed to hear the two engaged in a hot and obstinate dispute; neither seemed inclined to yield, and the eyes of both flashed with a fire which was not far from that of anger and indignation.

Albert had felt no good-will towards Mary Ann for a considerable time; he had often met her on the steps as he came home, and many a time he attributed his wife's tears to the visits of her cousin, and not unfrequently had he fancied that he detected her spirit in his wife's words. During Helena's absence, they had, by an unfortunate accident, chanced to begin talking about the well-known Madame Krudener, who travelled about preaching for the reformation and improvement of the human race, and who at length attached herself like a shadow to the Emperor Alexander, whom she perfectly knew how to manage. Albert spoke of her as of an adventuress, a fanatic, a mad-woman, etc.; who did more harm than good. Mary Ann, on the other side, who had read everything which any one had written, either for or against Madame Krudener, and who knew perfectly well, that she had not done anything wrong, at least, not intentionally, although she certainly had not been able to do all the good which she intended; called the celebrated lady one of the lights of heaven; a prophetess, one of the inspired of God, a true secress, gifted with great and supernatural powers, to look into futurity, and down into the hearts and souls of men.

Not without some little malice, Albert inquired with a smile, whether Mary Ann actually believed that such like "elected beings" were to be met with, or ever had been; to which Mary Ann replied with great warmth and violence, that she did not almost believe, but that she was fully, and firmly convinced of it, and that there were richly endowed natures, who, by prayer, renunciation, and self sacrifice, having made themselves worthy of heavenly grace and inspiration, had been gifted by God with far greater and much more powerful abilities and endowments than are common among the indolent, miserable people of the world, who, deaf and blind to the light and to the heavenly calling, crawl in the dust, laugh, curse, doubt, and exalt themselves, instead of trusting, praying, hoping, and humbling themselves

Mary Ann spoke a deal and vehemently on this subject, and at the same time directed keen and significant glances at Albert. For the first time Albert was now alone with Mary Ann, and being no longer kept within bounds by a gazing and listening circle of relatives, without weighing his words, or repenting his somewhat sarcastic laugh, he offered her first one and then another affront, about her self-love; her self-consequence, and the great opinion which she had of herself. Things were in this position when Helena re-turned to the room. The conversation, it is true, then took another turn, but it was constrained and wearisome. Albert yawned now and then, and Mary Ann

sate and twirled her fingers and cast, from time to time, long, solemn, Madonna-like glances, in part upon Helena, and in part at the ceiling. Helena rang, and ordered supper to be served. But the supper turned out to be neither excellent nor agreeable; the veal-cutlets were burnt to a cinder, and the groats were burnt likewise, both which misfortunes had happened after Helena left the kitchen.

As soon as supper was over, Mary Ann took her leave, but not without whispering to Helena, that she feared that Albert was lost for ever, both to her and to all good. These words distressed Helena extremely, as did also Albert's remark, as soon as Mary Ann was

gone.

"What in Heaven's name, dear, good Helena," said he, "had you to do with that tiresome Mary Ann? This evening might have been the most amusing, and the pleasantest I have had for a long time, if you had only spared me her company, or had had some others here besides that woman, who is so intolerable to

ne!''

Never before had Albert spoken in this way of the excellent Mary Ann, "the idol and oracle of every one," and Helena fancied that she could read in his disapprobation of her cousin, the same feeling towards herself, towards the little device of the evening, and everything else. She burst into tears, and those flowed more hotly than ever, because they were the wormwood drops of disappointed hope. With despair in her heart, and, without saying a word, she went softly out of the room, and sate down, and wept, by the side of her sleeping child; and Albert on his part, with sorrow and trouble in his soul, went into his gloomy and solitary little library. For a whole hour, at least, he sate in the dull moonlight, pondering sadty on his fate, and com-paring former times with the present, and then he rang and ordered the servant to bring him lights. When the lights came, how great was his astonishment, and at the same time his pleasure, to see the large, handsome, and long-wished-for chair, which Helena had presented and rong-wished-tor chart, which release had presented to him, and with that he immediately observed, "what a deal of labour and pains she had taken, as well with it, as with a basket to throw paper in, which stood there, looking very elegant with its wreath of flowers. Now he repented a thousand times having vexed Helena with his angry invectives against her cou-sin, who perhaps had helped Helena with this great piece of needlowork—perhaps, indeed, he had done the poor cousin a grievous wrong. He felt great self-reproach, and would so gladly have recalled every word which had wounded her, or annoyed Helena. He would go, however, to his beloved wife, and retrieve his error, and thank her with all his heart; but Caroline said that she was already asleep, and above all things, he would not then disturb her.

Helens, however, was not asleep—she was weeping; but in the morning, when Albert, at nine o'clock, was compelled to go to his office, she really was asleep, and that as soundly and calmly as a pure spotless conscience and a healthy youthful frame alone can sleep. The chamber door stood ajar; Albert moved silently along the soft carpet, and stood by the bed-side, observing how sweetly and comfortably she lay. Her dark brown hair hung carelessly but beautifully ofer her white forehead and upon her round and rosy cheeks. One of her hands lay under her head, and the other rested upon the skybluc silk coverlet. She breathed lightly and tranquilly. A little golden heart, containing Albert's hair, which he himself had given her in their courting-days, and which she always wore round her neck with a black ribbon, now lay against her lovely red lips. For one moment little Milla began to cry in her cradle, and instantly Helena, still asleep, stretched out her arm,

rocked it a little, and then, without opening her eyes, slept on soundly. Albert's eyes filled with tears, and at the same time he smiled tenderly at this beautiful and innocent scene. He wrote, therefore, upon one of his visiting cards a morning salutation and an affectionate expression of gratitude for the surprise and the gifts of the evening before. This done, he stuck the card into the frame of his wife's dressing-glass, feeling sure that she would see it there during the morning's toilet.

When Helena awoke, and found that her husband was already gone, she once more saluted the spring sun with She had wished so much to have some talk with him; she wished to have asked his forgiveness for the folly, as she herself now called it, of having no one but Mary Ann there on his birthday. During the night she had many good and evil thoughts; had concluded that perhaps it was not right to let her cousin have so great an influence over her, especially when Albert did not like her; that there were many circumstances which Mary Ann did not thoroughly understand, and that she (Helena) ought to take care not to be infected by her cousin's extravagance in many things. And now, therefore, she wept because she could not confess all this to Albert, and beg of him not to be displeased with her. It annoyed her all the more, not to have seen him this morning, because this was one of the days when he would not return till evening, and at that time Milla was often so fretful, that there was but little time for conversation.

The card which Albert had left in the glass remained there unobserved of his wife, for her morning toilet was hastily made, and without one single glance in the mirror. Her hair hung negligently on her tearful cheeks; her dress was carelessly put on, and a large shawl thrown over all, completed her morning costume; and thus attired sate she at twelve o'clock by the side of her child's cradle, and rocked and rocked, although the child slept soundly, when all at once she heard quick steps approaching the chamber. She pushed her hair back behind her ears, drew together the shawl, and with displeasure on her upper lip she looked to the door where she expected the unwelcome visitor with a "hush!" to warn the intruder from waking the child.

But before the door opens, before the stranger enters, for it really is one, we must hastily sketch the portrait

of another of Helena's cousins.

Of cousins Helena had many, and among these was Arabella, the most perfect antipodes of Mary Ann. She was ten or twelve years older than Helena, and had been married some years. She was no very great favourite with the large circle of their formal and precise relations, on the contrary, they almost all of them found fault with her. She was one whom people had always something to say against, and as Helena's mother was one of those who did not like her, she had never promoted much intimacy with her daughter, although Helena had always found her a most amusing, agreeable, and fascinating woman; and if aunts and uncles had not interfered, would willingly have made her her friend.

Arabella in her younger days had been a great beauty, and she still looked very handsome, although she had grown stout and large. She was a well-grown proportionable figure, carried herself magnificently, dressed remarkably well; had a splendid complexion, the most lively dark-brown eyes, rich and glossy black hair, and teeth like pearls, which she was always showing. Because three-fourths of her life she was laughing. She was a most amusing and merry creature, and as she had the faculty of instantly detecting the weak side of a person, she found much to laugh at, which made many call her malicious; malicious, however, she was not, and had in fact more good qualities than the good rela-

tions gave her credit for. One cause of offence which she had given to her relations was the having rejected two or three rich lovers for one much poorer. she and her husband lived together in the utmost harmony, although he was not naturally of a good temper; he was, however, a well-educated, honourable and excellent man, devoted to his wife, and as she loved him with her whole heart, their home was one of entire happiness; and they were blessed with the sweetest children, who did the utmost credit to their training.

Arabella was much less liked in the circle of their relations than out of it, and one great cause of their re-lations than out of it, and one great cause of this was, that she never could endure Mary Ann.—" poor Mary Ann," as she called her, and of whom every body thought so much. Out of the circle of the relations, Albert had often met her, and he often spoke so highly of her to Helena, that in the first year of her marriage, when she was somewhat removed from under the influence of old associations, she rather courted than shunned Arabella's acquaintance, and began to see in her merits as well as faults

Such was this "other cousin," who now, after having rapidly traversed kitchen, parlour, and servants' room, laid her hand on the handle of the chamber door, and softly but resolutely opened it. "Hush! hush!" said Helena, rocking the cradle, and nodded half-kindly to Arabella.

"Good morning! good morning! dearest Helena!" said she, cheerfully, "how are you? But what in the world do I see. Nay, for Heaven's sake, don't sit rocking the cradle when the baby is asleep! You are making a precious jewel of her! And I suppose you never have her out of your arms when she is awake! Dear Helena, in this way you will entirely spoil the child, and make her intolerable both to yourself and every body else. Think, if I did so, what would become of me with my five?"

"But, have you nursed them yourself?" inquired Helena, willing to gain a little advantage over her cousin.

"That have I, but not without a little help either, because I did not find any advantage in making myself a nursery maid!" replied Arabella gaily, and in rather a loud voice, as was customary with her.

"But then your children were always so healthy," said Helena, and rocked little Milla.

"That they certainly have been," returned Arabella, "but so was I, and cheerful and merry, and that did a great deal. You, however, look as melancholy as if you had the burden of the whole world on your shoulders. What can be the great trouble which casts you down so, dear Helena?" said she kindly, and drawing down so, dear Helena?" said she kindly, and drawing her chair closer to the low seat on which Helena sat by the cradle; " the child lies there as rosy and fresh as a rose-bud, but as cross as a little tiger, because you have spoiled her.

"How can you say so, about my little angel Milla! said Helena, half-laughing, and took up the child, who now awoke with all this talk, because she had been ac-

customed to a death-like stillness.
"Come hither to me!" said Arabella, taking her in her arms to play with and dance her about, although she cried dreadfully; at length, however, she was silent out of pure astonishment at this new mode of entertain-

ment.
"Yes, yes, my little darling," said Arabella, "that is something different to lying on mamma's knee and grumbling. Look, Helena, how she laughs! Now we will lay her in the cradle again, because I want to have a little rational talk with you about her and other

To Helena's great astonishment Milla lay quiet in the

cradle, spite of all the dancing and jumping, and looked silently on the strange lady.

"Yes, now I shall regularly begin with the beginning," said Arabella, laughing, "and tell you all that is said."

Helena looked amazed in the highest degree

Nay, dear child, do not look so astonished." continued Arabella, "people have not said anything that you yourself do not know!" And with this she began to count upon her fingers,—" First of all," said she " that you have withdrawn from society on purpose to be a nursemaid; that you sit crying day and night over the nursemaid; that you sit crying day and night over the child, although she is as healthy as a winter's rose; that you have driven your excellent and good-tempered husband off into his library, where you let him be solitary, like a poor dog in his kennel, that you may lie awake all night and kill yourself over that baby who lies there laughing; secondly, that you never dress your heavy full hair as you need to do you dress yourself beautiful hair as you used to do, nor dress yourself nicely, either of which would be a pleasure to your husband; and, lastly, that you do not put the least confidence in Caroline, who is such a clever person with children, and who has told me all this. I know her well, for she lived with me three years, and nursed my little Augustus, and never would I desire a better, and to tell you the truth, she was with us on Sunday, and then I did, what I am never accustomed to do, draw out of ther that which I have just now told you; and that, I confess, I did with design, for it is really dreadful to see how your charming and kind-hearted husband troubles and distresses himself, believing that you are ill or unhappy, because you are always crying. And what in the world have you to cry for? Perhaps you fancy that your husband does not love you as much as formerly? I, however, can assure you that he does; because those who see him now in society, and who used to see him formerly, can best observe that his altered manner is the consequence of his heartfelt trouble about you. He never talks with any other ladies, never looks at them, but sits there and plays at whist with as much indiffer-ence as a statue, and he used formerly to be so merry and cheerful. But if at any time he hears your name mentioned, he looks up hastily, just as if conversation about you was the only subject that interested him. I have remarked this, because I wished to try him. But you must remember that he is a man, and a young man, and you must not try his fidelity too severely, but en-deavour to restore his cheerfulness before it be too late, and before he begins to seek amusements in which you can have no part."

"Ah! what would you that I should do?" said Helena, bursting into tears, for she felt that Arabella's intentions were kind towards her, and she was very much affected by the description of her husband's behaviour in company; " what would you have me do? I would gladly do anything to make Albert happy at home, as he used to be, but I do not know how, or in what way, because I fancied that I did nothing but

what it was my duty to do."

"Yes, my dear Helena, that you do, certainly!" said Arabella, shaking her head with comic solemnity, and so perfectly imitating Mary Ann, that Helena could not help laughing, "you certainly do something which you ought not; you shed tears, and have nothing at all to cry for; you do not put up your hair, nor dress yourself neatly in the morning; you wake Milla when she sleeps, and spoil her when she is awake. You are always in this chamber; you never go into the drawing-room; you never play or sing; you never call on any of your friends or relations; one never sees you at any parties or concerts where you used to go formerly, and to which you contributed so much pleasure. In a to which you contributed so much pleasure. In a word, you have withdrawn yourself from everybody,

even from your husband, and have become gloomy and uncompanionable; and, in conclusion," continued Arabella, "you have let that well-meaning but tiresome Mary Ann bewitch you, and fill your head with suspicions about your husband. I know very well, that she comes here morning and evening; and I know very well, too, that all this may lead to a great deal of mischief, although I must concede, that our worthy cousin means well, both towards you and others. I shall never forget," continued Arabella, in a tone, half jesting, and half sorrowful, "when my little Henry died, and I grieved so that I thought I should lose my senses, that Mary Ann came to comfort me, and she comforted me till I thought I should go and drown myself. She means well, but she does not go the right way to work; and my husband had regularly to take me to task, and shew me that one has no right to spend many hours a-day in weeping and lamenting, when one has a husband and children and a family to look after; so instead of weeping, I dried my eyes, and did all in my power to be cheerful, as I had formerly been, and I was successful."

Helena sate and pondered on what she heard.

After this, Arabella began to talk about other things; and she told her many little occurrences out of the passing events of the day, and that in such an original and comic manner, that Helena laughed right heartily, and when this was done, up started Arabella, saying,—"Now, my dear Helena, I must go home. Good heavens! why it is three o'clock; and neither husband nor children will eat a morsel of dinner without me! Good bye;" and with that she was gone.

The first thing that Helena did, when her cousin had left the room, was to go up to the glass, and look whether she really was an ill-dressed, miserable-looking being as she had represented. It was then, for the first time, that she found her husband's little card, and her mind, which was disposed to be cheerful now, all at once became elevated into happiness.

She called in both Caroline and her maid; to the former, she said,—"you shall now take a little more charge of the child, and manage her as well as you can, for she is less peevish now than she used to be. She may cry a little at the beginning, but that will soon be over if you are kind and attentive to her;" and many other very discreet directions did she give, which Caroline promised to attend to.

ine promised to attend to.

"And now, Annette," said she, to her maid, "I will have my hair carefully dressed to-day, and will put on one of my silk dresses, and a beautiful collar; and I mean, from this time, to dress myself nicely every

day."

All this while she saw, with delight, that Milla lay quietly in her cradle and played with her silver rattle

which Arabella had given to her.

When Helena was dressed, she saw that she looked quite another being. She felt very happy. Albert's little card, and her cousin's description of him in society, whereby she was convinced that he had some affection for her, although the change in herself had grieved him so much, gave the most perfect comfort to her heart. She felt extremely obliged to Arabella, although, at the same time, she did not reject as worthless all that Mary Ann had counselled her to. On the contrary, at this very moment Helena showed that she could separate the wheat from the chaff—the gold from the dross—because she followed the advice of both. She did everything which Arabella wished her to do, and from the depths of herheart she offered up sincere thanks to God, who at length had opened her eyes; and she besought of him to do with her according to his good pleasure, assured that, then at all times, her own advantage and

happiness would be best cared for, even though at first it might be hard for her to bear.

She was contented, joyful, and happy, and only longed for the moment which should bring her husband home; the hours, however, went slowly, and before six or seven, she could not expect him. She took up abook, and then laid it down; took up her work, but that was tedious; every now and then she peeped in at little Milla, but the child was so comfortable, and so well cared for by the skilful and clever Caroline, that she found herself not needed. At length she opened the piano, blew the dust off it, and cleaned it thoroughly, and then began to sing and play. It was so long since she had done either, that she felt herself at first out of practice; by degrees, however, she got on better, and at length was so absorbed by it, that she did not hear the much-desired return of her husband, who entered the room, and going up to the piano, stood for a moment in delight to listen before he clasped her to his heart, which was throbbing with the purest joy.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add, that from this day all their former happiness and comfort returned to Albert and Helena, and that ever after they were as happy as people can be in this world, where perfect happiness never does spring up and blossom; where the heavens, indeed, are at times bright and strewn with stars whispering of a better life—but are also occasionally black with clouds, dark and misty, mourning because of the bitterness of this.

CHRISTMAS TACTICS.

Gifts for the rich!—for they can give Again; the poor can only thank. A drum of figs for neighbour Jones, Who goes so often to the Bank: For Brown, a turkey and a hare,—A very wealthy man is Brown: The rich Miss Smith is breaking fast; I'll send a brace of pheasants down.

I wonder, has she made her will?
And, if she would remember me,
Closing a long and useful life,
How apropos her end would be!
I'll send a brace of pheasants down,
And, though she is too ill to read,
The last new Christmas Book,—myself
Commending to the invalid.

Gifts for the rich, who never want!

Bring presents to the laden board;
Add to his store, who has enough,
Augmenting the abundant hoard.
Be worldly-wise, and Plenty's horn
Fill ever to an overflow;
But give no gifts to hungry need,
For what can need, in turn bestow?

The Child's Corner.

ANIEN RHAA.

A Fairy Tale.

BY MARY HOWITT.

PART T.

Anien finds no companionship in this World.

On the Dinas-Rock sate Anien Rhaa upon a mossy stone, And though the world was full of kin yet she was all alone. She had no friend to comfort her; no sister and no brother; The turf was green upon the grave of father and of mother.

Within a little cave she dwelt upon the green hill-aide Whence looking forth all round her lay the country rich and wide.

She saw far off the hamlet-homes; she saw the castle fair; But in no home of all the land had Anien Rhas a share.

Although her father was a bard, and sturdy peasant-men Beguiled their labour with his songs in meadow and in glen, Though mothers sang them to their babes, and children in their mirth

Sang snatches of his songs, yet still she was alone on earth.

Upon the Dinas-Rock she sate, yet not of all forlorn, A mother-ewe and two white lambs kept with her night and morn

The singing birds they hopped about; the kids came there to play :

The squirrels hid within her cave, and all loved Anien Rhaa.

She wore no costly garments of silk or linen fine; She never slept on beds of down, or knew the taste of wine; Yet was she fair to look upon, more fair than may be told, Her face was like an opening flower, her hair like sunny gold.

And a loving heart had Anien; a soft and gentle eye A voice that had as sweet a tone as music passing by; Her soul was as an angel pure, and pensive was her mind, Whence sprang such thoughts as poets use of high and solemn

Whence sprang forth many a questioning of why the sky was blue,

What were the sun, the moon, and stars, and how the fair

How she herself, a child, was linked to the great chain of being; And much she thought of God, all-wise, all-powerful, and allseeing!

And then within her heart sprang up, a love so strong and

deep, Which longed to clasp all living things in one great fellowship; And often-times she wept for joy of this exceeding love, And tried by little winning ways the hearts of all to move.

But the peasants they were churlish, the children hard and rude.

They could not comprehend the thoughts that sprang in solitude;

Unto her words they spoke reproof; they knew not what she meant,

And Anien 'mong the sons of men a mourner ever went.

PART II.

Anien is tempted by Falsehood to try Forbidden Pleasures.

It was the night of Midsummer, and hushed was every bird, And sounds of hidden waterfalls upon the breeze were heard: Sweet Anien on the Dinas-Rock sate 'neath the elf-tree shade, The mother-ewe and two white lambs before her feet were laid.

- "And, oh!" she said, with bitter sighs to quick impatience stung,
 "This is a cold and cruel world unto the poor and young!
- "I fain would love all living things, would make all hearts rejoice.
- "But I never meet a friendly eye, nor hear a friendly voice!"

With that she heard a low sweet sound, as if below her feet: The two white lambs and mother-ewe rose up and gan to bleat; And presently a light there came, neither from sun nor moon, Yet all around the elfin tree 'twas brighter than at noon.

Amazed looked Anien Rhaa around with sudden wonder stirred; Beyond the light the ewe and lambs bleat mournfully she heard. And first a sound of ringing hoofs afar off caught her ear; Then jingling silver bridle-bits of riders drawing near.

And then the merriest minstrelsy burst forth at once and drowned

The mournful bleating of the sheep, the trembling waters' sound; And all into the silvery light rushed on the glorious band, The merry mounted chivalry of far-off fairy land.

And after them came trooping in, on palfreys white and bay The thousands of the fairy-folk more beautiful than day.

Down from their steeds they lighted, all decked in fairy guise: Within the light sate Anien Rhaa filled with a sweet surprise.

The fairy folk they sang and danced until the mountain shook, And Anien Rhan was glad at heart only on them to look. Anon, amid the merry din, one sweet voice seemed to say So low 'twas rather felt than heard--" Great joy to Anien Rhaa!"

Scarce to the heart of Anien, this strange sweet tone had gone, When out a hundred voices sang that seemed to blend in one,
""Tis we will love thee, Anien, 'tis we will be thy feres,
"And thou shalt leave this cold dim world, for brighter kind-

- lier spheres?
- "Tis we that are thy kindred! 'tis we that love thee well! "And thou shalt go this night with us in fairy-land to dwell!
- "Wilt thou go with us, Anien, in fairy bliss to bide ?"
- " I know not if the thing be right!" good Anien Rhaa replied.

With that a woman gazed on her from out the elfin race; Dear Anien gave a cry of joy, for 'twas her mother's face, * "Wilt thou go with us, Anien?" the woman kindly spake,

"If thou refuse me, Anien, my yearning heart will break!"

Sweet Anien heard her mother's voice; the tears streamed from her eye,

And forth she stretched her yearning arms, she could not her denv.

The woman clasped her to her heart, "Now thou art ours!" she said.

"And thou shalt grow in fairy-land among the roses red?"

The woman kissed her lips and brow, and spoke in wild delight, "And thou shalt grow in fairy-land among the lilies white; "And thou shalt grow in fairy-land beneath the trees of gold! "Thou shalt not know of night or day, and never shalt grow

" Away to fairy-land! away!" she raised her by the hand, And then pealed all the minstrelsy, "Away to fairy-land!" Along the hill was heard at morn the ewe's low bleating call, And little birds mourned on the briars beside the water-fall.

PART III.

Anien finds even the choicest Pleasures unsatisfying.

She had to eat of honey-bread wrought by the fairy-bee, She had to drink in cups of pearl the vintage of the sea.
"Where is my mother?" cried Anien, "I pray you me to tell,
"I ne'er had come to fairy-land unless with her to dwell!"

Out-laughed the giddy fairy folk when thus they heard her say; And she was decked in gayer pomp than any Queen of May. They took her where the roses grew and fairy lilies white; She sported 'neath the trees of gold where comes nor day nor night.

By this artifice tradition tells us that the fairies of Dinas-Rock were accustomed to decoy many youthful victims.

They elothed her in the fairy year that shimmered all and shone: And green as is the emerald were the robes they put her on. A ribbon green about her hair, a gold sone round her waist, And sandals green of samitie upon her feet they laced.

But Anien drooped and Anien pined as with some mortal woe She thought upon the lone hill-side, and prayed e'en there to

She thought upon the singing birds and on the mother ewe : She panted for the flowers of earth with tear-like drops of dew

She yearned for changing night and day, even for human care; She knew it was the fairy-guile which had decoyed her there. "Come, thou shalt go with us," they said, "to see our jovial cheer,

- "To hear the merry bugles blow; to hunt the fairy-doer!
- 56 Shalt go with us, sweet Anien, where mortal ne'er bathbeen,
- "To the city of the Carbuncle to see the Fairy Queen.
 "To see the knights of fairy-land, they forty are and nine,
 "And on the glittering tourney-field the bravest shall be thine!"
- "I have seen King Arthur and his knights," replied good Anien then.
- "Thou shalt see a better sight than they, shalt see our fairymen !"

They mounted her on a pairrey white in flowing robes arrayed And two and fifty rode with her, a princely cavalcade.

Some rode upon the coal-black steeds, and some upon the grey. And bands of fairy minstrels went to cheer her by the way. And all through fairy-land they rode, down shady valleys cool; O'er moorland wolds; through forest glades, by many a lilied pool.

And ever and anon they stayed to banquet 'neath the trees, Or see some merry show performed of fuiry revelries; And ever as they rode along, or when they made a stag, Sweet sounded voice and instrument with "joy to Anien Rhaa!"

And when they reached the city-gates, there was a joyous din From all the thousands that had thronged to see her enter in The Fairy-Queen made noble cheer good Anien Rhaz to gueet, And the Fairy-King 'twas only he who led her to her seat.

- "Now ask of us, " the King, he said, " what is dearest to thy mind!"
- "Give me some portion of the peace that I have left behind;
- " (Hve me to see the sun and moon," replied good Anien Rhaa "Give me to soothe some human wee; and give me power to pray!

Out-laughed the listening fairy-court, when thus they heard her speak;

And the fairy King and Queen they laughed till tears randown their cheek.

- "What simple souls have human-folks!" said they with merry
- "Good luck to us of fairy-land! 'tie only we are wise!
- "Come choose from out our treasure-house, the diamond or the gold;
- "Be merry-hearted Anien Rhaa, thou never can'et grow old; "Thou never can'st knew hunger-pange, nor ever be a-cold! But Anien drooped and Anien pined, for all that they could say, And the sickness of her weary heart could not be wiled away.

PART IV.

Anien renounces Pleasure for Duty, and therein fin's Peace.

Once more it is the Midsummer, the eve of good St. John, When all the merry fairy-folk will to the earth be gone.
"What must we do with Anien!" the fairies cried, "alack,

- " For if she tread the earth again we ne'er shall win her back
- And for she is so beautiful, with her we must not part; "Let's lay her in a heavy swoon and steal her human heart;" They laid her in a heavy swoon, but the heart they could not win.

For the facric cannot steal that heart which is not slaved to sin.

"Let's bind her with a fairy-spell, a spell both strong and deep !" With that the maiden's head bowed down, as if she samk aleep.

A transc-like sleep o'erpowered her, as with a clasp of death; There was no colour on her cheek, no heaving of the breath.

She's safe! she's safe!" the fairy-folk they shouled all amain, "The living cannot fetch her now from fairy-land again."

And now the realms of fairy-land were hushed like sleeping thought.

And all was still as vacant space before the world was wrought.

Like to one dead lay Anien beneath that mystic yoke, Till all at once the spell dissolved and her dulled senace welt e.
" Look up, look up, my Anien;" a low voice murmured sweet, The marble lips grew rosy red, the heart began to beat,

"Open thine eyes! dear Anien! four not this charmed place I " She looked; she saw her parents dear down-looking on her & Their forms were of such grace as stirred love rather than surprice.

Immortal love was in their voice and goodness in their eyes.

Up from her couch the maiden sprung, "Oh take me hence. away,

"For ye are good and true," she cried, "and now my heart can pray:

"The bonds that held me even-now are severed, let me go! Henceforth I will abide with you, for ye are true, I know !"

"Thou can'st not dwell with us," they said, "for thou art yet of earth.

"Thou hast not passed the gates of death, which are of life the birth. " Meek Anien bowed her head adown like a flower smit by the

And marmared in a natiout voice "the will of Heaven be done!"

And now that shining fairy-land even like a dream was gone, And Anien on the Dinas-Book at day-break stood alone. The emerald robes of fairy-land, in which she was arrayed, Grew shill before the light of day like sunshine dinimed to ahada.

Upon the Dinas-hill she stood mid rugged crags and hoar A homely robe of peasant grey the garment that she wore, The visioned shapes that set her free no longer filled her sight; She was alone among the hills in the solitude of night.

Poor Anien Rhan! her heart was sad with coming mortal thrail

Her soul was dark and from her eyes the human tears did fall; "Lord! I am weak!" said Anien, and sank upon her knee,
"I thy poor servant, am but weak---unless thou strengthen

The peace of God came o'er her soul, and Anien Rhan rose up, "Dear Lord!" said she, "whate'er it be, 'tis I will drink thy

Down from the bare-hill top she went into the peopled glen, And from that day sweet Anien dwelt an angel among men.

It was not for herself she strove, nor for herself she thought, But for the good of others with a steadfast heart she wrought; She was the teacher of the young, the succour of the old, And she had wealth which far surpassed the miser's noard of gold.

For she had love that would not tire, and patience unsubdued; The sense of duty well fulfilled; the blies of doing good. The bards of earth sang forth her praise in many a lovely lay; And angels took her soul to heaven upon a (hristmas-day!

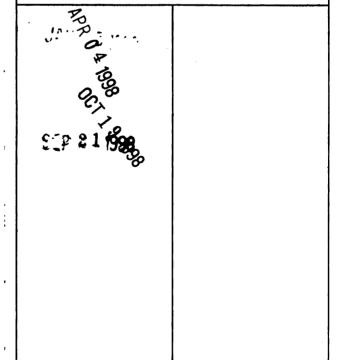
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